

THE DEPENDABLE LINE



Ace



Deuce



Trey

Diamond Ace, Green Spot, Extra Heavy, Small Size

Diamond Ace, Blue Spot, Heavy, Small Size

Diamond Deuce, Medium Heavy, Small Size

Diamond Trey, Orange Spot, Full Size, Heavy

Diamond Trey, Red Spot, Full Size, Floater

\$9.00
per dozen

These balls have been played in many important tournaments this season.

From the center out Worthington Balls are wound perfectly round through our patented process and will always retain their shape.

From our own mechanical tests we have yet to see any competing ball that will beat them for distance.

We do not use liquid, semi-liquid or soft centers.

Worthington Golf Balls have the best quality rubber centers. Become acquainted with them and get genuine playing pleasure in their use.

The Worthington Ball Company
ELYRIA, OHIO



THE GRAND PRIZE POWDERS

Powder that never goes back on you makes all your skill count. Confidence in your powder begets confidence in your shooting; brings more game to your bag.

At the Panama-Pacific Exposition the Grand Prize for smokeless shotgun powder was awarded to the Hercules Company. When you shoot Hercules Powders—Infallible or E. C.—your judgement is backed up by the International Jury, that gave them the highest honors they could bestow, and by discriminating sportsmen throughout the country who shoot shells loaded with one of these powders. Your confidence rests on a solid foundation.

INFALLIBLE is water-proof and weather-proof. It shares with E. C. those qualities which insure even patterns and light recoil. Both powders give high velocities and can be depended on for absolute uniformity of action.

See that your shells are loaded with a Hercules Powder. Your dealer will supply you.

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HERCULES POWDER CO.

WILMINGTON, DEL.



ready to go to the office and settle. It is no task to put a hundred bales a day through the oil mill gin.

It is unfortunate that the season when most of the visiting tourists are in the country is the season when the cotton is about all ginned. The work commences in September when the cotton is coming in from the fields, and January sees about ninety per cent of it finished. A little cotton runs into January, but it is only that from the belated pickers. Four months of the fall are busy days around the gins, for then the gins of the cotton States have to step lively. About \$35,000,000 the gins earn in the four months they are able to run, and they do not go to sleep much in that period. An interesting gin is that of the Blues over on the Carthage road, a little country gin, where the ginner is as much of a neighborhood character as the miller in the pictures of the romantic days. The Blue gin is a little one, and an old fashioned one. It is a gin the neighbors hold in high esteem, for it is operated by men who are accounted trustworthy. That is as big a factor in a gin man as in a miller. Often a ginner is an agent for a cotton buyer, and as he makes the weights a dishonest ginner might be questioned in his transactions. Or he might hold out a little cotton, and by successive accumulations gain enough to make a bale for himself. Or he can be careless in the operation of his machinery and not get good results. But the gin over at Blue's has always held a good reputation, and there in the ginning season are wagons and planters from everywhere. At the gin is a good place to go for neighborhood gossip. The farmers come there from all directions, for a gin is a public place. Most of us land there more or less frequently during the ginning season, and there we fall in with nearly everybody of the community sooner or later. So it is a community reunion, and a right sociable spot. The gin at Blue's is a restful quarter of the country. It stands among enormous trees, and is pretty well concealed from the road. Below it is the proverbial spring which is essential to a rural picture. The spring has all the big tree surroundings to make it a four-time winner, and water that is soft and drinkable. Whittier goes on record, I think it is Whittier, saying that men are only boys grown tall. The reason I take this risk with my ignorance of poetry quotations is because I want to appropriate that line to explain that when you go around the gin you start to nose around the engine room because it is the first thing on the ground floor. You did that way when a boy, and you will do it that way if you live to be a hundred and fifty thousand years old if you get some place where they have an engine on the ground floor of a mill. And you go prowling from the lower part of the gin up to the next floor above where the cotton is stored in bins for the saws, and you claw the fleecy stuff around and litter the floor with it, and meddle in every way you know how until it is a wonder the ginner does not throw you out. But he is a patient fellow, used to that sort of stuff, for every other old sinner who comes in meddles just the same way you do. It is like putting your finger on the fresh paint when you see the sign telling you

the paint is fresh. Then you fool around the gin, and probably if you could you would get your fingers under the saws and have them trimmed up. Lucky for the most of us the saws are boxed in so we can't get to them, and that saves us. But we can trail around and get to the press, and we can step in the way of a bale of cotton that is rolling down the dump and miss having a broken neck by a narrow margin, and dodge all manner of trouble, just as a boy always does around anything of the sort.

A few gins are still driven by water, but gasoline engines and steam are taking care of most of them now. Electricity plays its part in the places where it can be used, and it is no more up to date than many other contrivances of the modern gins. Nearly every cotton mill has its gins, not so much for the sake of ginning cotton, as to induce farmers to bring their cotton to the mill for sale. The mill that can induce the farmer to bring his cotton in the seed can be sure that he will leave the lint at the mill. That means a certain amount of cotton at the mill door without the trouble of hunting for it or paying freight on it to get it to the spindles. Then as the mill makes a profit from its ginning it is ahead on two counts. The gins at the mills are usually quite modern, as the mills are as a rule, strictly up to date. It is a safe proposition that the cotton mills of North Carolina are as near modern as any factory of any kind any place, for the mills have mostly been built in recent years and they have no accumulation of old stuff on hand. Their equipment is all practically new in recent period. Some of the small gins of the rural neighborhoods are crude and old fashioned, while on the other hand many of the plantation gins are of the latest patterns. The opening of new farms all over the country has been followed by the installation of a good many new gins, and the new gin is not so picturesque as the old-timey establishments. It is with a cotton gin like with a gristmill. The big new mills at the flour centers are not particularly interesting aside from their habit of doing things on a big scale. They are not like the little old mills that get into pictures or farm life stories.

The new gin is a very precise and workmanlike creation, one of the best machinery products money can buy. It is likely to be situated on a railroad siding, and a railroad siding is one of the most unromantic places on the big round globe. Who would ever think of strolling down the railroad siding with Sweet Alice or Maggie or any of the rest of the bunch you wandered today on the hill with? Railroad sidings never. Neither would you take Jennie by the hands and saunter down the siding to the grist mill if it stood there. The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, must have a creek, or a path, or something that has to do with trees, running brooks, cows, wabby-legged lambs, and bucolic stage setting. No doubt a mill or a gin can do just as good work on the cinder path by the railroad where the trains go by every few minutes, but if it is a mill or a gin that you are going to visit, and stand and watch the operation it is all the difference in the world where the thing is located. If you happen to come around the turn of the road and find an old mill