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LUCKY PONY WINNERS

MEMBERS OF
The Farmer's Wife Pony Club
ST. PAUL, MINN.

The Farmer's Wife Pony Club Is the Original Pony Santa Claus

Lucky Pony Winners

Having Fun With Shetland Ponies

Stories and Pictures of Shetland Ponies contributed
by members of the Pony Club conducted by
THE FARMER'S WIFE, a womans'
farm journal published
at St. Paul, Minn.

The Farmer's wife pony club

St. Paul, Minn.
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Preface

In this little book are printed pictures and letters from many of the boys and girls to whom we have given Shetland Ponies and Outfits. Failure to receive photographs that we could reproduce prevents our showing pictures of all the more than 325 ponies we have given away as prizes in our Pony Club.

These pictures were sent to us by the winners and are actual photographs of the ponies we gave them, taken at the children's own homes. The stories are sent in by the children themselves, and we have printed them just as we received them.

For the past two years we have been awarding ponies at the rate of about 100 a year and any ambitious child can earn one of these beautiful outfits if he will join our Pony Club and work for one of our publications.

We believe you will be interested in reading about the good times these pony winners are having with their ponies and also in the various pictures. These photographs, taken under all conditions, chiefly by amateurs in the country, constitute the most remarkable collection of Shetland Pony pictures that we know of.

WEBB PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Publishers, THE FARMER'S WIFE

St. Paul, Minn.

THE FARMER.

August 1, 1915

CONTENTS

PART I.

Frontispiece, Original Pony Santa Claus	-	-	-	Page II.
Preface	-	-	-	V.
The Farmer's Wife Pony Club, What it is and what it does	-	-	-	XI.
How to Care for Shetland Ponies	-	-	-	XIII.

PART II.

325 Lucky Pony Winners	-	-	-	Page VII. to X.
------------------------	---	---	---	-----------------

Below is a complete list of the names of the 325 children to whom we have given ponies to date (August 1, 1915). They are scattered over 36 states and 244 counties, many of them living more than 1,500 miles from St. Paul, the home of THE FARMER'S WIFE. The names are arranged alphabetically by states in which the winners reside and opposite each name is given the page number on which his story and picture appears. Pony winners with no page number opposite their names did not send us pictures which we could reproduce.

This "happy family" of little folks is a tribute to the fairness of our Pony Club plan and to the inherent desire of red blooded youngsters for Shetland Ponies.

We do not publish post office addresses because a good many children have requested us not to do so on account of the great number of letters they receive which they cannot take the time to answer. We will gladly furnish complete address to anyone interested in a particular child.

			Page
"Hilo"	John M. Adams	Clay Co., Alabama	
"White Sox"	Crayton Adams	Tallapoosa Co., Alabama	32
"Lucky"	Mildred Struthers	Cochise Co., Arizona	
"Beauty"	Evelyne Russell	Greene Co., Arkansas	77
"Bob"	John B. Corn, Jr.	Pulaski Co., Arkansas	11
"Sweetheart"	Lillias E. T. Howe	Nevada Co., California	5
"Marmalade"	Crystal A. Andreas	San Bernardino Co., California	9
"Pippin"	Doris Navarrette	Fairfield Co., Connecticut	
"Pansy"	Evelyn Cutler	Windham Co., Connecticut	118
"Prexy"	Laura Myles	Brevard Co., Florida	
"Artie"	Paul C. Johnson	Pasco Co., Florida	
"Corporal"	Laura Powell	Decatur Co., Georgia	
"Rocksy"	Clarence Kappner	Adams Co., Illinois	
"Turk"	Alvin Johnson	Bond Co., Illinois	110
"Pal"	Julia Federer	Champaign Co., Illinois	67
"Sport"	Fred Hagerman	Du Page Co., Illinois	
"Tommie"	Lois McMillan	Henderson Co., Illinois	
"Fritzie"	Marie and Margie Parker	Knox Co., Illinois	104
"Toby"	Geo. Lynch	Lake Co., Illinois	110
"Jester"	Lucy Dittman	Logan Co., Illinois	
"Midget"	John McCartney	Massac Co., Illinois	
"Connie"	Marion M. Veatch	Macoupin Co., Illinois	
"Beauty"	Bertram Eldridge	Stark Co., Illinois	104
"Nip"	Gerald Kingen	Stark Co., Illinois	
"Winkie"	Johnie Moritz	Woodford Co., Illinois	
"Roine"	Clarence F. Busick	Adams Co., Indiana	64
"Heinie"	Clarence Niemoeller	Bartholomew Co., Indiana	18
"Rustler"	Jeanette McCown	Floyd Co., Indiana	74
"Horace"	Leslie Elmer Crulo	Jennings Co., Indiana	
"Sambo"	Lowell Comeford	Lake Co., Indiana	58
"Daisy"	Leta Hainline	Adair Co., Iowa	
"Sonny"	Elmer Hoth	Allamakee Co., Iowa	106
"Fritz"	Ida Metcalf	Butler Co., Iowa	
"Crescent"	Robbie Boseck	Cass Co., Iowa	
"Bonnie"	Amyle Kafer	Carroll Co., Iowa	91
"St. Nick"	Marcella Conley	Chickasaw Co., Iowa	
"Empress"	Avery and Orie Knight	Chickasaw Co., Iowa	111
"Laddie"	Robbie E. Notton	Chickasaw Co., Iowa	18
"Derby"	Arthur Fitzsimmons	Clayton Co., Iowa	
"King"	Victor J. Breitbach	Dubuque Co., Iowa	92
"Tatters"	Percy Myers	Fayette Co., Iowa	
"Snip"	Harold Wilcox	Greene Co., Iowa	136
"Pat"	Flossie Meredith	Jasper Co., Iowa	138
"Bess"	Wilfred Dearchs	Kossuth Co., Iowa	
"Custer"	Lee Mohr	Marshall Co., Iowa	17
"Justin"	Norma Thorson	Palo Alto Co., Iowa	42
"Banty"	Lucile Galvin	Plymouth Co., Iowa	
"Rags"	Cornie De Hoogh	Sioux Co., Iowa	
"Foxy"	Charles F. McCoy	Story Co., Iowa	69
"Jack"	Bernice Harvey	Union Co., Iowa	
"Gyp"	Lucile Heflen	Union Co., Iowa	123
"Jim"	Joey Edwards	Barton Co., Kansas	3
"Jerry"	Cleta Johnson	Douglas Co., Kansas	113

		Page
"Gypsy"	Frances Sample	Greenwood Co., Kansas.....83
"Robin"	Fenton Brannon	Meade Co., Kansas.....137
"Keno"	Vanessa Lykins	Bourbon Co., Kentucky.....
"Stubby"	Harold Quick	Jefferson Co., Kentucky.....
"Ducky"	Robt. W. Frank	Kenton Co., Kentucky.....
"Fun"	Richard W. Gunter	Allegany Co., Maryland.....
"Toots"	Isabelle Whitcraft	Baltimore Co., Maryland.....82
"Flip"	Imogene Schwartz	Montgomery Co., Maryland.....99
"Rattler"	Carl P. Forster	Bristol Co., Massachusetts.....85
"Clipper"	Adelaide J. Stever	Bristol Co., Massachusetts.....28
"Rollo"	Lillian Davis	Dukes Co., Massachusetts.....38
"Ranger"	Charlotte J. Adams	Worcester Co., Massachusetts.....22
"Cinders"	L. Ralph Brown	Worcester Co., Massachusetts.....93
"Early Bird"	Edwin Larson	Worcester Co., Massachusetts.....73
"Jumbo"	Addison Barber	Barry Co., Michigan.....
"Peter"	Charlie Mahoney	Chippewa Co., Michigan.....51
"Caper"	Esther Miller	Gratiot Co., Michigan.....
"Cutey"	Bonnie Jean Hill	Ingham Co., Michigan.....
"Snap"	Jennie Nadeau	Ionia Co., Michigan.....16
"Forest"	Wanda Mills	Sanilac Co., Michigan.....139
"Doc"	Helen Tobian	Wayne Co., Michigan.....
"Scout"	Lucinda Anderson	Aitkin Co., Minnesota.....39
"Dan"	Hilding H. Gustafson	Aitkin Co., Minnesota.....
"Clyde"	Richard W. Gravelle	Beltrami Co., Minnesota.....
"Ponto"	Joseph Dziuk	Benton Co., Minnesota.....
"Mate"	Bennie Varner	Benton Co., Minnesota.....
"Bobby"	Leo Frank	Blue Earth Co., Minnesota.....
"Carl"	M. J. Klinkhammer	Brown Co., Minnesota.....
"Tony"	Maurice Himle	Chippewa Co., Minnesota.....62
"Mischief"	Orville Himle	Chippewa Co., Minnesota.....
"Topsy"	Olga Jeager	Chippewa Co., Minnesota.....80
"Rastus"	Herbert Hill	Clay Co., Minnesota.....
"Trump"	Elder Gertner	Cottonwood Co., Minnesota.....23
"Pepper"	Merle Herschleb	Dodge Co., Minnesota.....
"Bouncer"	Marville Thompson	Douglas Co., Minnesota.....55
"Prince"	Norris Nupson	Fillmore Co., Minnesota.....62
"Arrow"	Willie Fox	Goodhue Co., Minnesota.....
"Inez"	Edwin Koberstein	Goodhue Co., Minnesota.....89
"Larry"	Wilford Schaffer	Grant Co., Minnesota.....120
"Cheyenne"	Marguerite Hallett	Isanti Co., Minnesota.....
"Pedro"	Arnold Anderson	Kandiyohi Co., Minnesota.....101
"Carlo"	Harold Bush	Kandiyohi Co., Minnesota.....61
"Jocko"	Clyde Olson	Kandiyohi Co., Minnesota.....
"Huggs"	Lloyd Osmondson	Kandiyohi Co., Minnesota.....47
"Togo"	Winfred Brown	Koochiching Co., Minnesota.....
"Don"	Oliver Olson	Koochiching Co., Minnesota.....
"Sandy"	Vernon McMicken	Koochiching Co., Minnesota.....
"Hero"	Gudrum Ekeland	Lac Qui Parle Co., Minnesota.....59
"Eddy"	Joseph LeRoy Fjelde	Lac Qui Parle Co., Minnesota.....
"Nero"	Orion Hegre	Lac Qui Parle Co., Minnesota.....
"Teaser"	Harry Ronneberg	Lac Qui Parle Co., Minnesota.....
"Bud"	Selma Dillberg	Lyon Co., Minnesota.....10
"Fancy"	Wallace Eng	Lyon Co., Minnesota.....
"Scrappy"	Mabel Gravley	Lyon Co., Minnesota.....19
"Joker"	Geo and Flora Hansen	Lyon Co., Minnesota.....29
"Razzle"	Vida Kopeschka	Martin Co., Minnesota.....109
"Tim"	Royetta Higgins	Nobles Co., Minnesota.....
"Bunny"	John M. Borsvold	Polk Co., Minnesota.....14
"Star"	Clarence Grover	Polk Co., Minnesota.....7
"Domino"	Eunice Kringle	Polk Co., Minnesota.....
"Victor"	Chester Torgerson	Pope Co., Minnesota.....
"Nemo"	Earl Kammerer	Ramsey Co., Minnesota.....15
"Queenie"	Stanley J. Malicek	Redwood Co., Minnesota.....80
"Ruby"	Charles Woelfel	Redwood Co., Minnesota.....
"Roy"	Agnes Zeug	Redwood Co., Minnesota.....135
"Tris"	Ernest Hanson	Renville Co., Minnesota.....
"Slick"	Joseph Kottum	Renville Co., Minnesota.....134
"Major"	Margaret Roth	Rice Co., Minnesota.....
"Dimple"	Ida Schuenke	Rice Co., Minnesota.....120
"Texas"	Laura and Helen Sather	Roseau Co., Minnesota.....50
"Twinkle"	Luther B. Arnold, Jr.	St. Louis Co., Minnesota.....35
"Tatters"	Gordon Kniffin	St. Louis Co., Minnesota.....94
"Wallie"	Matthew Kane	Scott Co., Minnesota.....
"Teddy"	George Cooper	Stearns Co., Minnesota.....
"Tango"	Erwin E. Wardian	Stearns Co., Minnesota.....87
"Leo"	Merrill Robran	Steele Co., Minnesota.....
"Bozzie"	Esther Muller	Steele Co., Minnesota.....71
"Beau"	Harriet Svendsen	Steele Co., Minnesota.....60
"Wonder"	Olga Simenstad	Swift Co., Minnesota.....
"Marty"	Charlotte Thomsen	Traverse Co., Minnesota.....
"Freckles"	Dorothy Biebighauser	Washington Co., Minnesota.....98
"Trusty"	Raymond Krueger	Washington Co., Minnesota.....66
"Fairy"	Lawrence Ulrich	Washington Co., Minnesota.....
"Spotty"	Mildred Etter	Watsonwan Co., Minnesota.....
"Bruce"	Myra Todd	Winona Co., Minnesota.....43
"Tinker"	Arthur P. Anderson	Wright Co., Minnesota.....
"Dandy"	Grace Burrows	Wright Co., Minnesota.....
"General"	Geo. and Peter Hentges	Yellow Medicine Co., Minn.....133
"Togo"	Harris Greer	Sharkey Co., Mississippi.....83
"Pedro"	Harold H. Hodgin	Atchison Co., Missouri.....127
"Duke"	Dorothy Lee Eagle	Jackson Co., Missouri.....69
"Ginger"	Charles Foster	Randolph Co., Missouri.....
"Evangeline"	Gladys Houx	Saline Co., Missouri.....131
"Mac"	Ruth Mead	Saline Co., Missouri.....54

			Page
"Black Raven"	Nixon Newby	Blaine Co., Montana	
"Pilot"	Freddie M. Richardson	Broadwater Co., Montana	119
"Cozy"	Charles Young	Cascade Co., Montana	50
"Playmate"	Christina Helland	Dawson Co., Montana	
"Kris Kringle"	Mallena Vashus	Dawson Co., Montana	46
"Dart"	Fern Millsap	Fergus Co., Montana	53
"Wahoo"	Pearl Olson	Fergus Co., Montana	
"Happy"	Harry Parker	Fergus Co., Montana	
"Nubbins"	Aileen Keller	Madison Co., Montana	
"Rocksy"	Gertrude Jensvold	Musselshell Co., Montana	138
"Andy"	Alfred H. Brown	Teton Co., Montana	21
"Anna"	A. O. Rustad	Teton Co., Montana	
"Trixie"	Frank Harris	Yellowstone Co., Montana	80
"Ned"	Geo. and Ruby Kobelin	Yellowstone Co., Montana	80
"Reggie"	Clifford Smith	Yellowstone Co., Montana	
"Bert"	Harry Ingwersen	Cass Co., Nebraska	
"Hector"	Verna Beerbohm	Cuming Co., Nebraska	34
"Tom"	Helen Heermann	Cuming Co., Nebraska	
"Brewster"	Paul D. Simms	Custer Co., Nebraska	
"Gus"	Frank and Vera Brown	Dakota Co., Nebraska	68
"Bumps"	Lewis Barton	Dawes Co., Nebraska	
"Bingo"	Jeanette Lansing	Dixon Co., Nebraska	78
"Jewel"	Arthur Marode	Douglas Co., Nebraska	103
"Roscoe"	Doris Overman	Grant Co., Nebraska	137
"Ray"	Irene A. Brooks	Cheshire Co., New Hampshire	134
"Dot"	Gladys P. Cowley	Merrimack Co., N. H.	30-77
"Comet"	Richard Lippincott	Burlington Co., New Jersey	
"Hummer"	Arthur Wallace	Burlington Co., New Jersey	45
"Busy"	John H. Albrecht	Camden Co., New Jersey	90
"Nipper"	Harold Cavanaugh	Warren Co., New Jersey	63
"Benny"	Harold Kiley	Warren Co., New Jersey	
"Buttercup"	Charles McElroy, Jr.	Albany Co., New York	
"Dolly"	George Edwin Adams	Cayuga Co., New York	115
"Snuggles"	Alberta and Florence Ashdown	Chemung Co., New York	136
"Dude"	Frances M. Zeh	Delaware Co., New York	
"Nibs"	Ralph Bergman	Erie Co., New York	102
"Dud"	Margaret Gentner	Erie Co., New York	
"Bubs"	Elda Allen	Essex Co., New York	
"Dexter"	Kenneth Hamsher	Livingston Co., New York	
"Bingo"	Alfred Boissier	Nassau Co., New York	83
"Joe"	Harold R. Palmer	Oswego Co., New York	125
"Honey"	Mabelle Thomas	Oswego Co., New York	36
"Freddy"	Jacob Schlott	Queens Co., New York	
"Patsy"	Rena Smith	St. Lawrence Co., New York	125
"Sultan"	Donald M. Robinson	Saratoga Co., New York	79
"Banner"	Tracy Gillette	Wayne Co., New York	
"Tip"	Chester McKee	Wayne Co., New York	1
"Mayflower"	William A. Barnes	Westchester Co., New York	20
"Cub"	Eugene Mumpower	Buncombe Co., North Carolina	52
"Rob"	Gracie Winstead	McDowell Co., North Carolina	
"Silver Tip"	Georgia Lee Barringer	Stanly Co., North Carolina	
"Buddy"	Wm. A. Dimmette	Wilkes Co., North Carolina	
"Winkle"	Myrtle Pearl Holbrook	Wilkes Co., North Carolina	13
"Mert"	Lawrence Ukestad	Barnes Co., North Dakota	
"Chubby"	Alice M. Swanson	Barnes Co., North Dakota	
"Master"	Allen Anderson	Benson Co., North Dakota	
"Chief"	A. Kindlein	Benson Co., North Dakota	
"Hank"	Harry Larson	Benson Co., North Dakota	
"Archie"	Mamie Westrom	Benson Co., North Dakota	48
"Prince"	Bernadine Kunkel	Bottineau Co., North Dakota	81
"Hub"	Vilma Anderson	Bowman Co., North Dakota	
"Kirk"	Luella Robbins	Burke Co., North Dakota	
"Partner"	Harriet J. Wallace	Cass Co., North Dakota	81
"Doc"	Kala Walden	Cass Co., North Dakota	
"Fuzzy"	Mary McMahon	Cavalier Co., North Dakota	
"Barney"	Samuel Stepp	Cavalier Co., North Dakota	31
"Bunty"	Mae Nesbit	Dickey Co., North Dakota	
"Betty"	Dwight M. Snow	Golden Valley Co., N. D.	132
"Roger"	Clara Fosness	Grand Forks Co., No. Dakota	
"Reno"	Pearl Peterson	Grand Forks Co., No. Dakota	105
"Paul"	Evelyn and Bernice Sears	Grand Forks Co., No. Dakota	55
"Paddy"	Grace McGogy	McIntosh Co., North Dakota	137
"Jessie"	Eulalia Timm	McLean Co., North Dakota	
"Rex"	Wayne Wright	McLean Co., North Dakota	
"Lightning"	Luella Fischer	Morton Co., North Dakota	128
"Judge"	Louis Schmitt	Morton Co., North Dakota	112
"Captain"	Ida O'Keefe	Mountrail Co., North Dakota	126
"Rip"	Arthur Olson	Mountrail Co., North Dakota	
"Jinks"	Sandy S. Myhre	Nelson Co., North Dakota	
"Flight"	Paul Jones	Renville Co., North Dakota	
"Hal"	Joella Abrahamson	Richland Co., North Dakota	33
"Spot"	Ina Pruett	Richland Co., North Dakota	87
"Rabbit"	Paula Pederson	Rolette Co., North Dakota	
"Chick"	Susan Stampka	Stutsman Co., North Dakota	27
"Frolic"	Margery Wright	Traill Co., North Dakota	
"Snoozy"	Mary E. Kennelly	Walsh Co., North Dakota	
"Mort"	Hazel Irwin	Ward Co., North Dakota	117
"Curley"	Viola Peterson	Ward Co., North Dakota	71
"Sam"	Mrs. W. D. Stinson	Ward Co., North Dakota	
"Zeppo"	Robina Wylder	Wells Co., North Dakota	
"Woody"	Julia Hill	Williams Co., North Dakota	98
"Flo"	Lloyd Thomas	Allen Co., Ohio	30
"Jolly"	Hazel Cox	Darke Co., Ohio	
"Winner"	Lloyd Drake	Darke Co., Ohio	48

		Page
"Pearl"	Henry Mullenix	Darke Co., Ohio
"Jess"	Leo E. Baus	Fairfield Co., Ohio
"Kip"	Anna Ruth Miller	Logan Co., Ohio 8
"Roxy"	Eldon Crego	Madison Co., Ohio
"Rebel"	Agnes Prybogle	Preble Co., Ohio
"Brownie"	Twylah Hart	Shelby Co., Ohio
"Welkie"	Gretchen M. Stelzer	Summit Co., Ohio 37
"Peaches"	Alicia M. Davenport	Klamath Co., Oregon 139
"Flasher"	Clarence R. Morgret	Cambria Co., Pennsylvania 77
"Beppo"	Larne C. Wertman	Carbon Co., Pennsylvania 96
"Hi"	Luther Landis	Dauphin Co., Pennsylvania
"Fern"	Martha Wright	Greene Co., Pennsylvania
"Lightfoot"	Romie Butz	Lehigh Co., Pennsylvania 123
"Toodles"	Durell W. Moyer	Lehigh Co., Pennsylvania 56
"Russ"	Wm. H. Edmunds	Luzerne Co., Pennsylvania
"Monty"	Gretchen Meyer	Pike Co., Pennsylvania
"Fluffy"	Robert Decker	Allegheny Co., Pennsylvania 2
"Pert"	Georgia Spencer	Warren Co., Pennsylvania 26
"Dapple"	Ernest L. Heckert	York Co., Pennsylvania 95
"Cyclone"	Raymond L. Hild	York Co., Pennsylvania 136
"Irene"	Colgate M. Searle	Kent Co., Rhode Island 58
"Jud"	Henry Nachman	Florence Co., South Carolina
"Tiny"	Wm. N. Raiford	Marlboro Co., South Carolina
"Sunshine"	Eva Huddleston	Beadle Co., South Dakota 97
"Pinto"	Eddie Souhrada	Bonhomme Co., South Dakota 46
"Romeo"	Onalee Aney	Bonhomme Co., South Dakota 31
"Buster"	Gifford Tures	Brookings Co., South Dakota 84
"Starlight"	Oscar Anderson	Brown Co., South Dakota 135
"Sparkle"	Eloise Savage	Codington Co., South Dakota 76
"Tommy"	Ruth Wakefield	Faulk Co., South Dakota
"Jeff"	Martin Opseth	Grant Co., South Dakota 41
"Hugo"	Mary Craig	Harding Co., South Dakota
"Chuck"	Wilbert Goldsmith	Hyde Co., South Dakota
"Billie"	Hazel McMartin	Kingsbury Co., South Dakota 15
"Cute"	Leota R. Bray	Lawrence Co., South Dakota 57
"Bullet"	Billy Siskin	Lawrence Co., South Dakota 25
"Babe"	Roy Brown	McCook Co., South Dakota 75
"Blackie"	Glen Herting	McCook Co., South Dakota
"Rob Roy"	Harold Kutzler	McCook Co., South Dakota 116
"Hugh"	Chloris Malloy	McCook Co., South Dakota
"Allie"	Ruth Timmons	Meade Co., South Dakota
"Biff"	Oscar M. Anderson	Minnehaha Co., South Dakota 33
"Micky"	Clarence and Lucy Buchholz	Minnehaha Co., South Dakota 65
"Scamp"	Geo. Hustoft	Minnehaha Co., South Dakota
"Lee"	Mabel Myers	Minnehaha Co., South Dakota 17
"Frisky"	Emily L. Savage	Minnehaha Co., South Dakota 130
"Cupid"	Edna Evans	Moody Co., South Dakota 31
"Dixie"	Walter McLaren	Moody Co., South Dakota
"Betsy"	Cleighton E. Davis	Campbell Co., Tennessee 135
"Pop"	Douglas Lockman	Crockett Co., Tennessee 139
"Lady"	Marion Jones	Franklin Co., Tennessee 29
"Wuzzy"	Frank McKissack	Madison Co., Tennessee 67
"Ruskin"	Lois Pettit	Morgan Co., Tennessee
"Jean"	John H. Elrod	Smith Co., Tennessee 12
"Web"	Grace Shephard	Chittenden Co., Vermont 110
"Dainty"	Gladys Ellwood	Franklin Co., Vermont 121
"Zip"	Ella Fullam	Orange Co., Vermont 96
"Pep"	Nancy B. Jennings	Rutland Co., Vermont
"John"	Harry Bauserman	Augusta Co., Virginia
"Lulu"	Louise Damron	Bedford Co., Virginia
"Wizard"	John Kenyon	Fairfax Co., Virginia 88
"Ad"	Aurelia I. Leigh	Norfolk Co., Virginia 24
"Sergeant"	Etta M. Bondurant	Roanoke Co., Virginia
"Janice"	Felton Riley	Rockingham Co., Virginia
"Peggy"	Arthur Treanary	Rockingham Co., Virginia
"Cedric"	Thelma L. Sproles	Washington Co., Virginia
"Judy"	Mary Kremstreiter	Lincoln Co., Washington 48
"Scotty"	Catherine Rohrbeck	Pacific Co., Washington
"Nap"	Susie Bratt	Spokane Co., Washington 70
"Buzz"	Carl Twyman	Calhoun Co., West Virginia
"Floyd"	Francis King	Logan Co., West Virginia
"Chum"	Bozzie F. Thornton	Mercer Co., West Virginia 40
"Princess"	Geneva Holt	Nicholas Co., West Virginia 129
"Rover"	Cloyd A. Reckart	Preston Co., West Virginia 108
"Christy"	C. P. Wells	Wetzel Co., West Virginia 49
"Jay"	Victor Harris	Ashland Co., Wisconsin 134
"Pet"	Sheldon Adams	Dane Co., Wisconsin
"Polly"	Alfred Hokenstad	Dane Co., Wisconsin 86
"Jingo"	Pearl Kerr	Grant Co., Wisconsin 137
"Tuck"	Lawrence Fox	Grant Co., Wisconsin
"Tramp"	Keith Walker	Juneau Co., Wisconsin 44
"Crescent"	Cecilia Garot	Kewaunee Co., Wisconsin 127
"Mogul"	Roy Podewells	Rock Co., Wisconsin 72
"Sportsman"	Harold A. Pierce	Waushara Co., Wisconsin 86

The Farmer's Wife Pony Club

What It Is and What It Does

The Farmer's Wife Pony Club, from a very humble beginning, has come to be the greatest single factor in the whole United States for the distribution of Shetland Ponies among children.

The Club is conducted by The Farmer's Wife, a woman's farm journal of national circulation, and the Ponies are given to ambitious children who take subscriptions for the magazine. The Farmer, another of our publications, also conducted a Pony Club in past years but at the present time this club is not in operation.

In 1907 we gave away our first Shetland Pony and since that time we have awarded more than 325 outfits. And the Pony Club has developed so fast that now close to 100 children secure ponies from us every year.

An eminent authority has stated that there never have been more than 6,000 living Shetland Ponies in the United States at one time, so our Pony Club has already given away close to 6 per cent of the Shetlands in this country. And, at the rate the Club is growing, we may confidently expect to exercise a vastly greater influence over the distribution of these charming pets every year.

Of course, a good many children who work for our ponies fail to win, but it is seldom that an ambitious child who is willing to do a reasonable amount of work and is not handicapped by a too sparsely settled community fails to qualify for a Pony. Then, too, in every competition cash or merchandise prizes are awarded to all contestants of a value proportionate to the amount of work each has done, so every child who works for us is repaid for whatever effort he makes.

We buy our ponies from several Shetland Pony Breeders, often contracting for a herd of 20 or more at a time, and the older ponies are always broken and gentled by children, thus ensuring their fitness for the new owners to whom we send them out.

The motto of the Pony Club is "A Pony for Every Boy and Girl," and it is our aim to make it as easy as possible for any child unable to buy a pony to get one free by doing work for the Pony Club.

August 1
1915

Pony Editor

How To Care For Shetland Ponies

Interesting Facts About These Charming Pets

According to a man who has bred hundreds of Shetland ponies, who has worked and played with them for years, and who knows them in all their moods, the Sheltie has a disposition that is more nearly angelic than that of any other creature which walks on four legs.

Over in Shetland Islands, just north of Scotland, where these ponies come from, they live on terms of the most intimate friendship with their owners and their families. Not infrequently when one is in a particularly social mood, he strolls through the door of the little cottage and is treated like a member of the household. Not knowing the meaning of unkind treatment, he comes to believe in man as his natural friend and benefactor, and reciprocates by developing this kindly and affectionate nature, which makes him most desirable as a pet.

No one should suppose, however, that the Shetland leads a life of ease on his native heath,

are produced annually on the islands, and they sell for about fifty dollars each, which, added to the cost of transportation and the duty, which in this country is thirty dollars on all animals whose ancestors have not been registered for three generations, makes the imported stock fairly expensive. At the present time there are a good many Shetland ponies being bred in this country, and the industry is growing as the demand increases.

The training of a Shetland pony may be made a very simple matter. Where a pony and a child are allowed to grow up together, breaking to saddle and to harness are little more than natural processes, worked out with pleasure and satisfaction to both parties in the game. If the child treats the pony in such a manner as to inspire confidence, this confidence is freely bestowed, and whatever the little master or mistress thinks ought to be done the pony is ready to attempt.

No Child is too Small to Make Friends with a Shetland Pony.

for, on the contrary, his life is full of hard conditions. He runs wild the year round in a country where there is much winter and little summer, long seasons of cold rains and biting winds, rocky pastures and scant herbage, but he grows tough, hardy and sweet-tempered under the heel of adversity. He prefers good grass, but subsists on sea-weed when necessity compels such a diet, and under the lash of hunger he even descends to the point of eating fish. This extremity, however, comes only in the dead of winter and then the islanders usually provide some provender to help the little animals through the crisis.

The stock of ponies in the islands is never large, for the demand by American breeders and those of other countries is greater every season than the supply of animals available for export purposes. Some six hundred ponies

Ponies may be purchased immediately after they are weaned, when five or six months old and may be driven to a moderate extent by the time they are fifteen months of age. From this time on the pony becomes an indispensable member of the family. He often lives to be thirty or forty years of age.

When the ponies are systematically broken to harness or saddle, only a few weeks, as a rule, are required in which to accustom an animal to obey the rein under all conditions. The Sheltie is not without an abundance of spirit and vim, however. It is a curious fact that he seldom shows timidity at the sight of locomotives or automobiles, but will manifest a strange fear of trifling and harmless objects.

The Shetland is a Lilliputian, to be sure, but he is a real horse for all that, and endowed with more "horse sense" than most other members

of his tribe. By the same token, he quickly learns to resent ill-treatment, and any child or older person who cannot own a pony without striking it or submitting it to similar indignities is better off without possession of such an animal. On the principle that evil communications corrupt good manners, ponies have been known to develop unamiable tricks when much in the company of human beings who refuse to treat them properly.

The Shetland Pony, under conditions which exist in this country, should have his hoofs examined each spring and fall and possibly trimmed a little, so that the feet will rest squarely on the ground. Ponies driven on soft roads in the country often get along satisfactorily without shoeing. Sometimes shoeing the front feet will be required, and where the roads are hard or the hoofs incline to break it will be necessary to use shoes all around. When winter comes, it often happens that the pony gets less exercise from being driven or ridden than during the warm months of summer. He should not, however, be kept closely confined, or his health will suffer. It is well to have a paddock or a yard of some sort in which the pony may run. If such a yard contains a rough shelter of some sort, the pony may be allowed out-of-doors in all weathers, the only point is that the more the animal is exposed to the cold the longer and shaggier will his coat grow, unless he is kept always blanketed. This is Nature's way of providing for the little creature's comfort.

In the Shetland Islands, where the ponies run practically wild, they often grow coats of such extreme length that the little fellows present a very strange appearance. The woolly, fur-like hair of the young stock comes off in great patches in spring and a herd of the youngsters at this season of the year is a ludicrous sight.

One satisfactory feature in the keeping of a Shetland pony is the fact that it requires very little care. It is more in danger of suffering from heat in the summer than from cold in winter. A lightly constructed shed is ample protection if free from dampness.

The expense of feeding a pony is so small

that it hardly need be considered. During the summer, one animal will be able to get practically all his living on the lawn around the house. It is not a bad plan to feed a small bran mash every week during winter, even though hay alone is being fed, and a piece of rock salt should always be where the little animal can lick it.

The pony which is exercised in a yard, not being driven or ridden during certain seasons of the year, will require no grain except the bran mash once a week. Clean, new hay constitutes the best ration. Only a small amount will be consumed, however, so that the pony is not an expensive animal to keep even when fed the best quality of hay, and no other should be given him. Although not necessary, it is a good plan to cut the hay in short lengths in a hay cutter. This is a particularly good plan if the hay is dusty. If very dusty, it is well

to sprinkle it lightly with water. A pony comes to rely very largely upon his master or mistress, no matter how small the child may be, and a knowledge of this fact helps to teach a child self-control and gives him a feeling of responsibility. Indeed, the handling of a pony is an excellent means of developing the character of a boy or girl and of creating the sympathy with dumb ani-

Fun For Both.

mals which it is desirable every child should have.

If one cares for points in securing a Shetland pony, he should know that animals over forty-six inches are not eligible for registry in the American Shetland Pony Stud Book; probably forty-two inches is the average size of the ponies in this country, although there are many much smaller. Ponies as small as thirty-six inches are not uncommon in the islands, where those over forty-two inches cannot be registered. A Shetland may be black, brown, mouse, bay, chestnut or sorrel, gray or white, dun, cream or piebald. The head should be short, the nose straight, the eyes prominent and wide apart, the neck full, the back short and the body deep. The legs should be straight with plenty of bone, and the mane and tail should be full.

After all, however, it is as a pet, a playmate and a boon companion for the younger members of the household that these animals are most in demand, and as such the Shelties are unequalled.

LUCKY PONY WINNERS

“‘Tip’ and the Whole Family enjoy Reading The Farmer’s Wife”

My Darling “Tip”

By Chester H. McKee, Wayne Co., New York

One very cold Saturday morning in January there came to our house a paper and in it was a row of little Shetland ponies with boys and girls riding on them. There was another picture of a little pony which the Webb Publishing Company was going to give away free. The more I looked at the picture the more I wanted the little pony for my own. My mamma and papa read it and said I might try if I wanted. So I signed my name and mailed it that day and the very day my Certificate of Entry came I began to take subscriptions.

When I first started to get subscriptions, it was pretty hard work, but the more names I got the more I could get and I had lots of pleasant experiences. Some said, “You will not get a pony any way;” others said that I would. I knew the Webb Publishing Company did just as they agreed, for I wrote to some boys and girls who had won ponies and they told me how nice the Webb Publishing Company had been to them. One of the girls I wrote to was Miss Cleta Johnson, who had won “Jerry,” and now she and I write to each other about our ponies and the fine times we have with them, so you see the Webb Publishing Company were the means of my making a new friend, for which I thank them very much. I would say to any little boy or girl who is wishing for a pony to

enter the Webb Publishing Company’s Pony Contest and they will surely win a pony for their own if they only work hard enough.

Finally the contest came to a close and then came the anxious days of waiting to know if I had won. Then came my precious letter on Wednesday morning saying that “Tip” would be shipped that week. Saturday night came and no pony. I was most discouraged. Tuesday morning before school my grandpa came down and brought the rest of the outfit which came that morning. Then I felt sure that my pony would soon be here. Wednesday night after school, I got a telephone message that my pony was at the station and maybe we did not hustle down after him.

When I saw him my joy knew no bounds. I put my arms around his neck and said, “Oh, you little darling.” How I did hug him, I was so glad he had come and was mine. He did not like his ride on the cars at all, for he had ridden 47 hours. “Tip” had kicked himself completely out of his crate and they had to put him in the freight house. We live four miles from the station and I thought we would never get home, for everyone came out to see my pony, for “Tip” is the first pony owned in our town. One lady said she just wanted to touch him; I suppose to see if he really was alive. We brought him

“Tip” at a Lawn Party

home and turned him loose in a nice box stall we had made on purpose for him. "Tip" was Oh, so hungry and tired. He would eat a little then lie down; then get up and eat some more, then lie down. The next day he seemed rested some so I put on his saddle and bridle and rode him a little. "Tip" is just as gentle as he can be.

"Tip" will follow me all over with no halter on. He will come up the steps onto the porch into the house and look out of the windows. I have a big bull-dog named "Sport" and he will hold "Tip's" halter rope so "Tip" can eat grass on the lawn. "Tip" dearly loves apples and will take them out of my pocket. He will shake hands and do many cute things, but of all the children that play with him, he seems to like me best. He does not like strangers at all. I draw wood for mamma and take eggs to town for groceries for her and mamma pays me for all I do, so you see "Tip" is making me rich.

I cannot begin to tell you all the good times I have had since "Tip" came to live with me. I have always been sickly but now I play with

"Tip" so much out of doors that I am getting strong and well. I have had lots of chances to sell "Tip," but money cannot buy him, for my heart would be broken if I ever had to part with him. And I know "Tip's" would be too for we are such friends. We all like The Farmer's Wife very much and "Tip" and the whole family enjoy reading it.

I give "Tip" a bath real often and braid his mane and tail to make him look nice. He likes to be curried and fussed with. When winter comes I am going to have a new sled to hitch "Tip" to, then we will have jolly times in the snow. So you see "Tip" is making me very happy, also my little friends.

If all little boys and girls could only have a pony like my "Tip," I am sure they would all love it as dearly as I do "Tip" and have as many good times as I do. I am sure they would be very much happier. Since "Tip" came to live with me I have had company nearly every day and all the children love "Tip" most as much as I do for I let them all ride him, but I am sure "Tip" likes me best of all.

I can never thank The Farmer's Wife enough for sending "Tip" to me

Chester and "Tip" Playing "Injun"

"Fluffy," given to Robert Decker, Allegheny Co., Pennsylvania.

My Dream Pony

By Joey Edwards, Barton County, Kansas, Winner of "Sunny Jim"

Last spring out to sunny Kansas from his home away up North in the cold country, came my darling little pony, "Sunny Jim." His eyes were just like little tiny suns and everyone who sees him, their eyes shine too and mamma says he is a regular little ball of sunshine out in sunny Kansas for a little sunny girl and his name is "Sunny Jim."

When I was a little tiny girl my grandpa said, "Some day I'll buy you a nice little Shetland pony." Once when I was sick and the doctor's medicine was very bitter he said, "Just take it, dearie, and go to sleep and some day when you wake up the Shetland pony will be here." I always dreamed of little Shetlands all black and spotted but they always ran away when I woke up. Now my grandpa is a real nice baldheaded grandpa and when I was a baby they called me a boy's name just because his name was Joe. So I thought if all my life I had to be called a boy's name he ought to buy me a pony. But my

would go to nearly anyone's house after school and just ask everyone I met.

Some man would say, "You bet I'll take your paper," and then he would say, "Hey Bill and John, come and help this little girl out." Sometimes Bill and John would say, "Oh, there isn't anything to it. My boy sold something to get a kite and he never heard from the place again." I wasn't afraid to say things when they thought the Webb Publishing Company would do that way, for I knew better than that. And I had lots of letters from little girls who had got ponies.

Sometimes a woman said, "We just don't see how we can take it, we get so many papers now and the children have had the measles and all the bills coming in." But I just kept right on showing her the little pictures of the pony and turning the pages of the magazine till pretty soon she would look a little nicer and say, "I always wished my little girl could have a pony."

"Sunny Jim" Knew Me from Everybody Else Who Came to Meet Him"

auntie said when she was a little girl grandpa told her the very same thing and now she is too big to ride and would never know what good times she had missed. So I just knew my grandpa was having dreams too, when he promised to buy me one. But one day my dream came true and I'm going to tell you how.

One day a paper came to our house and the first thing I found in that paper was a whole page of little Shetland ponies and boys and girls riding on them. I read about it and it said the Webb Publishing Company of St. Paul, gave them away to little boys and girls. My mamma read it too and she said if I wanted to I might enter the contest. I was awful bashful and didn't like to go to people's houses, but mamma said, "Just take the sample copy of the paper with you and you won't have any trouble getting people to subscribe." I just went to ladies' houses I knew at first and they said of course we will take your paper and I told them I would take their little children out riding when I got my pony. I got so many right at first that I got real brave and

Then she would just say, "I'll take it," and when I left she would be smiling real pretty and looking nearly young enough to ride a pony, and I knew my little pony was making people happy even before it came to live in our town.

I know lots of men who work on the road near my house and they all took my paper, because they had chickens and gardens and cows. But I believe the real reason was that some time in their lives they had had a grandpa who said, "Some day I'll buy you a pony," and it never came, just like the dreams I had when I was sick and the doctor came.

When I got the letter from the Webb Publishing Company telling me that I had won the prize I was so glad I nearly cried. I made my grandpa sit up and take me to the train that night. The first night I went to meet him the pony didn't come as his train was delayed. So we all went to meet him the next night and sure enough he was there and the baggage man helped me up in the car and I was so happy I forgot to scold "Jim" for being a day late. I never said a bad word

to him because he just looked up with his little sparkling eyes and he knew me from everybody else who came to see him and he just squealed the cutest little squeal and stuck his ears up and rubbed his wet nose all over my coat. Everybody wanted him to look at them but he just knew it was me he had come to live with, and when the depot man helped grandpa take him out of his box "Sunny Jim" let me get right on his back and grandpa led him up through Main Street, everybody coming along behind him.

