

THEY ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

They are coming, Father Abraham!

Our offer to send The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant every week from now till January 1, 1905, for only 15 cents is sweeping over North and South Carolina like a fire. Already orders are coming in at the rate of 100 a day, and we hope to make it 200 a day this week.

It's easy enough for any reader to get up a club of 12—and since we give you credit for a month on your subscription for every 15-cent subscription you send, there is no easier way to renew for a year. Try it this week.

A Rutherford County lady sends a list of seven which she says she secured in ten minutes. Another reader sends a club of six which he made up at the church meeting Saturday. Another man obtained his list by visiting his neighbors; another at the postoffice, another at the cotton gin. There are opportunities enough any week for any subscriber to make up a club of ten.

An Onslow reader sends a list of 16 and says: "If I had known of this offer two or three days ago, I could have made it 50. When January comes, let me know the names of any that fail to subscribe for 1905 and I will try to get them to continue."

A South Carolina Supreme Court judge sends a club of seven, saying: "These are names of managers and tenants on my farms whom I would like to encourage to take your paper, on my own account as well as their own. I am much pleased with your publication."

Mr. B. B. Rhyne, of Gaston County, N. C., writes for our terms to agents and says: "I am a young farmer just starting out on a farm of my own, and The Progressive Farmer is my partner. I would not wish to farm without it. It is a valuable farm and home paper, which every farmer should take, and I am going to see if I cannot put it into the homes of at least 25 during 1905."

In no other way, Mr. Subscriber, can you so easily do your neighbors a good turn as by getting them to read The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant, and you will never have a better opportunity than is offered by this 15-cent proposition. Send us anyhow a club of six this week, and thus brighten six homes in your neighborhood and get the date on your label moved up six months free. You can do it, if you will.

They are coming, Father Abraham! Bring your neighbors into the procession this week. And again, what you do, do quickly.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER—SOME RANDOM COMMENT.

Mr. N. H. Fleming's article on "Tobacco Warehouse Charges" is one that will challenge the attention of tobacco growers everywhere; and we should like to have the subject given further treatment in our columns. It is strange that it has not been more generally discussed in tobacco growers meetings. The growers of the weed will also be interested in Entomologist Franklin Sherman's letter urging the destruction of such tobacco pests as now remain on the suckers and sprouts from old stalks.

The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant scores in the publication of the October cotton report, being the first paper in the country, so far as we can learn, to print it in full. This is the first time we have ever known the Associated Press to fail to handle it. The next cotton report will appear December 1st.

The combination of The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant is making quite a hit in the Palmetto State. We are glad to have this week a striking article on "Alfalfa and Clover" by Mr. J. Washington Watts, President of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society. We are also glad to announce that Capt. Charles Petty, former Editor of the Cotton Plant, and the author of the "Thought for Farmers" so long the leading department in that paper, has been en-

gaged as a regular contributor to our columns. Next week Mr. J. C. Stribling, of Anderson Co., S. C., will write of the Cotton Growers' Union which has been so successful in his section.

On page 3 Dr. Burkett strongly urges the importance of feeding some cattle this winter. As to the model cow shed, nothing more needs to be added to the commendation we have already given. We only hope that every woman who has to milk will make the head of the house build such a stall before the winter sets in.

Mr. H. M. Daniel is always an interesting writer, and his good roads article is one of the best features of this number.

We are glad to hear of the reorganization of the Alliance in Mecklenburg. There is no better county in the State, and there are no better farmers than those now at the head of the new Mecklenburg organization.

Our readers will observe that we have begun the publication of a series of Southern poems. In this series, Hayne, Poe, Simms and Timrod, will have most attention, though the work of some minor poets will be included. Our readers are to be congratulated on the fact that Prof. Henry Jerome Stockard, our own gifted North Carolina poet, will give the Editor valuable assistance in making the selections.

Our "Home Circle" readers are introduced to a promising new writer this week—Miss Elizabeth L. Hope, whose story, "The Daisies," appears on page 6. Miss Hope has a pleasing style—no straining after effect, but the clearness and simplicity of Pilgrim's Progress. And while the plot of her story is somewhat mystical, this is as it should be in a story dealing with the vague dreams and emotions of dawning womanhood. Miss Hope handles her theme with much skill and charm, and we hope that we shall have other articles from her pen.

Dr. H. F. Freeman, whose talks on farming subjects are always of such great practical value, in the future will also give us an occasional health article. The first of this series, "How to Stop Dangerous Bleeding," appears this week.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

Throughout the United States there is in progress a remarkable campaign against consumption, "the great white plague" which carries off its hundreds of thousands to untimely graves every year. Magazines are publishing articles on the subject; cities are adopting ordinances intended to stay the spread of the disease, and doctors everywhere are emphasizing the importance of preventive measures. The ordinances recently adopted by the city of Raleigh will undoubtedly save many lives; and their author, Prof. W. A. Withers, declares his belief that consumption can be stamped out of this country just as leprosy was stamped out of Europe.

We are reminded of this by the receipt of a bulletin, "Causes and Prevention of Consumption," just issued by the North Carolina State Board of Health, and accompanying it, the following letter from Dr. R. H. Lewis, Raleigh, the Secretary of the Board:

"The State Board of Health proposes to inaugurate a vigorous campaign against the most fatal of all diseases, pulmonary consumption. It is a preventable disease. Ignorance of its causes and of the proper methods of its prevention is in large part responsible for its spread. For the information of the people on these points we have prepared and had printed for general distribution twenty thousand copies of the enclosed pamphlet. The problem is to get it before the people. For the accomplishment of this no agency can be compared with the press. I therefore write to ask your most valuable co-operation in this work for suffering humanity. Your help would almost surely be the means of saving some—probably many—lives. Will you not give it by calling attention to the pamphlet and by advising those of

your readers interested in the subject, especially such as have consumption in their families, to send a postal card to the writer for as many copies as they will distribute?"

The fact set forth in the second paragraph of the bulletin that in this one State alone "between 4,000 and 5,000 die each year of consumption—a disease that can be prevented," should induce every person who can use any of these pamphlets to advantage to send for them. In whatever way he can, every man should help forward the crusade against the disease responsible for such a colossal waste of human life.

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of the cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.—From Emerson's Essay on "Nature."

An Autumn Psalm.

Thou visitest the earth, and waters it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.—Psalm lxx. 9-13.

The Late Senator Hoar's Tribute to the South.

"As I grow older I have learned not only to respect and esteem, but to love the great qualities which belong to my fellow-citizens of the Southern States. They are a noble race. We may well take pattern from them in some of the great virtues which make up the strength as they make up the glories of the free States. Their love of home, their chivalrous respect for women, their courage, their delicate sense of honor, their constancy which can abide by an opinion or purpose or an interest for their States through adversity and through prosperity, through the years and through the generations, are things by which the people of the more mercurial North may take a lesson. And there is another thing—covetousness, corruption, the low temptation of money, have not yet found a place in Southern politics."

Not Wide the Mark.

"But," the publisher complained, "the chief characters in your story are a man and a woman who go on making love to each other for years and years after they are married."

"Well," the young novelist replied, "you must remember this is a work of fiction."—Chicago Herald.

October.

The bright-eyed squirrels, furry, fleet,
A-gleaming go, with pattering feet.
Brown nuts polished by early frost
On the moss below by the winds are tossed.
Maple and hickory, ash and oak,
Each has doomed a gorgeous cloak.
Red haws gleam the hazels near;
Dry grass waves on the uplands sere.
The Year's at rest in the mellow blaze
That crowns with gold these royal days.
—By Sarah Andrew Shafer, in the Outlook.