

15 Cents to January 1--To New Subscribers!

# THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

A Farm and Home Weekly for the Carolinas, Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia.

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## Mr. Subscriber—A Personal Letter to You

Our Big Campaign of Last Year Put Us in Sight of the Mark and We Are Going to Have the "Twenty Years and Twenty Thousand" by Thanksgiving.

Dear Mr. Subscriber:

Say, Mr. Subscriber, this is a personal letter for you—yes, sir, for you whose name we have printed on the little slip herewith—and it is very much the same sort of personal letter I wrote you a year ago this week. You remember that letter, don't you—what it was about?

"Twenty Years and Twenty Thousand!"

That was the keynote of it, if you remember; and I meant exactly what I said,

"Twenty Thousand!"

Great Scotland! that sounded big then, for we didn't have quite ten thousand actual subscribers—lacked a few hundred. But I decided to aim high, and I told you we were going to get Twenty Thousand by the end of 1906.

Say, did you ever hear about the Dakota Indian who was opposed to the train running over his hunting ground, and so decided next time it came he would lasso it?

Well, he did. Yes, by a great good hit he landed his lasso around the whizzing smokestack—and if it didn't jerk him to Kingdom Come, it wasn't the locomotive's fault, and all the engineer could say was:

"Well, sir, I admire your spunk, but doggone your judgment!" (Only I am afraid he didn't stop at "doggone.")

The point is that my talk about getting Twenty Thousand when I didn't have quite Ten looked rather the same way—fine spunk but doubtful judgment.

But it wasn't, and I knew it wasn't.

"The Progressive Farmer will be twenty years old next year," I wrote—just a year ago this week—"and we are going to have 20,000 subscribers before the year ends."

And we are—sure.

Why, before February we had over half of the extra Ten Thousand, and we have gained a thousand or two since, and we are almost in sight of the Twenty Thousand mark now. We are certainly going to get them "before the year ends," as I said.

Yes, and some more besides—a great many more.

The old Progressive Farmer is a humming, but we are going to make it hum some more. We not only want to strike while the iron is hot, but we are going to keep it hot by striking.

Do you know, we are going to get that Twenty Thousand by Thanksgiving? Well, we are. We are going to have that to be thankful for.

And you must help, Mr. Subscriber. This is the final grand rally in the Twenty Thousand Cam-

paign, and every member of The Progressive Farmer Family must do his duty.

If you sent us a club last year, send us another now just to be in at the final "round up."

If you didn't send us a club last year, by all means make haste to redeem yourself and to get into good standing before it's too late.

It is of no use to put it off. We are just determined that every decent farmer in your neighborhood shall come into the fold; we are convinced that it's your Christian duty to bring them in, and that it's our Christian duty not to let you see any peace "whatsomever" until you do bring them in. Mr. Dooley speaks of Mr. Rockefeller as being "at peace with the world, the flesh and the divvle," but we can't be at peace with either till we reach our mark.

At the same time, we are going to make it just as easy as possible for you to get these lost sheep into The Progressive Farmer Family. We are going to make it so easy that nobody will refuse. And this is how we are going to do it:

**THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER WILL BE SENT TO ANY NEW SUBSCRIBER EVERY WEEK FROM NOW TILL JANUARY 1, 1907, FOR ONLY FIFTEEN CENTS!**

That's the offer, and it's so cheap that the wayfaring man, though a mossback, will not refuse you when it is offered.

**Fifteen Cents till January 1st.**

You have a dozen neighbors, friends, and relatives who ought to take The Progressive Farmer—who will take it if you mention this offer to them.

And you must mention it to them. It will help your neighbors to read the paper. It will help your neighborhood to have them read it. It will help you to do this missionary work for them.

Moreover, we'll pay you liberally for your work in getting these trial subscribers—will credit you one month on your label for every fifteen-cent order you send us; six months credit for a club of six, eight months credit for a club of eight, etc.

Moreover, we are going to mail Saturday night of each week in October a check for \$5 to the man or woman who has sent in the biggest club of fifteen-cent subscribers that week, and \$2.50 for the second largest.

**Twenty Years and Twenty Thousand—by Thanksgiving!**

Bring them in.

Let no guilty man escape—no man guilty of trying to farm and keep house without The Progressive Farmer.

Spot your men now—make a list of 'em—all your friends and neighbors yet outside the fold—and then lay for them. At the postoffice, at the mill, at the store, at the cotton gin, at the Saturday church meeting, at the Cotton Growers', at the Tobacco Growers' or at the Alliance meeting, there are opportunities enough for getting them;

we want you to clean up your township. Don't let it be said that there is a farmer left who can read and write who don't take The Progressive Farmer. And to the first man who sends us a club with the statement (corroborated by two witnesses) that he has brought the last white farmer in the township who can read and write into the The Progressive Farmer Family we'll give \$5 in gold—and \$4 to the next—and \$3 to the next—and \$2 to the next—and \$1 to the next.

Send us a club—a club of eight if you can. Strike while the iron is hot, as we have said. If any man sent 15 cents last year and didn't get his paper, send us his name now and we'll send it to him free. But get up the list. We must have your help, and we are paying you well—one month's credit (8 1-3 cents worth) for every 15 cent subscriber you send us, and \$5 extra if your club is the biggest of the week, or \$2.50 if it's second biggest, and \$5 more in gold if you are the first man to clean up your township.

Now let's have a grand rally of The Progressive Farmer Family—we are going to have that anyhow—and we are going to have that Twenty Thousand by Thanksgiving.

All we want is you, YOU whose name is on the little slip at the top of this page, YOU to do your part and send us the names of all your friends and neighbors not already in the Family.

And what thou doest, do quickly. Awaiting your reply, I am,

Yours sincerely,

CLARENCE H. POE,  
Editor and Manager.

## Torrens System in Georgia.

From an item, in the Savannah Weekly News, it seems that there is a prospect of the Torrens System of registering land titles, being tried in Georgia. At any rate, the work started in the recent Legislature. The News says:

"A bill, drafted by Judge J. L. Sweat, providing for the adoption in this State of the Torrens System of registering land titles, is pending in the Legislature. The Torrens System is in use in several of the States, including Illinois, where it is considered to be a model in its way. The pending bill creates no new offices or courts, and the system is not to be compulsory even after the people endorse it at the polls. The Torrens System substitutes for the present system of registering deeds a system of registering titles, making it possible to show the true title at once. Instead of a long list of deeds, some of them perhaps obscure or fraudulent, a certificate is issued showing on its face the owner of the land. A simplified method of registering lands has long been wanted."—Florida Agriculturist.

The farmer no longer feels that he is the victim of many adversaries. Nor may he ever again despise his calling. He is more of a master now than he has been; and his life—always sentimentally the envy of many—is becoming a genuine object of envy. Wide acres, clean furrows, green slopes, fat stock, fresh air, independence, and the old homestead—is there a man among us that would not have that sort of business, if he were fit for it?—Biblical Recorder.