After every one had gone home and it was nearly morning time we put him in a little lot by the barn. He was so glad to have a nice home and acted so cute I could hardly say goodnight to him. But early before school the next morning I was to see him again and after school all the little boys and girls came to see him and we had a big party and little "Sunny" was the guest of honor just like they have big folks' parties.

Every little boy and girl in town loves "Sunny Jim" because he is the only little pony in town and I take them all driving after school in my little buggy. When winter comes I am going to have a little sled and then we will all have a jolly time in the snow.

"Jim" will eat anything I give him. He loves sugar, bananas and candy and it makes him too fat for he weighs 50 pounds more now than he did when he came. He will come up the steps on the porch and he will turn on the hydrant in the yard when he wants a drink. And he does the most cute things.

My m a m m a took me to visit in the mountains this summer and she wouldn't take "Sunny Jim" along so I couldn't stay very long as I got too homesick to see him and I coaxed her to come home pretty soon. One of my little chums kept him for me while I was gone.

"Jim" gets me scolded lots of times but he doesn't know he's doing wrong. Every time I wear a nice clean dress my mamma says, "What makes those black streaks on your dress?"

She doesn't know, but "Jim" does. He just rubs his nice little dusty nose all over my back. I don't care, because dresses wash, and dear little "Jim" just does it because he loves me so.

I love the Webb Publishing Company more than anything in the world except "Sunny Jim," because if the man that published the paper hadn't loved us little girls and boys so much I would never have won my own darling "Sunny Jim" and my dream would never have come true.

"Two of My Dearest Friends"

Sliding Down "Mac's" Back
(See Story on Page 54)

The Story of "Sweetheart"

In Three Parts

By Lillias E. T. Howe, Nevada Co., California

PART I

How I Won "Sweetheart"

I am going to write to you and the Pony Club how I came to work for "Sweetheart". When I was nearly five years old mamma saw in a paper she was taking your advertisement of a pony to be given away for a little work. Mamma told me that if I went in the contest it would mean plenty of work but I wanted to try so we started out. After getting most of our neighbors in the country to subscribe we went into town. Mamma would go with me and stand where she could watch me and I would go up one side of main street and down the other. Sometimes people would say, "Little Dear, I don't think I care for your paper."

her name." So you see we were all three happy for that 50 cents; he made both the old lady and me happy and I know he is happier because he did.

I had so many pleasant happenings while I was working for "Sweetheart," I think that is why you sent me such a dear sweetheart. I will always love the Webb Publishing Company and mean to always try to keep The Farmer's Wife.

PART II

Cute Pony Tricks

I must tell you some of the cute things my pony "Sweetheart" does. One day mamma was

Lillias and "Sweetheart" Playing Indian

Then I would thank them and show them my pony pin and often they would call me back and give me a subscription, for I always thanked them the same as though they did subscribe cause mamma always said, "Don't feel bad when they say no, for everyone knows best what he can or cannot do."

I went one day to the dearest old lady (she was older than mamma) and her hair was very white. She put her arm around me and said, "How I wish I could take your paper, but I have not one dollar of my own." I felt bad for her but we visited a little and I sang "Daddy's Tomboy Girl" for her. I only went a little way down the street when I met a very pleasant looking young man and I told him what I was working for. He said, "Well dear, If I had anyone I could send the paper to, I would take it. I want you to get the pony." I said "Would you truly?" He said, "Yes I would," so I told him about the dear old lady and he gave me 50 cents and said, "Run back and get

picking cherries and "Sweetheart" was around the tree so he knocked the ladder down and mamma had to stay up in the tree for some time until someone came and put the ladder up for her. She scolded "Sweetheart" and told him to go and amuse himself somewhere else, so he chased the chickens until he caught one by the tail. Then he trotted back under the tree mamma was in and held the hen in his mouth and looked up at mamma as much as to say, "This is something new." He does so many cute things. He will jump way high with me on his back and he will make the dogs go from place to place where I tell him. He comes to the house as soon as he gets out and wants to come in and get sugar or cookies or candy. He loves most all kinds of fruit except straw-

berries. He will come in the house and go all through it looking for me.

I would not sell my pony for any price at all. He is so dear we all love him. Sure he is full of mischief, but he is a dear. I have had many nice rides on his dear little back. He is fat and sleek now. When he came he had on his long winter hair and he was just like a little bear, only he could bite instead of hug. He will come upon the porch and if no one opens the screen for him he will raise his little foot and strike the screen so it will open a little, then stick his dear little black nose in and push the screen open and walk in and go to each one asking for something. He tries to pick up my kittens, too. He will go under the apple trees and pick up the apples and carry them around in his mouth. He is not afraid of anything that I know of. He will go right up to an auto and smell of the tires and walk all around them looking at them. Then if the auto starts off, he will stand and look at it and blow after it.

In our town this year we had our big parade at night on the third of July instead of the morning of the Fourth. I rode my "Sweetheart." We were just back of the Grand Marshall and there were bands playing, and fire works. Some of the orders had an elephant and camel and giraffe and other animals made up and dozens of fancy lanterns lighted and carried besides decorated automobiles and all kinds of noises suitable for the Fourth of July, but little "Sweetheart" marched along as though it were nothing unusual and it was the first time he was ever in town after night. There was a big crowd on the streets. You see we are twin cities here. Grass Valley is four miles from Nevada City and we are connected by both electric and steam cars, so one year Nevada City celebrates the Fourth of July and Grass Valley comes with us, the next year we go to Grass Valley and celebrate with them. Mamma says St. Paul and Minneapolis are twin cities too, but I must write about "Sweetheart." Don't you think he was fine to go in that parade and not be afraid, only two years and one month old? Then I had him down again on the Fourth and he saw the flying machine too. You see we had a three-day celebration. One year Grass Valley, our Twin City, had a home coming week and it extended over the Fourth of July and that

was a fine celebration. The people seemed to think that "Sweetheart" was the greatest attraction this year. I know he was the dearest (to me). We are teaching him some tricks so by the time we celebrate again he will know how to perform some. He will kiss you and give you his foot. He never offers to kick but he loves to be with some one, especially does he love mamma. Every day I thank you for my "Sweetheart." He grows more cunning every day and I look for years of pleasure with my prize from The Farmer's Wife.

PART III

"Sweetheart's" Christmas Party

I wonder what could have been the matter. When my mamma received The Farmer's Wife for January, 1915, I could not find one letter from a member of our Pony Club. Now dear little friends, let us begin our New Year with a hearty "Three Cheers" for our dear Editor and all the darling ponies he has given us.

Ready for the Fourth of July Parade

Now for Christmas. "Sweetheart" and I had a fine time. I had a beautiful tree and we had company (both children for me and grownups for mamma and daddy). In the afternoon of Christmas day we went in the parlor and lit the candles on the tree and there among the

many pretty things hung a pretty tarletan bag with cube sugar in it and apples and tied on with red ribbon were two pretty buttons for his bridle. They are glass with flowers in them and a Christmas card addressed to "Sweetheart." Oh! is not Santa Claus wonderful to remember me and my beautiful pet? When the names were called, mamma opened the door and told "Sweetheart" to come. He walked in through the kitchen and dining room and into the parlor where the company were and up to the tree and looked at the pretty lights. He ate candy and nuts and looked at the people, then daddy told him he must go out. I wish every member of the club and you, Editor, could have seen his sweet black face and bright eyes shining as he stood at the tree and how the children laughed to see him come in the house.

I hope the other members of the club will write and tell me about their little pets.

Best wishes to every Club member and a long prosperous life to our Farmer's Wife

"We Took 'Star' Home With the Oxen"

My North "Star"

[By Clarence Grover, Polk Co., Minnesota]

I received "Star" June 2nd and papa and I went to town to get him. We had him in the wagon box in the crate and took him home with the oxen, which you will see in the picture.

"Star" is a pretty, brown Shetland pony, three years old and forty-one inches tall and very cute. So many told me when I told them that I was trying to win a Shetland pony by getting subscribers for the paper that I would get a picture of a pony and buggy and some thought that I would not get anything, but they all think different now. There have been so many here to see my rig and they all think it the cutest in the neighborhood. My friends say they will also try to get a rig like mine if the Webb Publishing Company has any more contests.

I have my pony tied with a long rope down on our meadow so he gets lots of green grass and has gained quite a little since I got him. "Star" likes me when I go up to him. He will rub his nose on my face to kiss me. He will also shake hands. I just wish you could see all the cute tricks he can do. I can get "Star" to go on a big box and he will stand so still and look at me. So many have asked me how much I would take for my rig, but it would be too lonesome without the pony now, and I can have

more fun with the pony than I could with the money.

"Star" just loves a dish of strawberries and also likes oats and sugar.

My folks think my rig the best present I could have gotten and don't know when I ever would have owned a pony of my own if it had not been for the Webb Publishing Company of St. Paul.

When my friends come, we hitch up "Star" and go out driving and they all think it lots of fun. One Sunday when quite a few of my friends were here, we took "Star" on top of an old straw stack and had our pictures taken.

He is not afraid of automobiles and will go right up and look at them.

So many say they cannot understand how the Webb Publishing Company can give away so

much for so little work but they do and every child ought to try for one because they are the best ponies that children could have.

One day my friends and sisters were going out to pick strawberries and we had our lunches with us and "Star" took a good load of us there and he seemed to enjoy it as much as any of us and ate almost as many strawberries as any of us did.

Again I thank you for "Star" and all you sent me.

"There's Always Room at the Top"

"I Drive Kip Around the Race Track in My Little Cart"

My Own Dear "Kip"

By Anna Ruth Miller, Logan Co., Ohio

I want all my friends to know what a lovely pet I now have. When I received the telephone message, telling me that "Kip" had arrived, I just couldn't get to the depot fast enough. Mama, papa and I went right away. They had already taken him out of the crate and he was in a livery barn and, bless his little heart, when he heard us coming he whinnied. It was the sweetest sound to me just then I tell you. Papa put the saddle and bridle on, which came in the morning, and then helped me on his back. A crowd commenced to gather around and all said, "Is that the little pony she got by taking subscriptions for The Farmer's Wife?" We told them yes and wasn't he a little beauty. They all were as excited as I about him.

On our way home we passed the Fair Grounds where papa has horses in training. All the trainers said he was a fine one and their horses weren't in it with "Kip."

We had a nice box stall waiting for him so we put him in to rest, but I just staid with him till supper time. The next day I commenced to play with him, braiding his lovely mane and tail and brushing him off. A pony is the best playmate a child can have. You ought to see him eat watermelon, cakes, crackers, candy, sugar and fruit. We feed him oats three times a day besides hay and then when in pasture he gets all the clover and grass he wants. I haven't had him long enough to teach him many tricks. He shakes hands and rubs his velvety nose on you after you give him anything.

He is growing more beautiful than ever. Although I am so young, I can hitch and unhitch him and do everything for him. I want to do all for him myself, he is so gentle and kind. My first thought in the morning is of my darling, what good times we will have together. Sometimes I drive home alone if papa isn't quite ready to come. We only live about half mile from Fair Grounds but I pass a great many autos and other vehicles. I have always been used to horses so that I have no fear about driving alone. I always keep to the right and then you are all right. One feels safe with a little pony, as they are not afraid of anything. One of the pictures shows me in my little racing cart.

If every girl and boy wanted a pony as much as I did, they certainly would join The Farmer's Wife Pony Club and try and get one. Don't let anyone try to discourage you by saying there isn't anything in it, but keep right on getting all the subscribers you can and I assure you the Webb Publishing Company will do all they can for you to get a pony. Every-

thing they promise to do they will most assuredly keep their word. I shall never forget their kindness to me all through the contest and will always try to get them subscribers whenever I can.

"Kip" and Anna Ruth Eating Lunch

I must close now for when I get talking about my dear little "Kip," I never know when to stop. I send kind wishes to all my little unknown friends and hope you all will join The Farmer's Wife Pony Club and be as happy as I am.

A Happy Pair Posing for their Picture

The Sweetest Kind of "Marmalade"

By Crystal A. Andreas, San Bernardino Co., California

I will now tell you about my pony "Marmalade" that came all the way from St. Paul, Minn., to Sunny California.

One day I happened to find a paper with ever so many ponies in it, and as I always wanted one I became very much interested in it and wanted to try and win one of those dear ponies that the Webb Publishing Co. were giving away to girls and boys.

So I sent in my name and got started in the contest. At first it seemed hard as I never had tried anything like that, but The Farmer's Wife is such a nice paper that I had no trouble at all in getting subscribers so I kept right on until the finish, and you don't know how glad I was when I received word that I had won a pony by the name of "Marmalade," and he was to be shipped to me.

One evening when the telephone rang and the agent at the station said the pony had come, I just couldn't wait until papa would bring him home, so I begged real hard to go along, although it was past my bed time.

At last we got started on our way and when we

returned home it was ten o'clock. "Marmalade" arrived late at night and I knew that he was very hungry so we gave him a good supper and a drink of water and then made him a nice bed.

So I said good-night to my new friend and went to bed to dream of the lovely times we now would have. He is the sweetest little pet you could ever want, and I am sure he loves his new home.

Whenever he sees me he neighs and comes running and I know that he is begging for an apple or some cake. We have a little calf on the ranch and "Marmalade" and "Jim" are the best of chums. They play all day long in the tall grass and in the evening they come back to the barn.

Perfectly at Home

I have taught him a few tricks such as shaking his head for no and yes, and he can now walk down and up the steps as well as anyone. I can't tell you all the good times my playmates and I have with "Marmalade," and I thank the Webb Publishing Co. many times for giving him to me.

"It Was Too Funny to See Him Try to Pull Us Along"

Dear Little "Bud"

By Salma Dillberg, Lyon Co., Minnesota

I must write and tell you that my little Shetland Pony, "Bud" got here Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock and I was so happy that I could hardly sleep that night and almost forgot to go to school next morning. There were so many people around "Bud" at the railroad station that I thought I never could get him home to our farm. A little later the beautiful buggy and harness and saddle and bridle came too and I surely am proud of the whole outfit.

When I want to go to a picnic, I take my little pony and drive him. He takes the buggy right along as easy as can be and he is as kind as a kitten. I take my pony to town for groceries sometimes and sometimes I take my mamma out for a ride in the afternoon. One day mamma and I went six miles and I thought that "Bud" would be tired but he did not get tired or lazy. My little pony likes to eat apples, sugar and cake and he just loves to drink milk. When I call or whistle for him, he comes up to me and then goes away before I get a chance to catch him, but when I have an apple in my hand, he comes right up to me and seems to ask me for the apple.

"Bud" is so accommodating that he will do anything we ask of him. One day a crowd of us went out on a picnic and "Bud" act-

ed just like a little boy. When lunch time came, he walked right up to the table and whinnied for his share so we gave him sandwiches and apples and cake and he ate right at the table with us. Then we went out in a nearby field and hitched him up to an old tractor and it was too funny to see him try to pull us along—about a 10 ton load. Of course, he couldn't do it, but he pretended to try, anyway. He seemed to think it was a good joke and didn't fuss a bit. You can see how cute he looks in the two pictures which we took on that day.

When I was trying to get my pony, all my friends said that I would not get it, but I did not listen to that but went right ahead and that is the way all the boys and girls should do when they try to get ponies and every little boy and

girl should have a Shetland Pony like mine. "Bud" can jump over a box and he can also do some other cute little tricks. Now, boys and girls, is the time for you to try to get a little Shetland Pony and I know the Webb Publishing Co. will help you to get one because they always do just as they say they will do. All boys and girls should try hard to have a Shetland Pony of their own, and if they get one like "Bud" they will have the best present in the world.

"He Ate Right at the Table"

My Pony "Bob"

By John B. Corn, Jr., Pulaski County, Ark.

"Bob" is a beautiful pony, so cute and smart. He is forty-one inches high and weighs three hundred pounds. He loves me dearly and for fun he is the best chum I have. He is very fond of eating sugar and I taught him to do so many cute things, for he learns so very easy. He will lie down and play asleep, shake hands, nod for yes, and shake his head for no, he will walk on his hind feet, kneel and say his prayers. In the morning when he awakes he always nickers for me. I enjoy so much driving in the country with my friends to get watermelons and peaches.

This spring my little sister and I drove "Bob" in the National Confederate Reunion Parade. The buggy and pony looked so pretty decorated. We were also in the Labor Day Parade this year and "Bob" won the prize of a new bridle for being the prettiest and smallest pony in the parade. There were also other boys in the parade with their ponies. The new bridle looks just fine on "Bob" and he is so very proud of it.

During school days I drive "Bob" to school and on Sunday morning I take my little sister to Sunday School.

"Bob" and I are always glad when papa takes us along on a fishing trip. I go in swimming and "Bob" likes to swim also, he can swim with me on his back. I have a canvas boat that I get into and hold to "Bob's" tail while he pulls me across the river, which is about fifty yards across. When we are through fishing papa loads up the buggy with fish and we start home. I hope all the lucky winners live

near a river so they can take their pony for a swim. At first your pony will not like it but he soon learns it is fine sport.

I have a bull dog, whom you can see in the picture; he and "Bob" are great chums. They sleep together and wherever "Bob" goes the dog is sure to go, just like Mary's lamb. One day "Bob" got away and I was very day, but my dog followed and drove him just in time for his sugar and I had ready for him.

I have been offered \$300.00 but I would not sell him for an amount of money. I would not sell him for an amount of money to have so much money and I would be so lonesome. I know he would cry much if I sold him.

I was eight years old when I won the contest in 1910, and my pony was four years old. We were so sad and

"Bob" is a beautiful pony, so cute and smart. He is forty-one inches high and weighs three hundred pounds. He loves me dearly and for fun he is the best chum I have. He is very fond of eating sugar and I taught him to do so many cute things, for he learns so very easy. He will lie down and play asleep, shake hands, nod for yes, and shake his head for no, he will walk on his hind feet, kneel and say his prayers. In the morning when he awakes he always nickers for me. I enjoy so much driving in the country with my friends to get watermelons and peaches. This spring my little sister and I drove "Bob" in the National Confederate Reunion Parade. The buggy and pony looked so pretty decorated. We were also in the Labor Day Parade this year and "Bob" won the prize of a new bridle for being the prettiest and smallest pony in the parade. There were also other boys in the parade with their ponies. The new bridle looks just fine on "Bob" and he is so very proud of it. During school days I drive "Bob" to school and on Sunday morning I take my little sister to Sunday School. "Bob" and I are always glad when papa takes us along on a fishing trip. I go in swimming and "Bob" likes to swim also, he can swim with me on his back. I have a canvas boat that I get into and hold to "Bob's" tail while he pulls me across the river, which is about fifty yards across. When we are through fishing papa loads up the buggy with fish and we start home. I hope all the lucky winners live near a river so they can take their pony for a swim. At first your pony will not like it but he soon learns it is fine sport. I have a bull dog, whom you can see in the picture; he and "Bob" are great chums. They sleep together and wherever "Bob" goes the dog is sure to go, just like Mary's lamb. One day "Bob" got away and I was very day, but my dog followed and drove him just in time for his sugar and I had ready for him. I have been offered \$300.00 but I would not sell him for an amount of money. I would not sell him for an amount of money to have so much money and I would be so lonesome. I know he would cry much if I sold him. I was eight years old when I won the contest in 1910, and my pony was four years old. We were so sad and

Papa and all of the neighbors love "Bob" also and say so many good things about the Webb Publishing Company, for they are sure friends to boys and girls who will work for a pony. If you win the next pony contest you will be the happiest boy or girl in the world.

I would like to have all the pony winners come to Arkansas to visit "Bob" and me. We have plenty of room and water, also a little Barley Corn. You see John Barley Corn, Jr., is my name, I was named for papa. My papa was born in Lincoln County, Tennessee, where they made barley corn famous. Grandpa liked barley corn so well and his name being Corn he decided to call papa John Barley Corn. Then

I arrived and papa named me John Barley Corn, Jr. My sister, who was born on the first day of June, is called Bessie June Corn, so you see "Bob" has June and Barley Corn all the time and do you wonder he is so good?

When I grow up to be a man I expect to run for governor of Arkansas on the Prohibition ticket and show people that John Barley Corn is good for something besides ruining homes.

Now, don't you hesitate to enter the next contest and put confidence in the Webb Publishing Company for they will do all they say. I just cannot tell you how much I love them for what they did for my sister and me.

Dear Friends:

I am going to write and tell you what great friends "Jean" and I have learned to be.

I ride and drive him all the time. We certainly have good times together. He is growing bigger every day. He is the little town one. He

John H. Elrod and "Jean"

gentle and loves to be petted.

I certainly am glad I joined The Farmer's Wife Pony Club and I want to thank you for all the favors you did me and the fair way you treated me all the way through.

Your faithful friend,
John H. Elrod,
Smith Co., Tennessee.

"Mac" and Ruth Mead Rehearsing for the Circus
(See Story on Page 54)

"Winkle" and Myrtle Pearl After the Mail

How "Winkle" Was Won

By Myrtle Pearl Holbrook, Wilkes Co., North Carolina

I'll tell you how it was. About May 1st, I found your advertisement about "Winkle" and his dandy outfit saying, "Send us your name if you want him for your own." I read it all over and over and wished to enter the contest. I wanted to work for him. I asked papa over and over to let me try, but he was busy all the time and didn't listen to me.

Finally I persuaded him and one of my uncles to give me their subscriptions so I could become a member and after I received my blanks, etc., I went to work in earnest and mailed my first list on May 12th. I worked hard every day till the 29th of June, being less than two months. I went to a little town fourteen miles away with the mail man and got a number of subscriptions. I was almost a little stranger there, but I had a good friend that went with me to many places. I had a good time as it was good fun working for "Winkle." Everyone was kind to me and after I came home, my uncle went with me around in the neighboring section. One of my aunts made trips with me and I had a nice time on all of my trips and around home I did not let anyone pass or miss anyone without giving them a chance to subscribe for The Farmer's Wife and help me to win a pony. It was wonderful. Scarcely anyone ever turned me down and I feel so thankful to them for their kindness, but of course I found a few cranky people and I guess all of our Pony Club Members did too, but I didn't get discouraged.

When I received your good letter, telling me I had won "Winkle," I just leaped for joy and clapped my hands. I ran to the telephone and told my aunt I had won "Winkle" and his outfit and she was so overjoyed she ran about one-half mile across a cornfield to break the news to

grandpa about my success. Aunt is a large fleshy woman and just imagine how funny she looked running across the cornfield to break the news to grandpa. And when she told him he threw down his hoe and up with his hat and called to my uncle and said, "We will stop right where we are and do no more work today, but will go over and spend the evening with Myrtle Pearl and sit up with her tonight, for I know she won't sleep any." So on they came and several of my friends came too and we had a regular jubilee.

But the best of all was on June 9th. The mail man was at the station when "Winkle" came in. He led him out and on to my home that evening 14 miles distant. When he got to the post office is where the true happiness was expressed. I was so happy I almost cried. I hugged "Winkle's" neck, talked to him and we were perfect friends from the very beginning. He is so good and kind.

Little friend, if you want a pony for your own, don't delay in entering the contest. The Webb Publishing Company certainly will treat you right. The outfit, pony and all is much better than I had ever imagined. Do not doubt or feel discouraged. The contest is absolutely fair and you will get all that is coming to you. I have had so many letters of congratulation from my dear little Pony Club Members. Am so glad to get in touch with so many dear little friends.

Why Shouldn't I Be Happy?

I am only 11 years old and live among the mountains of North Carolina where people are not very thickly settled, so most of the little boys and girls have a better chance than I did. So no one need to feel discouraged on entering the contest. It will be an easy victory.

"On the Banks of the Red River of the North"

Little "Bunny"

By John M. Borsvold, Polk Co., Minnesota

Before I commence telling you about my dear little pony, "Bunny," let me introduce myself, so that you may know who I am and where I live. I am a little red headed Norwegian boy and was 10 years old on June 17th. I live with my parents, four sisters and two brothers on a 40-acre farm on the banks of the Red River of the North, three miles west from the village of Climax, Polk County, Minnesota.

Last summer I saw an advertisement in a paper that the Webb Publishing Company of St. Paul, Minn., was giving away ponies to little boys and girls.

As I had always wanted a pony that I could call my own, I asked my mamma and papa if they would let me try and win a pony. They said I could try but papa said he thought I would not succeed. Anyhow I entered the contest and began to get subscribers. I found it very easy as almost

everyone said they would take the paper as they thought it was the best farm paper in the state. After school and on Saturdays, I would get papa's horse and buggy and sometimes mamma would go with me and I would start out working, and I kept on until the last hour of the contest, all the time being confident that I would win "Bunny."

As "Bunny" was intended for a Christmas present the winner would be notified Christmas Eve. Arriving home from school Christmas Eve, no notice had arrived and mamma and papa both said that I had lost. I could hardly keep the tears back, as I had worked so hard and been so sure all the time that I would have the happiest Christmas in my life. I was just getting ready to retire for the night, much sadder than usual and wondering who the lucky winner of "Bunny" could be. Listen! somebody knocking at the door! Mamma went and opened the door.

Here was Uncle Ole and one of our neighbors. They told mamma that I was the lucky winner of the little pony and outfit, as they had been informed over the phone that the buggy had arrived that evening. I fairly jumped out of bed and dressed faster than I ever did before and ran out to greet Uncle

"I Use 'Bunny' on the Cultivator"

and asked him if it was really true that I had won "Bunny." He assured me that it was and that I now had a pony and buggy of my own.

I am unable to describe here how happy I felt. I doubt very much if the English language contains words whereby I could describe it, if I should try. Anyhow, they are not at my command. Oh! I was so happy. Mamma,

papa, my sisters and brothers were so happy too.

We drove to town that night and arrived there just as the train pulled in from the North. "Bunny" was not on the train, but as papa had told me that if I won "Bunny" he would come on the morning train, I was sure he would come Christmas morning. We loaded the buggy, harness and saddle into the sled and went home. Early next morning, papa, mamma, uncle and myself drove up town and sure enough there was "Bunny" standing on the depot platform. I felt so sorry for him as the morning was very cold. We soon had him in Uncle's sled and started for home. As soon as I got home, I took him in the house and gave him a little water and some sugar and cookies and made a nice warm place for him in the barn. So after all I had the happiest Christmas in my life.

The first time I hitched him to the buggy, he did not know just what it meant, but papa led him around a little and he became very quiet at once. I can now drive him anywhere as he is not afraid of anything. If we meet an auto, he don't seem to notice it. I go horseback after the cows and use him on the cultivator, cultivating mamma's garden. He is so careful not to step on any plants. He is everybody's pet as he is the only real Shetland pony here. I shall never sell him as long as he lives.

Thanking you from the bottom of my heart for sending me "Bunny" and the outfit and also for your fair treatment and thanking everybody who so willingly subscribed for the paper and assisted in making me the happiest boy that ever lived, I remain, yours for success, Jno. M. Borsvold.

Dear Friends:

"Nemo" is the name of my darling little pony which the Webb Publishing Company gave me. I could not tell you how happy I was when Pa brought a letter from the mail box saying in it that I had won "Nemo" and his dandy outfit. I was sick when "Nemo" was shipped and could not go to meet him, so papa went after him and drove him home in his pretty little buggy.

Mamma and my little brother and I go out riding quite often with "Nemo." M a m m a thinks that "Nemo" is

Earl and Little "Nemo"

just it. I could have sold him several times but I could never part with him, he is too cute. "Nemo" has a barn of his own. He is never tied up and he can go out and eat grass whenever he wants to and sometimes he goes in papa's oats and helps himself. But "Nemo" is so cute that papa can't say anything.

I can't thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for giving me such a pretty little pony and outfit. As a close to my story I cannot say too much to praise the honesty and fair dealing of the Webb Publishing Company.

Yours truly,
Earl Kammerer,
Ramsey Co., Minn.

"Billy" and Outfit Won by Hazel McMartin, Kingsbury County, S. D.

What "Snap" Means to Me

By Jennie Nadeau, Ionia Co., Michigan

I have the dearest little brown and white Shetland pony which the Webb Publishing Company sent me free all the way from St. Paul, Minn., away out here to Ionia Co., Mich. He is the cutest little pony I ever saw and everyone says so that sees him. He is just as kind and

One day I received a letter saying I had won "Snap" and it made me very happy. Then I received a letter telling me they had sent "Snap" by express and would be here on a certain day. I could hardly wait but one evening we got a telephone call from Belding saying my pony had

Off for a Spin Down the Road—"Snap" Just Makes His Little Feet Fly"

gentle as he can be and is just as handsome as you find them. He just makes his little feet and legs fly when going down the road hitched to his little buggy and surely does make the dust fly. He is also a fine saddler. I have enjoyed many a ride this summer and as my health is poor he is just the nicest kind of out door playmate and I enjoy his company very much. I can harness and hitch him up alone. I take my little friends all for a ride.

And now I'll tell you how I won "Snap."

I wrote to the Webb Publishing Company to see what I would have to do to win a pony. They wrote back to me and told me they wished me to get subscribers for The Farmer's Wife. I commenced work close at home with my dog "Trim" for which I have a harness and wagon (he has drawn one around for several years). I did so well getting subscriptions that my grandparents began helping me; although they were very busy they would hitch up and drive a long distance with me and so we worked until at last the time expired and then I was anxious to know whether I had won a pony or not.

come. I was so delighted I jumped right up and down and all I could say was, "My pony has come, my pony has come."

We went right over to Belding in an automobile and brought Mr. Pony back in the automobile from there. When "Snap" arrived he was a little hungry and tired but was alright next day, so I put his saddle and bridle on him and enjoyed a ride.

No amount of money could buy "Snap." I feed him, curry him and give him his baths, (he loves to have a bath).

I know I could not get along without him now.

"Snap" and His New Friends

He is so much company for me as I live with my grandpa and grandma and there are no children for me to play with. Two of my sisters and a cousin were here to visit me this summer and we had many good times with "Snap." My grandpa made a stone boat for me and I drew up corn and potatoes and cabbage with him. He is a stout little fellow and feels very proud when he is working. I intended driving "Snap" in the parade at the Labor Day picnic this fall but had to give it up on account of my sickness. I hope
(Continued on page 100.)

My Pony "Lee"

By Mabel Myers, Minnehaha Co., South Dakota

My pony's name is "Lee" and he is 40 inches high and coal black. He had long hair when we got him, but we had him clipped and he looks real pretty now.

He likes to have me rub him and play with

and we put Rixey on "Lee's" back and he rides all over.

"Lee" is useful to us all. Three times a week I go to town with him and get the ice. I have a little wagon I tie behind the buggy to carry the

"I Go to Town for Ice Three Times a Week"

him, and when I say "Come, Lee" he runs to me and rubs his nose on me for me to pet him.

In the morning when my papa feeds the horses and "Lee" hears him he will whinny and stamp his feet until papa feeds him. After he eats his breakfast he comes to the door, and if we don't see him he will whinny and when we open the door he will come in the house and eat sugar and drink milk.

I have a little dog named Rixey, and he and "Lee" are great friends. They play together

ice in, and I also get the groceries for mamma and my brother and I go after the cows every night. "Lee" likes to play, but he gets tired, and when he does he lets us know about it. After we ride him about long enough he will begin to buck and roll us off on the ground, but he never hurts us, and sometimes instead of bucking when we start him up he turns and tries to go in the barn.

"Lee" is a sweet playful and useful little fellow and I feel so thankful to know I am his mistress. I wouldn't part with him at any price and I thank the Farmer Pony Club with all my heart for giving him to me.

"CUSTER"

Given to Lee Mohr, Marshall Co., Iowa. Lee has fine times driving "Custer" in his little home made Brake Cart.

"CUTE"—Given to Leota Bray, Lawrence Co., S. D.
(See Story on page 57)

"Heinie"

By Clarence Niemoeller, Bartholomew Co., Indiana

"Heinie" is a beautiful black pony and very smart. He is 42 inches high and weighs about 300 pounds. He loves me very much and is the best chum that I ever had. He is very fond of eating sugar and he can do so many cute things for he learns so very easy. He will run around in a circle and will stand with his front feet on a box. In the morning when he awakes, he always nickers for me. I enjoy riding him through the country for he is so willing.

I have a fox terrier dog, and he and "Heinie" are great friends. The dog runs around with him and they enjoy themselves very much.

I would not take \$1,000.00 for "Heinie" for I have more pleasure out of my pony and saddle than I would have out of so much money. My dog and I would be lonesome without "Heinie." I know he would cry if taken away. Papa and

mamma and all the neighbors love "Heinie" also and I say so many good things about the Webb Publishing Company for they are sure friends to boys and girls who will work for a pony. If you get a pony from them you will be the happiest boy or girl in the world.

"Heinie" can run very fast and whenever I get on him, he goes so fast that I can hardly keep on him. He threw me once but that was not his fault for I did not stop him quick enough. He is very gentle and he will not kick or bite, and is not afraid of automobiles or motorcycles.

Now, don't hesitate to join the Pony Club and don't let people discourage you, but put all of your confidence in the Webb Publishing Company for they will do all they say. I just cannot tell you how much I love them for what they did for my brothers and sisters and me.

"Heinie" Can Do Many Cute Things"

"Laddie" Takes Us to the Cemetery With Flowers for Brother Willie's Grave."

"Laddie" was given to R.E. Notten, Chickasaw Co., Ia.

About "Scrappy"

By Mabel Gravley, Lyon Co., Minn.

I am now going to write you my story, how it happened that I entered your Pony Club. Some years ago I answered your ad in some farm paper that you were going to give away a pony, but did not enter the Club at that time because everybody said it was no use of trying

"I have the Cutest Pony of the whole Club"

for I would not stand one speck of a show of winning. But I have been watching your pony publication ever since and have been teasing my folks to enter until they finally gave in and let me enter. I do not think they ever thought of my winning when I first entered, but when they saw what luck I was having on the start, they began to get interested, too, so they began to encourage me the best they could. My brother Oscar was out several days and sister Hannah was out with me most of the time and believe me, Mr. Editor, neither I nor my folks are sorry now for what we have done and if I should bring out in addition feelings within my heart, I certainly would kiss you for all you have done for me for I certainly have the cutest little pony of the whole Club and he is the pet of the whole family. Yes, of the whole neighborhood, too, for that matter, for children for miles around have come here to admire "Scrappy" and so smart is he that I think he understands every word I say to him and he will come to me whenever I call him.

He is very fond of apples, sugar, watermelon and many other things and just loves to drink milk, too. One real hot day this summer we set the table under some trees near the house and when we all were seated at the table up came "Scrappy" and wanted a place at the table, too, just as if he were one of the family. Of course, I gave him a lump of sugar and then had to turn him away, but I am sure his feelings were hurt for he went away from the table and went west of the grove and stayed away all afternoon as if he were going to show us that if he were not welcome to associate with us he

would not bother us any more but I think he has forgotten it all by now, for he is himself again.

We were threshing our wheat the other day and I was a little afraid that "Scrappy" would get frightened and run into something and hurt himself but when the big steam engine came he was not any more afraid of that than of one of his best chums and when the engine blew its whistle, he just pricked up his ears and looked at it as cool and quiet as the man that was running it. He is a courageous little thing and not afraid of anything, and he is very playful. He plays with the colts and seems to be very much delighted in playing with the calves in the yard, too.

We went to visit a neighbor the other day and of course the rest of the family went in an auto, but you can bet that I did not go with them in that kind of a rig. I just got my pony and saddle and bridle and I think I attracted more attention with my rig than they did with theirs.

Well, I must now close my story, but before I close I will say to all boys and girls that they can't imagine what fun and pleasure they can have with a pony before they get one. I wish all boys and girls that have won a pony and all those that will win hereafter, all joy and happiness that life can possibly bring and especially you, Editor, for your good work in making boys and girls happy by giving them Shetland Ponies. And then one thing more: I wish to say to those that were in the Pony Club with me and

"Praising my Pony all day long"

all other Pony winners that I would like to exchange pictures and postal cards with all of you. It seems to me as if we all belonged to the same family.

So this is my story and this is my song,
Praising my pony all the day long.

Winter Sport with "Mayflower"

My Own Pony "Mayflower"

By William A. Barnes, Westchester, Co., New York

My little sister Agnes and I were reading a farm paper one evening last winter, and we saw down in one corner, "A pony given away by the Webb Publishing Co. just by working for The Farmer's Wife Pony Club."

To me that seemed an easy way to get a pony. But when I asked papa and mamma they said they did not think I would win a prize, that it would mean lots of work and they tried to discourage me, but they let me try.

I tell you the names of my friends came like snow-flakes to my mind and I wrote and asked them to take "The Farmer's Wife," telling them of the value of the paper to them and the wonderful prize to me. Just a few laughed and said I would get no pony after my hard work.

I joined the Pony Club and every time I would send in a list of names they would write me such a nice letter. That encouraged me a great deal and I could imagine the pony here and all mine long before she came.

In the middle of June, I went to the station with our man, to mail something. The post-master said, "Master William, here is a parcel just for you." Why, there was my saddle and bridle. No one knows how delighted I was, for if that had come, then I knew my pony must be on her way. Sure enough my mamma got a letter saying that we might expect "Mayflower" on the third of July. I tell you I was glad

my order for fire-works had gone in, for I could hardly keep my mind on the "Good Old Fourth."

I cannot tell you how delighted I was when I got a telephone call from the express man that my pony was really there. My little sister and I hustled off for the station, each with lumps of sugar in our pockets. We talked to big brother about the pony, all the way, so that the way would seem short. How delighted I was when I saw "Mayflower"—the pony all my own!

We children were not the only happy ones, but the whole family and neighbors gave us a happy welcome—in fact the flags came out the day before the Fourth.

On the way home, what do you think, a man wanted to buy her, but "Mayflower" was not for sale. Before we reached home we were quite well acquainted.

I tell you she was glad to get out of the crate for she had come all the way from St. Paul. I had a box-stall ready for her, but the lawn and all the children took her eye.

She has a beautiful chestnut colored head with a white star on her forehead, chestnut hip, white back and flank, and a handsome chestnut mane and tail. I cannot tell you how fine she is. Last summer she took first prize at the county fair and I was very proud of her.

I cannot thank the Webb Pub. Co. enough for sending me such a wonderful prize.

Bringing Up the Cows

My Little Comrade "Andy"

By Alfred H. Brown, Teton Co., Montana

Last Fall I saw a notice in the paper saying that they were going to give away more Shetland ponies with their outfits, and I made up my mind I was going to win one, so I started to work. I thought it was very discouraging as I lived near a very small town and I was afraid that I would not have a chance, but I found

Off For a Buggy Ride

that I was mistaken and had as good a chance as any other boy or girl. Some of the people that I asked told me that I was wasting my time and I would not get anything as those kind of offers were all fakes, but I knew that the Webb Publishing Company would surely give me a pony if I got more votes than anyone else, so I kept at it. On Christmas morning when my papa and I went up to the depot there on the platform was a little spotted pony in a crate with lots of people crowding around it and then I knew I had won "Andy," and how happy I was. After we took him out of the crate we led him through town and all the little boys wanted to ride him. We took him into all the stores so that everybody could see him.

For a while after he came there was so much snow on the ground and we could not use the buggy so we hitched him up to a little sled and I used to haul hay to help papa feed the cattle. But now that the snow is off of the ground, I can use my buggy and ride him horseback. I do not ride him to school because the school is right across the road, but the minute school is out, I go and get "Andy" and we play together until dark, for he is the greatest playfellow I or any other boy ever had. I take him in the house and give him sugar and if I am eating an apple he tries to take it away from me. No matter

where he is, when he hears me call he comes running up to me and he is as good a chum as another boy would be.

The way I make money with my pony, my papa pays me to drive the cows to and from the pasture, and "Andy" seems to like to chase the cows as well as I do.

Lots of people have wanted to buy my pony but I would not sell him for any money. My papa and mamma are just as proud and happy over my pony as I am, and it keeps me outside in the fresh air all the time, and I have not had a cold since I got my pony. There's no place to live like a ranch, especially if one has a nice Shetland pony for company. I am teaching "Andy" tricks and he will shake hands with me and he will stand on a box to reach sugar and when I am riding him, he will put his front feet up on a box and stand so straight that I nearly slip off.

I think every little boy and girl should have a Shetland pony because it teaches them to handle horses and gives them lots of outdoor exercise and teaches them to be kind and gentle to animals and if they are an only child like I am, it gives them a playfellow and a companion. Taking care of it gives them something useful to do and keeps them out of mischief. I don't know of a nicer way to get one than to get subscribers for the Webb Publishing Company

"I am Teaching Andy Tricks"

for most of the subscribers that I got say the paper is the best farm paper published. I am glad the Webb Publishing Company gave me a chance to win such a nice pony and outfit without one cent of cost to me and I will always thank them and do what I can for them.

Charlotte and Her Two Pets

My Dear "Ranger"

By Charlotte J. Adams, Worcester Co., Mass.

My pony, "Shadyside Ranger" arrived July 29th. It was a rainy day but mamma hitched her driving horse to the farm wagon and drove to the depot and as she came down the street every one was saying, "Oh see, the dear little pony going down to Towers Farm." They all knew where he was going because so many know mamma and then the wagon was Mr. Towers'. Well, to say I was pleased is putting it small. I just hugged and kissed the darling. He was so tired that when he got out off the crate he walked for a long time around in the big box stall.

