

To Mrs. Subscriber: A Personal Letter.

Dear Mrs. Subscriber:

My dear Madam, my whole heart is set on "Twenty Years and Twenty Thousand—by Thanksgiving,"—that is to say, to get 20,000 actual members of The Progressive Farmer Family by Thanksgiving Day—and you are the identical person I want to get to help me. I know it was your husband I addressed last week, but I ought to have written to you. The best friends the old Progressive Farmer has are the ladies, and I had a new proof of it before the ink was dry on last week's papers, when a Mrs. Subscriber down in South Carolina—she is a Social Chatterer and you have read some of her excellent letters—sent us a club of thirty-five. Yes, ma'am, thirty-five, before any man had sent us even half a dozen, and before I thought the papers had had time to get to South Carolina. And bless her soul! she didn't want a prize, but wrote:

"I did not send the subscribers, Mr. Editor, for the sake of the premium offered. Don't want you to send me anything. I had a copy of The Progressive Farmer in my hand; it being court week, there were many farmers here whom I knew. They seemed glad to subscribe, and it was just an hour's 'good will' work—very unexpectedly to me."

Now isn't that charming, delightful, simply grand—and all those other things you know so much better how to say than I do? But we are not going to have anything like that—no, ma'am. We are not only going to give the women prizes when they win them but every time a woman beats all the men and wins the prize, I am going to make it 20 per cent larger—\$5 for the biggest club of the week if it's a man, and \$6 if it's a woman; \$2.50 for the second biggest if it's a man and \$3 if it's a woman.

And it's dead easy to get these trial readers, Mrs. Subscriber. Do you remember that classic and stately poem I quoted to your husband during our 15-cent campaign last fall:

"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."

But you won't have to use any force to get these 15-cent subscribers. When that unfailing marksman Davy Crockett used to go coon hunting, the coon would say: "Don't shoot; I'll come down"—and when a woman sets out to get a man to subscribe for anything, he usually throws up both hands and imitates Crockett's coon. If he's a wise man he does, anyhow. And when you have an offer like this half-price 15-cent offer where you not only give a man his money's worth, but ten times his money's worth, they'll come tumbling over each other to subscribe, and they'll than you as long as they live. It's good missionary work.

Now we are going to get the Twenty Thousand—no doubt in the world about it. Lists are already coming in by every mail, big lists and little lists, lists from North Carolina,

lists from South Carolina, lists from Virginia, and all over the Progressive Farmer's territory. The woods are afire. Mr. Subscriber is interested and Mrs. Subscriber is interested, and the boys and the girls—the whole blamed family, if you'll excuse the "langwidge." Why, here's a letter from a boy I got just ten minutes ago; read it:

"Mr. Clarence H. Poe:

"Dear Friend: I am a boy, 15 years old, and saw your offer for The Farmer till January 1st, for 15 cents, and I want you to send me some blanks and I will do all that I can to get farmers into the fold, for I do love the old Progressive Farmer, and I want to be one that gets a prize check. My father is 67 years old, and is not able to work much, but there are a good many farmers around us and I am going to bring them all into The Progressive Farmer Family, if they don't look sharp. I am mighty little to talk so big but I mean it. I would not let my father stop taking The Progressive Farmer for \$10 a year. Send me the blanks by return mail and let me get to work, as I want to get a check."

Now, do you reckon, Madam, that anything in the world can stop us, when we have loyalty like that in The Progressive Farmer Family—boys with enthusiasm like that, and the women picking up thirty-five subscribers in an hour's time, and the men sending subscribers by every mail?

No, madam, the woods are afire, and we are not only going to make it "Twenty Years and Twenty Thousand—by Thanksgiving," but (just between you and me and the gate post) we are going to make it Twenty-Five Thousand—five thousand more than Twenty just for fun.

Sure. We'll do it.

All we want, Mrs. Subscriber, is for you to make up your mind that you will make a clean sweep of your neighborhood—get all your friends and kinfolks into The Progressive Farmer Family on this grand rally. It will help the women as well as the men—and there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't get one of our prizes; and anyhow you'll get a month's credit on your subscription for every 15-cent subscription you send us, and the easiest way in the world to renew—free—is to get a dozen of these trial subscriptions. Get twelve of them yourself, and make the old man give you the dollar he'd have to pay for his renewal otherwise. You can if you will, and—but, good gracious! I could talk half a day, but I'd a great deal rather hear you (I am not flattering a bit madam), and I hope you will let me hear from you as quickly as possible.

Make a clean sweep of the neighborhood and send in your list.

Your waiting Editor,
CLARENCE H. POE,
Editor and Manager.

P. S.—I am going to send a letter to your old man next week about his subscription, and if we have made any mistake about his label, don't let him cuss me about it. Tell him to

write me a letter, and I will be delighted to correct it. We can't help making mistakes, but we are always anxious to set them straight.

P. S. No. 2.—(This is a second P. S., but you know how it is: there's always something else you want to say.) That letter I am going to send your husband is to tell him that the easiest way to renew is to send us a dozen trial subscriptions and save his dollar, but I'd rather you'd get the dozen yourself before you give him a chance and then make him give you the dollar. Try it, won't you?

Value of a Letter of Commendation.

