

Mr. Tom Ritter		Wallace Road
Mr. Donald J. Ross	The Beech	Village Green East
Mr. T. L. Redfield	Box Court	Beulah Hill Road
Mr. J. D. C. Rumsey	The Beacon	Carolina Vista and Magnolia Road

Col. R. A. Swigert	The Waldheim	Chinquapin Road
Mr. George W. Statzell		Carolina Vista
Mrs. S. A. D. Sheppard	Honeysuckle	Main Street
Mr. R. C. Shannon	Stanwood	Azalea and Main Street
Mr. John C. Spring	Log Cabin	Shaw and Azalea Roads
Mr. E. J. Sinclair	Red Gables	Magnolia Road and Carolina Vista
Mr. A. M. Swinnerton	The Woodbine	Everett Road
Mr. S. J. Stutts	The Chinquapin	Maple Road

Mrs. James W. Tufts	The Arbutus	Main Street
Mr. Leonard Tufts	The Lenox	Main Street

Mr. F. W. Von Canon		Maple Road
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Mr. Henry G. Warring		Linden Road
Mr. T. T. Watson	Hawthorne Cottage	
Mr. Bert Wicker		Maple Road
Mr. P. W. Whittemore	The Cones	Azalea and Village Green West
Mr. George L. Wilson		Carolina Vista and Magnolia Road

DIOGENES VISITS DAVIS

The Greatest Ancient Cynic Calls on a Modern Optimist

After a hard day's work—writing letters to home hunters; carrying a visitor to Samarcand to prove to him the feasibility of profitable hog growing; straightening up the fair accounts, and doing the executive committee's thinking for it—I was sitting in the office reading the dialogues of Plato, which Doc. Achorn has loaned me. I had just reached the most excellent part of the Symposium when the office door opened and a voice addressed me in Attic Greek:

"Where can I find an honest man?"

"Right here's where you'll find the only one in the Sandhills, now that the OUTLOOK editor has gone to Boston," I replied without looking up.

"Possibly," retorted the intruder, "but you certainly don't look it."

I raised my eyes and looked at the stranger. He was a little old wrinkled fellow with a scraggly, mangy beard and gray tangled hair. His feet and arms were bare and his only garment was a roll of second hand carpet which extended from his knees to his arm pits. In his hand he carried a Green lantern. Something in the fellow's quick rat eyes, however, made one feel the presence of a superior being and demanded deference and politeness immediately.

I rose, took off my hat, and said, "Er, have a chair, won't you, and let me take your lantern. And, why yes, that is, won't you—take off your overcoat?"

"No, I won't let you have the lantern," he replied. "I went all over Athens with that lantern looking for an honest man. I found only one that seemed to be what I was looking for,—and he tried to steal my lantern. However, I will take off my overcoat as you call it. No, thank you, you need not take it. It will be safer if I sit on it."

"Put it back on for heaven's sake," I said, "You'll be arrested if anybody sees you sitting there in your birthday clothes. Besides, public sentiment might run me out of town for having you here like that. Moreover, it's chilly and you need it."

"No, I don't need it," he disputed. "I didn't grow up with furnace heat. As

for public sentiment I always ignored it. It's perfectly idiotic anyway. Proclaim a new truth and the public will hoot down, crucify you or cartoon you. But after the alchemy of time has transformed your new truth into an old falsehood whole nations will die for it. As for exposing the body, we Greeks gave full attention to the development of our bodies. We were proud of them and gave much time to making them beautiful and shapely by athletic exercise. You Americans, on the other hand, worship the golden calf and chase nickels so assiduously that at fifty you are bald, half blind, thin legged and huge of paunch. If we Greeks had looked as much like comic valentines as most of you do, we too, would have kept carefully covered under high collars and long tailed coats."

Wishing to change the subject I said, "I suppose that you are Diogenes, aren't you? But why are you here?"

"I am still looking for an honest man. I saw Ralph Page's editorial in the PINEHURST OUTLOOK about the progress that is being made and so I got a leave of absence from Hades and came here."

"What," I exclaimed, "does the OUTLOOK go to Hades?"

"Oh, yes, he replied, "under the new management it is expected to go to Hades steadily from now until Spring. Ralph has been writing to me. He wants a Hades correspondent—he already has one in Carthage—and I thought I'd take the place. My first effort will probably be an article showing the progress that has been made in the world since my time. I came here to gather data and since it's a part of your business to furnish information I decided to call on you. Now let me ask you a few simple questions. First, what progress have you made in architecture. How do your edifices excell those that we had in Athens before the Christian Era?"

"Why, really, Mr. Diogenes," I replied, "I just can't exactly answer that—ours are larger I suppose. And you might take a look at the General Office Building."

"Then I guess we'd better not look for much progress in architecture. But how about letters? Your literature must be something wonderful by this time."

"No, sir. I regret to say that the testi-

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