Well, my pony is about three years old and he weighs around 300 pounds. He is chestnut and white and nice and gentle. Lots of people have come down from the city to see him and every one is delighted with him. "Ranger" comes into the house and eats off the table and makes himself at home as much in the house as he does in the barn.

"Ranger" is a foxy little fellow, for the door to his box is held shut with a wooden button and we put a nail over the button so he wouldn't get out in the night, but he has learned to reach out and pull the nail and turn the button and walk out, so we have put in a different fastening and he will turn the button around but can't understand why the door won't open for him. Now, if anyone has a brighter pony than "Ranger," I would like to hear from them and papa has taught him to kiss, shake hands and is now teaching him to stand on a box—and

he learned all this in less than two months. "Ranger" has the run of the farm and he always makes for the clover piece and then out to the orchard for apples.

I send my love to the children who have been as lucky as I and will ask them all to be as kind to their darling ponies as I am to mine.

I am a very happy little girl, just six years old when I won "Shadyside Ranger."

Off for a Ride

"Trump" and Elder Entertaining Their Friends

"Trump"

By Elder Gertner, Cottonwood Co., Minn.

When I got a letter that I was one of the lucky pony winners I felt so good that I could hardly sleep for a few nights, as I wanted to see "Trump," but I had to wait until he came. One day the agent called up and said that there was a pony for me. I did not know what to do for joy, so I ran for the field where papa was working, as tight as I could. I ran myself all out of breath and told papa to go to town and get my pony. So, he came right home and we went to town. When we got there the depot was closed and I got so impatient. I didn't know what to do until the agent came and opened the door. I was overjoyed to see my pony. We put him in the wagon and I stood aside of him and petted him, until we got home. When we took him out of the crate I wanted to ride him that night, but papa said I

should feed him and let him rest as he was tired and hungry.

The next morning I got up early to see what "Trump" was doing. He was there all right. In a day or two, I let him out in the yard without his halter on and now he runs loose in the yard all the time.

He is a regular pet and he looks very slick and fat now. I can catch him any place, but, when he got to feel better and I was not used to riding much, I would fall off. But, now I can ride him fine. One Sunday my cousins were here and they each have a pony. You should have seen the fun we had, running races. I can lead "Trump" up the porch steps and into the house, wherever I want to and I would not part with him for anything.

Three in a Row

My Special Pony "Ad"

By Aurelia I. Leigh, Norfolk Co., Virginia

I want to tell every little boy and girl about "Ad", the darling "Special Pony" The Farmer's Wife Pony Club gave me. We have many good

Aurelia, "Ad", Papa and "Daddy Boy"

times together and I love to see him romp and play. I do wish you could be here today and see dear little "Ad" try to follow my mamma and papa off with "Daddy Boy," my papa's horse. "Dad" loves "Ad." I did not think "Dad" would make up with "Ad" as he is a very mean horse around children. He don't like children at all and since "Ad" came to our home, I think "Dad" has begun to like me and I want to tell you that no one could buy him from me for he is my dearest friend. I have no sisters or brothers and you know I am having a big time with "Ad."

I have been offered \$200.00 for him but that will not buy him for he is a dear little pony. You can see by his pictures how sweet he is. He looks rough but after he sheds off his long hair I will get a better picture. I had so many try to discourage me but they can all see what the Pony Editor and the Webb Publishing Company is and they are the fairest people, my mamma and papa said, that they ever had any dealing with.

You all will never imagine how proud I am of "Ad." My pictures were taken in our back yard and I was only on dear little "Ad's" back long enough for my mamma to snap the picture. I am not going to ride him much now because he is rather young yet. I think he can pull a little cart better than he can ride me on his back so Grandpa is going to make me a little sulky for this winter, a light one.

I take him every day to my grandma's to eat grass. I wish you could see him eat. He loves oats. My mamma and I have lots of fun with "Ad." When she hangs her clothes out he goes up to the clothes basket and runs off with a piece of the clothes in his mouth. (And, my dear Pony Editor, if you ever do come to Norfolk, please don't forget you promised me in your letter if you would come to Norfolk that you would look me up. Please don't forget.)

Well I guess I must close as I know some more anxious children are writing the Pony Editor and want their letters read too, and published in "Lucky Pony Winners" and if I write such a long letter I will not give him a chance to read the other children's letters and I do not want to be selfish as I know they love their ponies as well as I love mine and I would love to write to all the children that have ponies and tell them how nice the Webb Publishing Company was to a little girl in Norfolk, Va. And I will be glad to write to any that care to write to me, for the Pony Editor is the dearest one on earth to make me so happy.

Love to all the Webb Publishing Company and may they have a successful year in 1915,

"How Proud I Am"

and may the boys and girls work next year and win a prize like mine. Your little friends, Aurelia and "Ad"

Playing Stage Coach Robber

Baby "Bullet"

By Billy Siskin, Lawrence Co., S. Dakota

I sure was a happy boy when I got your letter telling me that I had won a pony. I could hardly wait for the day to come when "Bullet" was to arrive. I used to go to the depot every day of the week and when he finally came I was so glad that I did not know what to do.

I took him out of his crate and he was so glad to get out and right there I made a new friend and today he is the best friend and playmate I have in the world.

My papa built a nice barn for him upon the hill back of our house and after he was there a few days he knew his place and it was not necessary for me to lead him in; I just turn him loose and he makes right for his place and he finds his oats there and he sure likes it. When I wake up in the morning and call him by his name which is "Bullet" he looks at me as much as to say "Aren't you going to give me my breakfast" and he will stand there 'till I give him his oats.

He is sure smart; we can teach him almost anything. He shakes hands with me, comes in the kitchen and we give him sugar and then he goes over to the sink and gets his oats. Then I take him out and saddle him and when we go to town he rides in the stores with me and everybody here thinks he is the "cutest" little pony they ever saw. They all ask me where I got him and I tell them that The Farmer made me a present of him for getting subscribers and

a good many of the kids said that they wished they could get one, so I gave them your name and address and told them to write to you and that you would tell them how to get one.

After I had "Bullet" for a while I wanted to know how I could make some money with him so I went to our local News Agent and asked him if I could not sell papers and he told me I could. So the first day I took out ten Denver Posts and he gave me a nice bag to put them in with a strap that fits over my shoulder and I did not have any trouble selling my first ten papers. "Bullet" really sold the papers for me because he is so cute that people would stop and look at him and ask questions about him and then I would ask them if they would not like to buy a paper and I would sell one to pretty

near everybody that stopped and looked at "Bullet." I would also let the children in town ride him around the block and charge them a nickle a ride and that way I make my expenses of buying his oats and also paid back my Father the money he spent on building his little barn.

Last month I made eight dollars by selling papers and giving children a ride and running errands for our neighbors.

I would not sell "Bullet" for any price as he is the best and dearest friend I have in the world, and if any boy is lucky enough to win a pony I think he is the happiest in the United States.

Shaking Hands

My Darling "Pert"

By Georgia Spencer, Warren Co., Pennsylvania

One day as I was looking through a farm paper I saw some pictures of little ponies The Farmer's Wife was giving away to boys and girls. I wanted to get a pony but everyone said that I would not get one. The more I saw of

They said the pony looked just like a barrel with his blanket on. We love him and he loves us, too, and I thank all my friends for it was you that helped me get him.

I want to tell you some of the cute things "Pert" will do. He is as gentle as a kitten and is the prettiest pony that I ever saw. We got "Pert" last February and he has gained nearly 65 pounds since we got him. He is as fat and nice as he can be. "Pert" likes most of everything that we give him.

Papa made him a little work harness and he helps us do lots of little things. He draws vegetables from the garden and apples from the orchard. We have a little cart with a box on it and we draw potatoes from the field. He also helps us run our washing machine and you can see in one of the pictures how "Pert" is running

"Runs the Washing Machine"

the ponies the more I wanted one and at last mamma and papa said that I could try and see if I could get a pony but when I would go out to get subscribers they would say, "There is no use of working for a pony. They will not send a pony clear out here to Pennsylvania and if they did it would be nothing but a rocking horse." But when I got a letter from them saying that I had won "Pert," I was full of joy. When papa fetched "Pert" from Warren my little brother and sister saw them coming down the road. I did not see them until they drove in.

Teaching little Brother to Ride

A Very Young Horseshoer

the machine by walking up and down on a treadmill arrangement. Did you ever hear of such a smart pony?

I don't know what I would do without "Pert". He is so pretty and gentle. I have seen lots and lots of ponies' pictures but none of them are as pretty as "Pert" and I thank The Farmer's Wife and all who helped me get a pony.

All About "Chick"

By Susan Stampka, Stutsman Co., North Dakota

I will write and tell you how glad I was when I won "Chick." The first day I went to town to meet "Chick" he wasn't there, also the second time, but the third day my uncle went to town and "Chick" was waiting at the depot for someone to take him and great crowds of

and games. He can play hide-and-go-seek, shake hands, stand with his front feet on a chair and comes running when you call him, for he surely expects something good to eat. He eats bread, sugar, vegetables, candy and especially apples.

"Chick" Entertains Me and All My Friends"

children and grown-up people were standing around him. Then "Chick" had to ride fifteen miles yet. When he came it was dark already and uncle called us to come out doors. My! how glad we all were, for we knew "Chick" had come. He looked so tired but his eyes were very bright. He looked as if he was glad he had come to his new home at last.

We took him out of the crate and put him in the barn. He was all tired out from his long journey. I could not sleep that night and wait till morning would come, so got up early the next morning and of course the first thing I did was to go and see my dear little pony. As soon as the neighbors heard that "Chick" had arrived, they were so surprised that the first thing they could do was to come and see him. Some said, "Although we bought a subscription from you we never thought you would get a pony." For about two weeks people were continually coming and going, all complimenting and praising "Chick."

We have lots of fun with "Chick." We make parades and play circus, in which "Chick" is always the actor. He knows all sorts of tricks

One day he climbed up the steps and got on the porch, pushed the screen door and came in but the door into the kitchen was shut so he rapped on the door with his foot. He wanted to come in and we all watched him to see what he would do. Finally he turned the knob and came in. We all had to laugh at him being so smart and now he comes in the house every day for something to eat.

My sister and I ride "Chick" to school and when we get there we make him go home and in the evening mother sends him to school after us. The neighbors are surprised to see him trot to school to get us home. When he comes to school he stands by the door and waits for us. He made this trip three times already and so we hope he will keep it up. All the children are glad to see him come and they all share their lunch with him.

If any girl or boy wishes to get a pony, I advise them to enter the Pony Club for they surely will be rewarded for little work. I can never thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for sending "Chick" to me.

Fun with "Clipper"

By Adelaide J. Stever, Bristol, Co., Massachusetts

I have wanted to write long before this to tell you all about my good times with "Clipper," and send you some pictures, but it was hard to get good pictures because "Clipper" seemed bashful and always turned the wrong way just in time to spoil them.

Just about a year ago I won "Clipper," and he travelled all the way from Minnesota to

Playing Soldier

Massachusetts in a little crate. One of our neighbors brought him out here in his express wagon, and I just guess I was tickled to see him and know that he was a really truly Shetland pony that I could ride and drive. We got him out of his crate just as soon as we could, and fed and watered him and gave him a chance to lie down and rest. He was tired for two or three days, but after that the little saddle and bridle came and our fun began.

"Clipper" never gets real frightened at anything. If he sees anything strange, all I have to do is to let him go up to it, sniff at it and look it all over and after that he is never afraid of it again. He isn't a bit afraid of automobiles. He quite often has one in the barn right side of his stall, and we have to tie him up so he can't reach out, for he seems to think the shiny mudguards are good to eat. If the motor is running he will walk right up to it and not even bother to look at it.

I can't begin to tell you what fun he is, and how much I love him. He is more than worth the work it took to win him and I never would have got such a nice little pony for my own if it had not been for the Webb Publishing Company.

When I first got "Clipper," I couldn't ride him very well and one night it was cold and he was in a hurry to get home to his supper. He started to gallop and I fell off. It didn't hurt but it scared me and I started to cry. "Clipper" had got quite a way down the road towards home, but when he heard me he stopped and listened and then turned around and trotted back. He came right up to me and stuck his little warm nose in my hand and kept putting up his front foot to shake hands with me, same as we taught him. He was trying so hard to tell me how sorry he was that I fell off, that it made me stop crying and begin to laugh. I got on and rode him home and he was as careful as could be all the rest of the way.

There is a little boy near here that I play with and we have lots of fun with "Clipper." Some times we play parade and I always carry the big flag and lead. When the drummer gets tired, why "Clipper" carries us both home and doesn't seem to mind the load a bit.

I had a little Western saddle and a cowgirl suit for a birthday present and now we play Wild West a lot out in the big field. I lasso Russel or hold him up with my gun. "Clipper" seems to enjoy it as much as we do.

He is a splendid saddle pony. Daddy trained him to guide by the neck to single-foot, trot and canter, just like the big trained saddle

"I Can Keep Up With Mama and Papa"

horses, so now he is awfully easy to ride. I can guide him with the reins in one hand and he learned it all so easy that Daddy said there was no work at all in training him.

Sometimes, when my father and mother go on the big horses I go with them and "Clipper"

keeps up with them as easy as anything. I don't have to stay home and watch them go off now that I've got my little pony.

My little cousin visited me this summer and she loved "Clipper" as much as I do. We had our best fun cleaning him, brushing his mane and tail and riding him. He seemed to like having us work over him and make his black coat shine.

"Clipper" is no work at all to care for. He has a nice field he stays in and I give him a little grain night and morning. He eats grass and is fat as can be and full of life. In winter he has such a thick fuzzy coat, it's just like sheep's wool, and we don't have to bother even to blanket him. He stays out just the same in winter only we bring him in nights

and he always knows when it is time to come in and waits at the gate for us to come for him.

He is such fun and such a nice pet that I don't see why all the boys and girls don't work and get subscriptions and get one like him. I can't thank The Farmer's Wife enough for making

it possible for me to have such a dear little pony. If my letter is printed, I hope all my friends who subscribed to help me will read it, and know that I won a pony and that I thank them all over and over, for giving me their subscriptions. They will all know, then, that the Webb Publishing Company did everything they said they would and that they really and truly do give away real live Shetland ponies and their outfits.

ABOUT "LADY"

By Marion Jones, Franklin County, Tennessee

I am sending a picture of my pony "Lady" and I know you will agree with me that she is a dandy.

We have lots of fun together and I ride her to Sunday School every Sunday. She is three years old and thirty-six inches tall and weighs about two hundred and seventy-five pounds, so you

see she is just the pony for a little boy six years old.

We went to a circus one time to see the ponies and they were pretty and smart too, but all were larger than "Lady."

Ella Fullam sent me a picture of her pony "Zip" and I think he is a fine pony.

The Farmer's Wife has made lots of boys and girls happy and we will always be ready to do all we can for them.

"JOKER"

By Geo. and Flora Hansen, Lyon County Minnesota

I have been a long time in sending the pictures, but I had to get better ones.

I am not going to write a long story, but will tell you what he is. "Joker" is a bay pony, with a big white spot on one side and three or four others, and is very smart. My dog is with him all the time. My sisters drive him

every day for a little while. In the winter time he gets to feeling good and wants to go fast. He is three years old and is forty-three inches high. He can trot very fast when he wants to.

My mother says that we should never sell him, but she needn't worry for I never will. In one of the pictures you can see one of the many tricks "Joker" can do.

"I Would Not Trade 'Flo' For the Best Auto"

Doesn't Seem Possible

By Lloyd Thomas, Allen Co., Ohio

I want to tell everybody about my pony which I won in a Webb Publishing Company contest. I am crippled and it was hard for me to get around. My mamma saw the Webb Publishing Company advertising a pony outfit and thought it would be nice for me. I did not think it was any use for me to try, but she urged me and so I won a beautiful pony which I call "Flo." Everybody says she is the nicest pony they ever saw. I have more fun with her than anything I ever had, I have had so many people who wanted to buy her, but I would not take anything for her. I would not trade her for the best auto I ever saw. I expect to keep

her as long as I live. It don't take much to keep her and she is always as fat as she can be. She eats everything that I feed her.

When I open the gate and let "Flo" in from the pasture to get a drink, she follows me everywhere I go till I feed her oats or corn.

I can't thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for her and I can say that I have found them honest and right in every way. When I think about it and tell people about it, it don't seem possible that I won her in a Pony Club contest.

Lloyd Thomas and "Flo"

"DOT"

Given to Gladys M. Cowley, Merrimack County, New Hampshire

Gladys is only four years old but she is very proud of "Dot" and the pretty Pony Outfit which she won from The Farmer's Wife Pony Club.

My Darling "Romeo"

By Onalee Aney, Bon Homme Co., S. Dak.

I must write and tell what I think of my little Shetland Pony "Romeo."

I don't believe I was ever more pleased with anything I ever got as I was when I went to the depot and got "Romeo." There were lots of my friends who tried to make me believe I wouldn't get a pony. I took "Romeo" up town to have his measure taken for a harness. He walked up five steps into the harness shop like he had always been in the habit of going there.

I have had "Romeo" into our house lots of times and now he is like one of the family. I ride him most every day. I ride him to take my music lessons as I live but one mile from town, also to see my friends. Lots of my friends come to see him and ride him and they think he is awfully cute.

We bring him into the yard to eat grass and as soon as he gets loose he goes as hard as he

can and runs into the orchard after the sweet apples. If there aren't any on the ground he gets under the limbs and rubs till he gets some to fall off and then he eats them as fast as he can pick them up.

I often ride him right into the yard and on around the house and when he comes to the steps where my sister is sitting he always goes up to her and begs for sugar.

I would not set any price on my pony. Every time he hears my sister or I talk or shout he whinners and wants something to eat. Every time any of our family goes inside he begs for something to eat.

He will stand up on a box but I haven't taught him any other tricks.

My papa is agent for the Ford Automobile and when I bring him out where it is he doesn't pay any attention to it.

"He Will Stand on a Box"

"CUPID"

Given to Edna Evans, Moody Co., S. D.

"BARNEY"

Given to Samuel Stepp, Cavalier Co., N. D.

My Joy Pony, "White Sox"

By Crayton Adams, Tallapoosa Co., Alabama

'Twas on a cold night in February when we were sitting around the fire-side, Father and Mother reading and Sister amusing herself with a game, that I grew tired of looking at the pictures in the fire and became restless. Mother told me to go to bed, but I objected as I was not sleepy. Father asked me to please find something to do and get quiet so he could read with some satisfaction. Going over to the ma-

do. I was delighted to learn that it was such pleasant work as getting subscriptions for *The Farmer's Wife* and began at once. I got thirty-two subscriptions the first day, which showed me I could do the work and encouraged me to go ahead with it.

Some people tried to discourage me, saying, "You are wasting your time for that Company

chine, on which a stack of papers were lying, I looked for a story to read. Very soon I found something quite interesting to a boy. It was the picture of a pony and cart on the back of *The Progressive Farmer*. Taking the paper with me, I went back to my chair to read about the pony, but I was quiet only a few minutes, for I soon learned that the Webb Publishing Company was giving ponies to girls and boys who would do a little work for them, and the thought that I might be one of the lucky ones filled me with such joy that Father was unable to read because of my questions until after I had crawled into bed to think, and think, and think of my pony and then to dream of him.

The next morning my letter to the Company started on its journey and in a few days a letter came from them telling me the kind of work to

will not give you a pony," and many other things to make me doubt the fairness of the Pony Club. But I continued to dream of my pony and to work to get it, believing that I would surely win and the Company would treat me right. I soon learned from boys and girls who had worked for ponies that I would get the pony if I won it as the Company was thoroughly reliable. This encouraged me to work still harder.

About a week after the contest closed, a letter came saying I had won "White-Sox" and he would be shipped to me the last of the week. How happy I was! My dream had come true. In a few days, I received a beautiful bridle and saddle. These caused me to watch more anxiously for my pony and cart. I met each train and when I would learn that no pony was not "on board" it seemed that I could not wait (Continued on page 122,

A Watermelon Feast

"BIFF"

By Oscar M. Anderson, Minnehaha Co., S. Dak.

One day I saw in a farm paper that the Webb Publishing Company was going to give away Shetland Ponies free. So I signed my name and sent the coupon that day. When I began to take subscriptions it was pretty hard work, but the more names I got, the more I

Biff Carries Double

could get. And I had lots of pleasant experiences. Some said, "You will not get a pony anyway." Others said that I would. But all the time I knew the Webb Publishing Company did just as they agreed.

The contest ended in December and I anxiously waited for a letter until the day before New Years. New Years morning the depot agent telephoned and said my pony was there. I could not wait until I had eaten breakfast and when I came up to town I took my pony out of the crate. Some people said that he looked like a bear and some said that he was a goat. He had long hair just like a Newfoundland dog when he came.

I have one sister and one brother. My brother Leonard rides "Biff" sometimes. "Biff" is 40 inches high and weighs 290 pounds. He likes sugar. "Biff" is not afraid of autos and he will not turn out of the road for them. I drive him after the cows and take lunch for papa. He likes to be hitched to the cart.

One man said he would give \$100.00 for "Biff," but I won't sell my pony for \$350.00. I love my pony "Biff." He is as gentle as a kitten and very kind to us. He eats apples, candy and anything you give him. My brother Leonard rides "Biff" down to water evenings and mornings and "Biff" always loves to be petted. We drive "Biff" to school. The first day we drove him to school everybody came out to see "Biff." They said he was the smallest and prettiest pony they had ever seen.

I cannot thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for sending me a Shetland Pony free.

ABOUT MY PONY "HAL"

By Joella Abrahamson, Richland Co., N. Dak.

I am going to write and tell all the other boys and girls about my pony, which the Webb Publishing Company gave me last Christmas. He is all black and has a nice heavy tail and I have his mane cut short. He is 42 inches high and is three years old in the spring, and he eats everything I give him. He eats cabbage, raw potatoes, bread and cake, any kind of fruit and candy.

I have taught him a few tricks. He will shake hands and I have a box made for him and he gets on this with his front feet. He will walk up stairs and when I talk to him he will answer as though he knows what I say to him.

I have a little black dog named "Collie" and she leads my pony and holds him for me sometimes and I have lots of fun with my pets. There are quite a few little boys and girls that come and play with me and my pony. We play pullaway and he runs around the house and we try to catch him. Then he lies down and when we get close to him he jumps up and runs again. We have so much fun together.

I don't know what I would do if I should lose "Hal", as I think so much of him. Sometimes I am too busy to go out and give him his sugar, so he comes up on the porch and raps at the door and he just won't go away until we give him something to eat.

At first when I started to work for my pony the people all laughed at me and said I never would get a real pony and that it was a fake, but I kept up my courage and I don't think there was a happier girl than I was when I received a letter telling me I had won "Hal."

When I first got my pony he had such long hair that he looked like a bear, but when it got warm he shed off and looks so cute that everybody that sees him wants to buy him

A Very Clever Trick

now, but I would not sell him as I have so much fun with him and I love him so. I can't thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for him. They used me fine and did everything just as they said they would.

"I Found All Mamma's Geese."

Little "Hector"

By Verna Beerbohm, Cuming Co., Nebraska

My pony, "Hector," is a nice little brown pony, weighs three hundred and fifty pounds and is forty-six inches high. He is just as cute as he can be. I went to the station every day and finally when he did come on April 11th I was not there. But my papa telephoned that the pony was there. We nearly turned the house over for joy. The first Sunday we had him most everybody came to see him, and they all thought he was so nice.

I love little "Hector" and he loves me and he follows me everywhere. If I call him he will come falling over everything he meets, because he thinks he will get something to eat.

I race with my little brother Alfred on another pony but he is so slow I beat him every time. Oh, if you all could see me! But if other children work for The Farmer's Wife they will get a pony alright. I wish all little girls and boys could have such a pony as I have and have such a good times as I have. But if they all work for The Farmer's Wife they won't have to work all their lives, only a couple of months will do. I was going to get the cows one day with "Hector" and I found all mamma's geese and I brought them home so mamma could give them some cheese. You can see the geese in one of my pictures.

"Hector" rides on the automobile sometimes and that makes him feel like he is the biggest horse in the country, but when he is down again he sees that he is only a little Shetland Pony.

My dear little school friends wanted to ride my pony once and have their picture taken with him. See in one of the pictures how little "Hector" is climbing into baby Violet's cradle because he is getting some sugar. My little sister Violet loves "Hector" so if she sees him she cries that she wants to get on for a ride.

I was riding into the house one day to see what mamma was doing but she turned me out because the pony was chewing on some sugar.

He is always climbing on the table looking for something to eat, but I won't give him anything because that isn't nice.

I am only eleven years old now, but if I am big and married sometime and far away from home then my sister Violet will have little "Hector" to enjoy all alone. But days will pass and years and he might get too old and certainly he will die some day and then she will bury him under a stone where the sun has never shone. But I don't like to think so far ahead!

I can't tell you how much I thank the Webb Publishing Co. for giving me such a smart little pony. I will always remember them as long as I live. I hope you will like the pictures.

"Hector" and Baby are Good Friends.

"Twinkle" Little Star

By Luther B. Arnold, Jr., St. Louis Co., Minnesota

There was no happier boy than I in Minnesota when I heard "Twinkle" was to be mine. I had worked hard and hoped I might win him, and everyone was so interested and wanted to help. Even now there are people who say they would

doesn't like that. I am training him to follow without leading and when the weather is warmer I shall teach him some tricks. He loves to put his nose down in the snow and eat the grass.

All the people who subscribed were so glad to

It's Very Cold Way Up in Northern Minnesota

have liked to subscribe, but as they hadn't any farms I couldn't take them.

As soon as we found "Twinkle" had arrived, we hurried down to the depot where our man saddled "Twinkle" and my little sister and I rode him to daddy's office. He looked so fine in the handsome bridle and saddle and was so gentle. As it was very cold we had a big boy ride him home for us, where we put him in a nice warm barn. I had never ridden a pony before, so I fell off a few times at first but now I can ride well and do so every day no matter how cold it is.

Mother hitched "Twinkle" to the buggy when I was at school and drove down to get me. Quite the proudest moment of my life was when I ran down the steps with the other boys and got into my pony cart. "Twinkle" goes very fast in the cart and mother can hardly hold him at first. We hitch him to a toboggan also, but he

hear I had won and so many have told me how much they like the paper. Mrs. Eva, the wife of our Commercial Club secretary who has a farm four miles out of town, says she gets such fine cooking recipes. One man says his boy takes the paper to bed with him.

When we went into the country to solicit subscriptions we found almost all the places we stopped already took *The Farmer* and had just renewed, and all said it was a fine paper.

We got subscriptions from all who had not renewed. I think it is easy for a boy to get subscribers for a paper like *The Farmer*.

I cannot thank you enough for the fine little pony. I had wanted one so much and know it was much better for me to work for him. Next summer I shall have fine times taking my sister driving in my carriage and then I will send you some better pictures.

"Twinkle," Luther and Sister

"Honey" Arriving in Her Little Crate

"Honey"

By Mabelle Thomas, Oswego Co., New York

I want to write and tell you something about my dear little "Honey," she is so cunning.

I received my wagon and harness Saturday night, October 17th. I could hardly wait to see it put together. It certainly is just lovely. I cannot tell you how proud I am of my prize. We worked real hard to get it, but I think I could afford to work again just as hard to get an outfit, if I did not have one of my own. Almost every one that sees it thinks it just grand.

"Honey" is a little thin now but she will soon get fat. I think her long trip was enough to make a big horse thin, riding so far. She rode three days and two nights. Poor little thing, she was so tired and hungry.

She loved me from the very first I know for she will let me do anything with her. Sometimes when I get home from school when I go to lead her to water or give her some clover, she will shake her head no, but I will whisper to her, "Come 'Honey' and I will give you something nice, a russet apple, or some oats, sugar or something like that;" then she walks along with me just as nice. She will shake hands with me. Sometimes I will say, "Hello, 'Honey'" and she will answer me. I have ridden her several times and drove her first, so have not had time

to teach her many tricks as I go to school every day. She knows we love her dearly. She will put her little head on my shoulder and I will hug and kiss her. She loves to have me hug her. Sometimes I take my book down to the barn and sit in "Honey's" box stall and read. She will come and stand right beside me.

As I have no brothers or sisters to play with I think I have one of just the nicest little play-mates that ever was. We run and play together and we think so much of each other. Papa and mama love her too. I don't know how I could get along without her now.

There have been so many little girls and boys who wrote to me and asked if I really did get a pony and outfit, or if it was all a bluff. I wrote and told them that I really did get a live pony and my prize was well worth working for too.

My Little Dog Rides "Honey"

Some would say to me when I was canvassing, "Did you ever know of any one that got a pony?" We told them we knew of one and had heard of one little boy that lived in Fulton. They did not want to believe us so when my little pony gets a little older, I want to drive to some of these places and just show them my pony.

"Honey" is not afraid of automobiles or threshing machines, so another year I think I can drive her a great deal.

How I Won My "Welkie"

By Gretchen M. Stelzer, Summit Co., Ohio

I want to tell every boy and girl that loves animals, especially a pony, as well as I do how they can get one and how I got mine. The contest had been going on about a month when one day my sister Mildred came running to me crying, "Oh Getty, Getty, look here, a pony

Isn't He Pretty?

free to any boy or girl who is willing to work for him." She read the papers all through to me telling about what we should do. We decided immediately to go to work, but my mamma said, "Oh Gretchen, what is the use, you can never win one of those ponies." I said, "I know I can and I am going to try if you will let me." And I cried so hard that mamma said, "Well, you may try but I don't think it will do you any good." I went to work with a will.

My sister and I were out one whole day and we didn't get one subscription and we were so disappointed we were almost afraid to go the next day. But finally I did, and I began to have better luck and in a short time I was getting so many names, papa and even mamma began to get interested. So much so that they helped get subscribers for me. One day an old gentleman, a great friend of mine, said, "I will go with you around the town (as you know I am just a little girl seven years old) if you will do all the talking." I agreed to do that and that day I got quite a few subscriptions for The Farmer's Wife.

Some people I went to tried to discourage me and would not take my paper. Others said, "I would take the paper but it won't do you any good." But I kept right on and if you should try to win a pony, don't let such things discourage you, but work with might and main and I am sure you will win. You will win something any way because the Webb Publishing Company is

honorable in all their transactions and did by me just as they said they would.

When the contest was over you don't know how anxiously I waited to hear, and when I found out I was to get a dear little pony my happiness knew no bounds. They brought him up from the depot one forenoon while I was at school, and when I came home and they told me he was out in the barn, I could hardly wait to get out there. I went into his box stall papa had made for him and he and I were friends at once. At first he would try to nip me. Now he just licks my hands and face and takes my hair ribbons off. He will shake hands with me and put both his front feet in my hands standing straight up on his hind feet. The other day he followed me up on the front porch out through the living room, dining room and kitchen. I gave him a slice of bread. He ate it and then followed me out into the yard again.

His name is "Welkie" and whenever I call him he will answer me. I think everything of him and no money could buy him from me. I love him so and mamma says The Farmer's Wife is one of the best little papers she has ever read and the recipes that she has tried in it are excellent and different ones that took the paper from me here, told me since that they like it as well as any magazine they ever had.

Although I have written a long story already I am going to say a little more because there are some more of his tricks to tell you about and some more good things, also, about The Farmer's Wife.

"Welkie" is Small but He Can Keep Up

I must tell you about what one lady who had subscribed for The Farmer's Wife when I was in the contest said to me the other day. I was going along the street thinking about some more people who might want to take the magazine and I heard some one call, "Hello, Gretchen, come here." I looked around and saw a lady standing in her door and I went up to her. She said, "You can just tell everybody that I

feel repaid ten times over for the price of The Farmer's Wife by finding one lace pattern in it. I had for several years wanted a pattern for 'Clover Leaf Lace' but was not successful in finding it until I found it in the June issue of The Farmer's Wife. In fact, I find that each and every issue has in it some recipe, pattern, household hint or story that, of itself, is easily worth the whole price of the paper." You may be sure that I was much pleased to have such a good recommendation of the magazine that helped me to get my pony.

"Welkie" is growing larger and getting more cunning every day. One day my auntie went out to see him and she had some crocheted but-

tons on her dress and he tried to eat them right off of her dress. Whenever I go out to him and have anything to eat in my hand he wants me to give him some of it and I always do. Sometimes I pretend I do not see him and I will try to pass by him without noticing him but he will stretch his neck and put up his foot to stop me as much as to say, "I'm here. Don't you see me?" Of course then I stop and pet him as I meant to all the time anyway.

Now all you boys and girls who want a pony, get busy. See your friends and try hard and you will surely get one, for the Webb Publishing Company will do all that it promises to do.

About "Rollo" and his Trip to the East

By Lillian Davis, Dukes Co., Massachusetts

I want to tell you about my pony "Rollo," and the long trip he took. I live on the island of Martha's Vineyard, which is twenty-two miles long, eight miles wide, and about seven miles from the main land of Massachusetts.

"Rollo" came all the way from out West by train to Wood's Hole, Mass., then he was put on the steamboat and brought to Vineyard Haven. My mother was at Vineyard Haven that day and she saw him in the crate in front of the express office. While she was there every one on the street stopped to look at him.

Papa went down after him with our horse and dray and brought him up to my home in West Tisbury, a distance of about eight miles.

I could hardly wait for him to get here. When my father took him out of the crate, he went to eating just as fast as he could. He ate and ate as long as we sat up. The next day he seemed quite tired from his long journey. As soon as

he got rested. I took him to the neighbors and a good many children came to see him.

About two weeks after I got him, I took him to the County Fair and he got the Blue Ribbon. He is very fond of apples and watermelon. I have taught him to shake hands, and shall teach him some other tricks, as he is quick to learn. He has grown very fat since I have had him. "Rollo" is very cute and gentle and I want to thank you a lot for sending him to me.

"Scout"

By Lucinda Anderson, Aitkin Co., Minn.

We had moved on a farm 10 miles from Aitkin, Minn., just a few weeks, when one day I didn't know what to do. I was so lonesome as I have no sisters or brothers and had left all my little friends and hadn't made any new acquaintances. I picked up a copy of a farm paper and was looking through it when I saw where the Webb Publishing Company was going to give away a Shetland pony to any boy or girl who was willing to work. As I had always wanted a pony, I asked papa to let me try to win one. He said, "Alright, but you don't stand much of a chance to win as everybody is strangers to us." But I could not give up the idea so I sent in my name to the Pony Editor at St. Paul, Minn., and in a few days I got a letter telling what to do, so I went to work in earnest.

I had no trouble getting subscribers as I got them on the merit of the paper, but no one thought I would win, but I just kept on working the harder and when I got my letter telling me I had won "Scout" and the outfit, I believe it

was the happiest day of my life. I began planning the good times "Scout" and I would have. I had a long anxious wait before "Scout" came but he was only that much dearer to me when he did come.

"Scout" just loves to be petted. He seems to be happy when I am with him and will come to me when I call. He likes almost anything to eat that I give him and is exceptionally fond of cake and sugar. I have had several chances to sell "Scout" at a good price but wouldn't sell

him at any price for I never get lonesome any more since "Scout" came to live with me, for when I don't know what else to do, I saddle my pony and go for a ride. Mamma and I drive "Scout" to Sunday School almost every Sunday and Papa is going to build me a little barn at the school house and I am going to ride to school this year.

I can never thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for "Scout" and his outfit.

All Ready for a Ride

My Best "Chum"

By Bozzie F. Thornton, Mercer Co., W. Virginia

I want to tell all my unseen boy and girl friends how I got my pony, who I am and where I live. My name is Bozzie Foutz Thornton; my home is away back here among the West Virginia hills. We do not have as level country or as smooth roads as the boys and girls who live in the level country, but if you win one of the ponies that The Farmer's Wife are giving away and he is as good as "Chum" you can go most any place with him, for "Chum" can pull almost as much as a horse and he seems to enjoy showing us how much he can pull and how fast he can go. He is not a lazy pony but he can trot almost as fast as a big horse. Mamma and I had him out the other day and a man stopped us and wanted to know if I wanted to sell "Chum" and outfit, and another man wanted to trade me an automobile for him, but I could not part with him for I do not think I could

Farmer's Wife Pony Contest and win a pony like "Chum," for there is no pleasure like driving a fine pony. I had "Chum" clipped the other day and everyone that sees him says he is the prettiest pony they ever saw. There are several ponies here but none as fine as "Chum."

I am a small boy but I know almost everybody here and almost everybody knows me, so I got my mamma to go with me and she would help me to explain what a fine paper The Farmer's Wife magazine was and that I was in their Pony Contest. The best way to do is to ask everyone you see and tell them what a fine pony and trap The Farmer's Wife gives to their winners, and I am sure you will have no trouble in getting enough subscriptions to win. I wish I could help each boy and girl who enters the contests.

ever get another pony as fine as "Chum." Mamma, Daddy and I will have a fine time this summer driving to town to see the ball games. I just love to see them play ball.

I have three married aunts and one married uncle. Aunt Annie has two boys and one girl; Aunt Myrtle has two boys and Uncle Bob has three boys and one girl. So you bet I have a time taking them all out riding. There are so many that I cannot take them all at one time, so it takes me a long time to get around to see them all as mamma has to go and drive. I have so many boy and girl friends that I have not had a chance to take them all out for a ride as the weather has been so bad that I do not go very often, but as summer is coming I am going to ride every day that is nice.

I wish every boy and girl would enter The

I want to tell you how I came to enter the contest. My daddy takes a farm paper and The Farmer's Wife had an ad in it telling what fine ponies they were giving away, so daddy brought it home to me one day when I was sick with the measles and asked me if I would like to have a fine pony and I said that I would. He asked mamma what she thought of me trying to win a pony and she said she would help me all she could and as soon as I was well we went to work and worked and won. As I cannot help anyone with subscriptions, I wish I could see all the pony contestants so I could give them all the information I could to help them win a pony like "Chum." But really all you have to do is to make up your mind to win and then get people interested in The Farmer's Wife—the rest will be easy.

"We Drive up the Milk Cows with 'Jeff'"

"Jeff"

By Martin Opseth, Grant Co., South Dakota

We certainly have been happy since we got dear little "Jeff." How we love him and how every one admires him. He is such a lively little fellow and is always up to some trick. He is never afraid of automobiles and has never kicked at us. You just ought to see him travel when he is harnessed to his little buggy. He likes to run races with the big horses and has never failed to keep up with them. We have been offered big prices for "Jeff" already but I don't believe we could part with him at any price.

We not only have lots of fun with "Jeff" but also find him very useful around the farm. Every day when papa is out in the field we

hitch up "Jeff" and carry papa's lunch to him.

Then, in the evening, my sister and I go out on "Jeff" and drive up the milk cows. It's fun for us and also helps out a lot in the daily work.

"Jeff" walks up our back steps and paws on the porch for us to come out. Then he walks down the side steps, and we give him a lump of sugar or something good to eat. Isn't that cute? You can see him on our porch in the small picture.

"Walks up the Back Steps"

I surely am glad I wrote to the Webb Publishing Co. and won dandy little "Jeff" and I thank them very much for their generous treatment.

"We Hitch up 'Jeff' and Carry Papa's Lunch to Him"

"He comes Right up on The Front Porch"

My Own Little "Justin"

By Norma Thorsen, Palo Alto Co., Iowa

When I started to take subscriptions everybody tried to discourage me by saying that I would never get that pony, but most of them helped me anyway.

I think "Justin" is just the cutest little pony I ever saw, and wouldn't sell him for \$1,000. The day he was to come, we went to the depot, but no pony could be seen, but he came two days afterwards. He will eat anything from apples to cucumber pickles and just loves sugar. When I give him sugar he puts his front feet on the porch and when it is gone he gets on top of the porch and looks for more.

I have two sisters and three brothers. They are always anxious for a ride. When they are all away and I am home alone he comes a running to get thru the gate.

I have had invitations from many of the subscribers to come and show them the pony. Many of them thought I wouldn't get anything, but I was determined to win.

"Justin" is 45 inches high, and is about three years old. He is a light chestnut with white spots and white mane and tail.

I broke him to ride all alone. He is as gentle as a lamb and still he is full of life, and does not shy at anything or is not afraid of autos. He is not only a pet, but is useful, as I can drive the cows home every night, as I live on a farm. I am thirteen years old.

One of my little brothers, four years old, said when he gets big he was going to tell the paper man to send him a pony and I feel sure the Pony Editor will not disappoint brother because he has helped so many little boys and girls to get ponies.

"Justin" giving Baby a Ride

I wish I could meet the Webb Publishing Company personally, especially the Pony Editor so I could thank them for giving me the opportunity of winning such a grand prize, which has given me more enjoyment than anything else I ever owned. I certainly shall never part with "Justin" as long as I live and will always be thankful that I had so much confidence in the Webb Publishing Co.

How I Won "Bruce"

By Myra Todd, Winona Co., Minnesota

I want to tell other little boys and girls how I won my pony. When I started to get subscriptions I had great hopes of getting one of the ponies, but a few weeks after I entered the contest I had to give up school on account of my health, so just as I ought to have been getting subscriptions I couldn't. I was pretty well discouraged and would have given it up if I had not received such encouraging letters from the Pony Editor.

My health improved in a short time but I had only a few weeks left in which to get subscriptions. I began again but could not go far from home to get them as I had but little time to spare. We live near a small town in which but few people own land; I only secured a few there and at the last we were so anxious that we worked hard and got most of the subscriptions in a short time.

