

A SHERIFF'S POSSE

(Concluded from page one)

intrepid pioneer, who defends his dominion single handed though it runs into the very heart of the impenetrable jungle, whence day and night can be heard the shrill war cry of savage fox, of mobilizing wild boar, infuriated rabbits, embattled woodcock and horned deer.

We have the story first hand from one of the survivors. The scout gave them the most alarming reports. Tracks in the snow; faint but persistent sounds coming upon the breeze from many quarters, a vague sense of invisible but watching presences had brought to his keen realization that many bands of the feathered invaders were gathering in the secret and sheltered recesses of the great bend above the Bluff.

No time was to be lost. The party were hastily provided with necessary stimulants and directions, and set off into the gloaming with stout hearts and stealthy tread. Regardless of the ominous and repeated warnings of the Great Horned Owl that stands sentry over the forbidden entrance, and of the studied diversion of covey after covey of the Enemy's Escadrille, the scouting Bob White, and the threats of heron and otter and possum and doe, the little band held its silent and indomitable way.

By the time they had lost their way in the labyrinth of cypress and hanging vines, among the tropical corridors of this vast shrine and last sanctuary of the primeval denizens of the Croatan Country, the appalling discovery was made that there was a traitor in their midst. The nose and instinct of the outfit, fondly supposed to be an old follower of Scott McDonalds, and a Canine of strong anti-turkey tendencies, proved to be an Austrian Peace Hound with a yellow disposition and a traitorous voice. Lifting his Teutonic wail at the critical moment he spoiled the surprise party completely. Terrified the Turkey hoards hiding in a nearby thicket, took to instant and precipitate flight.

But not unseathed did they fly. The amateur guns of the volunteers rent the welkin and resounded through the wilderness, tearing a harmless hole in the offing. But the old hunting rifle came into action in the good old fashioned way, and brought the patriarch of the flock and the arch gobbler of them all reeling to Earth, while some twenty strong his scattered legions disbanded in flight.

At the screech of dawn the valiant posse was again at its post, cunningly concealed behind a rampart of logs and bows waiting for the old scouts' conversation to develop the denouement. Turkey call and Turkey answer filled the still air, and once again the foe were coming within their grasp, when the sly little Austrian Peace Hound again wriggled onto the boards, and gave his shrill warning.

So the band is still at large, headed by the young crown prince of Turkey. It is expected that the company of big game hunters and shot gun experts now assembled at the Carolina and in the cottage colony will shortly take action against them.

Up To His Old Tricks.

Whenever the A. P. man is hard up for news and wants a phenominon or a record to delight the lagging wire, all he has to do is to induce Donald Ross, maker of links, to go play a round. We recollect that when Secretary Lansing was down here last, he wanted to see the game of golf played in good old Scotch style. It was suggested that Ross made the course, and hence could presumably show how it should be covered. So Donald took the secretary on. And it is recorded that he made the last nine holes in 32, just to please the distinguished guest.

So the other day when some of these middle distance experts were laying their 85s to the condition of the atmosphere or the length of the grass, Donald takes him down a Sammie and bludgeon or two, and wanders out to see about it. His card showed a total of 71 strokes on his return 35 and 36. Which cuts the best previous this year by nine strokes, and will cut the number of records as the season advances considerably. This was over number 2.

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