In our last advertisement we said that we sometimes thought we might be talking too much, but that apparently the people didn't think so, as the inquiries continued to come in, more now than ever. This remark reminded Willoughby of a story he had seen lately. Willoughby is our cashier, and this is what he said: A man came home one night intoxicated, not, perhaps, as usual, but, probably as before. The lecture from his wife came along as usual. Finally he went to sleep, and when he woke up the first thing he heard was her voice and the same round of remonstrances. At last he was moved to say: "Mary, are you taking again, or yet?"

As a week has elapsed, we suppose we may claim to be talking again. This time it is about the pleasure a letter from a customer gives. Here is one that came in yesterday:

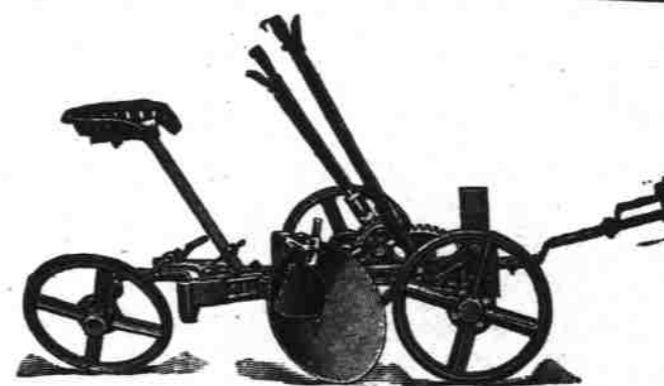
"As my ginney bought of you runs so nicely will ask you for your best and lowest prices on a 20 H. P. boiler and a 15 H. P. engine, and your Pony saw mill outfit complete, as I want to put in one at once."

We wouldn't be human if we didn't give that man the best letter we know how to write. He needn't have said anything about the gin machinery he had bought, but he did. We knew he was pleased with what he had, else he would have written to some other makers of engines and saw mills. But it is a pleasure to have him say it without the asking.

We have a story along this line about the League of the Golden Pen. If any one wants it, and will write us, it will be printed in this column. It will have to be condensed to get it in our space, but we will give it all the room we have, except enough to say yet and again:

If in need of engines, boilers, cotton gin machinery and saw mills, write to

LIDDELL COMPANY,
Charlotte, N. C.



Seat, pressed steel, spring steel hold support; easiest rider made. Levers easy handling. Double levers for raising and lowering plow; perfect adjustment; perfect position. Disc adjustment our own special patent; sets at any angle, according to the land; turns a broad, flat-bottom furrow. Pulverizing scraper adjustable. Automatic rear wheel latch holds the wheel to the furrow; allows plow to turn square corner, right or left; locks the rear wheel automatically soon as the team is straightened out. No plow made like The Royal. Descriptive book free.

Chatanooga Implement & Manufacturing Co., Dept. Y, Chattanooga, Tenn., U. S. A.

Are You Troubled With Dandruff?

Then try Tetterine. Mrs. S. Kelly of Deatsville, Ala., says: "While at Julian, Ala., a short time ago, I heard Tetterine spoken of in such commendable terms, until I bought a box and used for Ringworm and Dandruff. It certainly worked like magic. Tetterine gives quick and permanent relief in all forms of skin disease. Get from druggist or send 50c for a box to J. T. Shuptrine, Mr., Savannah, Ga."

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(INCORPORATED)

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Three cents a word for each insertion, each figure or initial counting as a separate word. Send cash with order. Stamps accepted for amounts less than \$1. More than eighteen thousand families reached each week.

A VALUABLE FARM TO LET—A farm adapted to Tobacco, Wheat and Corn. Comfortable Dwelling House of eight rooms, garden, out houses, fine water, excellent neighborhood, convenient to Oak Ridge Institute. Address, Farmer, Oak Ridge, Guilford County, North Carolina.

SEED OATS FOR SALE—100 bushels nice Culberson Oats, good for fall seeding, at 75 cents per bushel. B. W. Kilgore, Raleigh, N. C.

BARGAINS IN IMPROVED LARGE Yorkshire Pigs from Imported stock. Also thorough bred Essex. J. E. Coulter, Connelly Springs, N. C.

TALK WITH HAITHCOCK, the Real Estate Agent at the thriving town of Hickory, among the foot-hills of (Western) North Carolina. Climate unsurpassed. Good solid values and attractive propositions. Town and farm properties—anything in Real Estate. Address John E. Haithcock, Real Estate Agent. Write for Booklet A.

APPLER SEED OATS—I have about 100 bushels for sale. M. W. Page, Morrisville, N. C.

This 2-Horse Disc Plow

is the supreme perfection of field mechanics. The Royal 2-Horse Disc Plow is the only plow made entirely of iron and steel, quality guaranteed, every piece perfect, neat, graceful, compact. No unnecessary weight. The hitch or tongue of steel has two patent adjustments, regulates width of cut; horses do not walk on the plowed ground; right-hand horse walks in the furrow. Absolutely no side draft. Interchangeable bearings, dust-proof boxes. Beam high quality steel; patent design; can't spring out of shape. Disc adjustment; perfect position. Disc adjustment our own special patent; sets at any angle, according to the land; turns a broad, flat-bottom furrow. Pulverizing scraper adjustable. Automatic rear wheel latch holds the wheel to the furrow; allows plow to turn square corner, right or left; locks the rear wheel automatically soon as the team is straightened out. No plow made like The Royal. Descriptive book free.

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