When I received a letter from the Pony Club telling me I had not won a pony I said I would try to win a special pony because I knew they would treat me fairly. I wrote and asked them about their "Special Pony Contest" and they sent me instructions how to do it and how they would give me a year to get subscriptions. I entered that and my pony "Bruce" came in about three weeks.

When I knew he was coming I could hardly wait to get him and I thought those three weeks were the longest ones I ever lived. One morning my brother and I were away from home and

was very anxious to see "Bruce" and wanted to see him so much that we led him right into the house and into brother's room. "Bruce" put his little nose down to the bed and seemed to know something was wrong. When we brought him out on the porch we took a picture of him as you see above my story.

We are very happy with "Bruce" and cannot get along without him.

Feeding "Sugar, Plums and Honey"

"BRUCE" IN VERSE

When "Bruce" and I hitch up
We look so very fine,
That everybody guesses
We're out for a jolly good time.

One day when not very busy,
Out to "Bruce's" stall I went,
And there between currying and petting,
Two long hours I spent.

My brother says "Bruce" grows fast,
And plays so very funny,
That he believes that all I feed
Is sugar plums and honey.

At first I was afraid
To get on "Bruce's" back,
But now that fear's all over,
And I jump on with a whack.

Some children delight on "Bruce" to pick,
And though it's only in fun,
He turns around at them to kick,
And then away they run.

To school one mile I had to walk,
Through mud and rain or snow,
But now, Oh! what delight
To just hitch up and go.

Dear boys and girls to you I'll tell,
A story both short and true,
Get busy and work for The Farmer,
And a pony they'll send to you.

If one subscriber you fail to get,
Another tackle with all your might,
They'll see the need of a paper like that,
Else their farming will not go right.

"Out for a Jolly Good Time"

while we were gone the pony came to the station. The expressman telephoned mamma that "Bruce" had arrived.

When we came home mamma told us to eat our dinner in a hurry as we had some hard work to do. We wondered what it was and asked two or three times. When she told us we fairly jumped up and down.

We only had "Bruce" two days when my brother was seriously hurt when in town and we could not bring him home for two weeks. He

A Lively "Tramp"

By Keith Walker, Juneau Co., Wisconsin

I want to write and tell you how glad I was when I received word that I was one of the "Lucky Pony Winners" in the Contest that closed September 30th, 1912, and what good times I have had with my pony, "Tramp." He is brown and white and weighs 300 pounds. Everyone tells me that he is the cutest and

a tenth part of what the outfit cost.

During the winter I could not drive him much, but since the roads got good we drive him to school every day. At night all the boys and girls want to ride with me. My cousin is visiting me now and we have lots of fun. When I have "Tramp" turned out in the orchard and

"We Drive 'Tramp' to School Every Day"

smallest pony they ever saw. I have had several chances to sell him, but would not like to part with him at any price. He is larger and fatter than he was when he came and as slick as a mole.

I was at school when the letter came telling me I was a winner, and when I got home, mamma told me that papa wanted me at the barn. I ran out to the barn and papa told me he was fixing up a place to keep "Tramp" in. My, but I was the happiest boy you ever saw. I went to the train twice to meet him but he did not come, but the next day papa went and he was there. Everybody around town was at the depot to see him. He came the 15th of October and I have had lots of fun with him ever since.

I want to thank you ever so much for the beautiful outfit. It is surely a nice present and I don't see how you can give away such fine outfits for so little pay. What I sent in was not

he sees me coming after him he commences to shake his head and paw in the ground with his left foot. This morning I thought I would have a little horseback ride, but "Tramp" did not think so, so he tried to throw me off. He would rear up on his hind feet and then kick up. Once

I nearly went over his head. When he throws us off, he always stops as soon as we are off and seems to laugh at us and waits for us to get on again. I drove him to a picnic the other day and had a good time. He feels fine now and I like to drive him. He likes apples, candy and all such things to eat. He bites me sometimes when I play with him, but not hard enough to hurt.

I can never thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for sending me such a nice playmate.

Keith and "Tramp"

Clever Little "Hummer"

By Arthur Wallace, Burlington Co., New Jersey

My pony "Hummer" arrived Saturday the 25th on the 11:20 Express, and received a warm reception. I think he is a very fine little pony, and fulfills all your descriptions of him. "Hum-

"Hummer" knows me in a large crowd and I have taught him several tricks. Every morning when I go down to see him he kisses and shakes hands with me. We have a pasture for

"The Sweetest Pony I Know of Anywhere"

mer" is surely the right name for him, for he is a clever little hummer.

Received the handsome bridle and saddle, and they certainly look fine on him. The horsehair bridle has been a curiosity among the neighborhood, and greatly admired.

"Hummer" is just as fine as ever. He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds including the crate when I received him. Now he weighs four hundred and seventy pounds without the crate, so by that he must be well contented.

I take drives and go saddle riding with "Hummer" very often. We certainly have fine times together.

I cannot thank The Farmer's Wife enough for my pony "Hummer." He is the sweetest pony I know of anywhere. I was so happy the day I heard I had won him that I couldn't sleep that night. I am sure I was the happiest boy in town.

"Hummer" and when we go to the bars and call him he will come running every time. Along side the fence in the pasture field is a peach tree which hangs over the fence. "Hummer" used to go to the tree and reach for the peaches. After he had eaten all the meat off, he would spit the stone out.

One morning early "Hummer" pushed the bars down and got out. I didn't know anything about it till one of our neighbors said they were going to send me a feed bill because they found "Hummer" in their barn standing at the feed box eating. Every time he has gotten out since then, he tries to get to the same place.

I have been advised by a good horseman that he is a fine pony and not to sell him under two hundred and fifty dollars, but I told him that money would never buy him. I never have had him out but what there have been people to tell me I had a sweet little pony.

I thank The Farmer's Wife over and over again for the way they have treated me.

"The Bridle is a Curiosity"

"Kris Kringle"

By Mallena Vashus, Dawson Co., Montana

I received "Kris Kringle" six o'clock Wednesday before New Years.

My father was at work when the phone rang. He then found out that "Kris Kringle" was there. As soon as he could he went to the depot and then we saw "Kris," all surrounded by people.

wished to see "Kris Kringle." A small boy said, "Oh, its a real live pony."

I think she was a little lonesome at first, but she is alright now. I ride her every day and she is easy to ride.

I have three or four sacks of oats coming

"I have three or four sacks of oats coming from farmers"

They did not know to whom it belonged until father took possession of her.

We were all at the supper when a knock came at the door. Mother went to see who it was. There she saw a man who said, "Do you want to buy a pony?" But afterwards he turned out to be one of our friends and then mamma knew that "Kris Kringle" was in the yard. And I certainly believe that I am the most delighted child of all who have received ponies.

Next day our yard was filled with people who

from farmers who said "if" I got a pony I would receive a sack of oats. A man from the country said that I would get a wooden pony. I told him that if the Webb Publishing Co. would give away wooden ponies I would give it to him.

Everybody seems glad that I got a pony. I also mean to tell every little boy and girl who has no pony to join the Pony Club and work for the pony. I am sure they will treat you fair as they did me. Great success to the Webb Publishing Co.

"I Ride 'Kris' Every Day"

"PINTO"

Given to Eddie Souhrada, Bonhomme Co., South Dakota

"You Can Let Your Pony Pull the Lawn Mower"

Happy With "Huggs"

By Lloyd Osmundson, Kandiyohi Co., Minnesota

I would like to tell all children who have not a pony what a great pleasure it is. The pony I won from the Webb Publishing Company is brown with black legs, tail and mane. He is a great pet and loves to be petted.

Shetland ponies are very handy. You do not have to walk when you go fishing and you can let the pony pull the lawn mower and the garden cultivator. Mine is not afraid of automobiles or motorcycles and he will stand on the running board of an auto with his fore feet. I have taught him to chase me around a ring and stand on a box or chair. I can lift his front feet up in the air so he will stand on his hind legs.

"Huggs" is the pony's name. He likes all kinds of fruit. Watermelon, oranges, bananas, apples and peaches are his favorite fruits. "Huggs" is very fond of sugar pieces.

"Huggs" wants to come in the house all the

time. When we open the door he walks right in the house, without having anyone lead him, and when we try to take him out, he leans back and stands still. Then someone will give him a little slap and he will come out. He will follow me around in a ring and will neigh when he sees me. I give him a piece of sugar every time he does tricks.

The children all around here all wish they had such a nice little pony. I would not sell him for any price. I have encouraged several boys to join the next Pony Club and try real hard for a pony. I am sure the Webb Publishing Company will treat them as well as they have treated me. They always do as they say and if children want a pony as good as "Huggs", I think they will work harder than they ever did before.

I thank the Webb Publishing Company a thousand times over for the help they have given me.

"Huggs" Reaching For An Apple

"TATTERS"

Given to Gordon Kniffin, St. Louis Co., Minn.

(See Story on Page 94)

The Story of Pony "Judy"

By Mary Kremsreiter, Lincoln Co., Washington

I am a little girl twelve years old, four feet and ten inches tall. I weigh about eighty pounds and have dark hair and light eyes. My pony "Judy" is forty-two inches high and nearly three years of age.

His color is dark brown and he weighs close to three hundred pounds.

We were looking for him a few days before he came, and finally he arrived one Sunday. I got a telephone call that my pony was at the depot, but we could not come down that night, so the depot agent put him into the livery barn until the next morning, we came down after him, and he was so cute everybody came to see him. We could hardly come out of town because the children all were so anxious to see a little Shetland pony—and grown persons, too. All the people said he was just like a little sheep because he still had his woolly coat on. Some people asked me how much I wanted for him, then I said, "No, I won't sell him at any price." When we went home my little brother Willie led him and he kept up with our two horses all the six miles out of town. When we reached home my other three brothers said, "Oh! isn't he little!"

"Judy" likes to be around other horses, but he does not go very close to them for he knows he might get a kick from them any time.

In the mornings when papa gets up he looks in the barn and "Judy" is always asleep, then he calls "Judy" and he just makes one jump and there he is by the window whinnying to get out.

Quite often the neighbors come to play with "Judy" and me. "Judy" makes me feel happy all the time now, and I am never going to sell him.

On Dress Parade

The best thing "Judy" likes to do is to go into the house and get some sugar and water, and he likes cheese awfully well. The first thing he does when he goes into the house is to go to the table and get something to eat. But he just hates to go out of the house.

He will be awfully pretty when he has shed off, his color will be black and his legs kind of brown, and his mane and tail are so long and pretty.

I surely do thank the Webb Publishing Co. for the dandy pony they gave me.

"Archie" Given to Mamie Westrom, Benson Co. N. Dak.

"WINNER BOY" Given to Lloyd Drake, Darke Co., Ohio

My Pony's Arrival

By C. P. Wells, Wetzel Co., West Virginia

Will I ever forget the day I got my pony? Oh no, not I. Nor do I think any of our family will, nor will some of those who were working at our place that day. What a joyous day! Some who seldom smiled caught the contagion

examined over again and the more we inspected him, the better we liked him. At last papa says, "Where are you going to put him, C. P.?" And I said, "I just want to hold him." And I held him and led him around by the rope

"They All Came Out to See Me on Christy's Back"

and joined in the happiness over the pony.

That morning I went over to our little station with papa to ship the cream and I saw my pony in the baggage car. Papa said my eyes will never be bigger. We were not certain he would be on that train but I knew he was mine the minute my eyes saw him. He could not be taken off there as there was no express office there. So the train went on to Proctor, a mile below our place. I watched that train as far as I could see it, for it had that precious pony aboard.

When we got home we ran to tell mamma the pony was on the train. The news was soon spread over the farm and everybody was shouting, "The pony was on the down train."

My papa had a man to watch for the pony and bring him up when he came. So papa telephoned and the answer came he was bringing my "Christy," which is the pony's name. Many glances were cast down the road before we finally saw the pony coming.

"He is coming," my papa shouted. "Come on, boys, out to the road to see the pony." The threshing machine was stopped and thirty-two men lined up to give the pony a royal welcome. He must have enjoyed it for he seemed excited. After he passed through the line, all said, "He'll take the ribbon at any fair." He was examined and

and what do you think? When the mail carrier came, he brought the bridle and saddle. We put them on him and he looked finer than ever. I must have a ride and mamma and the women came out to see me on the pony's back and, I guessed, also to see that I would not get hurt. Papa led "Christy" around a little with me on and I led him around the rest of the day.

I feel so big and important when I let the other boys have a ride. I try not to be selfish and I have fun seeing the others so happy when they ride. I can call him or just whistle and he will run right to me. Of course, he likes me better than all the others. I often have sugar or a banana for him and he likes oats, I tell you. I am going to ride to school on him this winter.

My mamma and papa are glad I got the pony for I am not so slow any more. I can even dress quicker in the mornings for I want to see the pony and I hurry up with the chores so as to get through and have time with the pony. And then I like to work a little, too, for you see I want my pony to have a good home and you have to work to have anything. Then the pony can help. He takes me flying on errands.

I wish every boy and girl every place could have a pony, in the city as well as in the country.

Back from a Ride

"TEXAS"

By Laura and Helen Sather, Roseau Co., Minnesota

We received the dear little Shetland pony "Texas" the 4th of June, but, I have been so busy and taken up with work that I have not had time to write and tell you that we received

Off for a Ride

him safe, and that he is now getting along fine. He is such a dear little pony; he eats sugar from my hand.

So many people have said now that they never expected we would get any pony, but I think everyone that works hard enough will sure get a great prize and that is what many people have said.

My sister was down to the depot four times and the fourth day he came. Many of the people at the depot that day laughed at her when she told them she expected him to-day on the north bound train, but they surely opened their eyes when they saw our dear little "Texas" in the express car door as the train pulled in.

We let "Texas" out on the green grass during the day and feed him oats and oil meal twice a day, as you wrote us to do. If there are any other regulations to be followed in tending to the pony, would you please send them to us. Have not tried to teach him any tricks yet, but he will learn later on.

"Texas" has gained quite a bit of flesh since he arrived at Badger and quite a bit of his winter coat of hair is now off.

All the people around Badger think it is my little sister Helen that was in the pony contest and won "Texas" and I think it will be she who will have the most fun with him as she is small enough to ride him. I am so tall I'm afraid I can't ride him, but when we get a buggy and outfit I can have great times also.

We wish to thank the Pony Club very much for their kindness towards us.

"COZY"

By Charles Young, Cascade Co., Montana

Last fall I started out to win one of your ponies. After the first few days I hadn't much trouble in getting subscribers. It takes some practice to learn how to talk right and show people the real good things in The Farmer. All of my folks helped me and papa took me around among the farmers sometimes when he had time. My little brother George got one subscriber all himself.

Soon the Webb Publishing Company began sending me letters telling me that I was among the leaders. I showed these letters and then many of my friends were anxious too, when they saw that I really had a chance to win. I went to Belt many times after Christmas, or some one went until I heard that I had won a pony. Her name is "Cozy." I can't tell you how much we like her. We broke her to ride and drive and she is fast—just likes to go.

We did not know just when to expect her and when a neighbor saw her in town he just brought her down to me, although he had to go out of his way a couple of miles. We soon got her out of her crate and took her to the front yard. Oh! she was so glad to eat the nice grass there. She liked us from the first and would not make up with the other horses, but now she chums with another saddle horse.

We take her to school and to town. When people see her they stop and look and ask me about her. There is no other Shetland pony in this part of the country. I hope some of the other children in this neighborhood will get ponies too.

"Cozy" is 42 inches tall and prettier than I thought she would be. She is brown. "Cozy"

"She is Fast—Just Likes to Go"

is the nicest thing I ever had and I will thank you for her and the photos you made for me. I am going to send one to other pony winners who won with me.

My Darling Little Pet

By Charlie Mahoney, Chippewa Co., Mich.

It is a long time since you have heard from me, so I must write and tell you I am one of the happiest little boys in the world since the Webb Publishing Company gave me my dear

Winter Sport

little pony, "Peter," and "Peter" seems to be very happy, too.

Everybody who sees "Peter" admires him and I have had several chances to sell him, but money could never buy this pony. He is three years old and has grown about four inches since I got him. He is now 40 inches tall and just as pretty as a picture. I had "Peter" clipped this spring and I think it made him feel good to get his heavy coat off, for he wants to romp and play all the time. He will follow me all over the yard and in the house. He likes to get out in the kitchen, then he gets into the cupboard and steals cake and cookies or in fact anything he can find. He is very fond of sugar, apples, pie and candy. He will stand with his two front feet up on the back step waiting for a little treat.

He can travel nearly as fast as a big horse and sometimes faster. Once last winter when he had been standing in the barn a couple of days my uncle thought he would take him out for a little exercise, so he invited another boy to get on the sleigh with him to have a ride.

Well, they just got nicely started when "Peter" thought he would like a little fun so he gave a sudden jerk and started to run. The two boys fell off the sleigh but my Uncle Bill hung to the reins and "Peter" dragged him two or three yards before he managed to get back on the sleigh. After a while my Uncle got him quieted down and he drove around to where the other boy was and told him to get on, but he said no, he thought he would rather walk home. I guess he was afraid. My father is making me a nice little cutter to drive "Peter" in this winter.

"Peter" steals the clothes pins out of my mother's basket while she is hanging out the clothes. He will pick them up one at a time with his teeth and if she doesn't watch him he will pick the clothes up out of the basket and let them fall on the ground. One day when she was not looking, he put his foot in the basket and upset it and spilled the clothes all over the ground. But mama never gets mad at "Peter" no matter what he does and, of course, we all think it is cute. I can never thank the Webb

Just Back from a Ride

Publishing Company enough for giving me my dear little pony.

All of my friends who subscribed for The Farmer's Wife say it is the best magazine they ever saw for the money.

My Own Little "Cub"

By Eugene Mumpower, Bumcombe Co., North Carolina

One day not long ago my mother was reading a farm journal, and she saw a picture of "Cub" hitched up all ready for a drive. She called me to her and said, "Son, now here's a chance to win a pony." I had been wanting

Christmas Eve came and not a word. I was awfully disappointed for it seemed then I had failed, and dear old Santa felt so sorry for me he went up town and got me a gold watch. So I just gave it up and expected nothing but

"Looks Like a Big Fuzzy Dog"

just such a pony for a long time because I live two miles outside of town and I have often thought how much fun it would be to have a little pony and ride to town and school.

I was a little afraid to start in the contest because the time was so near up for it was then about the middle of November and the contest was to close December 16th. I thought about nothing else but that dear little pony for the next day or two, wishing I could get it, and decided I would make a try for it anyhow. Mamma and daddy finally agreed to let me try for it and told me I would have to hustle good and proper if I got enough subscribers to get it. I went to work right then, and got several subscribers nearly every day until the very last.

My but it was a long time having to wait to hear about who got it. I told mamma and daddy that I didn't want Santa to bring me a thing, all I wanted was "Cub" and the outfit. I thought I ought to hear something Christmas Eve anyway but

some nice prize for my work.

Somehow or other I kept on hoping, and called up the express man the morning after Christmas and he said "Cub" was there. My! but I danced and hollered and cut up all sorts of capers till the folks thought I had just about gone crazy, I was so happy! I have two sisters smaller than I am, and they were most as happy as I was. I ran right out and got on the car and went to town and got "Cub" right out of the express office and rode him home. He is the

prettiest and dearest little pony I ever saw and the harness and little buggy are just fine! In the winter his hair is long and shaggy and he looks just like a big fuzzy dog. You can see in the pictures how long his hair was last Winter. In the summer though, his hair sheds off and he shines like satin. I can't tell you how much I thank the Webb Publishing Co., but just a whole lot of course and will always remember them as long as I live.

"Cub" Likes to Carry Double

"It Takes a Good Lump of Sugar to Cure Him"

"Dart"

By Fern Millsap, Fergus Co., Montana

"Dart" has come! You cannot imagine what that short sentence means to my sister and I, who have always dreamed of owning a Shetland and now to have it come true!

"Dart" is a dear little fellow, as gentle as a kitten, following us wherever we go. When we go to see the neighbors, which is nearly every afternoon, we just take the harness off and turn him loose. When we are ready to go, we will find him near by waiting for us. He has learned several cute tricks, one of which is to lie down and roll and then play sick. We put pillows under his head and cover him up and it takes a good lump of sugar to cure him.

When we first received "Dart," we went for a short ride and in turning a bend of the creek an automobile came suddenly down upon us. We were frightened nearly to death, but the man stopped the car and "Dart" walked up and smelled of it. After that we knew he was perfectly safe.

Our pony had long shaggy hair when he came but now he has shed that off and is as slick and shiny as any horse

I would like to tell all the boys and girls who want a pony that if they work faithfully in one of your contests, they are sure to win, for we know the Webb Publishing Company is strictly on the square and do just what they say they will. There is no need to be discouraged because one lives in a small place, for where we live there are only two families, the one who has the store and the family at the hotel. People who took the paper to help us get the pony and outfit have since told us what a fine one it is and that they like it very much better than other papers they are taking. Others who tried to discourage us by saying it would just be some "cheap John" outfit have since had to acknowl-

edge that everything is strictly first-class and as good as money could buy.

The night "Dart" came one of the neighbor boys, a little fellow four years old, came running over and said, "Girls, I am almost as tickled as you are."

I wish to thank you again for "Dart" and the outfit, and hope many other little boys and girls can get one as good.

Fern and "Dart" in the Mountains

Out of Doors With "Mac"

By Ruth Mead, Saline County, Missouri

One dreary February evening I felt lonely and tired after sitting all day in an invalid chair, for I was just getting over a spell of sickness and was still too weak to take exercise. I was waiting for papa to come and carry me back to my room upstairs. I had been amusing myself by looking at some pictures of ponies in a catalogue, and felt rather blue about getting one, for they were so very high priced, and I feared I might never have one all my own.

When supper was over papa took me on his back, pony fashion, and gave me a jolly ride up the stairs. Then I wanted to talk to him about getting me a real live pony that I could ride and drive when the Springtime came, so I might grow strong and well like other girls and boys.

After we had talked awhile I suddenly remembered that grandmother read something that day about a pony contest, and I told papa of it. He said, "I don't believe in such things much but get the paper and I'll see what it's about anyway." Mamma made a search for the paper and soon we were all eagerly reading about "Mac" and the complete pony outfit to be given away by

he seemed to feel that such attention was only due him.

I was too sick to ride or drive him for several days after he came, but as soon as I was strong enough I rode him about the yard, and I shall never forget my first drive to town with my little chum. We hitched "Mac" to my beautiful little cart, and we drove through town and down Main street we attracted as much attention as if we had been a circus parade, for it was the only pony outfit in town. Men, women and children came out and stood all along the street, to look at "Mac" and pet him, and how proud I did feel of him.

I have no brothers or sisters to enjoy "Mac" with me, but I have lots of little friends who are always ready for a ride or a drive. He is so gentle and good natured and will stand with his forefeet upon the porch or a box and let us slide off his back to the ground. He loves to have company as well as I do and follows us around as much as to say, "I want to play too."

"Mac" is fond of eating out of my hand and loves candy and cake. One day as I was driving

Going on a Picnic With "Mac"

the Webb Publishing Company. The more we read of "Mac" the more anxious we were to try and win him.

We waited a few days to hear from the Webb Publishing Company and then I set to work in earnest. For many days and weeks my one thought was "Mac," and I even dreamed about him and what good times we could have if I could only win. Many people said, "You will never get that pony, he's too far away from here," but nearly everyone helped me and wished me good luck.

When the contest closed I waited anxiously to hear from it, and time went slowly for I was again confined to my bed. But one morning just as I awoke papa came into my room with a broad smile on his face and a yellow slip in his hand, which said, "Ruth wins Mac." I never was quite so happy in my life, and three nights later I received the largest express package I ever expect to get, "Mac." He was escorted down the street from the station by about 30 men and boys, and as he walked proudly along

down Main street near the pop-corn stand, he suddenly walked up to a crowd of men and put his nose into a bag of popcorn one of them was holding. Of course they all laughed and fed him all they had, but "Mac" did not forget it, and for a long time he wanted to stop at the pop corn stand every time he went to town.

I wish every little girl and boy had a pony and cart like mine and could have the jolly times like I have had with "Mac." He is not afraid of automobiles or anything, so I go everywhere I want to with him. I ride to school and Sunday School, and I take mamma for many nice drives also, and she enjoys "Mac" as much as I do.

I have simply lived in the fresh air, playing with my pony, and have grown quite strong and well again, and think "Out Door Life With Mac" was the best medicine I ever had.

"Now if you don't believe me,
Just stop off at Slater and see,
The dearest little black pony,
And a girl as strong as can be."

Starting Off to Fetch Up the Cattle.

Beautiful "Bouncer"

By Marville Thompson, Douglas Co., Minnesota.

When papa brought my pony home, all I could say was, "Isn't she dear, isn't she dear," and I just wanted to kiss her, and let me whisper, I really did. Oh! who could help but love "Bouncer" at first sight. My two little sisters and two brothers were just as tickled as I was. She is a beauty—brown and white and just as quiet as a kitten.

Since I got my pony I have dandy good times. I fetch up the cattle every evening and "Bouncer" rounds them up and seems to enjoy getting them home. She isn't the least bit afraid of anything. She ran alongside and then right up in front of our five passenger touring car, (we have a "Studebaker") when we came home from church and if papa hadn't stopped the car so quickly he would have run right over her. She isn't a bit afraid. Oh! Oh! I hardly dare think of how awful that would have been.

One day my friend and I rode our ponies to

town and when we rode up to the feed barn, everybody in the whole town was looking at us and admiring our ponies. One little boy came to see her and I put the saddle on and let him ride and he just thought she was great. I asked him what he thought she was worth and he said, "A thousand dollars." "I wouldn't sell her for any price.

These contests are no "fakes." So many said they had helped and had helped so many children in the contest, but they had never won, so when I got my pony everybody was so tickled to think I really did win and such a pretty pony too. Oh! it surely was good of you to so kindly reward me for my work. I just can't thank the Webb Publishing Co. enough for that dear little pony, for I certainly have had great times with her and my baby sister can ride her too, and she is only two years old. "Bouncer" is so gentle everybody loves her.

I am the happiest little girl in Minnesota.

"Paul" Given to Evelyn and Bernice Sears, Grand Forks Co., N. Dak.

My "Toodles"

By Durrell V. Moyer, Lehigh Co., Pennsylvania.

Wonder whether any little boy or girl has had the experiences with their pony that I have had. I got terribly excited one day when I saw the pictures of little boys and their ponies in *The Farmer's Wife* and so I called, "Papa come here quick. See the nice little horses. Oh, how I wish I had one." Well, papa scratched his head and read all about the ponies and then said, "Well Bub, maybe we can win one." I tell you I clapped my hands for joy and shouted to mama, "Just think, mama, I think I can win a nice little

pony." I worked a good long time for subscribers but never felt I had worked too hard when several weeks afterward I heard that my pony had been shipped. Long before it was even time for my pony to arrive, my friends and I used to run to the station but always with the same result—no pony—until one fine morning when, lo and behold, a real live pony was carried out of the baggage car and on the crate was written, "For Durrell V. Moyer, Macungie, Pa."

Well, I was happy and yet not happy. The little pony looked more like a bear with his long shaggy locks and long mane. Then, too, he was tired and wouldn't let me touch him. But papa knew that poor little "Toodles" needed rest and something to eat, so we took him home

and put him in the little stall we had built for him. In a few days "Toodles" seemed to feel better and he let me feed him, and pat him, and love him and today there isn't a sign of any long hair and he's just the sweetest little pet I have ever

had. I now have a nice little harness and wagon for him and I have dandy rides.

One night I had a terrible time. It grew dark suddenly and a storm came up, making the night all the more fearsome with its flashes of lightning and thunder that roared like a cannon. I only

thought of my pony and how lonesome he must be with no papa or mama near him to take care of him. When it stopped raining I ran to the window to see whether all was safe in

the barns. Then, horrors! What do you think I saw? Why a man with a lantern trying to unlock the door of my pony stall. I tried to scream so as to scare the burgler off but what more did he do but force the door open and lead "Toodles" out. I cried and cried until I heard mama say, "Come boy, it's time to get up now." Then I saw it was broad day light and my experiences only a dream. Was I glad to see my pony again? You bet I

was. I have only the warmest spot in my heart for *The Farmer's Wife* which helped me to win my pony.

"And now I have Dandy Rides"

A Small Rough Rider

All Ready For Our Afternoon Ride

"Cute"

By Leota R. Bray, Lawrence, Co., South Dakota

Last Fall when I started out to win my pony, "Cute," most of the people told me it was a fake scheme of the paper people to get subscriptions, but when, on Christmas day, my pony came by express, they sang a different tune and now they say, "Well, the Webb people are honest and did not fool you." Daddy went to town and brought "Cute" home and put him by our Christmas tree and then called sister and me to see him and I said, "Oh daddy, what a beautiful pony!" I was the happiest little girl in the world. "Cute" was welcomed by the whole family, and we all have learned to love him very much. He looked like a big Teddy Bear in his long winter coat but now he is nice and slick and fat as a ball of butter.

He eats apples, sugar and oranges, and when he wants a drink he whinnies to us and after he drinks all he wants, he will tip the bucket over with his nose. He opens the kitchen door and will come in and look around and when I tell him to go out, he will whinny at me as if to say, "I want something to eat." I have lots of pleasure driving him and would not part with him for a lot of money. The other day a man offered to trade an auto for my pony and outfit but I would not trade as I can have more fun with "Cute" and my buggy.

I think it would be nice if every boy and girl had as nice an out-

fit as I have, and I believe any child can win a pony from the Webb Publishing Company if they will get out and work a little for it.

Everyone who has seen my pony has told me that he is the smallest and dearest pony they ever saw. "Cute" is only 40 inches high and weighs 250 pounds, so you see he is "cute" and small and a dandy little animal. All of my little chums like him and want to ride him. Among his tricks are pulling my hair ribbon off and untying my shoe laces. He is not afraid of trains or autos but it makes him awfully mad to have a boy ride beside him on a bike.

I wish every boy and girl could have a pony like mine and then they would have some dandy times. We live in a mountainous country but it does not seem to hurt "Cute's" wind, as he pulled me to Lead last week and back home again. Lead is about four miles from here so he traveled eight miles, but he was not a bit tired. We are planning to move down to Arizona, some time this winter and when we get there I intend to say a good word for the Webb Publishing Company to everybody I meet as they are certainly good to boys and girls by giving them darling little Shetland ponies. Of course I am going to take "Cute" with me to Arizona as I would not part with him for anything.

"Cute" and Leota

HOW I ENJOY MY PONY

By Colgate M. Searle, Kent Co., Rhode Island

I am a little boy nine years old, living in Rhode Island. I like all horses and when I came from school one afternoon and saw my

"Off and On Her Back While She Is Feeding"

pony "Irene," I was the happiest boy in the town. Thanks to The Farmer's Wife for so much happiness.

I like my saddle and bridle, too. When I got my harness and cart my papa helped train "Irene" to ride and drive. She was gentle and after a few lessons I could drive her all around the place and I have enjoyed many nice rides. Sometimes I let papa take my team to ride about the farm. I hope to get a little cultivator next year so "Irene" can help me keep my garden free from weeds.

"Irene" likes apples so I take her some in my pocket when I go to feed her and she soon finds them and eats them before she will eat her hay. She likes grass too, and nearly every day when I get home from school I take her out to let her eat grass. I can hop off and on her back while she is feeding and she doesn't mind it at all. When she gives me a good ride I give her some oats.

I have had "Irene" about a year and I would not give her for the best horse in the state.

LITTLE "SAMBO"

By Lowell Comeford, Lake Co., Indiana

I want to tell you about getting my pony. I had about given up winning a pony as I thought I would hear sooner, and one evening just as supper was about ready the phone rang and it was the postmaster. He said there was a letter there for me from the Pony Club so I ran out to the barn and told papa and he hitched right up and he and I drove to Grandin and got the letter with the good news that I had won "Sambo." If ever you saw a happy little boy it was I. You see the postmaster was interested same as lots of my friends were. They were all glad when I told them I won a pony. Mamma and grandpa could hardly wait until we got home to know if I had got one or not.

So on New Year's morning papa got up early and drove to town to meet the 6 o'clock train as we were sure he would be on that train, but the train was three hours late so he came back home. But "Sambo" did not come that morning. We went to my Aunt's that day and grandpa and I stayed all night. We thought we would meet the train the next morning but didn't get up in time. Papa didn't go to meet the train as the agent told him he would call him up.

"The Finest Kind of Saddle Pony"

So sure enough about five minutes after six the phone rang and the agent said the pony was there so papa went right in after him.

When I found out he had come we weren't long getting home and I spent most of the day in the barn, as I did all winter when it wasn't too cold. My papa had made him a box stall before he came and "Sambo" was so gentle. We all think "Sambo" is the finest pony in the world.

Don't These Boys Wish They Owned "Hero?"

A Real "Hero"

By Gudrum Eckeland, Lac-qui-Parle Co., Minnesota

Yes, "Hero" is my pony's name and he is a real hero too.

Of course, everyone who has a Shetland pony likes him, but I think my pony is the best and no other pony could be so dear to me as my little "Hero."

He is mostly black and single white hairs are spread here and there among the black and the upper part of his tail is clear white and both hind legs are white.

I always liked horses, and I have gone horseback riding on one of my father's horses since I was about seven years old, but when I saw the pictures of the cute Shetland ponies in papers I wished and wished that I could get one—one that I could have for my own. Then I happened to see that The Webb Publishing Co. was going to give away a Shetland pony as first prize in a contest and I thought I would try to win the pony. I tried my best, but did not win the pony that time. Oh, I tell you I felt sorry when I heard that I didn't win the pony. I got a nice prize but it wasn't the long wished for pony.

The next year I had a letter from the company and they asked me if I wanted to try once more. Then they were going to give away "Hero." I thought I must try again—there must be a better chance now. But my mother said: "Don't bother with that, you can't win a pony anyhow; that's too hard a contest for a little girl." I begged and begged and after a while I got leave to try again.

I started out right away. As often as I could have one of my father's horses I hustled away horseback.

I tried to do my best and get as many subscribers as I could and I think it wasn't so hard after all to win my pony. But I will never forget how I felt when I got the letter that told me I had won "Hero." I could hardly believe it was true. The day the pony came to our nearest town, they telephoned us from the depot and told us that the pony was there.

It was late in the afternoon, but father went to town to get the pony home anyhow. It was no wonder that my brother and I couldn't go to sleep that evening before father came home with

the pony. It was very late, but the moon shone bright so we couldn't help playing a little while with "Hero." When we went to bed I whispered to my brother: "If you should happen to wake up before I do tomorrow morning, please call me so we can be outside with 'Hero' a long while before we go to school. If I wake up first I'll call you." How early we went out the next morning, I don't know what

time it was, but we had been outside a long while when father and mother got up at five o'clock.

We were very tired in school that day and I couldn't study because my thoughts went to my pony.

It would be too long a story if I should tell you of all the fun and use we have had of the pony, but I'll tell you a few cute things that will show you how smart my cute little "Hero" is.

We always go out the back door when we go to the barn, or to feed the chickens and we always have something with us for "Hero," who has his liberty to go where he wants to in the whole yard. We give him sugar and bread, cake, fruits and scraps from the table.

When he noticed that we always went out the back door with food for him he always came to that door, placing his front feet on the third step by the side of the door and stood there knocking and many times he has fooled us. We sometimes think it is somebody on two feet who wants to see us, but when we open the door there stands little "Hero" knocking, and when he sees us he begs with his voice as you know horses do, and he never begged in vain, I tell you.

A little girl about 3 years old visited us one time. She liked to give "Hero" something to eat, but once she sat on the porch steps eating a piece of cake, that she wanted herself. "Hero" likes cake, too, and he walked right to the little

girl and put his nose in her hands and took the cake. "Mind your own business," said the little girl, who had a very quick tongue, and had heard her parents say these words to her, but "Hero" swallowed the cake and walked on.

If it happens that we don't have anything to give "Hero" when we come out he will put his nose into our hands and stand looking at us in wonder.

He can jump upon the porch and down just as he pleases. If we play in the yard he follows us; if we run, he runs after us. All the children in the neighborhood like "Hero" and often come to our place and we have a good time playing with him.

When we are out driving him we often meet automobiles and the noisy motorcycles that have scared so many horses, but my brave little "Hero" knows better than to get scared. I never saw a thing that could frighten him, so I think he is a sure enough little hero.

"Beau" Given to Herriett Svendsen, Steele Co., Minnesota

"Beau" Drives Just Fine"

Since "Carlo" Came to Town

By Harold Bush, Kandiyohi Co., Minnesota

I always thought I wanted to own a pony, so one day last Spring about the first of February, I saw in the paper that the Webb Publishing Company was giving away ponies and I wanted them to give me one. I knew I could have one just as well as not if I worked hard enough, because one of my little friends, Roy Brown, of McCook County, South Dakota, won a pony of the Webb Publishing Company and I knew if he did I could. I had seen his pony and he was awful cute, a real live Shetland pony.

to school. He likes to eat clover blossoms out of my hat and the girls' aprons.

A short time after we got "Carlo" and he wasn't accustomed to being away from the other ponies, we left him loose in the yard at night and he started back to the pony farm. Uncle John found him 13 miles from home the next morning, so you see he is some traveler. We went to a circus the other day. My, but "Carlo" did feel proud, because he was just as nice as any pony in the circus and I know he could learn just as many tricks. He will shake hands

"Carlo" is a Member of the Bush Family

The first thing I did was to send in \$1.00 with two yearly subscriptions and they sent me my Certificate of Entry and I went to work in earnest. I worked hard every day I could. One man told me I would not get any pony. He said if I did he would give me 50 cents, but I haven't seen him since. Some day I will drive over and let him see "Carlo." He took the paper anyway so that helped some. And nearly everyone took my paper, so finally the 23rd of May the Postmaster phoned us there was a letter for me from the Webb Publishing Company. So mamma went and got it and such news! I had won "Carlo." Before mamma got home all the neighbors and everyone in town knew I had won "Carlo." How happy I was! But I was still more happy when the depot agent phoned out and said our pony was there. That was May 29th. Mamma, papa and ever so many more people met him at the train, and such times as "Carlo" and I and my little sisters, Bessie and Viola, have had ever since.

We go to town after groceries and we are sorry school is out, it would be so nice to drive

and when he gets all the water he wants, he will upset the bucket with his foot.

Last Saturday, mamma, Viola, Bessie and I went 10 miles to grandma's and back Sunday and it didn't take us very long to make the trip. The first time we hitched him to his little buggy, we drove to Aunt Maud's and she thought he was the nicest pony she ever saw. He looks so cute with his harness on, and his buggy is the best money can buy. He likes to come in the house or on the porch and try to eat my toes and the other day he tried to unbutton mamma's shoe. One day when mamma was brushing him he reached around and bit her but she just laughed because it didn't hurt one bit.

We want to decorate the buggy and harness, but not "Carlo"; he doesn't need it, and be in the parade the Fourth. We know he would take the prize. He isn't afraid of autos or motorcycles. When anyone sees us together they stop and look and say, "What a cute outfit."

One day two boys on bicycles came 10 miles to see "Carlo." One of the boys was in the contest too, but poor fellow, didn't get votes

enough. I know he felt bad about it, but he got a nice rifle anyway.

My parents are glad I won "Carlo" and so are all of my friends. Yesterday I gave Uncle Bert a ride in my buggy and Uncle Dannie a horse-back ride. The day the club met at home I gave all of them a ride but Grandpa, and he said he was too fat, but "Carlo" wouldn't care. They liked the ride very much. I wouldn't part with "Carlo" for any money. Every boy and girl should own a pony as it makes them so healthy to be out of doors so much and I cannot stay in when "Carlo" is out. I know he would get lonesome for me.

Papa is going to roach his mane. Won't he look stylish though? and he will be cooler too. My, but he was proud the day he had his picture taken, just like he knew all about it. We have a white dog named "Smarty;" every place "Carlo" goes "Smarty" has to go. I guess he thinks we are all

little and all belong together.

Grandma and Grandpa Gachring think "Carlo" is the nicest pony in the world. Grandpa Bush has not seen him yet, he is up to Uncle Mart's, but he is anxious to get home just to see "Carlo" and his nice outfit.

When I call "Carlo" he sticks up his ears and looks around for me; thinks I am playing hide and seek, I guess. "Carlo" loves to go with me after water or eggs or to feed the little chicks. His feet are very tiny and he makes such cute little tracks. Papa says "Carlo" has better feet than lots of big horses and he trots awfully cute. I am very proud of him and his outfit and I thank the Webb Publishing Company again for "Carlo." I could write more because every day is just like a circus since I got "Carlo." I hope every boy and girl that wants one will work and get it of the Webb Publishing Company because theirs are the best.

"Carlo," Harold and His Two Sisters

"Prince" at a Porch Party
Given to Norris Nupson, Fillmore Co., Minn.

**"Tony" Given to Maurice Himle, Chip-
pewa Co., Minn. Maurice Often Uses
"Tony" as a Packhorse for His
Boy Scout Patrol**

"Off to the Store for Mamma"

My Pony "Nipper"

By Harold Cavanaugh, Warren Co., New Jersey

"Nipper" is a lovely pony, so gentle and kind. He is a bay, 38½ inches high, and weighs 290 pounds. He knows when I have a piece of cake and will whinny for some and follow me all over until I give him some and if I don't give it to him he will come up and put his head over my shoulder and coax for some. He does this too cute for anything and we like to see him do it so much that we make him coax often. He is also fond of cake, pretzels and candy. When he gets thirsty he will come up to the door and ask for a drink by whinnying.

