

Seaboard Air Line Railway

"The Progressive Railway of the South"

SOLID STEEL TRAINS

Washington and Richmond to Pinehurst

Trains connect for New England, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cincinnati and intermediate points

The Seaboard is the Short Line between New York and Florida

Pinehurst offers special attractions as a Stop-Over Point on the way to Florida Resorts or to the Southern Training Camps. It is the largest Winter Resort within easy reach of Charlotte and Columbia

JOHN T. WEST,

Division Passenger Agent, Raleigh N. C.

CHAS. R. CAPPS,
First Vice-President

CHAS. B. RYAN
General Passenger Agent

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

PINEHURST SCHOOL

Day and Boarding School for Boys

of from eight to eighteen years, offers, in addition to the advantages of a small private school, features which only a school in the Sandhill Region can possess.

Among the numerous extra curricular activities which the School offers are: baseball, tennis, basket ball, golf, riding, canoeing on the Lumbee, forestry, manual training and military drill.

Boys who live in Pinehurst during the winter may enroll as day scholars. Such pupils are conveyed to and from School; motor bus leaves the General Office at 8.25 each morning. Classes begin at 8.45 and last until 1.00. Boys remain for the afternoon recreation period, when, in their work and in their play, they are constantly under the supervision of experienced masters.

ERIC PARSON, A. B., Harvard, 1910, Headmaster,

For additional information address

PINEHURST SCHOOL, PINEHURST, N. C.

LIBERTY LOAN SONG

(By Dean Collins in the Oregon Voter)
Oh, the highway to Berlin we may have to pave with tin

For the soldiers that we send across the flood;

For we have a Hun to thrash, and it's bound to cost some cash

Ere the Hohenzollern name is turned to "mud."

There are lots of men to work on the Austrian, Hun or Turk

With the bay'net and the bullet and grenade;

But, if they're to do it right, we must get into the fight

And must mobilize the money for their aid.

Chorus:

Buy a bond, buy a bond, till the total goes beyond

All the highest figures figured in the country anywhere!

Every nickel, ev'ry cent, helps to put a bigger dent

In the Hohenzollern armies we are after over there.

We may be too old to fight; still, we've got a hand to write.

There's a way to make the Hun machine a wreck.

We can draw a fountain pen, and assist the fighting men

Check the cohorts of the Kaiser—with a cheque.

If our hope has fallen low, and we can't enlist and go

With the army that must sail across the pond,

Still, there's something we can do; help to see the matter through;

You can break the bonds of Belgium with a Bond.

Chorus:

Buy a bond, buy a bond! If of liberty you're fond

Help the fight we're waging for it now, and help it with a will

It may cost to beat the band, ere we have the Kaiser canned—

You can help to tie the can on with a fifty-dollar bill.

We can roll the savings banks, irresistibly as tanks

And can flatten the ambition of the Hun;

And the pennies, scattered thick, will have pretty near the kick

Of a case of shrapnel from a three-inch gun;

With the right amount of cash, we can wilt the proud moustache

That the Kaiser wore, so chesty, in the past,

And can have him mighty glad to be yelping "Kamerad!"

And to nail a flag of truce upon the mast.

Chorus:

Buy a bond, buy a bond! While the boys across the pond

Are a-playing "Yankee Doodle" on the rapid-firing guns,

You can join the coming smash with a stockingful of cash

And can swing it like a sand-bag on the helmets of the Huns.

We are in, we are in, and we've Freedom's fight to win;

"In all over," and we've got to see it through.

Not alone the men who stand on the edge of No Man's Land,

But it's also up to me and up to you.

There's a lot of good, we grant, in each garden that you plant;

Every little helps—you've got a Hun to whale—

But in gardening this Spring, there's another little thing

That we musn't overlook—and that is kale.

Chorus:

Buy a bond, buy a bond! All together now, respond

As the fellows have responded, who will face the shell and shot;

To the bottom of the purse; we are out to buy a hearse

For the Kaiser, if it costs us ev'ry nickel that we've got.

SHOOTING RECORDS GO

Two of Annie Oakley's Pupils Bang the Bullseye

Every week the ladies of the colony, taking lessons in rifle shooting at the Gun Club from Annie Oakley, shoot for a prize. Last year the best individual record made was made by Mrs. Brown of Portland, Maine, with a score of 145 out of a possible 150.

In addition to the regular prizes, this year a special trophy was offered for the lady first to break this record. Perhaps a thousand tried it all season without success. And then last week there suddenly developed not one but two near perfect shots—and the record went winding. The honors are pretty evenly divided between the two. Mrs. J. F. Duryea was the first to beat the record, making a total of 147. This astonished the gallery, and was assumed to be the top notch. It was a fair guess that this would stand for a "right smart while." Not at all. This did not even win the prize for the week. For up steps Mrs. Francis Johnson of New York and cracks out 148. Not being the first to break the record, she did not get that prize, but she has set a mark that leaves little lee way for the next record breaker. It is doubtful if there is another woman in the United States that could assay to do better, unless it is the distinguished teacher herself.

Shooting for Soldiers

At Camp Meade on the twenty-sixth of this month Annie Oakley will begin a series of shooting exhibitions for the benefit of the recruits of the National Army. She carries with her a life long skill and knowledge of the use of the rifle, and these exhibitions for the instruction and entertainment of the soldiers, which will be given at the cantonments over the Country, are among her numerous contributions to the War.