

10 CENTS—AND 10 DAYS!

Ten cents and ten days!

The offer to send *The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant* every week from now till January 1 for only ten cents holds good for only ten days longer. It will positively be withdrawn November 11th, and no subscriptions mailed after that date can be accepted at the ten cent rate.

We have already added nearly 2,000 of these short term subscribers, and we must make it 3,000 within the remaining ten days of the offer.

An even larger number should be obtained—and will be if every reader will do his part. Our offer to give the subscriber credit for one month on his own subscription for every ten cent subscription sent us still holds good, and there is not a man on our list who cannot before November 11th get up a club of six (at least) and get the date on his label moved up six months free of charge.

And now one other matter. Election day is going to offer the finest of opportunities for getting new subscriptions. All your neighbors will be there, and you can make a clean sweep if you will try. In addition to one month's credit for each trial subscription sent us, we are going to give a special prize of \$2.50 to the reader sending us the largest list of subscribers obtained on election day. When sending list in competition for this prize, be sure to mark it "Election Day Club."

We are also going to give another prize of \$2.50 to the person sending us the largest list of ten-cent subscribers during the next ten days, exclusive of the number obtained on election day.

This therefore is our final appeal—and your last chance.

Ten cents and ten days!

See all your friends right away; send us a club of twelve, and get a year's subscription free—and maybe a cash prize besides.

You will never have a better chance to get your neighbors into *The Progressive Farmer* family—and next week will be too late.

BOOK NOTICES.

Of all history that of our own generation is that which it is hardest to find concisely reported. It is easy to get historical works in which in a brief outline is given a summary of the nation's history during the administration of Adams, Madison, Van Buren or Pierce. But to get the gist of any important movement for the last thirty years, the reader must usually search through newspaper and magazine files or read a number of volumes on different topics. A long felt want therefore is filled by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews's handsomely illustrated 1,000-page book, "The United States in Our Own Time—1870-1903." (\$5, net. Chas. Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York City.)

It is gratifying to find a man like Mr. D. A. Tompkins, the famous Charlotte cotton manufacturer, pulling himself away from routine business long enough to collect local historical material and prepare a book of real merit. Mr. Tompkins has just brought out the second volume of his "History of Mecklenburg County." It is a creditable work in style, matter, and typographical appearance. (Published by The Observer Printing House, Charlotte, N. C.)

"The Southern Poets" is the title of No. 241 of the "English Classic Series" published by Maynard, Merrill & Co., 44-60 East 23rd St., New York City. This number contains selections from the works of Lanier, Hayne and Timrod—a trio of genuine poets whose verse would probably be better known even in the South if they had lived in New England. It was bad enough that war should sweep away their fortunes and blight their prospects at home, but worse still, it alienated in some degree the critics and reading public of the North, and delayed till too late for them—thought not for the world—the verdict

which has now put their names high in our roll of American bards. (Mailing price, 12 cents.)

Messrs. H. M. Caldwell & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass., announce a new series of Handy Volume Classics—"The Red Letter Library" of prose and poetry. The sample volume now before us is very handsome. Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth, Shelley, Thackeray, Lamb, Emerson, Carlyle and Holmes, are some of the authors represented. "Each volume is complete in itself, and contains a vignette introduction, biographical and critical, by an authority of the highest repute. The books are neat, compact, clearly printed, and handsomely bound." The volumes are published in two styles of binding. Size, 3 7/8 inches by 6 inches. Silk cloth, gilt top, gilt side and back stamps, price 50 cents. Full red limp leather, gilt top, gilt side and back stamps, price \$1.00.

BOOK FARMING.

Once upon a time a farmer's boy wanted to go to an agricultural college, but his father objected, because he said that all the professors knew was book farming. But the boy was very wise, as most boys are, and something as follows in conversation occurred:

"Father, what you know about farming is worth something, isn't it?"

"Why, of course, it is."

"You have learned a good many things, have you not, father, that would be worth while for me to know?"

"Certainly, my boy, I can tell you a good many things about farming."

"And Uncle Bill is a good farmer—what he knows is worth something?"

"Yes, yes. Uncle Bill is a good, practical and successful farmer."

"Well, father, if what you know and what Uncle Bill knows could be printed in a book, it would be book farming, but I do not see why that would take any value out of it. And then if what you and Uncle Bill knows about farming were explained by men who were farmers themselves, and who love farming, and believe in farming, it would be practical knowledge that ought to help me in my farming. Is this not true, father?"

"Yes, my boy; I guess you are too much for the old man."

And so it is. There is nothing about books and agricultural papers, and so-called "book farming" that is objectionable, providing the same is practicable, common-sense, and true. A farm fact in a book or in the paper does not take any of its real worth away from it. There are a great many very successful farmers, and if their methods and the knowledge which they have learned by hard experience could be impressed upon the minds of young men who are just engaging in farming, it would save a lot of wasted effort and a lot of costly experience to the young men.

There is nothing objectionable about book farming. The old prejudice against agricultural papers and agricultural books is just about dead to-day. We are realizing that if young farmers and old farmers are to succeed in their chosen work they must get facts and information from every source they can and use the same in their business, just like men use experience and knowledge in other professions, taking it where it can be obtained.

Let's take our hats off to the farmer boy who loves farm work, and who has an ambition to make a success of farm work! Here is to the eager, earnest farmer boy!

C. W. BURKETT.

One of the most practicable and valuable articles which we have ever had the pleasure of printing (and we mean just what we say) is Dr. Tait Butler's "Farm Work Stock—Feeding and Management," which will appear in next week's *Progressive Farmer*. It is one of those articles that make the reader say, "That alone is worth the price of a year's subscription."

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionists in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and nine-pins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own.—From Emerson's Essay on "Compensation."

Inklings.

It is generally the woman with a fine carriage who is most willing to walk.

"While there's life, there's hope," is not exactly the motto for an undertaker.

The girl of the period seldom comes to a full stop until she finds the young man of the interrogation-point.

There is nothing some disdainful women hold up to ridicule oftener than their lorgnettes.

The confidence man's road to success often seems to be paved with gold bricks.—Arthur L. Tubbs, in *Everybody's Magazine* for November.

Now is the time to begin getting ready to attend the short course in agriculture and dairying at the North Carolina A. & M. College this winter—a ten weeks course in which \$30 covers all expenses. Write Dr. C. W. Burkett, West Raleigh, N. C., for full particulars.

A Still Day in Autumn.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How, through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst;

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's moldering halls;
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where, o'er the rock, her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning,
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon, rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes
raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy air from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where the yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dreamy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover loath to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fulness of delight;
And through the tranced woods soft airs are streaming,

Still as the dew-fall of the Summer night.
So, in my heart, a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in Ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its sweet chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.
—Sarah H. Whitman.