Every day I take him for a drive and take my little brother with me and when my brother is asleep I give my playmates a ride. I have so many playmates that are always ready to go with me that I have to give each one a turn. Papa made me a little truck wagon and I go to the store for mamma and to the mill for "Nipper's" feed and he knows when I go to mill, for on his way home I can hardly hold him, and as soon as he is unharnessed he is nosing around the feed bag.

"Nipper" is admired by everyone along the road. These are some of the remarks I hear, "Isn't he

cute." "My! What a beautiful pony." "He is too cute to be driven," and many other sayings. He has a beautiful tail and mane. When papa gets up in the morning he takes "Nipper" over in the grass patch where he is always ready to go. When I get up I clean his stable and then I bring him from the grass patch and give him a good cleaning. Then he gets his breakfast.

I only had "Nipper" about a month when a man came to papa and wanted to know how much papa would take for him. Papa said he did not own him and that he should ask me and I told him I wouldn't sell him for any money. My cousin is so fond of him that his father is going to buy him one and when he gets his we will have great times together.

"Coaxing for Cake"

There are so many more things that I could write about him, but it would take me all day to write of all the pleasures I have had since I have my pony. I value him more than anything I have or ever had, and I cannot thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for giving me a chance to win such a pony as "Nipper."

"Now I am Out of Doors All the Time"

How "Roine" Played Doctor

By Clarence F. Busick, Adams Co., Indiana

I live seven miles from Decatur, Indiana. I won a pony in "The Farmer's Wife" contest. I was in the Christmas Contest of 1911. My pony's name is "Roine." He is a beautiful dapple chestnut sorrel, with a pretty mane and tail. He is three years old. The day I received word that I had won a pony it seemed to

will come to me. I drive him to school. "Roine" will take me and my three sisters to school in much less time than we used to go. The children think that mine is one of the nicest outfits that a scholar could have to go to school with. I was absent from school for more than a year when I was sick.

When I drive my pony out on the road people that meet me think that I have the nicest pony they ever saw. Lots of people have asked me and tried to buy my pony, but I will say to you, my dear friends that read my story, that I would not sell him for ever so much.

I have not been able to teach "Roine" very many tricks yet on account of my sickness, but he will do most anything I want him to do. He likes to be hitched to the buggy and to give me and my sisters a ride, and is not afraid of autos.

"He Likes to be Hitched to the Buggy"

me as tho I could not wait until he would arrive. I was sick at the time and could not go and see him until he was brought home. When the doctor heard that I had won a pony, he said that was one of the finest things that I could have for my condition, to be out of doors all the time, and this was quite interesting to me. The weather was never too cold for me to go and see my pony, but I was not able to handle him at that time. But I am glad to say that I am now well again. The doctor says that "Roine" has done his share towards making me better and also The Farmer's Wife of St. Paul, Minn.

When I go to the gate and whistle, "Roine"

"He Will do Most Anything"

Hot Times With "Mickey"

By Clarence and Lucy Bucholz, Minnehaha Co., S. Dak.

Our papa and mamma take quite a few papers and we like to read them, and often saw advertisements in them of ponies being given away. We always wanted to try to get one but mama said she thought we couldn't get enough anyway, but we teased her so much, at last she said we could try, if papa would consent, thinking that if we tried and got left, we would be satisfied and not tease her any more.

Nearly every one tried to discourage us, saying we would probably get a sawhorse or else nothing. Even papa said to the last day we wouldn't get thirty cents. But we kept right on and had mamma on our side and she spoke a good word for us when she could.

We were so tickled when we got word that we had won a pony that we just jumped and shouted. "Mickey" was quite a while coming, owing to various delays and when he finally got to Brandon, we couldn't get him home for two days as it had rained so much the rivers were overflowed and the water was even over the bridges. The third day papa managed to get him home by going way around. My! we were tickled to see him.

"Mickey" soon got so he would follow us around everywhere. He is about 43 inches high and weighed 245 pounds when he came, but is sleek and fat now so we think he weighs more than 300 pounds now.

My sister Lucy rode "Mickey" after the mail several times so one day I thought I would ride

him, as our mail box is nearly a mile from home, but "Mickey" dumped me off. He was only having fun with me, though, because I can ride him anywhere now.

"Mickey" isn't afraid of autos and he likes corn and oats better than sugar.

We did not get a buggy so couldn't drive our pony till just lately. One rainy day papa and the hired man made a little cart and fixed some straps for a harness. What fun we did have when they hitched him up. Papa went to get on the seat first and he slipped right off backwards in the mud. Then the hired man got on and drove around some and stopped in the yard a while. Then he thought he would start out again but "Mickey" wanted to go in the barn and the man pulled on the line so suddenly he tipped right over backwards in the mud with the cart and pony on top of him.

How we all did laugh! Nobody got hurt.

One man offered \$75.00 for our pony but we wouldn't sell him. Everybody thinks he is so cute.

The first time we drove him to school the children all thought he was fine. One day the harness broke and he got away from us and ran right home into the barn and broke our cart, so we have to walk to school till we get another rig. Thanks many times for dear little "Mickey."

Whose Turn First?

"We didn't Hitch Him up Much on account of the Deep Snow"

The Story of "Trusty"

By Raymond Krueger, Washington County, Minnesota

I am a boy twelve years of age, living in Washington Co., Minnesota. As I always was interested in Shetland ponies I often wished I could have one of my own. One evening as I was looking at The Farmer I was delighted to see that there was to be another pony contest, so I wouldn't let up until my parents gave their consent to let me enter this contest. I at once sent in my name and received a Certificate of Entry in a few days.

Then I began to work hard and got quite a few subscribers in our neighborhood. When papa had a little spare time he would go out in his auto and help me in the contest, but many of our friends would try to discourage us by saying this contest was a "fake." We were not discouraged for a girl in our neighborhood had won a pony in a contest before, and so we kept on working until the contest closed.

I could hardly wait until the time came to hear who would be the winner. It was several days before Christmas when we received a telephone call saying that I was a lucky winner of pony, buggy, harness, saddle and bridle.

Papa went to the station the next day to get "Trusty" (our pony). We were so tickled we could hardly wait until papa came home with him. Two of my sisters were sick in bed and they were so anxious to see "Trusty" that papa led him into the house. We all thought he was the dearest little pony we ever had seen.

He is so attached to us now that he will follow us all around. We always keep something to eat in our pockets for him, for he is always looking for something. We give him the privilege of running around in the front and back yards. He comes to the back door every little while looking for some goodies.

We could not hitch him up very much this winter for there was too much snow in the roads, but we are planning to have a fine time with him this summer.

I am very thankful to the Webb Publishing Company for "Trusty" and the fine outfit, and I hope that all the boys and girls who join the pony club will be rewarded as well as I was for my work and I am sure they will be if they really deserve it.

Fuzzy "Wuzzy"

By Frank McKissack, Madison Co., Tennessee

I am so glad I joined The Farmer's Wife Pony Club, for I got one of the prettiest and sweetest little spotted ponies you ever saw.

One of "Wuzzy's" Tricks

But while I was working to win him I would get awfully discouraged sometimes as some people would refuse to take my paper and say, "You know you can't get enough subscribers to get a pony as there are so many boys and girls in larger towns who are working for them," but mother would tell me not to give up, so I got some of my friends to help me and I got one.

His name is "Wuzzy" and when I call him he just comes running. We keep him out in the front yard most all the time and last spring mother wanted some flowers in the yard and he

didn't bother them at all till they began to bloom and we commenced picking them to make bouquets. Then he would go and look at them and bite the blossoms off, but mother didn't scold much for she knew he just thought they were pretty and he looked so cute and full of mischief when he would bite them off.

My little brother loves "Wuzzy" so. I was away on a visit ten weeks this summer and my little brother attended to him while I was gone. He rode after the mail for mother. He said when "Wuzzy" wanted water he would come right up the steps and into the house to get himself some water. My brother rode him a mile last Sunday to the station by himself.

I never will forget the night my little "Wuzzy" came. My little brother and I had gone to bed and mother came and called us and told us our little pony had come. We got up and dressed

"Loves to have us Play with Him"

and the depot agent went with us to get him. He was the gladest little thing to get out of his crate and get to his new home. The little boys and girls came to see him next morning as soon as they heard he had come, and they would say, "I didn't think you would get a pony sure enough." They love to play with him. They will hug and kiss him and Oh! he is so pretty and sweet. I expect he gets lonesome when we are at school for he loves for us to play with him.

I had a letter from a little girl in Jackson, Tenn., asking me to tell her about my little pony. Said she heard I got one and she wanted to join the Pony Club and if she has joined I hope to see her name with the lucky ones in the next contest.

I must close but would love to write lots more about our dear little pony "Wuzzy."

Little "PAL"

Given to Julia Federer, Champaign Co., Ill.

"One Day We Led 'Gus' Right Into an Automobile"

The Joy of Winning and Owning "Gus"

By Frank and Vera Brown, Dakota Co., Nebraska

While looking over some papers one cold wintry evening in the fall, we noticed where many ponies had been given to children all over the United States by the Webb Publishing Company of St. Paul, Minnesota.

We at once read the ad over carefully and began trying to convince our parents that we could win a pony if others could. We filled out the blank in the paper and sent it to the Webb Publishing Company as they wished us to do.

In about a week the required material with which to work came, and we at once started to get subscriptions for "The Farmer's Wife."

We began by asking the neighbors nearest home before and after school. Papa gave us an old broncho to ride and we took turns at going out.

As brother was only eight and myself ten years of age we had to be home by dark, but by so doing we soon had our first subscription blank of twenty subscribers filled out.

How proud and encouraged we felt over our first blank we sent in, and after this getting subscribers was not hard at all.

Friends everywhere were very kind and began to be very much interested in our work. We met with few discouragements and do not know how to express

our appreciation of the kindness shown us.

After doing all we could near home before and after school, I realized that in order to win "Gus," I must work hard every day and not leave a day pass without getting some new subscribers.

As taking subscriptions seemed to be a great schooling to me, I did not regret so much my having to miss several days of school work. While canvassing, I became acquainted with all the nearby towns; I learned the lay of the country and also learned much by writing continually, the work which is required of a contestant. Much knowledge is obtained also by meeting people of different classes. Before

entering the contest, I hardly knew one piece of silver from another, but now can make change with any one in silver or paper. Since winning "Gus," I have received dozens of letters and of course in answering them have learned much about letter writing.

The schooling alone was worth the time and energy spent even if I had not won a pony.

Many a cold stormy day found me out canvassing, for the old saying is, "Work Before Pleasure."

After waiting anxiously for four days after the contest closed, a telegram came from the

Vera, "Gus" and Frank

Webb Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn., saying we had won "Gus."

Now came pleasure after work. What joy at home and what a happy bunch of children!

We were overcome with joy while receiving the telegram and quickly 'phoned the news to our kind friends and schoolmates. Within a week our dear little "Gus" arrived and brother and I went seven miles to the depot to meet him.

We cannot tell you half the pleasure there is in owning a Shetland pony, and no child who works for one and wins will ever begrudge the time and energy spent.

"Gus" is very useful as well as a pleasure. We go to Sunday-school and take music lessons with him and do many errands for papa and mamma. Taking the cows to pasture and bringing them home at night is a great help on the farm.

"Gus" is also full of tricks. He will lie down and go to sleep while we sit on him, jump the rope while I ride him, take lead pencils out of a man's pocket, come into the house to get a drink, eat sugar or anything good out of my hands, whinny when he sees us children coming home from school, turn the door knob to get into the house, and do many tricks which I have not time or space to mention. And one day we led him right into an automobile.

It is hard for me to bring a story to a close when it is about my Shetland pony, but I must do so.

In conclusion, I wish to thank the Webb Publishing Co. for their honesty, kindness and promptness in answering the many letters which I had to send them during the pony competition. Never shall I forget them.

**"Duke" Given to Dorothy Lee Eagle,
Jackson County, Mo.**

Dear Pony Man:—

We have taken our first ride behind "Duke" and cannot find words to express our pride and thanks to you for so beautiful an outfit. He is the excitement of the whole town and people are constantly coming to see if it is really true and all go away most agreeably surprised.

Each day we all love "Duke" more and more, and are having many pleasant rides, in fact, we are very much acquainted with each other.

Wishing a long life and prosperity to your nice magazine and with many thanks for your kind and generous treatment, I am, as ever,

Your friend

Dorothy Lee Eagle.

"Foxy" and Charles McCoy, Story Co., Iowa

Dear Friends:

I suppose you think I am a long time reporting about my pony coming, and how I like him but I guess I was so tickled over it that I forgot to write. I had my pictures taken and I have been waiting to get them so I could send them to you all at once.

Well, I don't think any boy on earth is happier than I was when my pony got here. "Foxy" gets cuter every day. We have been driving him to school every day. Everybody that sees him says that he is the nicest pony they ever saw. I am awful glad that I sent you my name and got him. I hope you will like the picture I am sending you.

Your sincere friend,

Charles McCoy

My Little Pony "Nap"

By Susie Bratt, Spokane Co., Washington

One rainy day I was sitting in the house reading a few little things in a farm paper when I came to a page that was covered with pictures of little ponies. On this page it said, "Any girl or boy who does us a little favor wins a pony." There stood "Honey" and her outfit. I asked mamma and papa if I could try and they said, "Well, I guess you can," so I signed the little blank and sent it off by the mail the next morning.

In a few days I got a letter from The Farmer's Wife telling me about how to win a pony. That afternoon I went out to get subscriptions, and I had very good luck. When my sister and I got quite a few subscriptions, then papa went and helped me. I worked until the last day and then that night I sent them off.

Then came the anxious days to see if I won "Honey." One day when the mailman came he said, "Do you want me to tell you about the pony," and asked how much I would give him to tell me. I said I didn't know and then he said, "I think the best thing you can do is to go to Cheney after the pony." Then I rushed in the school house and opened my letter that I got from The Farmer's Wife. They said I did not win "Honey" but they had shipped "Nap" to me. They had four ponies up and I won third. My sister teaches our school. She was a little disappointed but I wasn't because I was glad I won one of them.

I went home just as quick as I could and told papa and mamma. Then papa hitched up and we went to town. It seemed like the horses could not go fast enough. When we got there I ran down to the depot and there stood little "Nap" in a crate just big enough for him to stand in. I put my arms around him and hugged him. We took him out of the crate and let him roll. We took him up town and every-

one was out to see him. I thought I never would get up to the livery barn to give him his dinner. When he ate we started out home. We thought we would let him walk a little way but he began to get tired so I got out and was going to walk with him. We live eight miles

from town and we were just four miles from home then. There was a hill that had a bank on so when I came down there papa had backed up to the bank and unloaded the crate and we backed him in. Then we came home quick. He just acted like he was so glad he didn't know what to do. He would

What More Could a Little Girl Want ?

put his little ears up and try to put his little face up to ours. When we brought him home there were some of the neighbors at our place that night to see him. We put him to bed that night and he surely slept fine.

The next morning I woke up early and went out to see him. Papa got me a cart in a few days and a harness. The night I got the cart I hitched him up and took some little children home. It was moonlight when I came home. I was very happy.

We drive "Nap" to school. He and I run races. I put my hand on his back and whenever I get ahead of him he starts out to gallop. He is a little black fellow and weighs 240 pounds at the present time. When we got him he weighed 225 pounds and he's gaining all the time.

I never could love anything so much as I love "Nap." When he gets thirsty he comes up on the porch and wants to come in and get a drink. He eats salt, carrots, cabbage, apples, pears, oats, hay and potatoes.

The people cannot tell me now that The Farmer's Wife doesn't give away ponies because I know they do and I can never thank The Farmer's Wife Pony Club enough for being so good in every way.

"BOZZIE"

By Esther Muller, Steele Co., Minn.

I must say my pony "Bozzie" is the prettiest horse—a real horse and not a toy or a rocking horse. He will eat anything: cabbage, let-

"Bozzie" Teasing for an Apple

tuce, cake, cookies, cheese and sausage—anything under the sun that is fit to eat and I can ride as fast as he can run. "Bozzie" will lie down with the saddle on him and I will straddle him and up he comes with me on his back. Sometimes my neighbor's girls come and see me and I let them ride "Bozzie" and how they do enjoy riding him.

The Farmer gave me the pony for just a little work and the work was just as easy as falling off a log. Selling The Farmer is a snap. I did not make any extra drives for selling The Farmer, just on Saturday in town. All my friends said The Farmer was the best farm paper they ever laid their eyes on. The Farmer sells so quick and easy.

Now boys and girls you can win a pony just as well as I did and if you boys and girls try I think you can make a success of getting a pony. I don't keep "Bozzie" out in the pasture but around the barn and orchard and the house and he will come right into the house if I open the door.

"CURLY"

By Viola Peterson, Ward Co., North Dakota

As I promised you last spring I am sending you a picture of dear little "Curly." I have a lot of good times with "Curly" and I love him more every day. My little sister who is five years old can both ride and drive him and she certainly feels quite proud of it too, as you see in the picture.

"Curly" looks so cute hitched up to the dear little outfit the Webb Publishing Company sent me. I just love to drive him and so do all my friends. I sometimes take them home with "Curly" but they always want to drive him, they say he is the dearest little pony they have ever seen. I can drive "Curly" anywhere; he is not afraid of either automobiles or motorcycles.

One day one of my friends wanted me to come down to her place so I went and took "Curly" with me. We had a lot of fun driving and riding him, but whenever we got out a little ways he wanted to go home and we had quite a hard time keeping him in the road. I stayed there for two days and when I started home "Curly" ran about all the way. He certainly was glad to get back again, and mamma and my sisters said that they had been so lonesome for him all the time.

Once when mamma was outside she called to me and said, "Viola, where is 'Curly'," but before I had time to answer "Curly" started to whinny trying to tell where he was.

"Curly" likes to eat bread and apples, sugar and candy, and ever so many other things. I

"Little Sister Rides 'Curley' "

could never part with him and thank the Webb Publishing Company a thousand times for sending him to me.

My Biggest Surprise

By Roy Podewells, Rock Co., Wisconsin

I am a little boy ten years old. I am going to tell you a story of my pony "Mogul." I was in school when my pony came. The express man called us over the telephone and told my mamma that there was a pony there for Roy

cows home with the help of my collie dog. He can jump over a fence three feet high and if I tell him to stand up high he will stand on his hind legs.

No money could buy my pony "Mogul."

"I Hitch Up and go after the Cows with my Collie"

Podewells. Mamma told papa that the pony was there at the depot, so he went after him and brought him home and put him in the barn. And when I came home from school for my dinner mamma told me that there was a little black calf in the barn, so I went down to the barn and looked and to my surprise I saw my pony "Mogul."

At first he wouldn't eat anything or notice me when I came in the barn.

I guess he was homesick for his mates. But now he eats everything I give him. He eats cookies, cake, pie, apples, peaches, pears, grapes and everything that's good to eat, and best of all he chews gum. I hitch him up after school and get the

We have a pasture of alfalfa near the house and "Mogul" is in it all day long, and everybody that passes by and notices him, asks me if I want to sell him. I tell them he is not for sale, then they want to know if that's the pony I won for selling magazines. I tell them, "Yes, the Webb Publishing Company gave him to me for selling 'The Farmer's Wife' magazine."

And another thing my darling "Mogul" likes to do is to sneak into mamma's garden and eat ground cherries and carrots.

I hope many more boys and girls will get subscribers and win ponies as nice as my pony "Mogul" which the Webb Publishing Company gave me.

Roy and "Mogul" at Work

My "Early Bird"

By Edwin Larson, Worcester Co., Massachusetts

My name is Edwin Larson. I am ten years old and I live in Worcester County, Mass. I won a pony named "Early Bird" from the Webb Publishing Company, and he's the cutest little pony I ever saw. He is 41 inches high, but he

out and pets the pony when we get home, for she likes him so much.

My pony likes apples and sugar. One day I had an apple inside of my blouse. I was going

"Mamma Always Pets 'Early Bird' when we get Home"

will grow some more, for he is only two years and six months old. I can drive him anywhere. He isn't afraid of anything and he is as strong as a horse. He can pull me and my two brothers and two sisters in his little cart no matter how far we want to go, and how he can run. I think he can run faster than some big horses. One day when I was out for a drive I met a man driving and he asked me if I wanted to go on a race and I said yes. He got so far behind that I couldn't see him. My "Early Bird" can run like a deer and a good many of my chums would like to have him, but I won't sell him for ever so much money. I have lots of fun with my pony and I wish every boy and girl could get one. They don't cost much to keep because they don't eat much.

I think "Early Bird" is a good name for my pony for I can take him out very early in the morning for a drive. He is always ready no matter how early it is. My father and mother have been out for a good many early rides this summer and they like my pony just as much as I do. When we had this picture taken we had just been out for a ride. Mamma always comes

to fool him and not give it to him, but he chased me all over the yard till he got me into a corner. There he unbuttoned my blouse and took the apple.

One day last winter I took an apple and buried it in the snow and I told him I had an apple for him and pointed out where it was and he started digging in the snow till he found it. He is awfully fond of snow. He likes to play in it, same as I do. We had lots of snow here last winter so I had lots of sleigh rides with my "Early Bird" and I hope I get some more next winter because it's lots of fun.

One day last winter I let him out all alone. He started to run away from home. I was afraid he was going to get lost so I opened the door and called him and he came right back and jumped right up on the piazza where I stood. Then I gave him a piece of sugar and he was all right.

I hope the Webb Publishing Company will give away lots of more ponies to girls and boys for I think they are the nicest pets anybody can have.

My Heart to Heart Story

By Jeanette McCown, Lloyd Co., Indiana

One evening last winter my papa was reading in his farm paper where the Webb Publishing Company gave ponies away to boys and girls who worked for them. Papa wrote them that night and as soon as I heard from them I joined the Pony Club and started to work selling papers.

I wrote to my Aunt in Tennessee and Uncle in Kentucky asking them to help me secure

Nobody can imagine how surprised and overjoyed I was to know that I had won "Rustler." I was the happiest girl in the world that night and I think it was the longest night I ever spent in my life for I could hardly wait to see him in the daylight.

The next day was Easter Sunday. Papa turned him loose in the yard to eat grass and

They all say, "Look at the Sweet Little Pony"

subscribers, which they did willingly. My grandma, who is sick and seldom leaves her home, sold many papers for me by asking everyone who came to her house. Of course, they all took the paper from her because they knew what joy it would be to her to see me win a darling pony of my own. It seemed to be no trouble for everyone that helped me as well as myself, to sell the paper because it was such a good everyday paper.

Some times I would have people say discouraging things to me about the Webb Publishing Company not treating me fair, but I just kept on working all the more because I wanted to show them the faith I had in the Webb Publishing Company.

When the letter came telling me I had won "Rustler", mamma did not tell me because she wanted to surprise me. I did not know it until the night of his arrival, which was the night before Easter Sunday. My papa sent our driver to the depot to see if "Rustler" was there and sure enough he was, the dearest Easter gift in the world. He took him out of his crate and led him home. I was sitting in the dining room when I noticed mamma jump up and run to the door at the sound of something walking through the store. He was brought through the store into the dining room and right away brother and I saddled him and rode him around the room. We hugged and kissed him many times that night. He seemed to know that he was at home and there was a nice box stall and a good supper awaiting him.

roll. There were many visitors to see him that day and for many days afterwards. His coat was very shaggy when he first came, but as soon as the weather was warm enough, we had him clipped and he soon became a beautiful pony.

Every morning "Rustler" is well groomed and is fed a good breakfast with an egg put in his feed and an apple for dessert.

I tied him in front of our store every day before my buggy came and several times people would come up and ask where I bought him. One day a stranger came over where "Rustler" was tied and asked if I would sell him, but of course I said "No I will not sell him for any price."

Several weeks after my pony came, I was riding him one day when a little neighbor boy wanted to ride. The saddle turned with him and he fell off. Away went "Rustler" trotting down the road and over to the depot where a crowd of people was standing. He stopped by them as if to say, "Somebody catch me." When we caught him a man with two children came over and asked me if I would sell him. When I said no, he asked me where I got him. You bet I was so proud of such a proud little runaway that I was delighted to tell him all particulars.

"Rustler" is not afraid of autos, but is always full of life and attracts the attention of many people who say, "Look at the sweet little pony." I have not yet taught him many tricks but intend doing so.

I have lived behind a grocery store in town all my life. Brother and I have never been very

(Continued on page 100.)

My Little "Babe"

By Roy Brown, McCook Co., South Dakota

Last July, just one year ago now, while looking through a paper I saw pictures of ponies and boys and girls who had won them and read how I could win one for my very own. I asked mamma and papa if I might try to win a pony and his outfit. They said I could, but that if I started I could not give up until the contest ended. I said I would never give up and I meant it, too.

Well, I started out that very noon and got two subscriptions and sent them to the Webb Publishing Company next day so as to get my

roached and it looked so good to me that I have always kept it roached. I rode him right into the stores that night to show him, and I was the happiest boy in that town.

Many are the good times sister and I have had since "Babe" came to live with us. He has a little barn and pasture all his own to live in. I let all my little friends play with "Babe" and they like him almost as well as I do. He is so gentle and kind and is not afraid of anything.

Last Fall I rode him to school a few days and when mamma would drive him to a neighbors

"Babe" Posing for His Picture

Certificate of Entry and a badge, and it was not long before I got an answer telling me what to do and my work began at once. It was not one bit hard to get subscriptions. It was such a good paper and my friends wanted to see me win a pony. At the end of the contest I sent in my final subscriptions. The days seemed like weeks, I was so anxious to hear whether I had won or not, and when the letter came saying I had won "Babe" and his dandy outfit, I was so happy and so were all my friends and even strangers that gave me subscriptions were so glad when I sent them word that I had won. Sometimes strangers didn't care to take the paper, but I showed them the pictures of the pony and outfit I was working for and talked just as nice to them as I could and they just took the paper and would laugh and say, "Little boy, I'd like to see you win that pony," and out would come their money in a hurry.

The night "Babe" came, I went along to town with my papa after him. I was so happy when I saw him. He is a bright bay and white spotted, as cute as can be. He had his mane

he wanted to stop at school and he would whinny to us children. When he would see me coming home at night he would come on the run to meet me. He will follow me all around the pasture. I take my mamma visiting and "Babe" does not want to go at all without me. He will stop and look back at me and as soon as I get in, he trots off at once. Every morning when I go out he will whinny good morning to me—we are such good chums.

My papa and I are teaching him some tricks. I'll tell you what he can do. He can stand on a chair with his front feet while sister and I slide down his back; he will lay down and play he is asleep. Sometimes my cousin and I turn somersaults over him, he is so kind he would not hurt us if he could help it for anything. I often lie down right in front of him and he won't step on me. He will shake hands with anyone and he will follow me into anybody's house. I surprise people sometimes by bringing him into the house.

During the winter months I couldn't have so much fun as it was so cold, but this summer I

am making up for lost time. Papa and mamma just love to see me ride my pony. They say I am getting fat since I ride so much and that makes me feel good.

I always give my pony the best of care. He had such long hair during the winter, but now he has shed off so pretty and is so shiny that everybody says he is the prettiest pony they ever saw. He is so fat too. I have had lots of

chances to sell "Babe" but no siree, nothing would buy "Babe." I love him more every day and I don't know what I would do without him, I'd be so lonesome.

I can never say enough for the Webb Publishing Company. I thank them over and over for giving me such a nice pony and outfit. They did all they said they would and treated me right.

**"Sparkle" given to Eloise Savage
Codington County, S. D.**

Eloise and Her Two Little Brothers Are Perfectly Safe With "Sparkle"

ABOUT "BEAUTY"

By Evelyne Russell, Greene Co., Arkansas

I have just received my darling pony "Beauty," and I could never begin to tell you how proud I am of her. I know I am the happiest child in the county.

Papa went to meet the early train, but she

A Real "Beauty"

did not come, so mamma and I went to meet the next train. The express man commenced to halloo and tell me the pony sure had come. I could hardly wait for the train to stop.

I think she is the dearest little pony in the world. She seems to be well satisfied in her new home and we are all so proud of her.

Any time I can speak a good word for The Farmer's Wife I will be so glad to do so. They have been so good to me.

"Dot" and Gladys P. Cowley, Merrimack Co., New Hampshire

FRIEND "FLASHER"

By Clarence R. Morgret, Cambria Co., Pennsylvania

It was one night in January that I was looking through a farm paper and then I turned another page and on it was a row of Shetland ponies with boys and girls riding on them and at the top of the page were two ponies which were going to be given away free. The more I looked at it the more I wanted a pony for my own.

Papa was at the doctor's that night and I asked mamma if I could write to The Farmer's Wife to see how to get a darling little pony for my own and she said I would have to ask papa and see what he would have to say about my trying to win. So when papa came I asked him and he said he didn't care, so I filled the blank and sent it the next day and pretty soon I got the pictures of the pony and some copies of The Farmer's Wife. Then I began to go to the peoples' houses around my place.

The first time I went I was out for about an hour and got a dollar and fifty cents and they all said it was only a fake because The Farmer's Wife was too poor to give away ponies, but I knew better than that and believed every thing

Off For a Ride

they told me and it was all true. Many a cold winter day people saw me out for subscribers.

It was not long before the contest came to an end. Then I could hardly wait to see if I would win. One day I went down to take Papa's dinner down to him and the pony was on his car. How happy I was when I saw him! I could hardly wait till they got him unloaded. Everybody was looking to see why the car stopped so long and when I started to take "Flasher" up home everybody was asking me if that was my pony that I won. They said they didn't think I would win. My saddle and bridle came by parcel post.

I have a dandy time with "Flasher," especially in the snow during winter.

Dear Little "Bingo"

By Jeanette Lansing, Dixon Co., Nebraska.

When I first read about the Webb Publishing Co. giving away ponies to boys and girls, I could hardly believe it. I wanted to try and win one because Shetland Ponies are such jolly play-fellows and such dear pets.

I started out to work and won "Bingo." We were all so happy when I received a telegram, Christmas eve, saying that I had won "Bingo," and could hardly wait until Christmas day to see him. He came on the noon train and from the very first he behaved perfectly and he is the dearest and best pony any child could have.

I think almost everyone within ten or fifteen miles came to see "Bingo." They did not seem to believe that the Webb Publishing Company or anyone would give a real live pony away. They all thought he was a splendid pony and how fortunate I was to win him.

"Bingo" for a forty acre farm?" I told him I would not part with "Bingo" for any amount of money or anything else. Mother and Father love "Bingo" just almost as much as I do. My brother, two sisters and I have been very happy since we received "Bingo." My friends think he is just dear and love him very much. They also enjoy going out riding with him.

I have just earned my first money with "Bingo." The other day I and my brother were out riding when a man came up to us and said: "I can't get anyone to deliver my groceries; could you do it for me if I give you 25 cents?" So I said, "you bet I can." Then we went down to the store and got several boxes of groceries and delivered them. Then the man gave us the money. "Bingo" seemed to enjoy doing it very much and I am glad he did.

"Bingo" Ready for the 4th of July Parade.

When I first got "Bingo," he weighed two hundred eighty pounds, but now he weighs three hundred pounds. When my friends ask me if "Bingo" is afraid of automobiles and such things, I am very glad to say that he is not.

"Bingo" knows several tricks; he can shake hands and stand on a chair or box. I will now tell you how he acts in parades. He was in the Fourth of July parade. "Bingo" seems to know just when to turn the corners and follow the ones in front. There was a large rooster walking in front of him, but he did not mind it at all. There was a pony back of us and every once in a while, she would paw on the ground and try to get down and roll. I was proud to see "Bingo" act so nicely.

"Bingo" does look so funny with his long winter coat of hair, but he is just as dear as ever. When I whistle, or call him he whinnies and comes to me.

One day a man said to me, "Will you trade

Maybe I'll make lots of money with him now.

"Bingo" will go in my pockets for apples or anything that is good. He will eat ice cream, peaches, or cherries out of a dish. He likes bread, butter, crackers, cake and cookies. Every time I come into the barn, he will smell around me to see if I have anything and if I have, he will get a hold of it with his teeth and eat it as if it was very good.

"Bingo" has been all over our house except upstairs and we have not taken him up there yet. When I have something good to eat "Bingo" looks up in my face as if to say, "Please give me some for you know I like it so well." Then of course I give it to him right away.

I will say that I love The Farmer's Wife like all the other pony winners for if it were not for their being so loving and kind as to give away a dear little pony like "Bingo" none of the happy children that have ponies would have them.

My Pony "Sultan"

By Donald M. Robinson, Saratoga Co., New York

You can not imagine how surprised and happy I was to get a letter from the Webb Publishing Company telling that I had won "Sultan" and his dandy outfit. I could hardly

circus to the children as they all took turns and had a short ride.

"Sultan" is not afraid of anything so my brothers and I have lots of fun driving out. As

wait for him to get here. He is the finest pony ever, so gentle and always looking for something good to eat.

It was a great day all about us the day he was expected to arrive. All our neighbors and friends were just as anxious as we were to get him.

The day of our Sunday School picnic I rode him over so all the children could see him and have a ride. It was as much of a treat as a

my cousin living near us has a pony and cart we have good times driving around together.

One day my mother opened the door to go into the woodshed and there "Sultan" stood, contented as a basket of chips, eating his fill of sweet apples. He is so fond of sugar cookies or anything and even eats with our kittens.

I think the Webb Publishing Company the greatest and best company I ever heard of. They do everything just as they say they will and I hope lots more boys and girls will be able to earn a pony outfit.

Julia Hill and "Woody"

(See Story on Page 98)

**"Queenie" given to Stanley J. Malicek,
Redwood County, Minn.**

**"Trixie" given to Frank Harris,
Yellowstone County, Mont.**

Dear Pony Editor:—

I must let you know how I am getting along with my pony. I couldn't say thanks enough to you for that nice outfit. I have had her hitched up lots of times, and she drives so nice. Nearly everybody comes to see her and they all say what a pretty little outfit I got. She is feeling good; she is not lonesome. She likes oats. When I open the feed box she is scratching and making noise and she always has to get oats the first one.

I must tell you how I was surprised Christmas Eve when my mother called to me that some one wanted to see me, when I opened the door there stood my father holding "Queenie" around her neck. Oh! you could just imagine how I jumped up and I took her in the barn and I fixed her a good supper.

Wishing you good success, I am

Yours respectfully,

Stanley J. Malicek.

Dear Friends:

When I first heard that I won "Topsy" and her outfit I was so tickled that I could hardly wait until she came. And when my brother

**"Ned" given to Jules and Ruby Kobelin,
Yellowstone County, Mont.**

got her from the depot I felt awfully proud and happy. "Topsy" is nice and gentle and loves to play with all of us children.

Your little friend,

Olga Jaeger,
Chippewa County, Minn.

All About "Prince"

By Bernadine Kunkel, Bottineau Co., North Dakota

I must tell you all about how I got my pony and what good times we have had with him since he came. One day papa told us about the advertisement in "The Farmer" and I at once became interested. That very day I walked through the deep snow to our nearest neighbor, about a mile away, to get the first subscription so as to join the Pony Club. After that I worked hard getting subscribers and sometimes I went a good way from home to get them. When I had got quite a number of subscriptions and was in hopes of getting a prize, my younger sister took sick and I had to give up working. I was very disappointed to think that I couldn't work for the prize. I wrote to the Company and told them the circumstances. In reply they told me my chances were good and I should continue my work. That greatly encouraged me so I worked harder than ever.

You can't imagine how happy I was when I heard that I had won a pony, nor how anxious I was until the pony came. Every evening at train time I would go to the station to see if "Prince" came. Finally he came. He was a little wild at first and I wasn't able to ride him much so I let one of our neighbor boys take him home with him and train him. In a few days he came back with him well broke to ride. Since then

I've ridden every day. Nearly every evening I go to the post office to get the mail. I take him with me to school and picnics and every place I go. Every night I get the cattle from the pasture.

"Prince" is certainly a valuable and useful pony. I couldn't get along without him now. The children at school have good times riding him. The greatest desire is to have a pony like "Prince" and I hope that every boy and girl who works for a pony will get one. "Prince" likes cake and cracker-jack. He will come on the porch and eat from my hand. We can take him in the house. Everyone wants to buy him, but we will not sell him.

I make "Prince" play tricks. He can stand on a box and papa holds him by the front feet and he will stand with my little sister on him. Everybody thinks he is nice. We took him to an ice cream social one night. He likes to eat oats and hay. I have looked carefully at all the pictures in the "Lucky Pony Winners" but I cannot find a pony that looks as nice as "Prince" does.

I advise any boy or girl who wants a nice little pony, to send to the Webb Publishing Company right away. They are so honest and treat all alike. I thank the Webb Publishing Company thousands and thousands of times for "Prince."

"Prince Can Play Tricks"

Harriet J. Wallace, Cass Co., N. Dak., and her pony, "Partner"

My Maryland Pony

By Isabelle Whitcraft, Baltimore Co., Maryland

One day my mamma saw in a paper where the Webb Publishing Company would give away a pony for a little work. She asked me if I would like to have a pony and of course I said

him. He is a cunning little fellow and knows a whole lot. When he is in his pasture and we want to put him in the barn, if he does not want to go he will not let us catch him if he can

Out in the Field with the Threshing Crew

I would, so we all decided to try to win one and finally succeeded. Of course, some people laughed at us while others called it a fake, but now they all think different.

I have received letters from several girls asking about my pony and of course I answer and give them all the encouragement I can. I tell them the Webb Publishing Company is just as honest a firm as can be found and they will do just as they tell you and even more.

I have had my pony "Toots" a little over a year now and I like him just as much now and even better than the first day I received him. I am very proud of the fact that I received the first Maryland pony from the Webb Publishing Company. I will never forget the day he came. My Grandpapa went to Parkton to meet him and they never told me until I saw them coming in the lane. I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when I saw him as I was so glad.

I cannot begin to tell you the fun I have with

help it. It is then hard work for papa to get him but my little three year old brother, Richard, can walk right up to him and catch him, but when "Toots" sees papa coming with the halter, he will pull away and run and then turn around and look at us. Richard can lead him around by the mane, drive him by his tail, walk under him (when mamma is not looking) and sit down in front of him when he is eating and hold him by his ears. My Grandfather says he thinks Shetland ponies know they are made for play things. Papa got us a little work wagon and we are going to help him do lots of work.

Lots of people have asked me what I would take for him and I tell them I would not sell him for a thousand dollars. Maybe I do not know how much money that is, but I do not think it is any more than he is worth. I wish every little boy and girl could have a pony like mine.

Again I wish to thank the Webb Publishing Company for what they have done for me and hope some day I can do something more for them.

"Three year old Brother can Ride Him"

Since "Togo" Came

By Harris Greer, Sharkey Co., Mississippi

The days seem so short since "Togo" came that I have not found time to write a letter to you until today. We have had "Togo" with us almost three months and they have been

"Togo" is a dandy. He is so gentle and kind. Sometimes all three of us ride him at the same time and if we fall off, he won't move a step until we get up. My little brother loves

"Togo" Has Lots of Company

three of the happiest months of my life. He is the dearest, cutest little pony in the world.

The afternoon he came he was so tired, for he had such a long trip. Just think, he was on the train three days and three nights and when I brought him home and turned him on a beautiful green lawn way down here in Mississippi, he ran and ran for the longest time to exercise himself. At first he wouldn't eat a thing but grass. Now he will eat anything good. He enjoyed a nice watermelon every afternoon in the summer.

him dearly and rides whenever he wants to. My friends are all fond of him and he has lots of company. Several of the boys and girls are going to try for a pony and I do hope they will get one, for they will never know how happy they can be until they get a Shetland Pony.

"Togo" and my collie pup are good friends and spend much time together. He walks up the steps on to the front porch and makes himself very much at home.

I want to thank the Webb Publishing Company for one of their lovely little ponies and for many happy days.

"Gypsy" Given to Francis Sample, Greenwood Co., Kansas.

"Bingo" Given to Alfred Boissier, Nassau Co., New York.

"Everyone Says, 'Oh! Look at that cute little Pony' "

"Buster"

By Gifford Tures, Brookings Co., South Dakota

When I first started to get subscriptions to win my pony, it was funny to hear the different people's opinions. One man would say, "Oh, you won't get anything; you are just wasting your time, so I won't take the paper." Others would say, "You must work like everything and show them what a Brookings County boy can do." Several took the paper for five years and nearly all the rest for two years. The first person to help was my school teacher. I sent in my last list of subscriptions the 25th day of May, 1912, and very anxiously waited to hear the winner's name. On the morning of the 28th I received a telephone message that I was the winner of "Buster."

You can't begin to imagine how tickled my two brothers and sister and I were. We danced around as if we were crazy, jumping over chairs and we even upset a big can of floor paint. I went to Elkton (we live six miles from the town) the evening of the 28th and was very much disappointed when he did not arrive. Neither did he come on the 29th, so we left word with the drayman, that when he came he should take him out of his crate and let me know. "Buster" ar-

rived in Elkton the 30th of May at about four o'clock in the morning. The drayman took him home with him and took him right in the bedroom where his little girl was asleep. She always calls him her pony. I went up after him that forenoon and rode him home. We are all in love with "Buster." He is crazy for apples, sugar, salt, and eats ice cream, bananas and bread too.

"Buster" just loves to run races. When I first got him my father thought he could run faster than "Buster" could because he was so small, so we ran a race and I beat him a long way. If a buggy or wagon comes up behind me when I have him hitched he won't let it go by and if an auto goes around us, he runs as fast as he can to try to catch it, but he can't go quite as fast as an automobile.

