

or an old gin, and find it on a little old dam that looks as though it had been in working shape when Cornwallis was hurrying back to Wilmington after he had been up on the Yadkin paying his visit to old Nathaniel Green, that sort of a discovery is the one that makes you think you have found money from home. This country has lots of streams to drive gins and little mills, but it is a chance if the water wheel is not destined to follow the glory of Israel which we are told has departed. Big units seem to be the prevailing idea of work in these modern days, and men build a big dam that will drive a string of gins that can gin all the cotton in the congressional district, and they connect up little motors with wires and that settles the question of power. Big dams, and big wheels we will have in plenty in the days ahead of us, and wires running in all directions like cattle in the corn and the dog turned loose. But little mills and little water wheels and little country institutions are swiftly getting into line with the big affairs and we will have to get the poetry into our lives in the rest of the time by taking a look at the old mill sites and asking the old inhabitant for the story.

One thing the new gin can never take away from the little old gin by the stream, and that is its story. History is the story of what people have done. Do you know why when you happen to cross the Save river from Hungary and land in Belgrade on the Serbian side you are interested in the old Balkan town? Because you dig up its story, and you see the procession of Greeks, and Hungarians, and Turks and those old chaps file through the city in the centuries of long ago, and you recall Prince Eugene, and Hunyadi, and page after page of the ancient tales, and you think you can see some of the human achievement that is bound up in the tragic annals. Now it is no difference whether it is Belgrade or Little River or Belgium or Carthage in the old world or Carthage over at the courthouse a few miles from here, men have been enacting their little drama, and whether big or little, if peace or war, it has all been human achievement, and human emotion. The story of human life is written wherever we find the old mill site by the creek side, for it is not battles and the making of empires that are the underlying factors in history. Back of all else is the work of the human mind. ¶ Our esteemed friend, Omar Khayyam, the poet who beat Goethe by several centuries in the wein, weib and gesang note by his book of verses underneath a bough, a loaf of bread a jug of wine and thou, had us all properly gauged in the bit of stuff he dashed off about men being players in the game in which they are impotent in the hands of the force that moves. The folks who played their little game around the old gin settlement had their tragedies and romances and comedies and burlesques just as has been the case since the morning of creation, and if we take the evidence the ruins of one of the old mills by the brook side tells the story of human progress just the same as the ruins of the Egyptian Karnaks or the untranslated mysteries of Asia. No doubt when man was given feet they were for a purpose. The man who will take his foot in his hand as the classical expression goes, and

journey out over the hills will sooner or later fall in with a country gin, perhaps a modern one chugging along with a barrel of gasoline in its midst as the country papers say, or perhaps he will come to an ancient crossing of an ancient road at a creek where a few remaining timbers proclaim the site of a cotton gin in the days when internal combustion engines had not given an odor of burning hydrocarbons to the roads and the towns and the country places from Dan to Beersheba.

Go over to Blue's when the gin is running, and you will fall in with a jolly ginner, and he wears a white hat, and there are dark and mysterious places around the gin to peek into, and doors to look out as new arrivals come, and it is altogether quaint and entertaining and a good lazy place to fool away an afternoon bothering people that have something to do. —BION H. BUTLER.

Wildwood Winter Camp

Another school has come into the neighborhood, shifting the educational center of North Carolina considerably towards the Sandhills.

Mr. Sumner R. Hooper, an educator of long standing and experience, has established a college preparatory school for boys at Pine Bluff, to be conducted upon outdoor and athletic lines, taking advantage of the climate and the wildwood in the same way that Doctor Henderson and Mr. Parsons do.

It is situated at Pine Bluff, six miles away, and is called the Wildwood Winter Camp for boys. True to its name, it provides the maximum possible opportunity for life in the open, in the saddle, and at the paddle, on the links and the tennis courts, and under the stars and the pines.

The director is a graduate of Harvard, 1895, and has had many years' experience in tutoring and teaching at such well-known schools as the Hill School, Pottstown, the University School, Cleveland, and Milton Academy.


It is thoroughly equipped to prepare in any subject and aside from the camp feature is a well organized private college preparatory school.

The headmaster has for years conducted Camp Kahkou, a well known Summer camp for boys, and comes to the section particularly well recommended by a list of notable men, including Chief Justice Wilfred Bolster, Boston, Rev. William G. Thayer, headmaster St. Marks, Mr. Alfred E. Stearns, Andover, Dr. Harvey Cushing and Mr. Edgar Crocker.

Carter Establishes Record

Philip V. G. Carter, of the Nassau Country Club, has set the low score for the remodelled No. 1 course. Playing with J. A. Allen on December 11 he brought in a card of 73. The new distances are given with the score:

OUT	YARDS	IN	YARDS
1	353 4	10	325 5
2	380 4	11	153 4
3	437 4	12	353 4
4	357 5	13	192 3
5	420 4	14	375 4
6	201 3	15	403 4
7	172 4	16	360 5
8	334 4	17	505 6
9	410 4	18	189 2
	—		—
Total, out	36	Total, in	37



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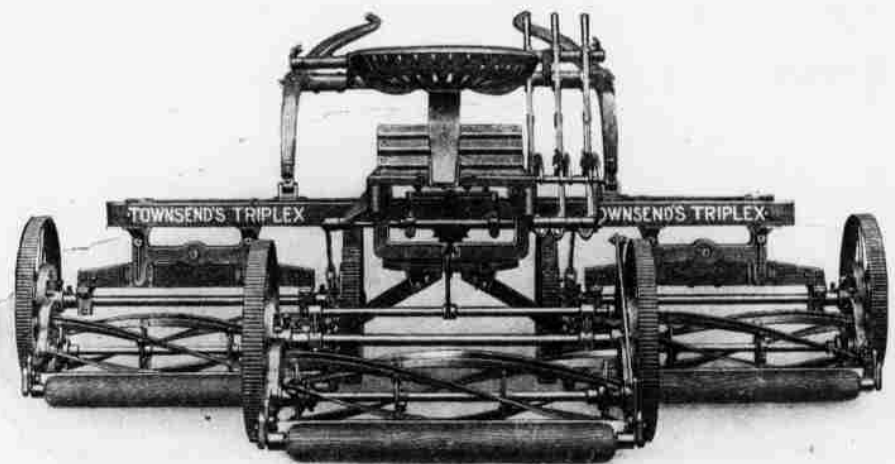
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