

expert and took complete charge themselves. The heart and history, the chemistry and disposition of corn were ruthlessly searched, assembled, dissected and tabulated. Categorically, I state that the total of human information and guesswork upon the varieties of corn, methods of planting and fertilizing, working and coaxing corn was there coralled. And then Russell undertook to execute the resultant plan on the Rockefeller principle, which was to get the utmost out of that corn for something less than nothing. It cost 24 cents a bushel. I refer to the picture to say how much he got.

The day we took the pictures we found Mr. Guy S. Meloy, the government expert on cotton, was there with Mr. Butler, examining Frank Gates' experiment plot of cotton. The point about the plot is, that once and for all, it settled the method of fertilization that adapted to this particular place. It was comprehensive, thorough, final. Anyone except a blind man would accept its verdict. Beyond this plot, over the hill and out of sight stretched the fields of cotton, just about twice as good as that grown the year before by the farm manager.

New, good roads bisect the plantation. On the way to the family residence we passed a flock of snow white leghorn chickens running in a field of grass and legums—by an immense fenced field of peas and Bermuda grass, a pasture for pure bred Jersey cattle and registered Berkshire hogs of the Pinehurst breed. Then we came to the machinery shed. There was a sight unique among all the farms in Christendom. Here was an ordinary "hand" painting every wagon wheel, harrow and planter a glorious new red. This is done every week of the year. The principle is familiar—that looks is

half of the thing. It is worth money to know that thirty cents worth of paint will make a nigger take ninety cents worth less loaf a week.

On the side of the hill opposite the house is the new dairy barn. It is a model of its kind, and the State pays a tribute to the care and time devoted to it by awarding it the official distinction of being the cleanest dairy in North Carolina. This is worth money, too. For the cleanest milk in the State brings more per quart from fastidious and convalescent people than milk shake.

Frank and his wife preside over the big house, a simple spacious country dwelling with broad encircling verandas commanding a view of the farm in all directions. Many cars of watermelons came from behind the baseball field and Russell's peas, which incidentally enriched the place where the lawn is soon to be.

This is the third year since the first axe and the first mattock attacked the wilderness. One thousand acres, including a piggery, a hennery, a dairy, 300 acres of cotton farm, a large diversity of crops, improved land, a going concern and a beautiful home, are today apparent.

The boys are both of them recent graduates of Yale, where they were noted tennis players and sometime champions of the college. They are good sportsmen and are fond of shooting over their big preserve. They captain their own plantation baseball team, and uphold the honor of Broadacres with credit on the golf links.

President Young the Harbinger

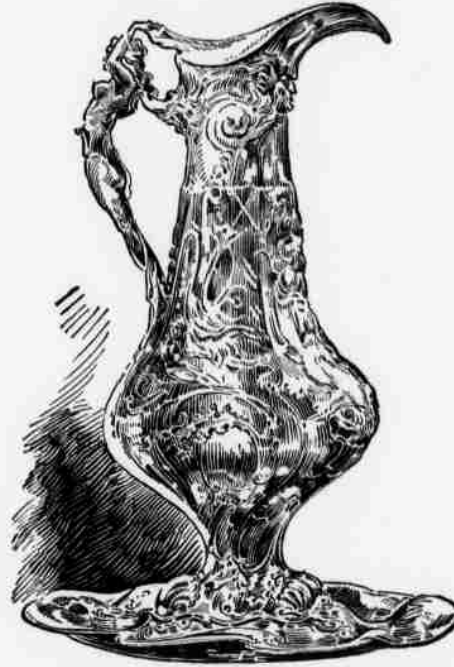
President Young of the Norfolk Southern Railroad spent a few days in the Village during the early part of October, the first visitor of the season.

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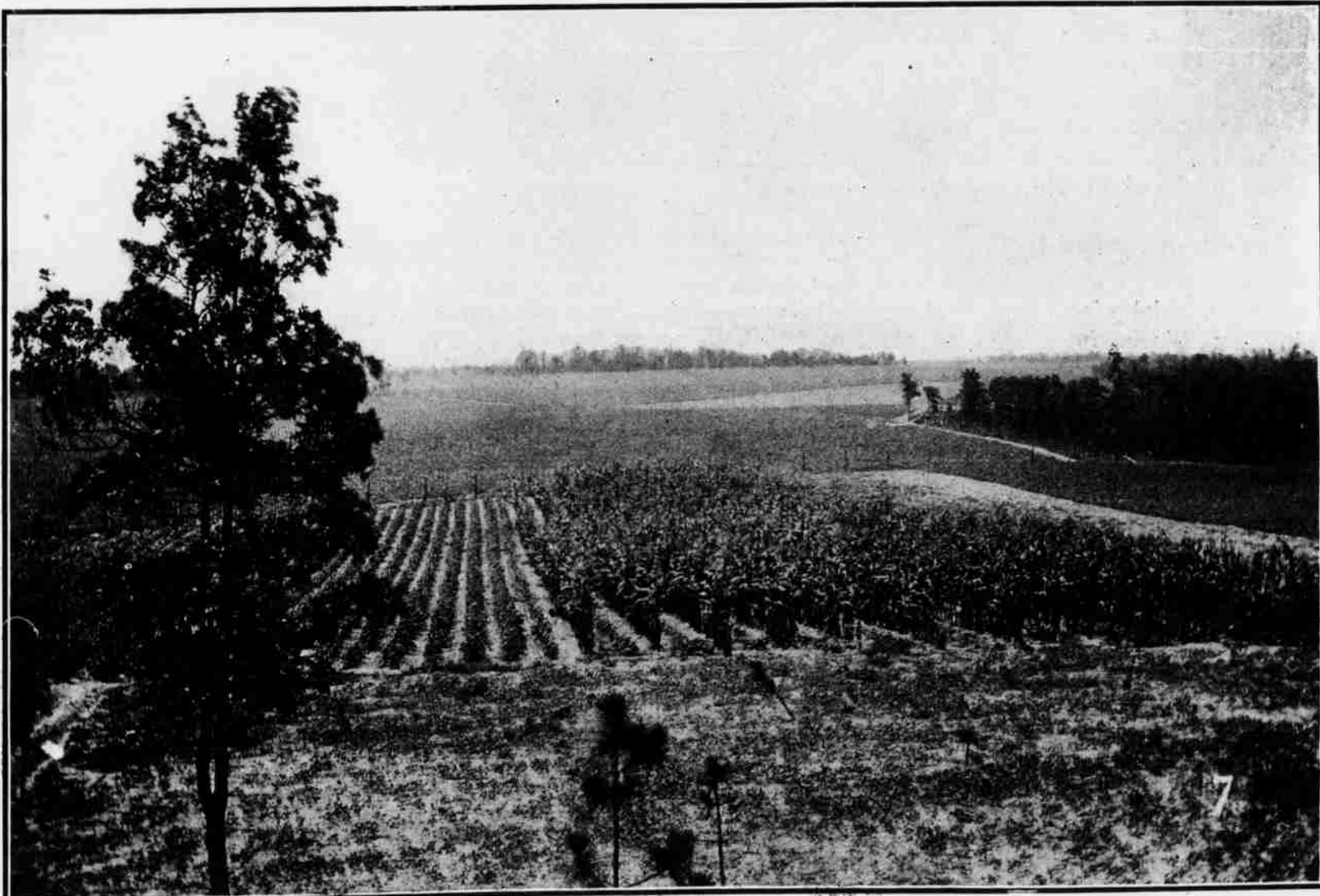
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VIEW OF BROADACRES FROM THE PIAZZA OF THE HOUSE LOOKING SOUTH