When I take my pony, "Buster," to town everyone on the street says, "Oh! Look at that cute little pony." They all think it so strange that he hauls such a large load so easily.

I got my pony a year ago today and I am sure I think a great deal more of him now than I did then. Why, I would not take three hundred

"Will You Have Lemonade, 'Buster?'"

How I Got My Pony "Rattler"

By Carl P. Forster, Bristol Co., Mass.

One evening my papa was looking over a farm paper and he called me to his side and asked me if I would like to own a little Shetland pony. I said that I would love to have a pony so I could learn to ride him and do other pleasant things. Papa said that the Webb Publishing Company

Coming Out to Play

was giving away ponies to every boy and girl who joins The Farmer's Wife Pony Club and works earnestly.

I became a member but didn't think I could win a pony, for the contest had already started and I had only six weeks to work in. Then I went right to work getting subscriptions for The Farmer's Wife. My two sisters, father and some friends also helped me get my pony. Many people discouraged me by saying nobody gives ponies away free, they cost too much, but I worked right up to the last minute.

Oh, how impatiently I waited for the next week to hear whether I had won a pony. Every day I ran home from school to ask mamma if I had a letter, but the first of January was my lucky day, when the Webb Publishing Company informed me that I had won a pony named "Rattler." How I jumped and danced for joy. I made mamma's cake fall which she had just put into the oven to bake.

Well, my little pony came about 1,000 miles and was on his way to me the middle of January in that very cold spell we had. I think he would have frozen to death if it hadn't been for his long shaggy hair. Papa went to the railroad station five or six times before he arrived.

He got here on January eleventh on the 10 P. M. train and we could not get him that night but had to wait until the next morning. How cunning he did look! Poor fellow, he was very tired and did nothing but lie down for a whole week. Of course, he did not look so slick with his shaggy hair but after we had cared for him a little while he looked so different. We are not accustomed to horses but he is so tame he will let you do most anything with him. We wash him and Oh! how his hair does shine. I think he is the prettiest pony I ever saw and my friends think so too.

He has learned so many cute tricks since we got him. He likes to follow me and my sisters when we go to the neighbors to play. If we don't take him and he is out in the yard, he lifts up the bars and follows us. He will also come to our back door and beg with his foot for sugar, apples or cake when he has had enough grass. He shakes hands and also shakes his head when we tell him to go in the barn to get his meals and he neighs when he sees us coming to him.

I would not part with my little pony at any price now. We have been offered one hundred and fifty dollars. Another man told us he would be worth three hundred when he is full grown. I shall always be thankful to the Webb Publishing Company for sending me my little pony which I would not have now if I hadn't

The Whole Family

joined the Pony Club. I wish that every boy and girl could have such a pretty pony as mine. They would not regret working for the Webb Publishing Company and be as generously rewarded as I was.

The Best "Sportsman"

By Harold A. Pierce, Waushara Co., Wisconsin

I want to tell you and all inquiring friends how pleased I am with my pony and outfit. When the time came for the pony to come my brother and Papa and I went to the depot to meet him but when the train came in no pony, and we kept this up for two nights. Everybody said

dining room door and want to come in. One day I led him in the dining room and we had just finished breakfast and he walked up to the table and ate the crumbs off baby sister's plate. He is just as gentle as a kitten and very kind to us. He eats apples, candy and anything

"Papa Made Us a Cutter"

my pony would not come, but I knew he would and sure enough on the third night when the train rolled in the express man opened the door to the car. I heard a pony neigh and how tickled I was for there he was in the crate all decorated with ribbons on his tail and mane. Then a little later the saddle, bridle and harness and rest of the outfit came by express.

Then when snow came Papa made a cutter and so you can see us in the picture with "Sportsman," that is my pony's name, hitched up. We ride him and drive him all over and when we turn him out to play he will come to the

you give him. "Sportsman" is so gentle that we can do anything with him and he is a trick pony and can do 21 different tricks. He will tell how old he is by pawing with his foot, lie down and let you get on and then get up, roll over, stand on his hind feet, shake hands, etc., —but I don't want to take up so much room telling you his tricks that I can't tell you of my joy and I am so happy to think that I've got a Shetland Pony all my own.

Anybody that works for the Webb Publishing Company will certainly get paid for their work. When I started to get subscriptions for their

paper everybody told me I would not get enough to get a pony, but I just kept going and now I have got my pony and he is a dandy and I have the Webb Publishing Company to thank for all my generous treatment. I will be glad to correspond with anyone personally in regard to their reliability.

I will close with best wishes to all who try for ponies from the Webb Publishing Co. also to the Webb Publishing Co., who made it possible for me to have a pony.

Alfred Hokenstad, Dane Co., Wisconsin, Driving "Polly"

“Spot” Soon Learned to Do Cute Tricks”

The Right “Spot”

By Ina Zoe Pruett, Richland Co., North Dakota

I had always wanted a pony but I never dreamed of earning one myself until one day I saw an advertisement in a paper, saying I could earn one like so many other little boys and girls had done. After getting mamma's and papa's consent to write and see what work I had to do, I wrote. In a few days a letter came from the Webb Publishing Company, telling what I should do and I started at once to work. People did not seem to think very much of getting a pony in this way and many prophesied that there would be no pony given at all, but I worked on until the last minute.

One day when papa was in town, he got a letter saying I had won “Spot.” Papa knew how anxious I was, so he telephoned to me. Even after this letter came many said it was all a fake and that I would not get it.

One day grandpa, who had come home on the same train with “Spot”, telephoned that my pony had come and that he would help take him from the car. A great many people watched us lead him home. Everyone wanted to see “Spot” as soon as they heard I had won him. All those who saw him thought him very pretty.

“Spot” soon learned to do some very cute tricks. One day while I was petting him he got a hold of my hair ribbon and pulled it off. Before I could get it away from him, he had it all chewed up. Another time while I was at Mr. King's on “Spot” Mrs. King came in from the garden with a head of cabbage in her hand. She came up to pet “Spot.” He did not wait to be asked to have some cabbage, but reached out his head and began to help himself.

We always carry feed in a tin tub to the barn. When “Spot” hears the rattle of the tub he comes running to get something to eat. One day mamma got some kindling in the tub instead of feed and “Spot” followed her nearly all the way to the house, thinking that the kindling was feed.

“Tango,” Given to Erwin E. Wardian, Stearns Co., Minnesota.

I would not take any amount of money for “Spot” and the dear little saddle and bridle that the Webb Publishing Company sent me for so little work.

I wish to thank the Webb Publishing Company for the pony and I will tell all the little boys and girls who want one, how they can earn one as I did.

A Real "Wizard"

By John Kenyon, Fairfax Co., Virginia

My name is John Kenyon, I am six years old and was born in the dear old State of Virginia, county of Fairfax, where I now live with my papa and mamma. My daddy is a farmer, very fond of good stock, especially good horses and I

All Aboard!

naturally take after my dad. From the time I was a little tiny boy just large enough to get my legs across a horse's back I have ridden them in from the fields where they have done their day's work and now that I am really able to ride and am getting to be a big boy I have realized my ambition to own a little horse of my own, just as my daddy did when he was given his first driving horses.

When my mamma told me I might enter the pony contest conducted by The Farmer's Wife, goodness how glad I was, and Oh, how hard I did work amongst all our neighbors and friends and the trips I did take way out in the surrounding country to get subscriptions to The Farmer's Wife. My heart used to throb just so hard when I used to think of the good chance I stood of winning "Wizard" and when my mamma received the letter telling me I had won her I was so excited to think I would have a chum and companion such as "Wizard" has proven to be.

My "Wizard" is surely a dandy pony; she is so bright and alert at all times; in fact mamma thinks she is too alert, for several times she has stolen over to our back porch and drunk the milk which had been put there to cool; and I know my granddaddy, who is in the feed business, has missed a whole lot of feed for when I get on "Wizard" she makes her way to the store and helps herself and when she gets

enough she just naturally walks out. But I know my mamma and granddaddy don't care what "Wizard" takes for they love her as much as I do.

When "Wizard" first came to my house, my dog "Mike," which you see in the picture, was a little bit jealous of her and I don't think "Wizard" liked him very much, but now she has become used to having him around, for everywhere "Wizard" and I go "Mike" goes too, and she seems to miss him if he isn't with us. "Wizard" has many other attractions for me and my daddy and mamma are mighty glad I won her for now I don't have to crowd in the buggy with them when they go out but I ride her and she stays right with our horse, too. All of my little friends are great admirers of my pony and I have let them all ride her around the yard, but of course I would not let them go out on the road with her because she might go too fast and spill them off.

I do lots of errands for mamma and daddy and always ride "Wizard." It certainly would make me feel bad to have anything happen to her and I would have to walk again.

I certainly hope more little boys and girls will work as I did and win ponies from The Farmer's Wife, for they are certainly great to have around. The Farmer's Wife is a great paper, too, it not only gives ponies to little boys and

Look Pleasant, Please

girls but it tells them how to take care of them after winning them and then the manager of the Pony department is so kind, if he ever comes to Washington I hope he will come to see "Wizard" and me, for we don't live very far from there.

My Dear Pony, "Inez"

By Edwin Koberstein, Goodhue Co., Minnesota

One day while looking over a farm paper I saw a page of Shetland Ponies and thought I would try to win one of them, so the next day I sent in the Certificate of Entry. As I was getting subscribers one day, I met a man and I asked him if he wanted to subscribe and he said "yes." Then I told him I was going to try to win a pony and he said, "Oh! that's it." Then he said, "Gitdap! Gitdap!"

ice cream and all good things. She goes on our big porch and is the pet of all the neighbors. In the summer she comes up to the house and begs for something to eat. Last summer my little sister was eating her breakfast and "Inez" came up to her and begged it away from her.

One day I thought I would make a sled, so I took one of papa's old sleds apart and made some shafts and it looked pretty good. I also

"Smallest Express Outfit in the State"

and let me stand there, but it only made me laugh. I thought he was pretty stingy. I met several like that but I didn't care.

When the contest closed I was anxious to hear who had won "Inez." One day I got a letter that I had won "Inez." I jumped way up and my sister asked me if I was getting a little crazy, and I hollered, "Oh! Marie, the pony has come." And my little sister, Pearl said, "Oh! goody goody!" I called up lots of children and in the morning when I came to school I was very happy. I have very much fun with my dear little pony, "Inez."

"Inez" is a beautiful pony, so cute and so smart. She is 40 inches high and weighs about 350 pounds. I love her dearly and for fun, she is the best chum I have. I have a cat and two dogs but none as good as "Inez." She eats

drive her around a lot in a little express wagon on which I put some shafts. This is probably the smallest express outfit in the state. "Inez" always likes to be out. Last summer we used to lead her all around the yard. I hope all

you children who are trying hard to win a pony, will get one. Everybody said, "Oh, you will get a wooden pony or else a rocking horse." My teacher's sister said her little cousin was trying to get a pony too, but he never heard of the Company any more. Then I said, "There aren't very many Companies that are as true as the Webb Publishing Company either." Everybody laughed at me but I didn't care, I let them laugh just as much as they wanted to, and I laugh now. When they saw they couldn't get me discouraged, they took the paper.

Clarence Grover and "Star"
(See Story on Page 7)

John and "Busy" Leading the Firemen's Parade

How I Got "Busy"

By John H. Albrecht, Jr., Camden Co., New Jersey.

Mamma went to town one day to do a little shopping so she sent me with my little brother over to grandma's until she came back. While Brother and I were playing it began to rain so Grandma made us come in the house and play. She gave us a lot of paper to write on and play school with. She also gave us some books and magazines to look at. In looking through the magazines, I found one called *The Farmer's Wife*, and taking it by the name, I looked through it, thinking I might find something that would help papa in his garden work. I did too, but when I looked a little farther, I saw a dear little Shetland Pony. This made me forget everything else, as I have wanted papa to buy me one for such a long time. I showed the pony to Grandma and asked her if I could cut it out, as I was going to ask papa if he would buy me one. Grandma said I could cut it out, so I did.

It did not stop raining all that day so I had to stay at Grandma's until mamma came after me and I was getting restless waiting for her, because I could not wait until I showed it to mamma and papa. At last mamma came and we went home; not long after papa came home from his work. Before he even had time to kiss me, I told him I wanted a pony. He laughed at me at first when I asked him and tried to discourage me, but I still bothered him, till he finally consented to let me write to *The Farmer's Wife* to find out how I could get a Shetland Pony free. Finding out how easy it was to get one,

I joined the Pony Club for luck; not expecting in the least to get a pony, as everybody that I would mention it to said I was only wasting time as *The Webb Publishing Company* could never afford to give me a pony for nothing. Some people would say, "Don't bother with it, John, they will send you one cut out of paper." I began to get discouraged myself a little then, but I wanted a pony and I knew the only way I would get one was to do my best and try to win. As papa said, "Nothing tried, nothing gained" and this proved true with me. I had

"Hauling Hay For Papa."

nothing to lose so started out one day to get subscriptions. I got a few and when papa saw I was in earnest, he started out and mamma, too, to help me. Before long, we were all getting subscribers easy. The time went by so fast that it did not seem

any time till the last day came. Then came the anxious moments. Day after day I would sit at the station watching the freight cars being unloaded to see if I had won my pony, but none came for over a week and I was just about giving up hopes for winning when, one day while I was playing outside, the mail man came along and called to me, "John, here is a letter for you." You should have seen my face brighten up. I was all smiles when I read it. It said, "Dear John, you have won your pony and it will be shipped in a few days." So it did come a couple of days after.

(Continued on Page 107.)

Dear Little "Bonnie"

By Amyle Kafer, Carroll County, Iowa

One evening I was looking through The Farmer's Wife and I saw a picture of a pony all hitched up ready for a drive. I had always wanted a pony so I read it over and over. It told how a boy or girl could win a pony without paying a cent. Oh! how delighted I was to know any little boy could have a pony. I asked papa what he thought of it. He just smiled and said: "Try if you like." So I entered the contest and began to work.

Some of my friends tried to discourage me; they said there is no use trying, it was only a fake; others said to do my best for the contest was perfectly fair and all right.

give it up. Wednesday was a beautiful day, the sun seemed so bright and all the birds seemed so happy. I did not care to go to the depot. I was so down-hearted I began to think it was a fake. But my playmates said: "We won't give up, I know she will sure come today." We strolled down the back way so the men and boys up on the streets would not see us. It was just time when we reached the depot for the west-bound train. The train pulled in and the car door was opened and in it was a pony crate with a little black Shetland pony. I rushed to the car and on the crate was my name. How my heart beat with joy! I can not tell how, but I

"Bonnie" Taking Amyle and His Friends Hunting

Soon came the close of the contest and I mailed my last subscriptions that night. Finally Sunday morning came and the postmaster received the news that I had won. But, Oh dear, the Webb Publishing Company thought me a girl as the notice to the postmaster stated a little girl by the name of Amyle Kafer had won a pony by the name of "Bonnie." And how disappointed I was; I laughed and I cried to think I was not the one to win one of those beautiful ponies. After I had read the notice over several times I began to think it was only a mistake and that they had taken me for a girl. It was the best news that ever came to me. I cannot tell how glad I was that I would receive a dandy Shetland Pony.

How delighted I was to know I would have my pony Christmas day for Grandma always has a turkey Christmas and all the grandchildren would be there and I could show off my pony in great style. But Christmas came and no pony and the next day, the next and next, I met every train, I could not

was in the express car before the express man could unloosen her. She was so nice and tame and we uncrate her at once. I mounted her and rode up through Main Street calling to everyone I saw, "Here is my pony, I knew she would come."

I used to live in town. On our place, we had an awful large barn. I tell you it wasn't much fun to help keep it clean until "Bonnie" came. But she made things different. I throw down enough hay for the other horses and I feed them too. I did not know what to do with myself at vacation. I used to be so lonesome but when

"Bonnie" came there was plenty of boys around to help me ride her. Sometimes we play circus and then she is the race horse, we would ride around the house and barn and play that was our race track. Sometimes I would try to ride standing up on her back, but that didn't work very often because I would slip to the ground. It didn't hurt much though as I did not have far to fall,

Starting for the Parade

I just jumped. The boys all like me better since I got "Bonnie." They let me play with their toys now and I think I like the other boys better, too. I used to go after the milk in the evenings with my brother on ahead of me, or if I wanted to I could ride over to my grandfather's farm and get a big dinner and "Bonnie" would get a big dinner too.

I am only nine years old and I started to school when I was five years old. It is one and a half miles from my home to school and how tired I would get. But now I do not mind that as I have my Shetland Pony to ride. This little pony is about 43 inches high, so that although I am not very tall I can get on her back quite easily. At school I tie "Bonnie" to a tree so that she can eat grass.

At recess the children like to play with "Bonnie." At noon I ride her home to dinner and then back to school. If the children have candy or cookies they have to be careful or the pony will get them. She will, sometimes, go by herself on Saturdays. She is not much like us boys, we like to stay out. I could not part with my pony for she is the

treasure of my heart and I just love her with all my heart. Anyone could not help liking her she is so pretty and shiny black.

She will follow us boys wherever we go. She loves to be in the orchard and eat apples. I haul the cans of buttermilk from the house to the pigs and I haul the corn to the horses. I and "Bonnie" have plenty to do now and I like the farm better than town. There wouldn't have been any fun in anything if it hadn't been for "Bonnie." She did it all. She made me like town better when I lived there, now she makes me like the farm best.

Just as soon as I wake up in the morning I think of "Bonnie" and the good time I am going to have with her that day and then when I go to bed at night I go to sleep thinking about what fun all us boys had with her going hunting or riding races or all the things we did.

If only lots of other boys and girls could have a pony like "Bonnie" I am sure they would be very happy for a pony is the best chum ever. And I also want to say that the Webb Publishing Company used me fine and did everything just as they said they would.

"Bonnie" and Her Chums

All Ready for the Bareback Ride

"King" given to Victor J. Breitbach, Dubuque Co., Ia.

"Papa Made a Little Portable Yard"

How We Won "Cinders" and What We Do With Him

By Elsie and Ralph Brown, Worcester Co., Mass.

We joined The Farmer's Wife Pony Club with the idea of winning if it was in us to do so. The paper sold very well but we found quite a few people that wanted to take it that did not have the money, so we took their order and told them we would call for the money later. Of course, that was extra work but we did not mind, for we finally won "Cinders" and he is just a dandy. He is sorrel and white and the prettiest one we have ever seen.

Papa made a portable yard for "Cinders" that is sixteen feet square and put together with hinges so it will fold up when not in use. I put him in out in the field and we move it around from place to place so he has nice green grass all the time and we know right where he is.

One morning we were a little late in starting for school and papa did not say anything to us but went out to the barn and harnessed up our pony to a little buggy that he had just made over and when we came out we were surprised to see "Cinders" all ready at the door. Papa said, "Come on and I will take you to school." Ralph and I got in and the pony was off like a shot for school. When we got down on to Main St. the children were just going to school and it was funny to see about fifty children running along behind us, but "Cinders" did not mind it a bit, if anything it made him go faster. When we reached the school house we were surrounded by all the boys and girls in the school, teachers and all, and they all wanted to pat the pony. He shook hands with

everyone that could reach him and they were just crazy about him.

I know you would laugh if you could see my brother playing cowboy. He fastens a rope around the cow's horns and plays he has roped a steer.

"Cinders" comes right up the steps and in the house and there isn't anything too good for him. We have taught him to jump over a hurdle and he does it awful cute—jumps over and turns around and jumps back. One day papa put Ralph on the pony's back and told him to jump over. He went all right but when he landed on the other side Ralph was under his feet. "Cinders" never moved a foot until Ralph crawled out laughing.

My papa works nights and when he comes home about 12 o'clock he goes out to see "Cinders" and he seems to be waiting for him. He always brings him home something to eat, candy or something sweet. Papa has taught "Cinders" to follow him around. Sometimes he will start down the street on the run and the pony after him. Just as he gets almost up to him, papa turns around and runs the other way and it is so cute to see "Cinders" turn after him.

We live near quite a large town where they have street cars and one day I was riding "Cinders" along the street when one of the street car conductors said, "Don't you want a ride,?" and I said "Yes, if you will take the pony, too."

(Continued on Page 129.)

Playing Cowboy

"Tatters"

By Gordon Kniffin, St. Louis Co., Minnesota

Now I am going to tell you all what fine times I have with my dear little pony "Tatters." I won him last May. When I told my friends that I was going to try to get a pony by getting subscribers for The Farmer they laughed at me

and the first thing they went to was my pony. I could have sold him every place we stopped but I would tell them that he wasn't for sale.

We're Off!

but I knew the Webb Publishing Company did just as they said they would so I just let them laugh and I worked all the harder.

We lived at Foreston, Minnesota when I won my pony and the 4th of August we started to drive through to where we are now at Bear River, Minn. It was nearly three hundred miles the way we came. Papa got me a little cart and harness for my pony so that I could drive him myself on the road here and I just wish you could have seen him. He would haul when we would come to big hills and bad roads and he was just as fat as he could be all the way and some days we would go 30 or 35 miles in one day and he wouldn't be as tired as the big horses were. And when we would go through a town there would be a dozen or more boys and girls that would follow us way out of town and they would all have to know where I got such a nice little pony. When we would camp at night we would camp near some town or farm house so that we could get water and there would be so many that would come down to our

He can do a few tricks. He will shake hands and kiss me or will lie down and get up again with me on his back and will come to me when I call him, and if the door is open he will come right in the house and look all over for sugar. He likes apples, candy and bread. Oh! I think he is just the dearest playmate that there is, so good and kind. I like to put my little saddle on him and go for a ride. He will run so fast when I tell him to and he don't throw me off. You would laugh if you could see him when my little brother goes for a ride. He will trot slow and easy so brother won't fall off as he is only four years old. We both ride some times but "Tatters" likes to take us one at a time the best. Guess he is afraid to hurt some of us when there is more than one on his back.

"We Drove Nearly 300 Miles"

Well now, I think my letter is long enough, still I could talk about my pony for a week yet. I think he is so nice and I think the Webb Publishing Company are so good to give away such dear little playmates, as I am sure I would never have got a pony if it hadn't been for them so I thank them very much.

"All Decorated for the Memorial Day Parade"

My Speed Pony, "Dapple"

By Ernest L. Heckert, York Co., Pennsylvania

"Dapple" in coming way over 1,000 miles to his new home, traveled farther than most of the other prize ponies given by the Webb Publishing Company. He came East to within a few miles of the great Atlantic Ocean, and now lives in southeastern Pennsylvania, that land of fine farms and fancy horses and even here he is considered a winner. He, and two others, out of more than 100 ponies given by the Webb Publishing Company have come to this great state.

A wide state road connects our country place with quite a large town. Along this road "Dapple" and I speed with my little friends. The horsemen in this neighborhood know "Dapple" well and like him particularly for his fine trotting action. We believe him to be the fastest as well as the prettiest pony in this section. He is a fine silky chestnut, rather dark with faint dapples showing through—a beautiful mane and tail reaching to the ground—a fine head and a proud arched neck. "Dapple" likes me to talk to him, softly, with my head against his and he answers me with his nose. You never saw an animal that likes to have his face and head washed and rubbed as much as "Dapple" does.

"Dapple" likes anything good to eat and is especially fond of cracked corn, oats and bran mixed. We have a dandy big yard and he keeps it "mowed" down pretty evenly. I set

a pail of water on the grass for "Dapple" to drink and when he is through drinking he always tips it over with his little velvety nose. I always saddle and bridle him in the yard and he likes to slide down a little terrace that is out front. It is very amusing to see him slide down six feet upon his haunches.

"Dapple" and I have started quite an express business between "Elmwood," our suburb and the town. Next winter I am going to get a nice little cutter for him to pull over the snow.

I am going to show him at the Horse Fair and have him in the races at the great York

County Fair this fall, and "Dapple" will win I am sure. He walks so proudly, just as though he measures each step with his cunning little foreleg.

You will notice "Dapple" and his dandy cart decorated for the Memorial Day parade held in our city the very next month after I won him. He acted splendidly, as though he came from a

family of acting horses and I had him but a few weeks. "Dapple" will be in the Fourth of July parade too.

The first week that "Dapple" came East to me, I hitched him up and the very first time I drove him a man was out learning to ride a motorcycle. I was afraid because the headlight shone almost like a locomotive light and the man sounded his horn so often. But my father drove "Dapple" right up to it and then

Feeding Dapple Grass

passed it a dozen times. He is not afraid of automobiles or steam cars.

Besides being a speedy little pony, "Dapple" is very intelligent and can repeat things after he is shown two or three times. At first he didn't like apples. But the second week he learned to eat them. I hold an apple in my hand and "Dapple" bites it off just like a little boy. He was scarcely more than a stranger here until he walked into the kitchen and picked them off the table.

Listen to the contest. It was more than half over when I started. I had never heard of the Webb Publishing Company until my uncle [my father's little brother] received a rifle for selling a magazine. In that magazine was "Dapple's" picture advertised and "Dapple" asking, "Do You Want Me?" I did, and started getting subscriptions. At first it was hard work but after you know "The Farmer's Wife" and its Publishing House, you become enthusiastic. Twice I got a good many subscriptions in one day, but some days I got only a few. You must show people that you are sincere, that it is really worth while—that you are in it to win and they will help you. To prove this I got the latter half of my total sub-

scriptions in far less time and with half the effort that it took for the former half.

Don't get discouraged. If you want a pony like I did, you must want it hard enough to win, and to win the first prize in the Webb Publishing Company Contests (the pony, cart, bridle, saddle, harness and expressage to your home) you must stand first and there is but one first. You must beat the other boys and girls and they are working just like you. When ladies say, "It's no use, they'll give no pony," just show them a copy of "Lucky Pony Winners." It will convince them that real live ponies are given

away, and that you are going to win this one providing she and others give you a subscription to *The Farmer's Wife*. Tell them what a fine magazine it is. Why, since the contest in which I won "Dapple," many subscribers have come to me saying, "Do you know that 'The Farmer's Wife' is the best little home magazine I take. Why, many of its articles are worth 50 cents alone."

No matter who you are nor where you live, rich or poor—just want the pony and sell *The Farmer's Wife*. Three months ago the Webb Publishing Company never heard of me—now I am their little friend,

Ernest L. Heckert.

Off for a Pony-back Ride

"BEPPO"

Given to Larue C. Wertman
Carbon Co., Pennsylvania

"ZIP"

Given to Ella L. Fullam
Randolph Co., Vermont

Our Ray of "Sunshine"

By Eva and Darold Huddleston, Beadle Co., South Dakota

I wish I could tell every little boy and girl about our pony "Sunshine" and how happy my brother and I were the day he came. When we started out to get subscribers to win a pony, people would tell us we were foolish and the

not go in the country until we went down to the church where my grandma and grandpa were and called them out of the church and told them about it, and they were just about as excited as we were. By Monday morning

Riding Tandem

Webb Publishing Company never gave away real live ponies, and then I would go home and cry, for my brother and I both wanted a pony so bad. But we kept right on trying our very best.

Then the contest finally closed and all we could think of or talk about was our pony, wondering if we would sure win one. Several days had passed by and we had not heard a word and we all began to think there was nothing to it. Then Sunday morning came and we were all going in the country to spend the day. So after we got in the auto to go we children asked Papa if he would drive down past the post office to see if we had heard anything. So we did, and sure enough there was a letter from the Webb Publishing Co. and Papa came back out to the car and handed it to me. Oh my! I was so nervous I could not open it, so Mama had to open it and read it to us and it read something like this, "We know you will be glad to hear you have won 'Sunshine' and his outfit, which will be shipped you at once." Oh! dear, can you imagine how we acted? We just laughed and cried both. Then Darold and I just would

everybody in Wessington knew that we had won "Sunshine."

Then several days passed by and our pony had not yet come and nearly everybody was saying we would not get a pony, and I just about made up my mind the same way till one morning when the 10:30 train came in, there was "Sunshine." They brought him down to the house in the dray. Our house is just across the street from the schoolhouse and we were at school, but we did not stay there long after we saw the pony. Neither did the rest of the children. Our yard was full in five minutes after "Sunshine" was uncrated. There was no more school for us the rest of that day. We were so happy we did not know what to do. We could hardly stay away from him long enough to eat our meals.

It was several more days before the buggy came. We were so well pleased with the buggy and so was "Sunshine." He would just trot along so proud, just as though he knew he was won in a contest.

I wish I could tell you of all the good times we have had with "Sunshine," but it would take a whole magazine to do it, but I am

Three of a Kind—All Happy

going to tell you one of the best times we have had. My brother and another little boy, seven years old and I drove to my Uncle's who lives eight miles from town. This was quite a ways so we started early in the morning before it got so warm. We did not know much about ponies so did not know just what they could stand. So I made the boys get out and walk up every hill and we stopped at two or three houses on the way down and back too, and watered him. We stopped at the alfalfa fields and picked alfalfa and fed him several times. While he ate alfalfa we picked flowers and decorated his harness all up till he just looked too cute for anything. Now, I am not going to tell you how long it took us to go down or come back, for we took our time at it and mama and papa have laughed at us so much about it, but "Sunshine" had just as much fun out of it as we did.

Now, I will tell you what "Sunshine" likes to eat. He will eat any kind of fruit. We will put

a big dish of fruit on the table out on the screened porch, such as apples, grapes, peaches and plums and you just ought to see him eat them. He is just crazy about them. He does lots of cute tricks but I just can't tell you all of them, but I want to say we would not take \$500.00 for him.

Now, I want to tell you a little about ourselves and the Webb Publishing Company, then I will quit. I am a little girl ten years old. I have just one brother seven years old. We both worked together very hard for "Sunshine," so you see "Sunshine" is just as much Darold's as he is mine.

I want to tell all the boys and girls that I feel well paid for all the work that I did in the contest and the Webb Publishing Company will do for you just what they say and they certainly give away nice ponies. Don't be afraid to try in their contests.

"Freckles"

Dear Pony Club:—

"Freckle's" reached us the 10th, and I think he is the dearest little pony I ever saw. My little brother and I are the happiest children on earth. We put him in our orchard, and we can go in any time and catch him. Yesterday we played around him all day.

He is so gentle, we wonder how old he is. My brother is six years old and I am eight. One of us sits on him and the other leads him, that's the way we take rides.

Mamma will take our picture soon then we will send it to you.

Your very happy friend,
Dorothy Biebighauser, Washington Co., Minn.

"Woody"

Dear Pony Club:—

My pony "Woody" arrived in Ray, Saturday Eve, and my folks went for him Sunday.

They had a regular show in Ray Saturday and Sunday. They took "Woody" all over town even in the stores, and Sunday there were over fifty children in the barn to look at "Woody."

"Woody" will let all my younger brothers and sisters ride horse back on him, but, he will not let me ride him. He will push me off as soon as I get on. He probably thinks I'm too heavy for him.

"Woody" and I will have our picture taken later on, and we will send it to you.

I'll send my heartiest thanks for "Woody," I know we will have lots of fun together.

Respectfully,
Julia Hill, Williams Co., N. D

Off For Our Morning Exercise

Little Friend "Flip"

By Imogene Schwartz, Montgomery Co., Maryland

I always thought it would be nice to own a little pony so I was very much interested when a paper came to our house called *The Farmer's Wife* with pictures of a lot of little ponies in it. I wrote to the Webb Publishing Company and they told me how to win a pony named "Peaches." I tried but did not win, so the Pony Editor wrote to me and told me how I could win a special pony called "Flip." A little while later I received a letter from *The Farmer's Wife* saying that my darling little pony "Flip" was on his way to me. You may be sure I felt proud and happy to know that I was to have a Shetland pony for my very own.

When "Flip" came I was at school. He came in the morning about ten o'clock. When I came home he was out in the lawn eating grass. I went up to him and put my arms around his neck and Oh! how I did hug him. I was so

glad that I had won him. He was so tired and sleepy from being on the train so long but I gave him a good supper and made him a nice little straw bed.

I live on a dairy farm two and a half miles from town. "Flip" is just about two years old and I am having lots of fun breaking him to drive. Some of the people would say when I was trying to get him that I could not win a pony that way, but I did not listen to them. They were very much surprised when I got him. Lots of people have been to see him since he came to live with me and they all think him very lovely. He is always at the gate of the lot bright and early in the morning for a nice big slice of bread before his breakfast. Sometimes he will take too large a bite and drop it in the dirt and he doesn't stop to pick it up; he wants more out of my hand. He just loves

"Comes Right in the House"

sugar, peanuts, candy and everything good. Love or money could not buy him.

When I first began to break him some of my friends were here to see him. He would jump all around so cute and make everyone laugh. One day when he had his harness on, my cousin was driving him around just with the lines and they were running fast, when all at once "Flip" stopped and my cousin almost fell heels over head over him. He is just too cute for anything. I will always love the Webb Publishing Company and do anything I can for them for sending me such a dear little pony. He is getting cuter every day. I wish every little boy and girl

had a little pony like "Flip." He will run races with me. He is in the lot and I get on the outside of the fence and race to the other end of the lot and back again. Of course, "Flip" always wins the race.

Ready to Start

He looks so sweet all dressed up in his tan harness. Soon after I got him my uncle clipped him. He is coal black and snow white spotted. The Webb Publishing Company gave me a dandy little saddle and bridle with him, too. I can't begin to thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for sending me darling little "Flip" and I will always be their true and loving friend.

What "Snap" Means to Me

(Continued from Page 16.)

the outdoor exercise with "Snap" will improve my health and make me stronger.

"Snap" loves oats, corn, apples and he also likes candy and sugar. He often comes to the door—comes right up on the back porch and looks through the screen door, teasing for something good to eat and I never refuse giving him something.

While I was working trying to get subscribers for The Farmer's Wife a great many people tried to discourage me. They said no one in Michigan ever won a pony, it was always the children in Minnesota that got the ponies. I told them the Webb Publishing Company sent

them to the children who worked hard for them, no matter what state it happened to be.

And when "Snap" finally arrived they were very much surprised and made up their minds that some of the ponies really did come to Michigan. They were all very glad they gave me me their subscriptions for The Farmer's Wife as they like the paper very much.

I love my dear little pony "Snap" and "Snap" loves me better than anyone else and I am very grateful to the Webb Publishing Company for sending me such a beautiful playmate and hope they will make lots of other children as happy.

"Rustler"

(Continued from Page 74.)

strong, being afflicted with throat trouble. Our doctor told papa to move to the country, so he decided to take us all and "Rustler" and move to the country for the summer. When we go in town my friends tell me that it is hard to tell which has helped me the most, the country or "Rustler," because I have grown so much stronger through living out of doors with "Rustler."

Since I have had the joy of owning a pony I would love to see every boy and girl win one and would be glad to write any boy or girl who writes me for information.

Some day I would take great pleasure in meeting the Pony Editor who makes it possible for girls to win ponies of their own. I would thank him a thousand times for helping me.

My New Year's Present

By Arnold Anderson, Kandiyohi Co., Minn.

I received "Pedro" on New Year's day and I want to write and tell you of the good times I have had with him.

When my folks heard "Pedro" had come to town, papa at once hitched up a team for the wagon and went in to meet him in spite of the bad snow storm we had on that day. I could not understand why papa drove in to town in such weather and they would not tell me either, so when I came down in the barn that night,

get back in a short time. How nice not to have to walk!

"Pedro" seems to understand everything I say. Whenever I call him he runs right up to me and he will lie down if I tell him and shake hands whenever I reach him my hand. When I get down in the barn in the mornings and say "Good Morning, Pedro," he whinnies as if to answer me, "Good morning, Arnold."

"Pedro" is very fond of apples and we have

A Happy Family

oh! I jumped with joy. There stood my darling pony in the barn.

"Pedro" is the cutest little Shetland Pony I ever saw and all my friends say so too. I feel as if I were the happiest boy in the country just on account of "Pedro."

I have a little sister seven years old and I think she likes the pony just as much as I do. We often go horse back riding and oh how nice "Pedro" trots. He seems to go faster than any of our large horses. Once a man on horseback with a fast trotting horse came over here and wanted me to race with him, so I at once saddled up "Pedro" and was ready, and am only too glad to tell you that I easily won the race.

Last summer papa got me a bicycle, but have made very little use of it since "Pedro" came. I drive home the cows with "Pedro" and whenever mamma asks me to go on an errand, I just throw the saddle on "Pedro" and off I go and

a big orchard of apples so "Pedro" is going to have all he can eat. I tried to feed him sugar but he just shook his head and spit it out as if to say, "That's too sweet for me." "Pedro" is 44 inches high and weighs 300 pounds.

When I said I was going to win a pony, some of my friends told me it was all a fake and that I wouldn't get anything but I knew that the Webb Publishing Company gave away ponies and I thought I could just as well get a pony as any other boy or girl if I only tried.

There are a good many friends who want to buy "Pedro," but I would not sell him for any price, as I could not live without him. "Pedro" just loves music and whenever my sisters play the piano he feels so contented.

I think every boy and girl should have a pony as it brings happiness to every family and makes them stronger by staying out of doors so much. Many thanks to Webb Publishing Company for my pony "Pedro" and his dandy riding outfit.

Happy Days with "Nibs"

By Ralph Bergman, Erie Co., New York

One day not so very long ago there came to our house a farm paper on the back page of which there were a lot of cute little Shetland ponies, with boys and girls riding on them. The paper said all these ponies had been given

A Regular Racing Cart

away to boys and girls and now another pony and outfit was to be given away.

Oh, how I wished I could win that pony and outfit, so the next day I wrote to the Webb Publishing Company at St. Paul, Minn., to find out what to do to get one of these fine little pets.

It was only a few days before I sent in my first list of subscriptions, which made me very happy. After I got all the subscriptions I could around home, we went out with a horse and buggy and got a good number this way.

When I was getting subscriptions some people would say "Oh, you won't get any pony anyway." But they have found out different. Oh my! How surprised those people were when they heard I had won a pony.

It was soon time to send in my last list of subscriptions and then how hard it was to wait until the contest closed. But just a week from the day I sent in my last list of subscriptions I received my reply telling me I had won fourth

prize, and so I got "Nibs" a few days later. My mother called up the station and asked if "Nibs" was there, and the station agent said "No" but that he would come on the next train, so we hurried to the station and what a crowd was there, all waiting to see my pony. The train came, in a few minutes, and there in the express car was the cutest little brown pony I have ever seen. Oh! how glad I was that "Nibs" had come. We loaded him in the wagon and he was soon at his new home, which I think he likes very much.

I have had a lot more company since "Nibs" came as my friends come to see me quite often. "Nibs" likes sweet apples better than anything I know of, and he will take one right out of your hand if he gets a chance.

My friends were very glad when they heard I had won a pony and lots of my subscribers tell me that "The Farmer's Wife" is the finest

"Nibs" Goes Everywhere

farm paper they take. I would like to say before I close my story, that any boy or girl need not be afraid to try and win a pony in one of these contests because the Webb Publishing Company did just as they agreed to do, and I thank them very much for sending me my dear little "Nibs."

My Pet "Jewel"

By Arthur Marode, Douglas Co., Nebraska

One day as I was looking at a paper I saw an advertisement how to win a little Shetland Pony. So I wrote to the Webb Publishing Company and asked them all about it. I soon had a letter from them telling me I had to get subscribers. When I first started out getting

Xmas as well as I did mine. This was the happiest Xmas I had ever had.

I have such good times with "Jewel." I go to picnics, parties and take my little brother and sisters out riding. My friends think just as much of him as I do, in fact everybody in

"We Are Perfectly Safe With 'Jewel'"

subscribers everyone said it was humbug and that I would never win a pony, nothing but a wooden horse. Someone said I would get a stuffed pony and an express wagon while others said I would only get a piece of his tail. But I was so anxious and kept right at it, the more subscribers I got the more interested I got in the contest. When I sent in my last subscriptions I could hardly wait to see if I would be one of the Lucky Pony Winners.

A few days before Xmas I got a telephone call telling me my little pony was at the depot. I did not happen to be at the depot when "Jewel" arrived. But when I reached the depot I found it crowded with children and grown people. They had "Jewel" taken out of the crate and when I rode him to the house a crowd of people followed me like a parade. I certainly felt proud of him. On Xmas eve we went to church and when we came home Santa Claus was here, the Xmas tree was all lit up and we got all our presents. Then I brought "Jewel" in the house too because he was the best present I could wish for. He looked so happy. We treated him on candy, apples and cake and he seemed to enjoy his

town thinks he is just as dear as he can be. He is not scared of anything: he will hold his nose right up to an automobile if you wish him to and mamma is not afraid to let us go any place with him for she knows we are perfectly safe with "Jewel." I tell you "Jewel" can go some for one day papa and I took a trip in the country about four miles and on the way coming home papa said let's run a race. Papa has a fine bay team, six and seven years old, so we started out. Papa made his team go as fast as they could and "Jewel" was right behind them. When we got about two blocks from town I gave "Jewel" a tap with the rein and we passed him and beat him home. Papa said he could not see his legs move he went so fast.

"Jewel" likes apples, candy, cake, cookies and in fact anything children like, especially sweet things. He also can do tricks; shake hands, put his front feet on chairs and shake his head for yes or no.

I would not sell my pony for any price. I wish every boy or girl could win such a fine pony and outfit as mine which the Webb Publishing Company gave me and for which I thank them many times.

My "Beauty" Pony

By Bertram Eldridge, Stark County, Illinois.

