

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER AND SOUTHERN FARM GAZETTE



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A PERSONAL LETTER TO MR. SUBSCRIBER

Office of

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER AND GAZETTE,
Raleigh, N. C., Aug. 4, 1910.

Dear Mr. Subscriber:

This, Mr. Subscriber, is a personal letter, a very personal letter, to you whose name appears on the little label herewith.

I want your help.

You see, I have long said that I was going to start around the world this fall.

I am going.

But I have also said that before starting I was going to get 20,000 more subscribers than there are now on our books.

I must get them.

That much is settled. I have told you before about Uncle Remus's story of Bre'r Rabbit climbing the tree. You remember Bre'r Wolf with blood in his eye had chased Bre'r Rabbit relentlessly, closed right in on him, and in another minute would have his teeth clamped right on Bre'r Rabbit's back—

"And right then," said Uncle Remus, "Bre'r Rabbit, he clumb a tree."

"Climbed a tree?" exclaimed the Little Boy.

"But you know rabbits can't climb trees."

"Mebbe dey can and mebbe dey can't," said Uncle Remus. "All I know is that Bre'r Rabbit was jest erbleeged to climb a tree—jest erbleeged to do it—en' he clumb it."

I am "jest erbleeged" to get 20,000 more subscribers this month—and I am going to get 'em.

Take your own individual case, Mr. Subscriber, I know you have a number of neighbors and friends who ought to be taking the paper but are not. It would not only help them to take the paper, but it would help the neighborhood.

And now that crops are laid by, I want you to help us get these folks into the fold.

But you may say that farmers have little money at this time of year. Very well, we have foreseen this objection and have headed it off completely.

You needn't ask any man for a dollar for a year's subscription. To insure these 20,000 subscribers, and to make it dead easy for you to get the three, four, five, or six we are expecting from you, we have decided to make the following remarkable and fetching offer:

To any man not now getting The Progressive Farmer we will send it every week from now till January 1, 1911,—nearly five months—for only 25 cents.

Anybody can give you a quarter and as the

regular price till January would be 45 cents, this is nearly half-price—and we'll give any man's money back if not satisfied.

Now, such an offer just can't be resisted, and all you'll have to do is to tell your neighbor. Even if he seems a little coy at first, his declining will be like that of the Asiatic belle in those eloquent lines:

"There was a young lady from Siam,

Who said to her lover named Priam,

To kiss me, of course,

You'll have to use force;

But the Lord knows you are stronger than I am."

With an offer like this—half-price and money back if not satisfied—the Lord knows you are stronger than any little indifference on your neighbor's part, and you won't have to use much force to land his subscription, and if you do, we'll pay the costs.

And now to the work. You have some kinsfolk, Mr. Subscriber, whom you can get under this 25-cent offer; you have some neighbors who are not kin to you; you have some tenants; you have some town friends who own farms: all these should be captured, and again the watchword should be: "Let no guilty man escape—no man guilty of trying to farm or keep house without The Progressive Farmer and Gazette."

I am enclosing a subscription blank with this copy of The Progressive Farmer and Gazette, and I hope you will put it in your pocket, and keep your eyes peeled for every non-subscriber who gets in sight of you these next few weeks. At your neighbor's house, at the mill, at the store, at the picnic, at the Farmers' Union meeting, at the Saturday church meeting: be ready for every guilty man and nab him.

You remember the old Puritan of Indian days who, when asked, why he always carried a rifle believing, as he did, that when a man's time came to die, he'd die anyhow, and that was all there was to it, answered: "True enough, but what if I should meet an Indian whose time had come, and me without a gun?" And so as religiously as the Puritan carried his rifle, so we hope you will carry our subscription blank: you never can tell when you may meet some non-subscriber whose time has come—not to die but to subscribe.

More than this, we are going to pay you, and pay you handsomely, for all the work you do for us. For every 25-cent subscriber you get we'll credit you two months on your label (unless you

choose some other premium), renew you a whole year for six quarter-subscriptions, and in addition to all this, we are going to give an extra cash prize of \$1 for the largest list received each day from any subscriber, while the subscriber from whom we receive the largest list each week will get \$5 cash. For the very largest list sent in between August 10 and September 10, moreover, we shall give a \$75 buggy; for the next largest list sent by a woman, a first-class sewing machine, and for the next largest list sent by a man, a pure-bred Poland China, Berkshire, or Duroc Jersey pig.

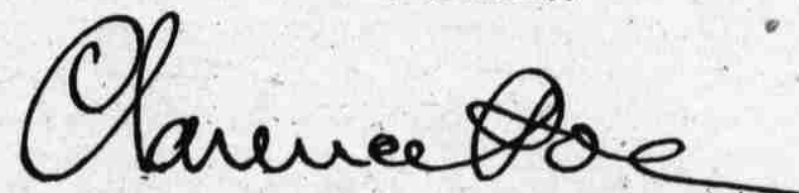
These prizes will not not be open to persons regularly employed as agents, but only to subscribers. Even if you get only one or two subscribers, you get well paid in credit on your label; put yourself to a very little trouble and you may get the daily prize besides, while a determined effort any week may get you the weekly prize or the \$75 buggy. But don't worry about the big prizes: what we are most anxious for is to get every subscriber to send us from one to six 25-cent subscribers.

Of course, you know the paper well enough to talk it, and talk all its features, and you may always tell a man that if he isn't satisfied he may have his money back for the asking. And then, as I said in the outset, I am going to start around the world for The Progressive Farmer and Gazette the last of August and write up all my travels and experiences for the benefit of our great Progressive Farmer and Gazette Family. These letters will begin in September, and every 25-cent subscriber will be in time for them.

You will find the blank in this paper, and I hope you will make use of it. Fill it up and send it back.

Hoping to have a big list from you, I am,

Yours cordially,



Editor-in-Chief.

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