I am so sorry I cannot send some more pictures of "Beauty" but we could not get pictures taken. We live quite a ways from town and could not find any one to come out, so had to give it up and now "Beauty" is away from home. Papa put her in pasture 27 miles away for a few weeks. She has a dear little baby pony, spotted black and white, three weeks old. It is so cute. I would like to have had both their pictures to send to you.

I want to tell you about the time I went camping with "Beauty."

One day papa decided that we would all camp out at Lake Senatchurne, for a couple of days; he said that if we went I could drive "Beauty."

The day before we started we packed all the things we needed and laid out our clothes. We got up at four o'clock in the morning, and I started a little ahead of the rest, because I thought the other two horses could go faster than "Beauty."

I started at seven o'clock in the morning and drove the twenty miles in four hours. We ate our dinner and got settled down by three o'clock.

Papa and I went in a boat and put out a trout line. We didn't catch any fish in time for our supper. The next morning mamma and I went down to Sandy Beach to fish. I caught the only two fish caught by hand, a catfish and a sunfish. When we got back, we went to our trout line. By the moving of the trout line papa knew that we had a big fish. When we got it in the boat, we found that it was a black bass. It was the largest black bass ever caught in that lake. It weighed six and one-fourth pounds.

In the afternoon I started home. I started at four o'clock—it was eight o'clock when I got home. One mile and a half from our place I met an engine. I was coming down a hill when suddenly "Beauty" turned out of the road into the ditch. I looked to see why she turned out and saw the engine in the road. If she hadn't turned out I would have been run over, for I couldn't see the engine because it was so dark. Mamma and papa never caught up with me until I was turning into the lane leading to the house. It was the best time I ever had, and I have had hundreds of good times since the Webb Publishing Company sent me "Beauty."

Black "Fritzie"

Dear Pony Editor:—

Enclosed I send you picture of Marie and Margie Parker and their pony "Fritzie." The first picture I got was not good so had to send again and have them come and take another one.

I suppose these are the first pair of twins that have won one of your ponies. They are six years old. Their

"Fritzie" Given to Marie and Margie Parker, Knox County, Ill.

The Twins' Pony

mother was my sister and died when they were three days old and I took them and raised them. They are proud of the pony—he is so gentle and kind. They get four or five letters every day asking about "Fritzie," etc.

Yours truly,

JOHN COLE, M. D.

My Dream "Reno"

By Pearl and Ella Peterson, Grand Forks Co., North Dakota

Some time ago we received letters from the Webb Publishing Company telling us of the splendid opportunity of gaining one of their

"My Turn Next"

ponies. For a long time it had been my dream unrealized but now the time was at hand, and the next day the mailman carried the letter to the post office.

I am eight years old and my sister Ella, who is eleven years old, helped me get subscribers.

We were discouraged on hearing that we had not won one of the ponies in the contest. But that was soon over; the Webb Publishing Company, being so kind and generous, gave us an extra chance and then we got "Reno." "Reno" was a favorite name so we named him that although his first name was "Merry."

Late in the evening of July 15th, we received a message telling us of his arrival. It was a stormy evening and they had taken him to the livery barn, and during that time until he arrived a number of children had begun to make friends with him. We started for town at 7 o'clock the next morning and as we live six miles away, the way seemed twice as long. When we got there we heard some other boys and girls cry because "Reno" was going to leave, and some said, "How much will you take for him." Others, "Can't I buy him?" Surely he is the cutest animal and best chum known.

He is only about two years old so we do not ride him much, although we got a beautiful saddle and bridle free. Whenever we call his name he comes running to us, always looking for some bread and butter, a few plums or an apple. He just loves milk and crackers. Often he comes up on our back porch and one day my

big sister had a piece of cake in her hand which he wanted. She jumped into the woodshed for fun and closed the door, but "Reno" was not baffled by that. He cocked his little ears and walked smartly up to the door knob and opened it with his teeth, and received an apple as a reward. "Shepherd," our dog, and "Reno" are great friends. Sometimes he takes long strolls around the farm, eating grass accompanied by "Shepherd". What I think he is fondest of is a sugar lump and ground oats.

I think "Reno" must be a little lonesome when we are at school because he is so glad when we get back. He rubs his nose against our sleeves and follows us wherever we go. It is good for little girls to own a pony, keeping them interested and in the fresh air.

He always uses his front feet in kicking over pails and buckets after drinking milk. "Reno" knows how to take our hats off and also spit out the stones when eating plums.

I would not part with "Reno" for anything for I love him too well and would miss him just awful. We curry his mane every day so that it will grow thick and long and he likes it, too.

One day while we had the threshers, we took him along to the machine to see if he was scared, but of course he wasn't. He only stared a little and looked up to us in the grain box and whinnied to us as if to say "Take good care of me." He is not at all afraid of autos or motorcycles.

"The Cutest and Best Chum"

Enough praise cannot be given to the Webb Publishing Company for giving out such dear little ponies, making so many little children happy, and I am sure that they will reap their reward some day.

"Sonny" Holding a Reception for All His Little Friends

The Story of "Sonny"

By Elmer Hoth, Allamakee County, Iowa

I am a little boy ten years old, four feet and eleven inches tall. I weigh 87 pounds and have light hair and blue eyes. But what I want to tell you about is my pony "Sonny" which the Webb Publishing Company gave me. "Sonny" is the finest pony in these parts and he and his outfit are better than five hundred dollars to me.

I went to the depot to meet my pony the day he came. I could hear him whinnying but I could not see him. Then I went to the other side of the car and I saw him in a little crate on the express wagon ready to go to the express office. I took him out of the crate and the people laughed at me and told me he was a little sheep lamb, he was so woolly looking in his winter coat. Papa told me to give him some water but he couldn't reach the fountain that big horses used. I told them that was all right and I told them if they were such a little pony as that they couldn't reach the fountain either. And then I brought him home and my uncle told me he was a dear little plaything. The next time I went to town he looked so well they all wanted to buy him. I told them no money would buy him. He is the smallest and cutest pony around here. He gained 45 pounds the first four months after I got him.

One day I drove "Sonny" to a picnic and my brother went with me and when we got there a lot of people came around and admired him. We unhitched him and tied him up and then some boys and girls crawled through in under him and the boys gave him some water and picked grass for the pony. Some of the boys and girls said to me that they had more picnic with the pony than with anything else. Then

big black cloud came up and the people got excited and thought they had better start home. Papa told me I had better start too or I would get my buggy muddy, but "Sonny" kept up with the other teams all the way back to the farm.

"Sonny" goes as fast as he can when we go after the cows nights. We are such good little friends and he never runs away or kicks me. He is always around the house or barn. "Sonny" is always around when meal time comes. Sometimes when I am riding him he turns around short and I fall off and "Sonny" stands and looks at me and laughs because it is a good joke. "Sonny" and I run races horseback with the other boys. Almost every time he and I beat.

As I don't always like to use my nice buggy I made a little roller cart and I can have lots of fun with it. First I took an old vinegar barrel and nailed some cleats on both ends, then to these I fastened a block with a bolt which takes the place of an axle. The shafts and seat fit over this bolt, and are held in place by a nut. I also had to fasten the seat to the shafts so that it would not fall over backwards. Then I made some places on the shafts to put my feet on just like the real jockeys have on their racing rigs. When it was all finished I had a fine roller cart as you can see by the picture. Quite often I invite my little boy and girl friends from the farms near my home to come and play with "Sonny" and me, and we have the best times. We all take turns riding on the cart and my little friends enjoy it as much as I do.

I am never going to sell "Sonny" and he is so good that he makes me feel happy all the time.

How I Got "Busy"

(Continued from Page 90.)

"Busy" was very tired when he arrived as he had a very long journey. He could hardly wait until the man knocked the crate apart, as he was so anxious to be free again. As soon as "Busy's" train arrived at the station, the children began running from all directions, grown folks, too. Everybody was anxious to see "Busy" as they could not believe that the Webb Publishing Company did give away real live ponies. When they saw "Busy" they could not praise him enough, and "Busy" felt very proud because they were praising him and passing such nice compliments on him.

"Busy" is very well satisfied with his new home and we do everything we can to make him stay happy and to make him comfortable. Papa had a very nice stable built for "Busy" and he enjoys his bed very much after eating in the fields all day. I have had a good many saddle back rides with "Busy" and he is as gentle as a little lamb. We have a governess cart so we take "Busy" out often and he looks just too cute for anything in his new set of harness and walks very proud. I just wish you could see him, how fine he looks and how he makes his ears stick up straight when he hears the folks complimenting him as we drive all along the road. "Busy" does not seem to have gotten any larger since we have had him, but he has gotten much fatter. "Busy" gets up every morning with papa as he knows it is time for his raw egg and oats. After he gets through his breakfast, we drive papa to the train and in the evening we go after him. "Busy" knows the time as well as I do, for when it is time he is standing right in the carriage shed waiting to be hitched up.

"Busy" can do all kinds of tricks. He can tell his own age; play that he is dead; stand with

his front feet on a chair, and several other things. "Busy" was in the Fireman's Parade on the Fourth of July and he did splendid. I was riding him saddle back and we were right behind the band, which pleased "Busy" very much. He dearly loves music and he was looked at and praised more than anything else in the parade. Everybody thought "Busy" would be scared or get balky when the band started, but he marched along as proud as the firemen. You can see how gentle he was and what a short time it took him to learn.

"Busy" feels the proudest when he is pulling a heavy load. He likes to go to picnics, because the girls and boys dearly love him and they give him fruit, candy, cakes, lump sugar, peanuts, popcorn or whatever they have. He is always at the table first and never leaves it until there is no more to eat. "Busy" helps papa to cultivate his garden, get in the hay, cut the lawn and does all the shopping for grandma and mamma.

I don't know how any little boy or girl can be without a pony, especially when they are so easy to get from The Farmer's Wife. I was offered two hundred dollars for my pony "Busy," one Sunday morning by our newspaper man. He says he has been trying so long to get one for his little girls, and I told him he could not buy "Busy" for a thousand. If you want to own a pony, it is very easy as the Webb Publishing Company will certainly treat you fair and see that you get one before they let you be disappointed. I love "Busy" so much that I'm getting poetic—here's a sample

I won my dear old "Busy,"

In a very busy way;

Selling monthly papers for

The Farmer's Wife one day.

Elmer Hoth and the Sulky He Made for "Sonny"

(See Story on Page 106)

My Own Dear Pony "Rover"

By Cloyd A. Reekart, Preston Co., West Virginia

I am a crippled boy of 14 years. I have never been able to walk but can read, write and sing.

I saw your advertisement in The Farmer's

pleasures that I could not have before I got my pony. He is a great favorite of my dog and they have big times together. My little brothers and sisters are also very fond of him.

"Rover" Brought Happiness to this Brave Little Crippled Boy.

Wife and I thought of what a pleasure it would be for me to take subscriptions and get a pony. Some of my dear friends assisted me and when I learned I would get my pony, I was so overjoyed that I could hardly wait until my pony would come to me.

"Rover" is a great source of happiness to me. I can work and do anything with him. I can go to see my friends and have so many

My sister is just three years old but she rides "Rover" and she looks too cute.

"Rover" is a great pet with all the little boys and girls around here. He just eats everything I give him. He won't scare at autos or anything. I have three sisters and two brothers. I wouldn't take anything for my dear "Rover." He affords me more pleasure than anything I ever had and I shall always remember you when I am driving my pony and having a good time.

"Rover" Hitched to His Little Home-made Cart

"We Take Long Rides Nearly Every Day"

My Darling "Razzle"

By Vida Kopeschka, Martin Co., Minnesota

One cold evening about January 1st, while looking through a farm paper, I saw where some little girls and boys had won ponies, so I thought I would try and win one, too, for I had always wanted one for my own. So I started out to get subscriptions for The Farmer and, as most everybody subscribed, I was one of the "lucky ones."

My pony's name is "Razzle." He is 42 inches in height and is very fat. I was the most tickled girl there was when I heard he was at the depot. My grandpa took him out of the crate, took him home and fed him and gave him some grass. And when I saw him I was very happy. I have more fun and pleasure with him than with anything else and I hope more little girls and boys will try to win a pony, for the Webb Publishing Company will keep its word. When I started getting subscriptions the people told me there was no truth in it, but now I know the Pony Club is fair and square.

We drive our pony to school every day about a mile away and I have a brother who rides him to the mail box and we also drive him to Sunday School. I couldn't get along without him now. "Razzle" eats all kinds of fruit and most everything else. He does some of the cutest tricks; such as, comes into the house and drink out of the sink, kisses me or my brother and shakes hands. We can let him stand any place and when we go back he is still there waiting for us and many other things which would be too numerous to mention.

"Razzle," is not afraid of automobiles or motors, we get the cows with him, which we greatly enjoy and he also likes to herd cows. He also likes to play with the large horses and chases them and bites them, also. My pony dearly loves to hear me play the piano. We go out driving quite often and everybody that sees him likes him very much.

"Razzle" is Ready for his Dinner

"TURK"

By Alvin Johnson, Bond Co., Illinois

I have taken my first ride with "Turk" to Sunday School and that is about four miles. When the Sunday School was over what a crowd of children there was around "Turk" and me—I never saw the like. One would say "Where did you get him?" another would say "How did you get him?" I told them what I had done

"Turk" Doesn't Like to Have His Picture Taken

for you and that you did all you promised to do for me.

One lady would not buy a paper from me and when I got my pony she said "Is that the paper pony?" I said "No, it is a real live pony."

"Turk" and I make many long trips and take care of the cows every morning till eleven o'clock. He is getting nice and fat and tame. Here is his picture and mine. I am sending it to you to print in the next book or paper as you like to.

I would have written a long time ago, but, I did not have the pictures, so good bye.

"Toby" Looks Rough in His Winter Hair

"TOBY"

By George I. Lynch, Lake County, Illinois

I will write you a few lines to let you know how my pony is getting along.

"Toby" is certainly the dearest pony of the bunch. I never knew what it was to be happy before I got "Toby." He dearly loves me and I do him. He stands on a box, rolls a barrel and puts his front feet on papa's shoulder and then bounds to the ground. My little brother, four years old, rides him all over and he will follow me into the house if he thinks I have sugar, cake or apples. He doesn't look very nice in the picture but he is very pretty when his hair sheds off.

Now I tell you boys if you want to be happy while a little boy like me just get to work and win a pony from the Webb Publishing Company.

"Web"

Given to Grace Sheppard, Burlington County, Vermont

How We Won "Empress"

By Avery and Orie Knight, Chickasaw Co., Iowa

One Saturday morning, free from our school duties, we boys sat down to look over a farm paper. Nothing of note attracted our attention until we turned a page and there stood the cutest little pony all hitched to a cart, with the words: "Free to Some Lucky Boy or Girl." Greatly excited over the prospect of having such a dandy little rig, we ran to mother who carefully read and explained the matter to us. We thought we could win it or at least we would try very hard, so mother gave us her consent and we sent a card for full directions for beginning.

In a few days, we received the directions and got Mother for the first subscriber. Then our work began in earnest. Some days we got quite a number and some days only a few. We had no trouble in getting people to take the paper for they knew it to be valuable. Sometimes, we were discouraged, but we remembered that one boy and one girl in our own county had won a pony and buggy and we worked harder than ever.

We waited in great suspense for the returns of the contest and when they came, we were almost afraid to open the letter for fear we had not won. But what was our joy when upon opening it, Avery and Orie Knight led the list. The letter said that "Empress," would arrive in a few days.

One morning a few days afterward, while eating our breakfast, a man yelled, "Come out here and take care of your horse." My what a stampede! We all ran out doors and the express man was just coming into the yard. When he unloaded there was the sweetest little black pony with a white halter. No breakfast food for us that morning.

The first thing we wanted to do was to ride her up town, but Father said she was tired after her long ride, so we put her in the barn and gave her some hay. Oh, what a long day that was with our dear little pony in the barn and we unable to ride her! But the next day finally

came and we were up bright and early and rode her up town. Everybody was nearly as tickled over her as we were. That morning before school, it seemed as if half the town was down

there admiring her.

When hitched to the buggy, "Empress," looks like a dear little rabbit traveling along shaking its head.

She comes in the house and eats from the table and acts like a real little lady. When we ride her any place and leave her standing outside by the porch, she comes up the steps and tries to get in. She grew to love us during our long vacation and when school began again, she would whinner

when she heard Mother come out of doors, as if asking for her little friends.

We drive "Empress" to town after groceries for Mother and we drive her to Sunday School nearly every Sunday. Our little brother likes to feed our other pets, such as doves, and bantam chickens, but he likes nothing better than to share his cookies and apples with "Empress."

"Brother Likes to Share His Apples With 'Empress'"

"I Get the Milk Cows from the Pasture with 'Judge'"

"Judge"

By Louis Schmitt, Morton Co., North Dakota

I live in Morton County, North Dakota. One day when I was looking through the paper for the Young Folks' Page, I found the advertisement, "Do you want a pony free?" So I wrote to the Pony Editor and asked him what I had to do in order to get the pony. He wrote and told me and I started out to work and asked every person I met to subscribe. Many told me that they didn't believe that the Webb Publishing Company gave Shetland ponies away, but I knew better and kept on working as hard as I could until the contest closed.

After the contest closed I could hardly wait to hear from the Company. Finally the good news came that I had won "Judge," and I don't believe there was a happier boy in the United States than I was. I could hardly wait until "Judge" came, and I was so anxious to see him that I couldn't sleep nights. At last on May 28th the saddle and bridle came and on Decoration Day the buggy came. In the forenoon papa set up the buggy and at two o'clock "Judge" was hitched up ready to take a drive. I felt as proud as a king and "Judge" walked along with his head held high and everybody looked at my pony and spoke about how pretty he was.

"Judge" is the prettiest of all the Shetland ponies in our neighborhood, and I am proud of being the owner of him. "Judge" isn't afraid

of engines, autos or anything. When I go to town, I can drive up and down and he is as gentle as a kitten. He just loves apples, candy, sugar, and cake and follows me all over the yard and even up the steps and into the kitchen for lump sugar. He can also do a great many tricks. He lies down like a dead horse, shakes hands and tells me how old he is by pawing three times.

I get the milk cows every morning and evening from the pasture with "Judge" and help my papa drive cattle to town when he sells them. "Judge" acts just as though he were a born "cow pony." He keeps them moving all the time and if one breaks away from the bunch "Judge" is after him like a flash and heads him off before he has gone any distance. "Judge"

probably saw very few cattle before he came out here, but he is so smart that he learned how to drive them in no time.

Like all Western boys, I like to play cowboy, and I have a dandy cowboy suit that I wear. I ride "Judge" around and lasso cattle just like real cow punchers do, and also chase imaginary Indians all around the plains.

I thank the Webb Publishing Company very much for "Judge" and his beautiful outfit, and I am proud to say that they do all that they promise to do.

"I Like to Play Cowboy"

Cleta Johnson Took First Prize with This Outfit at the Douglas County (Kansas) Fair

My Own Pony "Jerry"

By Cleta Johnson, Douglas County, Kansas.

I have the dearest little black Shetland pony named "Jerry" which the Webb Publishing Company sent me free all the way from St. Paul up in Minnesota out here to Lawrence, Kansas.

When I first started out to get my friends to help me win a pony, I can tell you it was pretty hard work. Some of them laughed at me and made fun of me and said: "Oh, you can't win a pony." Sometimes I got a little bit discouraged and at other times I felt sure I was going to win "Jerry." One good old man whom I asked to help me laughed and said he didn't think I would get the pony for he knew of another boy that tried and did not win and that I wouldn't win either. But he gave me his subscription just the same and I told him I would send him a picture of the pony and outfit when I got it which I have done. So you see I had lots of discouraging days, but I also had some pleasant experiences while working in the contest and then came the suspense of waiting to know if I had won or not. It was only a few days, but to me it was ages. So one day my papa and I rode horseback down to the mail box, and I got my precious letter, telling me I had won "Jerry." Oh, I was so excited we just could not make the horse go fast enough, I was so anxious to get back to the house to tell them all that I had really and truly won "Jerry."

After I won "Jerry" I took him on a long trip of eighteen miles to the Annual Old Settler's Meeting at my old home in Oskaloosa, Kansas. My friends were all as enthu-

siastic over him as I was, and "Jerry" was proud and showed off his very best. It was a hot day and such crowds that were around us, we could scarcely breathe.

I took "Jerry" down to the Douglas County Fair at Lawrence, Kansas, to see if he could win a prize.

There were several other ponies there. One gentleman from Topeka who has a herd of ponies was there with several from his herd, and parties from Lawrence who have more than one pony were there hoping to win both first and second prizes. I took "Captain Jerry" and the buggy down and entered them for the best pony turnout. We had to compete against both single and double rigs. We were told to drive our ponies out on the race track to show them off and I really believe that "Captain Jerry" knew I wanted him to do his very best for he trotted along so proudly and seemed to know that he was being looked at and admired. I heard one lady say, "O! look at that darling little black pony" meaning "Captain Jerry."

The children all exclaimed to each other and their mammas to look at the little black pony. I believe he knew he was trotting before the judges. Mr. Robertson, a Scotchman, an importer of fine horses, was one of the judges. He admired "Captain Jerry" from the time when he was driven on the track, and when they gave me first prize, \$6.00 in cash and tied the blue ribbon on "Captain Jerry" he acted more proud than ever, and how the people in the Grand Stand clapped their hands and cheered.

"Jerry" Eating Watermelon

The gentleman from Topeka, who drove the double rig of Shetland ponies asked me what I would take for my pony. I told him that all the money in the world could not buy him. So many asked me what I gave for the outfit and I told them that I had got it from the Webb Publishing Company, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

One of my friends who helped me in the contest came to me and said, "Cleta you are a lucky little girl to win such a splendid pony and outfit, and o have it win first prize at this Fair." So many of my friends who had helped me during the contest to win "Captain Jerry" were at the Fair and saw and admired him, and they all called him our pony.

I thought I was being well repaid for the work done during the contest in winning "Jerry," and I felt proud, too. I wish all the little girls and boys in the contests could be as lucky as I in winning such a nice little pony that will take me to school or to visit my friends or any place I want to go.

Now I will tell you some of the things "Jerry" likes to eat. He likes so many things that I do not know if I can tell them all. He likes corn better than oats, and likes the corn best on the cob, and that is the way I like it best too when I eat it. We insulted him one day by giving him the shelled corn.

One day he went into the orchard with me for the first time and I went to a tree that had ripe apples on it and pulled one and gave it to "Jerry" to see if he would eat it, which he did, and then he went to work to help himself, looking on the low limbs and the ground for apples, and ate all he could reach, and would take mine away from me, and take them out of my apron

pockets, it was too cunning to see him hunt for them. The next time he went with me to the orchard, as soon as I opened the gate for him he ran just as fast as he could to the very same tree we had visited before, and began to look for apples. If the pigs came around looking for apples, he soon chased them away.

"Now We Are Giving 'Jerry' a Ride"

You can see him eating watermelon in the picture. He likes it as well as any little pickaninny does. When we are in the yard eating melons he will go from one to another begging for a piece, and if we do not give it to him he will take somebody's away from them and eat it, and he never seems to have quite enough. He often comes to the door and puts his front

feet upon the steps and stands with his nose against the screen door looking for me to give him something to eat.

I sometimes take a piece of candy out, and let him find it, which he always does, and looks for more. He is a great lover of sugar, too. One day I let him come in the kitchen and there was a plate on the table with a piece of lemon pie on it, and "Jerry" helped himself to it, and ate it all. When I go out to the barn where he is I always take a piece of bread for him to eat, and he never refuses it, and he dearly loves milk, and will come into the yard and drink every bit we put for the chickens. He likes eggs, too, and sweet potatoes. Really the only thing I have found that he does not like is meat. He loves oranges and peaches and will bite the peaches in two, to get the stones out before eating them. So you see that "Jerry" likes almost any thing that is good to eat, and I like him and the Webb Publishing Company too for giving him to me.

"Room for One More"

"Special Delivery Wagon"

A Real Live "Dolly"

By George Edwin Adams, Cayuga Co., New York.

One evening last winter we sat reading by the table. In my paper I saw an advertisement stating the Webb Publishing Company would give away free a Shetland Pony, so mother suggested my trying to get it. So that evening I wrote them I would like to try for it and within a few days I received a reply and went to work.

The first day I got 12 subscriptions and that encouraged me most wonderfully, but some days I did not do so so well as others and would get discouraged, but father and mother would say, "Don't give up. You stand as good a chance as the rest." So I would keep right on and every little while the Webb Publishing Company would send me an encouraging letter which helped very much. Finally the contest closed and then came the anxious days of waiting to see who had won. But my folks did not tell me I had won a special pony until it arrived at the station. I went to town with my father that morning and a gentleman met me on the street and told me there was a pony at the station for me. I could not believe him so I phoned home to mother and found that it was really true.

So we brought her home from the station. She did not look so nice at first but she looked very cute to me and in a few days came the saddle and bridle which would please most any boy and then I learned to ride her.

One day as I was currying her I noticed some mites in her mane so we clipped her and got rid of them and she has gained very rapidly ever since.

As my pony was young when she came, I favored her at first but she is now older and does anything I ask of her. I gave her a nice little white leather halter

and some chocolate candy for a birthday present.

I drive my pony to school which is in town and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles away, I take her grain with me and at noon when I go in the barn to feed her she always ask for it. I feed her nearly two quarts of whole oats a day and an ear of corn night and morning. How she does love to run and play in the field when I turn her out to eat grass. You would be surprised to see how fast she can run.

All of my little friends think she is just fine and would like her for their very own. Everyone seems to admire her as she is the only one around here.

Now, let me tell you what the Webb Publishing Company did for me to show you how honest and fair they were with me. When my parents learned I had won a pony they had heard me say I would like a black mare pony, so they wrote to the Webb Publishing Company and they did not have one on hand at that time so they sent to another pony farm in Illinois and she was shipped to me from there. So I certainly think they have used me fine and I thank them a thousand times for their special efforts

to please me, for they did as they agreed and more all through the contest.

I have had lots of chances to sell my pony. Before she was taken out of the crate at the station, a man wanted to buy her for his children. The first day I drove her to town I was offered \$150.00. She took first premium at our County Fair this season.

Hoping the Webb Publishing Company will continue to give away more ponies so other boys and girls can get one I will close with best wishes to all Pony Club Members and the Webb Pub. Co.

In the Saddle

Our Own Little "Rob Roy"

By Harold Kutzler, McCook Co., South Dakota

Here we are in McCook County,
With our own little "Rob Roy,"
Which we won from the Webb Publishing
Company,
And very easily too, little boy.

"Rob Roy" is a dandy little fellow the Webb Publishing Company gave me for winning in the Pony Club. They gave away lots of ponies to the girls and boys, and I stood second. My, but I was surprised when I got the letter stating that I had won so close to first; I thought I would come in about fifteenth or twentieth.

When mamma and I first started in getting subscriptions for The Farmer, the most welcome paper that comes to our house, my friends would try and discourage us. One man said, "You won't get a pony because my boy tried to win one. It's too hard work." We asked if he tried from the Webb Publishing Company. He said, "No." Another man said, "Are there any more boys around here going to try to win ponies?" But it didn't make any difference, they couldn't discourage us. "Never say fail," was our motto.

Well, our own little "Rob Roy" arrived here O. K. Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock. I was so happy and tickled I ran all the way to the field where papa was plowing corn to tell him and to have him help me get him home from the depot. It looked like rain and it didn't take us long to get there as papa hooked up the mules to the wagon and drove down.

When we got there the beautiful buggy and harness were there, too. We loaded them all on the wagon and started home with our big load. Roy Brown, who won "Babe" a couple of years ago from the Webb Publishing Company, is our neighbor. Roy went along to the station with us. There were so many people around "Rob Roy" and I was so excited, I thought I never would get him out home.

Well, we got him home finally and took him out of the crate. He was so tickled to get out that he would roll, then buck and kick and then roll some more. I took him to the tank and he drank some water. Then I took him in his little barn that we had all built and ready waiting for him. I even had hay in the manger and oats in the box. After we got "Rob Roy" cared for, we went to setting up the buggy and putting the harness together already for morning. Then I had supper and went to bed so happy and tired.

When morning came I woke up and thought I had been dreaming. I got up and went out to the barn and sure enough there was my little pony. He looked up at me as if to say, "Good Morning." I went in and kissed his soft warm little nose, got him his quart of oats and a little hay and went for my breakfast. After we had our breakfast we were off for a ride.

"Rob Roy" and "Babe" Doing tricks

"Rob Roy" is coal black and as cute and pretty as he can be. He will eat crackers, ice cream, cake, apples, bananas and many other things. He chased Roy Brown and me up on the porch

after our cookies the other day and if he had not been tied, he would have been up there, too. We gave him his, but that wouldn't do, he wanted ours, too. He comes right in the house every time he gets a chance and if the table is set, goes right for the sugar bowl.

"Rob Roy" is so gentle he will do anything we want him to. I can ride and drive him anywhere. He is so proud and not one bit lazy. He will stand upon a box or chair. "Rob Roy" weighs 240 pounds and can pull Roy and Ruth Brown, my little sister and myself anywhere at a merry clip. Sometimes I take mamma and my

little sister with me, but it doesn't make one bit of difference: he goes right along. He will look around as if to say, "All pile on" and does not make one bit of fuss. I have a little brown house dog named "Billy" and he goes with us and sometimes "Rob Roy" thinks we are running races with "Billy." "Billy" was my only pet before my pony arrived.

I am never going to sell my dear little pony at any price. I can say that I love The Farmer and can't thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for my little pony and his beautiful outfit.

Harold and Roy Off for a Canter

A Berry Excursion With "Mort"

By Hazel Irwin, Ward Co., N. Dakota.

I must thank you for giving me "Mort," for I have a great deal of fun with him. He was small but that made him all the dearer.

I must tell you about the time my cousin

should have heard dear little "Mort" whinny when he saw us coming over the hill. He was so glad to see us.

He grew two inches from the first of January

Starting for the Berry Patch

and I went berrying with "Mort." We tied him to a post and went down in the coulee to pick June berries. While we were there it rained, but we thought it would quit but it didn't so we went home wringing wet. You

to the middle part of June. Every time we went to the barn he would whinny for cake or bread. He would smell of our hands to see if we had any.

Many thanks to The Farmer's Wife Pony Club.

My Beautiful "Pansy"

By Evelyn I. Cutler, Windham Co., Connecticut

I want to say a few words about my dear pony "Pansy." She is the dearest little pony that could be had. She came from the only true publishing company in the world so she cannot help being true to me. She is so kind to me in every way, like the publishers of The Farmer's Wife, who gave me everything that they said they would give. And so my dear little pony

"Proud of My Little Pony"

will do anything I wish her to do. When I hitch her to the little buggy I have as pretty an outfit as anyone. My aunt gave me a nice robe to make my outfit complete. My parents are well pleased with my outfit and feel proud of my little pony when my little sister and I ride out.

I think every boy and girl ought to have a pony and outfit to be happy and it shows too that they have tried to do something to help others and, at the same time, helps them to a great pleasure. When I think of being the owner of such a fine pony, I feel that I cannot thank the Webb Publishing Company and the Pony Editor enough and also my friends who helped me to get it and who praise The Farmer's Wife for such a nice paper. All whom I have met with that have subscribed for the paper praise it very highly, but I feel that I can give more praise than the large number of subscribers when I look at my prize that I received for only a little work for The Farmer's Wife.

I must tell you of some of the cute things my pony does. When she goes into her pasture every morning she looks for apples. She takes a straight line to each tree unless she sees our flock of geese around a tree. She then will go there first and drive them away. She will drive our dog out of her pasture too, and when I go to see her at any time she will look my pockets over for cake. There were thimble berries in her pasture and when I went to pick them she would follow me and eat them when I was trying to pick and get her nose in my pail.

Some mornings papa lets her out of the barn and she trots to the house and comes up the steps and knocks at the door with her nose. And when ever she comes to the door there is a little white chicken that comes with her to eat the crumbs "Pansy" drops when eating cake. It seems cute that the little chicken knows just when to come. My "Pansy" dearly loves apples, cake, sugar, candy and ice cream and many other things.

Sometimes when I water her with a pail, if she does not want to drink she will tip it over with her foot. She is so cute, I cannot begin to tell it all. She will kiss my face and hands and root me around with her little nose when I don't have her cake ready before she starts to the pasture. I would not sell her for any amount for I should be so lonely without her, she is such a dear little friend. She will come into the house and eat off the table and make herself quite at home with us, the same as one of the family. I am so thankful now that I did not stop trying to get my pony when so many told me I would get nothing but a wooden pony. I felt discouraged when they would say, "You won't get anything; someone in their own town will get it." But as good luck would have it "Pansy" came to my own home and town to be my little pet.

Now I wish to say to all my little friends, do not hesitate to join the Pony Club and do not let anyone discourage you but just place confidence in the Webb Publishing Company for they stand back of every word and promise they make you. They are true hearted and

"Sister Enjoys My Pony with Me"

whole hearted or they would never give so many ponies away to make the children so happy and cheer our little hearts as they do when we receive one of their dear little ponies to be our very own. I could say more, but I must leave room for some other little boy or girl to tell of his good luck.

I will close with best wishes to you and all the children who read my story and look at my pictures, and I would like to have any of them write me or exchange pictures. I will thank you once more, but cannot express my feelings toward the Webb Publishing Company for what they have done for me.

My Mountain "Pilot"

By Freddie M. Richardson, Broadwater Co., Montana

I am sending you some pictures of my pony, "Pilot." I live a long way from a town so I did not have any chance to have his picture taken before. We live close to a high range of mountains, which is covered with thick forests, and my papa is a forest ranger. He rides all through the woods looking out for fires or timber thieves and seeing that the nursery work is getting along well. It is bully work and I enjoy going with him up into the forest on "Pilot." My papa fixed me a little ax and a saddle bag just like his and I help him on his work. "Pilot" is nice and gentle. I can turn him loose and catch him any place. I drive the cows and horses in from the pasture with him. I ride him to school and all my schoolmates have ridden him. They all like him as well as I do. Nearly every Sunday I have a lot of kids come to see "Pilot" and ride him; he is so gentle that three small kids can ride at a time. I can drive him, too, but I like to ride him the best.

Now, I must tell you how I won "Pilot." I

have a nice driving dog—his name is Prince—and I drove him nearly every day for about 5 weeks getting subscribers to the paper. I worked hard and so did my dog, but I promised my dog that if I could win "Pilot" I would give him a rest and so I have. I am sending you a picture of my good dog and cart and hope you will have room for it in "Lucky Pony Winners," because I couldn't have won "Pilot" without him.

All the people that took the paper like it fine and say it is a very good paper. I have a little stable for "Pilot" where I keep him by himself. We have lots of good hay and oats and I take the very best care of him. I turn him into the field when I think he needs a little green grass. I rode him down to the city of Townsend and my Dad and Uncle Steve helped me to trim him up and I rode him in the parade on the 4th of July. We

caused great excitement and some of the people said "Pilot" was the whole thing. Well, Mr. Pony Man, I cannot say enough in praise of "Pilot." He is just the dearest pony that ever happened. He eats apples, candy and bread and drinks milk.

Well, I could write all day about "Pilot", but I suppose you don't want too long a letter, so I'll close by thanking you 1,000 times for this fine outfit.

"We Caused Great Excitement in the Parade"

"Pilot" and Freddie in the Mountains.

"Prince" Helped Get Subscribers—Now He Rides with "Pilot" and Me.

What "Larry" Means To Me

By Wilford Schaffer, Grant Co., Minnesota

I have had the finest kind of times since I won my little pony "Larry" and I want to tell you some of the cute things he will do. Quite often my neighbor children come over and then I take "Larry" and saddle him up and he gives each one of us a ride. Then we put "Larry"

looks for more. Then he will drink pop and root beer right of a glass in the drug store. Then the druggist gives him some gum and he will chew the gum and I am on his back all the time. Then I go in a grocery store he will eat sugar lumps right off the counter. The clerk will ask the pony if he wants a banana and he will bow enough to say, "yes". "Larry" likes oranges and cookies. He will eat as fast as you can give them to him and he eats cake and bread. He will eat anything I eat.

Last year "Larry" and I went to our Fourth of July parade. Mother made "Larry" a nice fly net of red, white and blue bunting. It is four miles from my home to where they had their celebration. I live two miles from town. When I got to our town they all shouted, "Hurrah, hurrah, for the red, white and blue pony and boy." When I started from town to go down to the lake the automobiles that passed by me said, "Hurrah, hurrah, for the red, white and blue."

When I got down to the celebration I had to go across a bridge and someone took a picture and I did not know it till afterwards when she showed me the pictures. I made lots of money that day for going up and down the picnic grounds.

"Larry" is not scared of automobiles or motorcycles. The first time he met an automobile

Both Proud of the Picture

on the goat wagon and haul him around a while. He stands up there and looks all around and never moves when we pull him around. We then let "Larry" eat all the apples he can eat. He takes bites out of an apple just like a person and just the size of a person's bite.

I have two miles to go to school. I go to school in town. Every morning I saddle "Larry" up and he takes me to school. "Larry" had a three months' vacation and now he has to saddle to school again. My school just started last Tuesday and now "Larry" has to go every day again. When I come to school in the mornings, the girls and boys all ask me for a ride on the pony.

"Larry" often eats sugar out of a saucer. Every time he wants sugar if there is a chair or a box outside he gets on it no matter if I am on his back or not. He will get on a chair or a box and beg for sugar; that is, he neighs for sugar. There isn't a store in town where he hasn't been in. He goes in the drug store and the druggist knows he wants ice cream and he bows enough to say, "Yes." He gives him a cone of ice cream and "Larry" will eat every bit of it and then

"Larry" Ready for the Fourth of July Parade

he made a face at it. The driver of the automobile laughed and said I had a great pony. "Larry" is not scared of anything and I hope I will never have to part with him.

"Dainty" Darling

By Gladys Ellwood, Franklin Co., Vermont

One evening while looking at one of Papa's farm papers, I found a picture of a pony hitched to a wagon with boys and girls in it. I spoke to mamma about it but she did not pay any attention to me at first, but I kept talking to mamma and papa both about it till they

are not enough children to pay for hiring a teacher, so a man is hired to carry us to the next schoolhouse. It is two and one-half miles from my home and sometimes I ride "Dainty." Papa had a little sleigh made for "Dainty" and I am going to have a harness. Next winter I

We Hauled "Dainty" Home in the One Horse Wagon

said I could write to The Farmer's Wife and see what I had to do to get a pony.

Then I went right to work as soon as I heard from them, getting subscriptions. It was about the middle of the contest before I began, so papa helped me. We got subscribers every day and it did not seem long before the last day came. When we were getting subscribers some people said I would just get a picture of a pony, but we kept right on. Papa and mamma thought I would get a pony but I did not.

At last I got a letter from them saying I had won a pony and her name was "Dainty." Then I waited and waited but I heard nothing more from them till one night when we were eating supper the telephone rang and mamma answered it. It was the express man. I heard them say something about a pony and I could not keep still till they stopped talking. Then we hurried and went down to the station about a mile from our house. Mamma and I drove one horse on the carriage and papa drove the other horse on the one-horse wagon. When we came back I rode with papa and "Dainty." Everybody was saying, "Oh! Look at the cute little pony they just got at the station."

When we got home we took her out of her crate and I led her around. That night was the first time I ever saw her trot and I hollered to mamma to look at her. I was so surprised and she looked so cute.

She was not large enough for me to ride her much at first because she was a little "Special Pony," but she soon got bigger. I like to ride her and do almost every day. Then I always give her something good for her pay.

I do not go to school in our district as there

expect to drive to St. Albans to see my aunt. I have ridden "Dainty" nearly seven miles at one time and she wasn't tired.

"Dainty" likes almost everything to eat but milk, cream, butter and meat. She loves ripe apples but will not eat green ones. In winter I always give her grain, but in the summer she is in the pasture or meadow so I don't give it to her very much.

When "Dainty" meets an auto she hardly looks at it. She is not afraid of anything.

I would not sell "Dainty" for any money. I would not know what to do without her. All of my friends, big and little, say she is the prettiest pony they ever saw. In the winter "Dainty" looks a lot bigger with her long hair and papa says he believes she is half sheep, she is so woolly.

Mamma and papa think it is awful nice that I have got "Dainty." I had no one to play with before "Dainty" came, but now I have lots of fun.

I took "Dainty" to the Franklin County Fair in September and she won the first prize as a saddle pony. I was very proud of her. You can see her with the blue ribbon on in one picture.

"Dainty" learns very easy. She can do quite a number of tricks. She will shake hands, kiss me, stand her fore feet on papa's or my knees, come in the house and eat off from the table if she gets a chance, and stand with her fore feet on a box, chair or steps. She will let me slide

down her back when her fore feet are higher than her hind feet.

We used to let "Dainty" run about in the door yard, but this summer up at the next farm there were two little colts and "Dainty" thought they were ponies. She would go right up there where they were and look at them, so we had to put her in the pasture. Once when I was riding "Dainty" we met another little pony and "Dainty" almost stopped to look at it, but I guess "Dainty" is glad she isn't that pony for they were whipping it and making it go just as fast as it could.

My little black kitten likes to have me take him on "Dainty's" back when I am riding her. Sometimes I put him on her in the pasture and he will rough up her hair with his paw and then lick it down again.

One night I went after the cows and when I got down in the pasture where the cows were, I went up to "Dainty" and got right on her back with no saddle or even a bridle on her and rode her up back of the cows, and she came just as nice.

"Dainty" Winner of the Blue Ribbon

When I got "Dainty" she weighed only 195 pounds, but now she weighs 308 pounds. She is just as fat as butter. She can hardly get in the crate she came in so the pictures do not look the same as she was when I got her.

I think, when the Webb Publishing Company gives away ponies for so little work and such nice ponies too, that every little boy and girl should have a pony and I wish they could. I can't thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for giving me "Dainty."

My Joy Pony, "White Sox"

(Continued from Page 32.)

until the next train came. Finally on Tuesday night I met the local train and, much to my grief, no pony came. The fast train—the beautiful Seminole Limited from Chicago to Jacksonville, Florida—was an hour late, so I came to supper and went back to the station at eight o'clock. When the long row of lighted windows of the Seminole stopped, I stepped up to the baggage coach and the first thing I saw was "White-Sox." I really believe that was the happiest moment of my life. I could scarcely wait for him to be taken from the car.

My home is in a small town, so when the neighbors heard us coming with the pony, all of them—large and small—came out to see him. The children wanted to ride him, but as it was late and he was hungry, I took him over to the lot where his supper was waiting.

He was so tired from the long trip, and of being fastened up in such a close place that he was glad to have us take him out. He seemed to like me from the first because I helped set him free from such a prison, and we have grown to be closer and closer friends each day.

It seemed almost too good to be true that I had a real live pony, but he is surely mine, and I shall now tell of the great pleasure he has been to me, Sister and my friends. Five little cousins and several friends were introduced to him the night he came, each gave him a wel-

coming pat on the nose, and now all of them are close friends of his.

He likes for us to play ball with him. We bound the ball on the ground near him and he catches it with his mouth. One day we were playing with watermelon rinds—having a rind battle—and when we would "chunk" a rind at him he would catch it.

It pleases him much to give him fruit, sugar or cake. When we call him he comes running to see what good we have for him. We make him "say please," which he does by pawing his foot. He likes sugar very much. Often he goes into Father's store and eats sugar from the floor around the sugar barrels. One day while I was away on a visit to my aunt, he went in the back of the store and walked up to the desk as though he would write me a letter telling me how he missed me and asking me to come home.

Now, don't you think he is quite an interesting pony, and are you surprised that my friends and I, who have so much fun with him, would not part with him for anything? I feel that I cannot thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for him. Every little boy and girl should have a pony. There is nothing that equals one as a play-fellow, and anyone who is willing to do a little work for the Webb Publishing Company can get one of his very own.

What I Think of "Gyp"

By Lucile Heflen, Union Co., Iowa

My dear little pony's name is "Gyp" and I am sure he will be as pleased as myself if we can contribute in our small way towards helping to

Ready to Mount

make this edition of "Lucky Pony Winners" a success. Papa says that "Gyp" and I take the cake and mamma says she hopes we'll take the prize.

When I learned that I had been awarded a pony, saddle and bridle, I could hardly wait until they arrived, and when I saw the crate containing my pony unloaded at the express office, I'm sure that I was the proudest and happiest little girl in all the world.

At first "Gyp" was very lonesome but we soon become acquainted and now he follows us

about and is so tame and gentle. All the neighbor children enjoy riding him as much as I do and we have had many good times with our little playfellow.

"Gyp" dearly likes water melon and tomatoes and best of all, sugar. Papa says now that sugar has raised so high in price that we must learn to economize, but "Gyp's" appetite for it has not decreased one little bit.

I could write all day about my little pony, but mamma says that all things must come to an end so I will close with happy wishes that all good little girls and boys may sometime have a dear little playmate like "Gyp" and last, but not least, I want to again thank The Farmer's Wife Pony Club for making it possible for me to win such a beautiful prize.

Off for a Spin

"LIGHTFOOT"

Given to Roinie Butz, Lehigh Co., Pennsylvania

Darling "Dimple"

By Ida Schuenke, Rice County, Minnesota

I want to thank the Webb Publishing Company for sending me such a dandy pony and outfit. I have only had "Dimple" a few months but I love him so that no amount of money could buy him. He is so gentle and kind that all of my little friends and I can play with him just as though he were a big dog. My folks are so glad that I own "Dimple" because I am out of doors playing with him so much I am keeping strong and healthy.

When I first started to take subscriptions lots of people said I couldn't get enough in so small a place and if I did that I would probably get a rocking horse as a prize, but I didn't mind them and went right on. I showed them a copy of "Lucky Pony Winners" and then they agreed that I would get a real Shetland pony. Everyone seemed to think the paper was fine, so the work wasn't hard after all.

When "Dimple" first came he had long shaggy hair and didn't look so cute, but in the Spring my brother clipped him and now his hair is smooth and fine. We feed him lots of oats and green grass and he is getting so fat that we have to drive him a lot to keep him in good condition. He certainly is strong and can pull a crowd of us along as fast as any horse and it is nothing at all for him to travel sixteen miles a day.

"Dimple" likes bread, apples, candy and anything sweet and he is so affectionate that I must tell you about it. If I tell him to kiss me, he will and he seems to like to kiss me.

Nearly every day "Dimple" goes out in the pasture and plays around with our sheep. It certainly is funny to see him chase them around, shaking his head and nipping at them, but he knows he shouldn't hurt them because just as soon as they get frightened, he stops and goes off and lets them rest.

I have so many good times with my pony and buggy that I can hardly tell you about them. If only every boy and girl owned a pony like "Dimple," they would be very happy and I believe any one can get a pony from the Webb

Publishing Company, if he is willing to do a little work for them. They always do exactly as they say and you can always feel sure that you will get your pony if you are entitled to it.

I certainly am glad that I sent my name to the Pony Editor and hope he will make lots of other children as happy as he made me by giving them a darling little pony like "Dimple."

Ida and "Dimple"

"Joe"

By Harold Palmer, Oswego Co., New York.

One day in January when my papa came from work he brought home a paper and I was looking it over when I ran across a page of ponies. I showed it to my father and mother and they said I never could get enough subscribers to win, but I told them that I knew I could. They said that if I won the pony they would furnish the feed for it.

That night I wrote the letter and I received my first answer in a few days. Afterwards when I received my sample copy I started out to get my subscribers. Nearly everybody I went to would say, "I don't see how I can take the paper as I take two or three now." But sometimes when I told them I would take their children for a ride when I received my pony they would take it of me. I was bashful and did not get many at first, but they came in heavily at the last end. I did not think that I could ever win "Joe" as I did not start until it was half over. It soon came time to send in my last subscribers and I was in hopes they might be the ones that would win and they were because I was only four subscriptions ahead.

take him into the house and he will eat sugar out of my hands. He also will do other tricks; such as shake hands, come when I whistle, put his front feet on a chair or box and many others.

"He Comes Right Into the House"

I take lots of my friends riding in my little buggy and they all think it is a dandy outfit. "Joe" pulls us along at a good clip and will travel a good many miles without getting tired. It's lots of fun to ride him horseback, too, and I often go to see my neighbors on "Joe." So you see "Joe" is not only a pet but he is useful as well and I don't believe I could get along without him now. Anyway, I won't sell him at any price because we are too good friends to ever part.

If only lots of other boys and girls could have a pony like "Joe," I am sure they would be very glad, for a pony is the best chum for which anyone could ask. I also want to say that the Webb Publishing Company used me well and did everything just as they said they would.

"Joe" is a Great Favorite

One morning a few days after the contest closed I was bundling up papers to sell when I was called to the telephone. It was the Union Telegraph Co. and they had a message for me from the Webb Publishing Company at St. Paul, Minnesota. You can imagine how delighted I was to hear that I had really won "Joe" and would receive him in a few days followed by the buggy and harness and outfit. I could hardly keep from shouting for joy before the message was finished. As it was, however, I never listened to the last part of it because the first sentence, "You won Joe" was enough.

I went to the station nearly every day for a week and finally my pony came. When he came I was a little disappointed for he did not look well with his long hair, but now he is fat and his hair short and he is the nicest pony in the town where I live. I love him very much and have many good times with him. We can

Rena Smith, St. Lawrence Co., New York Taking a Crowd Riding on Her Pony, "Patsy"

The Story of "Captain"

By Ida O'Keefe, Mountrail County, North Dakota.

I live in Mountrail Co., N. D., only about 70 miles from the Montana State line. One day as I was looking over the pages of the paper, I saw several pictures of a lot of boys and girls who had won ponies. It made me long for one so much, so I at once sent in my name and got a Certificate of Entry, and I started the day I got it to take subscriptions.

I was very happy the day I received the news of winning "Captain" and the outfit. I told my friends about it and they were also delighted over it. So many of our neighbors told me the contest would be a fake.

The night "Captain" came pretty near everybody in town was over to the station to meet him. I had received the saddle and riding bridle the day before he came, so I rode him over to town that night and a crowd of boys and girls followed me, they were all so happy. I was even happier myself. I cannot express my joy in words hardly, I was so delighted.

My folks were so pleased when I got "Captain" because they thought I would grow stronger out doors nearly all my time, and I herd my cows every night and morning. I don't think I could ever part with "Captain" he has become so attached to me since I got him, and I hope we shall never have to part from each other.

One day in July there was a picnic near the river, about three miles from home. Gladys, Ruth, Marie, Francis and I decided we would all go to it. So early in the morning I got up and hurried out to the barn to feed "Captain" his breakfast as usual, and to talk to him while he was eating, for he likes to have me do so. Then I went out and got "Captain's chum", "Queen" (a large St. Bernard dog), and brought her in to say "Good Morning" to him as they are the best

of friends and very fond of each other. Then I harnessed "Captain" and hitched him up to the buggy, and we started on our way.

First they had a ball game and then the manager of the picnic grounds asked me to show the crowd the tricks "Captain" could do. I sent my brother Francis over to the buggy to untie "Captain," then I whistled for him and he came over to me. He stood up on a box, lay down, shook hands, played hide-and-go-seek, and did many other tricks, for which I received three dollars, the first money I had ever earned with "Captain." I felt proud to think I owned a pony that was so smart.

It was now dinner time. I took "Captain" over to the buggy again and fed him his dinner and we all went over to the grove and ate our lunch, then we went over to the race track and watched the horse races and also foot races. After that we played games. After we had all

had our dinner the manager asked me if I would take my pony and run a race with another little boy that had his pony with him, and he offered two dollars for the one that won the race. After some time I decided I would try, and I was glad afterwards because I won the race.

It was getting dark now and we decided we had better get ready and go home, so we hitched up "Captain" and rode around the picnic grounds a while and finally started on our journey homeward. We arrived home safely late that evening and were all very tired after our splendid time at the picnic.

I have taken "Captain" into nearly every store and house in town. He is so gentle and tame and seems to understand everything we say to him. I can never thank the Webb Publishing Company enough for sending "Captain" way out here to me.

"Captain" and Her Chum "Queen"

"Captain" Likes to Hear Me Play

"PEDRO"

By Harold H. Hodgins, Atchison County,
Missouri

One cold stormy day last March, when I could not go to school, I was reading in a farm paper and saw your offer in it to give away a dear little pony to some boy or girl who could do a little work for it. I decided

We Children Are Happy Now!

I would like to try. Papa and mamma were afraid I could not get one but said I could try if I wanted, so I sent in my letter and soon found out what was required of me. I sent in my Certificate of Membership and soon got my order blanks and was ready for work. The order blanks came one rainy Saturday afternoon. My brother and I went between showers and got two subscribers that evening.

I felt pretty badly discouraged when some of our closest neighbors would not take your nice paper when it was so cheap and it would help me so much. I had no way to go but to walk. On one trip I went nearly ten miles from home all alone. I got so I could go all around alone and knew where everybody lived and I wrote just lots and lots of letters. I got lots of subscribers by writing to our friends. I ran across a few that did not treat me very nice but most of them were nice to me even though they did not help me.

I think the happiest day of my life was the day we went to the station for "Pedro." He was so glad to see us, too. He is the dearest pony I ever saw. I had never learned to ride a horse so I cannot ride much yet, but we have lots of fun trying to learn to ride. Sometimes he gets tired of us playing with him. He wants to eat all the time. He eats peaches and apples off the trees. "Pedro" carries me to Sunday school every Sunday. He threw me off one morning. He drinks the milk we put out for the chickens. He is trying to learn to open the yard gate. I think there never was a nicer pony than "Pedro" and thank the Webb Publishing Co. for all they did for me.

"CRESCENT"

By Cecelia Garot, Kewaunee County,
Wisconsin

I must write and tell you that my little Shetland pony "Crescent" got here Wednesday and I was so happy I could hardly wait to see him. So many people came to see him and they all thought he was the sweetest little pony they ever saw.

Now, I must tell you how I started. There came a paper to our house and I looked at it and saw all the ponies and little boys and girls riding on them and I wanted one too, so I sent in my name. Soon I got a letter and then I started to work. First it was hard but it got easier. Some people said I would not get a pony, but I knew the Webb Publishing Company would do all they said.

The first day my pony came my brother thought he could do what he wanted to do with him, but my pony thought his cheek was a lump of sugar and started to nibble on it. I am sending my picture of myself and my friend and my sister shaking hands with "Crescent." He just loves soda pop and my papa makes it so he can have all he wants. My

Shaking Hands With "Crescent"

cousin was out here from the city and she said "Crescent" was the sweetest little pony she ever saw. "Crescent" likes sugar; he eats it right out of my hand. He don't like boys very well, only girls.

I cannot tell you how much I thank the Webb Publishing Company for sending me "Crescent," for they do all they say and I will remember them as long as I live.

Did I Win a Pony?

By Luella Fischer, Morton Co., North Dakota

Yes I did. About two years ago I first noticed the offer made by the Webb Publishing Company how I could win a pony. I was willing to enter the contest right away and told my papa about it. He said alright, if you get

We hardly had him home when almost all the children in the neighborhood were there looking at "Lightning." After the roads got good I gave all my friends a ride and how we did enjoy it.

"Lightning" Is So Gentle We Take Baby Out Riding.

a half dozen subscriptions all alone, I will try and help you. So I took my sample copy and went to the people to ask them, but when I got there I held my paper in back of me because I was afraid to ask them to subscribe. When I came home papa laughed at me, so I gave it up for that year.

Last year I received a letter from the Pony Editor with an offer of more ponies. When I received this letter I was just wild to get a pony. I started off and got four subscriptions at once, so I kept on working for the pony till the contest closed.

You ought to have seen me a few days later when I received the letter that I had won "Lightning" and his outfit. I could hardly find the door of the post office I was so excited. I ran home all the way and told my parents I had won "Lightning" and how happy we all were. My sister Helen and I went to the depot every day when we thought the pony would come and sure enough the second day we went, the pony came. First they unloaded a red pig and a man said, "There's your pony, Luella," but we waited. Then the baggageman said, "Next a pony," and out came "Lightning." As quick as he saw us he began to whinny.

"Lightning" eats everything we eat. He just loves apples, grapes and watermelons. If we have anything in our hand and call him, he comes running to us. He just loves to play with children and when I go to the barn and leave again, he paws and wants me to stay.

Last June we had to leave our many friends as we moved from Alice, North Dakota. "Lightning" was put in the box car with the other horses and he stood the trip of 275 miles just fine. We soon got better acquainted with our pony here. The first time we hitched up "Lightning," all the little boys and girls ran after us.

About two weeks later it was the Fourth of July and we were asked to go in the parade, so we decorated the buggy and pony and drove in the parade. The children were just wild and parents had to hold them up so they could see better. "Lightning" didn't mind the crackers at all and how proud my sister and I felt.

"Lightning" is so gentle that mamma can trust us to take the baby out riding. We have had many good times with our dear little pony and we would be very lonesome without him. Many people have asked us if we would sell him and how much we want for him, but we won't sell him, he is too cute.

My Royal "Princess"

By Geneva Holt, Nicholas Co., West Va.

One day as I was looking through a farm paper I saw the pictures of a lot of little Shetland Ponies and boys and girls riding them. I read about them and it said the Webb Publishing Company gave them away to little boys and girls. I asked mamma if I might enter the contest and win one of the ponies. She said I might, so I sent in my application as a contestant.

In a short while I received an answer to my letter and one thousand free votes towards winning one of the ponies. I started out with my sample copy of "The Farmer's Wife" which I had received. I said to mamma as I went out that I was going to get one dozen subscribers that evening. She said "You will do well if you do." I did better than that. Everybody I asked subscribed, except one man. He said there was nothing in it; said I would not fool with that if I were you, it would be some cheap article I would get if I got anything.

So after I won "Princess" and outfit I was out driving and met him and he said, "Hello, that's a nice pony and outfit you are driving, it's the nicest pony in town." Then I told him that was the cheap article he said I would get, and he said, "I declare I did not know they gave such nice ponies and outfits; you certainly were lucky in winning it," and I think so, too.

I think she was rightly named "Princess" for she is so pretty and smart. She will shake hands with me for sugar and do lots of cute tricks. I could hire her out for fifty cents an hour, but I won't do that, for I am afraid she would be mistreated and I think too much of her to have her mistreated. No princess was ever more proud of her kingdom than I am of my pony "Princess." I went to visit my Grandma this summer and could not take "Princess" along, and I was so anxious to see her that when I came back home I had to go to the barn and see her before I went in the house.

"Proud of My Pony"

I have three little brothers and two little sisters whom God has taken away, and before I got "Princess" I could not go and take flowers to put on their graves, as it was too far to walk to the cemetery. Now brother and I can drive "Princess" and take

flowers, and she doesn't seem a bit tired when we get back home.

I wish every boy and girl could have a nice pony like "Princess" and lots of them could if they would only go to work and try to win one, for I am sure the Webb Publishing Company will do what they say they will. I get letters from girls and boys all over the country asking me about my pony, and I tell them she is just a dandy.

The Story of "Cinders"

(Continued from Page 93.)

He said, "Come on," and I led the pony over to the car and he was going right in but we thought that would hardly do for the conductor might lose his job. He did not think I could get the pony on, but I guess he don't know how much you can do with a pony if you are kind to him and have a little patience.

We just love to live a long way from school. Now, we sometimes wish it was farther because "Cinders" takes us along so nice and is not afraid of anything. He don't mind an auto any more than he does a wheel-barrow.

Boys and girls, do you want a pony? If you do, write the Webb Publishing Company right away and they will tell you how you can get one without paying a cent. We know, for we won ours without paying a cent of money.

Don't let anyone persuade you that you can't get one, for you are sure to if you only try. We feel so pleased with ours that we want every boy and girl to have one and be as happy as we are.

My Chum, "Frisky"

By Emily L. Savage, Minnehaha Co., South Dakota

Who is my chum, you ask? Well, I'll tell you—it's "Frisky," my dear pony the Webb Publishing Company gave me. I've been so happy since he came to me one bright June day.

"Frisky" is forty-one inches high and when he came his crate and all only weighed three

he can do several tricks. He will put his forefeet on a box for a sugar lump, and will stand on the pump platform with his hind feet and put his forefeet on a box and wait as much as to say, "Cake, please."

My grandma lives a long way from us and I didn't have any way to go over to see her, but now I can drive "Frisky."

I have seen several ponies up in Sioux Falls, but I wouldn't trade "My Chum" for any one of them.

"Frisky" is so nice and gentle and seemed to love us children from the first. I am sure he will be helpful as well as making me happy, and I am so glad I entered the pony contest and won him.

Hold on Tight!

hundred and twenty-five pounds, so you see he isn't very large, but now he is picking up and will soon be nice and fat.

The first time papa put the harness on him, some boys were going by and they said, "O, look at that man trying to harness a colt." "Frisky," however, acted like a real grown up horse and stepped right into the shafts as though he liked it.

Although I have had "Frisky" just a month

"Cake, Please"

I wish every little boy and girl could have a pony of his own. I thank the Webb Publishing Company very much for "Frisky" and wish to say they treated me fair in every way

"Buster,"—Continued from Page 84

dollars for him. He is so cute and smart. If I go out in the pasture and call, "Come Buster," he will come running up to me, but sometimes when he thinks I want to drive him, he won't let me catch him for quite a while. Sometimes we turn him out in the yard and then he comes to the door two or three times a day to get an apple. Then when he has eaten the apple, he goes away and starts eating grass until he gets hungry for another apple. He eats peaches and plums too and spits out the seeds just like a boy or girl and he just loves to drink milk. When he is standing in the barn if you ask him if he wants some oats he will nod his head. I don't know what we would do without "Buster."

He hauls a case of eggs and some butter and one or two of us children to Ward twice a week. You know I live on a farm. I drove him to school all winter. We have two miles to go and he hauls four of us to school every day and did not mind it at all.

I have looked carefully at all the pictures in "Lucky Pony Winners" but I cannot find a pony that looks as good to me as "Buster" does, and if any boy or girl really wants a pony I advise them to write the Webb Publishing Company right away. They are so honest and do just exactly everything they promise and I certainly thank them a thousand times for my pony, "Buster."

Gladys and Marshall Houx and "Evangeline" and Her Colt, "Beauty"

My Pony "Evangeline"

Gladys Houx, Salline County, Mo.

I always thought it would be nice to have a pony and now that I really have one that the Webb Publishing Company gave me I find that it is much nicer than I ever imagined. I know if you ever get a pony that you will feel the same way about it as I do about my "Evangeline." All the boys and girls in our town think almost as much of "Evangeline" as I do and I can't begin to tell all of the good times I have had with her, I have had so many since she came.

I couldn't begin to tell you all the adventures I have had when out driving. Once I got stuck in the mud and "Evangeline", my pony, pulled me out, and then another time when coming home we got on the wrong road and we didn't know what to do until we remembered reading that horses always knew the way home so we let "Evangeline" have the reins and she brought us safely home.

One day some girls came by in their pony cart and my brother and I went driving with them and had lots of fun. My pony will carry double and my brother takes all of his friends riding, so do I. Sometimes when it is nice

I get up early and go out horse-back riding before breakfast and when a girl is spending the night with me we both go and that's more fun. Sometimes we play Indian and dress up in our Indian suits and ride "Evangeline" bare back like real Indians.

I find "Evangeline" very useful and what do you think, she is really making me rich. You see the Webb Publishing Company really gave

me two ponies. First they sent "Evangeline" to me in October and then one morning in April, Dan, the hired man, called Mamma and said a little stranger was at the barn. You can imagine my surprise and delight to find that "Evangeline" had the dearest little colt. We gave her the name of "Beauty." Pony colts are worth stacks of money so that's one way I am getting rich. Then I showed "Evangeline" at our Fair and won first premium with her. I also run

all kinds of errands with her. Sometimes my papa sends me to town to get him cigars and he always pays for me it, and my mamma sends me just lots of times to buy groceries. and she pays me too. Then my grandma gave me an old rubber hose and lots of rags and I took them to the ragman with my pony and cart and he bought them from me. My uncle has a farm near our town and one day last winter he wanted to go out there to see about some cattle and pigs he had and he didn't have any way to go. You see we always send our horses away every winter and so does he, so he didn't have any horse to drive and it was too muddy

for an auto. So what do you suppose he did? He hired "Evangeline" my pony, and she took him out there in just a little while.

I know I could hire "Evangeline" out to boys and girls for so much an hour and then I'd get rich quick for they are all so crazy about her, but I am not going to because I am afraid some of them might be unkind to her and that would break my heart for I love her so.

"All North Dakota Boys Like to Play Cowboy"

Dear Little "Betty"

By Dwight M. Snow, Golden Valley Co., N. Dakota

I wish every little boy or girl owned a nice Sheltie like "Betty" which The Webb Publishing Co. gave me for winning in a Pony Contest. I ride her quite often when the weather is nice. One day I rode her seven miles and back again. She isn't one bit lazy. She walks or trots or gallops just as I want her to. I hitch her up to my nice buggy which they sent with the harness and she drives just as nice and travels real fast. Some of my little friends stay all night with me and we always drive her. They were delighted with her. Lots of them say they are going to try to win a pony.

The train was delayed so "Betty" didn't arrive until Christmas night. My papa and mamma began to feel very disappointed and told me I surely did not win, but I told them not to talk like that. I was sure "Betty" and all the outfit would come and they did. We live 16 miles from Beach and papa and I went to meet "Betty" the day after Christmas. All the help at the depot were as pleased as I was and all escorted me to the freight room where "Betty" was uncrated and tied up eating hay. A little friend and I who hauled a load of grain after papa's team hauled her home in our wagon and although it was midnight, mamma was waiting and led the pony right into the house. Every few days I ride right into the kitchen and dining room.

"Betty" is a fine little pony. My mother teaches school and we always drive

"Betty" to school. When I first saw "Betty" in the depot, I thought she was very small but after I had had her awhile I found she was not as small as I thought she was. When I took her to school she would whinny every little while and the school children would all laugh. When I hitch her up and start off to school she trots along pretty lively. She pulls over five hundred pounds besides the buggy, and trots along very easily. "Betty" likes bread, candy and sugar. She chases our big horses all around the pasture. She is so cute.

I am eleven years old. I have many good times with "Betty." When I call her she will come to me. People have asked me how much I would take for her but I told them she was not for sale. I like to get the cows with her and she likes to chase the cows. I have a pair of chaps and sometimes I play cowboy. All North Dakota boys like to play cowboy. I have a lariat rope and I can rope the cows.

We have another farm six and one-half miles from where we live and my grandmother lives five miles away. One week I made two trips to our other farm and two trips to my grandmother's. Sometimes I ride her to Burkey horseback. If she thinks I have feed for her, she will whinny. I have no brothers or sisters. I tried to win a pony before but I did not succeed so I thought I would try again, and sure enough I won "Betty," the best little pony in the country.

"Betty" and Baby Playing Merry-go-Round

"General"

By George and Peter Hentges, Yellow Medicine Co., Minnesota.

One evening while we were looking at the pictures in a farm paper we saw on one page, "This Pony Given Away Free." We could hardly believe that the Webb Publishing Co. could give away these nice Ponies Free, but we wrote to them anyway. The reply was that we had to get subscriptions to win "General" and his outfit, so we made up our minds to win and went right out after subscriptions. We did not give up, or get discouraged about it, but worked until the last minute of the Contest. A week after we sent in the last list of subscribers, we got a letter that we were the Lucky Pony Winners and had won "General." We could hardly believe our own eyes. Nobody ever

and his outfit; how we got it and how much we wanted for him. We told them we would not sell him for anything in the world. We play about three or four hours nearly every day with "General." We can hitch him to his nice little buggy or to a sleigh or ride him. We can do most anything with him as he is so patient, and he likes to come into the house and listen to the music.

We drive to school with "General" nearly every day and have lots of fun with our friends and our friends come over nearly every Sunday to have a ride on the Pony.

They are very much tickled with the nice ride and everybody wants "General" for his

"We Drive to School With 'General' Nearly Every Day"

was as happy as we were. We told our friends about it and they all were tickled and happy with us. When "General" reached the depot we drove nine miles to meet him and nobody can imagine how happy we were when we saw him first. Then we took him home and took him out of his crate and put him in the barn, and could not leave him all afternoon. We fed him a few times. The next morning we got up early and ran down to the barn to feed "General." He whinnered as though he wanted to say, "Good-morning."

We can't see how the Webb Publishing Co. can give away such nice and cute little ponies. "General" is spotted black and white, and is the cutest little pony we ever saw. One day we drove to the County Fair with "General," it was nine miles from our place but when we got home "General" was just as lively as he was when we started out.

Nearly everybody asked us about "General"

own. When we call "General" by name he comes running as fast as he can, because he thinks he will get candy or sugar, for "General" likes candy, sugar, peanuts, apples, oranges and most anything sweet. "General" also likes everything other horses eat. We made a nice little sleigh for "General" last winter and he likes to draw this with a few children on it.

"General" is not a bit afraid of an auto and he seems to like for one to pass. We have very much exercise outdoors with our Pony and often drive nine miles to town. One day we had a race with "General" and a big horse, but "General" won the race and he seemed as though he knew he won it. We bought him a pair of red bushy tassels which make him look very cute. Our folks like it very much for us to have a nice little Shetland Pony.

We wish The Webb Publishing Co. much success in their following Contests, and thank them for their kindness and generous treatment.

"Ray"

By Irene A. Brooks, Cheshire Co., N. H.

My darling pony arrived Friday night and I want to thank you so much. He has had his picture taken twice. He is so gentle and kind and he will lie down and shake hands now for me and we all love him so.

I am not going to drive him any this summer or ride him, just let him enjoy life. He is just too cute for anything. I am going to teach him to say his prayers and then I am going to take him to Sunday School with me. Everyone is just wild over him.

Thank you again for your kindness for I do think you are the best club in the world. I hope every little boy and girl will work for you and get a nice little pony as nice as my own darling "Ray." I think I have got the handsomest pony outfit in the world. Everyone comes to see it.

"Jay"

By Victor Harris, Ashland Co., Wis.

I received "Jay" the 22nd of December and I am indeed very grateful to you for sending me such a nice pony. At first he was a little nervous but now he is not.

Christmas Day we had company. I just skipped out to the barn and brought "Jay" in the house and you should have seen how surprised everybody was.

"JAY"

Victor Harris, Ashland Co., Wis.

I always give him potato and apple peelings. For his dinner he gets one large handful of grain and an armful of hay. Since I have had him I have taught him to shake hands with me.

I wish you good success in the Pony Club and I hope the other pony winners are as happy as I am. There would be no happier children on earth.

To My Pony "Slick"

I am a boy just ten years old,
And a bad one at that, so I'm told.
I joined the Pony Club early last spring,
And won a very beautiful thing.

Buggy, harness, saddle and horse—
A Shetland Pony I mean, of course.
His color is brown, his name is "Slick,"
He is kind and gentle, active and quick.

My pony can neither be traded nor sold,
For to me he is worth his weight in gold.
He weighs not much, just three hundred pounds,
For a real live pony how little it sounds.

When tired of work and tired of play,
I hitch up "Slick" and drive away.
I go to neighbors, friends and town,
In fact I drive him all around.

When people stop me on the street
And ask where I got my outfit so neat,
I tell them the Pony Man gave him to me,
For getting a few subscriptions, you see.

Good luck to the Company and thanks to you all,
Who subscribed for the paper, both large and small.

The Webb Publishing Company I'll never forget,
For sending me such a beautiful pet.

—Joseph Kottum, Renville Co., Minn.

"Bonny Betsy"

By Cleighton Eldridge Davis, Campbell Co., Tennessee

I want to write you regarding darling "Betsy" and outfit, or, as I am too small, will have mamma write for me and I shall send you some pictures in a few days which will show you how we look. Oh! but listen, it will not tell you how much I love this little darling and her outfit—neither can words express it.

I received her at the express office Saturday morning, July the 17th, and now have learned to ride and drive her and have given her mamma's lawn for her new home which she seems to enjoy very much. I really think that her name should have been "Bonny Betsy." We want to tell you that we think you are the kindest, nicest people in the world to little boys and girls and do exactly what you say that you will do. I really think that my little pet and her excellent outfit is nicer than you described it to be. "Betsy" sure does look cute with her little saddle and bridle on, and when we want to take a hike we hitch her to the buggy. The little horse hair bridle is the prettiest I ever saw. My little friends say so too. "Betsy" alone I think was more than worth the work we did. "Betsy" has brought lots of joy and fun to our home as she is as

gentle as can be and so cute that all of our little friends love to come and see her and in fact many of them are anxious to try to win one for themselves.

I just must tell you some of the cute tricks she will do. She will walk right up the steps onto the porch and wants to go into the house, and upon finding the screen opened "Betsy" just walked in and made herself at home, or welcome to a pitcher of lemonade setting on the dining table that mamma had prepared for supper and she simply refused to go out until she had finished the lemonade and then some sugar was presented her in order to get her out doors. She loves roasting ears, lemonade and sugar better than anything.

I guess I have too much written but I just want all the boys and girls to know how sweet a little Shetland pony really is. Some say that she is small but pretty. She is the size we were expecting and most desired. I hardly know how to express my thanks to you for this beautiful and valuable gift and I sincerely trust that all the little boys and girls that want one of these little pets for their own will be successful.

"ROY"

Given to Agnes Zeug,
Redwood Co., Minnesota

"STARLIGHT"

Given to Oscar Anderson,
Brown Co., S. D.

"Snip"

By Harold Wilcox, Greene Co., Iowa

I am sending you a picture of my pony "Snip." I think he is just as fine a pony as ever was. He is just as fat as he can be. He likes everything that is good to eat. He will eat candy, peanuts, crackers, cookies, bread

and butter, cake, ice cream or anything like that I give him. He will come right in the house for sugar and likes it very much.

He will lie down and roll over for me every morning when I take him out of the barn. Sometimes when I try to catch him he will run as fast as he can and won't let me catch him.

I have lots of chances to sell and trade "Snip" but I don't think I will for he is the finest pony around here. My little brother and sister play with him too. We have lots of fun with "Snip." He will run races with us and always beats. I would not take a whole lot for "Snip."

"CYCLONE"

Given to Raymond L. Hild, York Co., Pa.

Dear Little "Snuggles"

By Alberta and Florence Ashdown,
Chemung Co., New York

How can we ever thank you enough for dear little "Snuggles?" He is the loveliest little pony.

Little sister and I can do most anything with him. We ride him all over now.

Papa has made a little cart, but we haven't any harness, so we can't drive him for a while. Papa and Mamma love him as much as we do.

I wanted to hear from you again and mama said if I ever expected to hear from you, I should write to you.

How I wish you could come and see "Snuggles" and us some time. We live eight miles from the city of Elmira at a little town called Seely Creek.

My pony eats everything but strawberries and onions. I think he might like onions only they smell so awful.

We have had several pictures taken with our pony and will send you another soon.

I hope you have the little pony winners book done, for you said you would send me several

A Happy Trio

and I told my little friends I would give them some, so please, Dear Editor, don't forget me;

Our pony is shed off and he is a beauty. black and white. In the winter his hair was faded and it was brown then.

"Snuggles" is two years old and weighs 236 pounds.

One day I lay a pillow under his head while he was sleeping and the next time he lay down he put his head right on that pillow.

I am going to ride him to Sunday School today. It will be a six mile ride for us. The first day I rode him he held up an auto and turned right around in the road and stood and looked at it. I could not make him get out of the way and the man had to come and pull him to one side.

He seems to like them but motor cycles at first he did not like and he tried to run from them. Now he doesn't notice them.

Dear Friend we wish to thank you again and again for our lovely pony, and will thank you so much for some of the little books.

"Robin"

By Fenton Brannon, Meade Co., Kas.

"Robin" is the cutest pony you ever did see. The first night he was here, papa left the barn window open and he got out and ran away and when papa brought him home he looked so funny. You ought to have seen him; he looked like a little boy that had run off and his father had given him a spanking.

My brother just over a year old runs out and tries to ride him. We have the most fun with him. When he came the girls and boys all came to see him. "Robin" will shake hands with us.

I thank the Webb Publishing Company.

"ROSCOE"

Given to Doris Overman, Grant County, Nebraska.

"Paddy"

By Grace McGogy, McIntosh Co., N. D.

I want to write and tell you how proud I am of my pony. He is as sleek as satin and he weighs over 300 pounds. I haven't had his picture taken this summer but as soon as I do I will send you one.

The 14th of July there was a circus here. They had 24 little ponies. We took "Paddy" up to see them and he put his nose against them and he seemed so glad to see them. There was one pony that looked just like him. The manager said they would make a fine team. The manager thought "Paddy" was just it, and so do I.

I can't tell you how glad I am I have my dear little "Paddy" and I can't thank you enough for him.

"JINGO"

Given to Pearl Kerr, Grant Co., Wis.

"Pat"

By Flossie Meredith, Jasper Co., Iowa

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how "Pat" is doing. "Pat" and I are getting along fine. He is gaining and is as fat as a little pig. I have got him on good grass and I feed him three times a day an ear of corn and a pint of oats, and every morning and evening he has to have a drink of fresh milk beside what other little stuff I feed him, in fact most every thing but meat. He will not eat meat. I don't see what makes him pick up so. He does not eat so awfully much. Of course he eats a little but not very much.

I try to get time to take a pleasure ride every day and I think more of him every time that I ride him for he is such a nice saddler. He lopes right along and carries you just as easy as if you were rocking in a cradle. We have an orchard of about two acres and when I let him out of the lawn into the orchard he just rolls and kicks and runs for about an hour, just as fast as he can jump, and every one that sees him says that he is the cutest little pony they ever saw. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him today.

"Pat" is round as an apple, as slick as a mole and ready to go whenever he is told. He just enjoys going after the cows and sheep of evenings. I carry a lunch twice a day to the

"He is such a nice saddler"

field for my father and brother and he likes to go to the field for they always invite "Pat" to eat with them and he always accepts the invitation. He is very fond of bread, butter, pie and cake and jells of all sorts. He weighed 255 pounds when I got him and his weight at the present time is 355 pounds.

I ride "Pat" to town about twice a week and the children gather around with something for him to eat. The people say he is the finest pony that ever came to town. The people say

"Rocksy"

By Gertrude Jensvold, Musselshell Co., Mont.

I want to write and tell you about my pony, "Rocksy." He is all black with a little white star in his forehead and one white hoof. He

"Money cannot buy him"

will eat anything we give him: sugar, cake, candy, bread and butter and peaches. He even spits the stone out of the peaches. It would take too long to tell you about everything he eats. The day he came I went down town with papa to get him.

I take him to school every day and we have a great deal of fun with him. He comes right up on the porch without us pulling him. My friends think he is so cute and they all wish they had one like him. When we go down to him at recess we say, "Hello, Rocksy," and he whinnies for us. He seems to understand everything I say to him. Once we took him into our kitchen.

My pony is not afraid of autos or engines and not even a threshing machine. The day we had the threshers he did not mind it at all.

People ask how much I would sell my pony for and I tell them money cannot buy him. I think the Webb Publishing Company has been so good to me to help me to get such a nice pony. He is so nice and gentle and he will do anything we want him to do.

("Pat", continued)

they think The Farmer's Wife paper is just the one and some say that they could not get along without it and I know I could not get along without "Pat." He is thoroughly broke and will do anything you tell him to do if he can but he can't talk Dutch.

I feel so thankful that I ever joined the Pony Club and many thanks to you and your kindness in the way you have been to me and for "Pat." He is worth his weight in gold. Give my love to all members.

"Pop"

By Douglas Lockman, Crockett Co., Tenn.

I think "Pop" is the nicest pony I ever saw and to just think he is my very own. I am so thankful to you for sending me such a fine pony. I know if I had the whole pony farm to pick from I could not make a better selection for I would not give "Pop" for any pony or horse I ever saw. "Pop" was sure tired when he got here and I did not ride him any that day. All the children in town were here to see him when he came and I have had a big crowd here every day since.

"Pop" will do a few tricks already. He will tell you "howdy" and will lay down and roll over. He comes right into the house and asks for sugar or apples and when I give him something to eat he paws his feet to say thank you. I have not got to ride much on account of my arm which I broke sometime ago but I enjoy seeing my little sister ride him.

We had a big road rally here on the 16th and I wish you could have seen sister and "Pop" in the parade. "Pop" was covered with flags and pennants, he seemed to know that everybody was looking at him and complimenting him and he just tried to see how good he could do. I was offered \$100.00 for him that day but I told them he was not for sale at any price.

I am ten years old and have been paralyzed ever since I was five and I cannot play games with the other boys and I have always wanted a pony so one day papa was looking over a paper and called me to him and said, "Son, here is a chance to get you a pony." Mamma said she would take the paper to give me a start so I wrote The Farmer's Wife that very day and got busy and kept hustling until the contest closed. Some would try to discourage me and say they would take the paper but they didn't think I would get anything, but papa said he knew that the Webb Publishing Company would do what they said and for me to keep on working and after the people saw that I was in earnest they began to help me and now they say they could not get along

"Forrest"

By Wanda Mills, Genesee Co., Mich.

I write to let you know that "Forrest" arrived all safe and sound, and we are all delighted with him. We think he is a dandy, and he must be for every one that comes to see him says the same thing. "He sure is a dandy."

Oh say, but he was mad when we took him out of the crate. He would not lead one step, just brace himself, but he was all nice and lovely the next morning.

He sure likes oats, and I think he would eat a bag if we would give them to him.

Well, Dear Pony Editor, I want to thank you a thousand times for making it possible for me to get "Forrest."

I worked hard but I feel well paid, for besides earning a beautiful pony I can say I got a pony from The Farmers' Wife Pony Club, and don't you know there is a lot of extra pleasure in that.

We expect to be able to send you pictures very soon, within the next two weeks.

Thanking you again, I remain a true friend to the Pony Club.

"PEACHES"

Alicia M. Davenport, Klamath Co., Oregon

"Pop" Continued

without The Farmer's Wife, and don't see how you can publish such a good paper at the price.

I will say to any boy or girl that if they want a pony that they can certainly get one by working for the Webb Publishing Co. and they will treat you fair all the way through, but you have got to get up and hustle, but it is worth the effort. Papa and Mamma says that working in the contest was the best schooling I ever had as I learned how to meet people and so much about letter writing for I sure wrote a lot of them.

I will have some pictures made just as soon as I can and will send you some of them for your Pony Club book.

I want to thank you again for the fair way you treated me and for "Pop."

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The Webb Publishing Company was founded in 1883 and is the largest agricultural publishing house west of New York City. We print annually more than sixteen million copies of our two agricultural periodicals. We also publish many agricultural books, a few of which you will find named on page 141 of this book. Any bank or business house in St. Paul or Minneapolis will tell of the high standing of the Webb Publishing Company and that every promise we make will be faithfully carried out.

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