

DIOGENES VISIT DAVIS

(Concluded from page five)

mony of all the scholars is that we have never come very near to equaling the excellence of your writers in poetry, in oratory, in drama, in history, or in anything. Our buildings are bigger than yours were, and our literature is too. Hearst, for example, puts out more in a Sunday edition than Herodotus, Aeschylus, Aristophanes and Sapho produced in a year."

"Yes, replied the philosopher, "in acreage Hearst does excel; but that does not touch the question. Your literature, judging from what I have read in a Carnegie library, will not survive the American people except as curiosities like bricks from Babylonian and the cuneiform scratchings from Egypt. How about military science?"

I swallowed hard and tried to change the subject. "That's a wonderful old story about how Alexander the Great visited you when you lived in the tub and you told him he could do nothing for you but to stand out of your sunlight."

"Alec was a great warrior and a remarkable man," mused my guest. "Tee hee! I might tell you the rest of that story although the world has forgotten it. About a minute after I made that lippy remark to King Alec I was a firm believer in preparedness. It doesn't pay a humble, unarmed, democratic individual to talk back to an armed king. Theory is all right but a mailed fist is a reality."

"Tell me," he added, "Can you today excel the generalship of Alexander, his military formations, or the fortitude and spirit of the Spartan of the line?"

"No, sir, I must say we cannot. The Porto Rico expedition in the Spanish War is a fair sample of our organization. Bull Run and Antietam are fair examples of large bodies of our troops in action. Our rank and file are good men but like Demosthenes at Plataea or Horace at Phillipi they are not trained soldiers. They would make excellent 'living targets.' But then you see we don't need soldiers. The ocean protects us from attack. We can devote all our time and money to building trusts, endowing libraries and establishing finishing schools and dancing academies for our young."

The old man sat for some time in silence his chin resting on his gnarled knuckles. Finally tears trickled slowly down his hard cheeks. "What's the matter, Mr. Diogenes," I said, "are you having internal pain? Wait, I'll get you a drink." I opened the drawer and poured out half a glass of old Kentucky Mountain Dew.

"No, my son," said he old sage, "I am not sick except sick at heart. One generation cannot learn from another. You, for example, seem to be a fairly intelligent fellow, but your talk shows you to be the same sort of a simple hopeful man without foresight that I used to meet in Athens hundreds of years before the birth of Christ or the building of the Roman Empire. My friend Plato's definition that a 'man is a two legged animal without feathers' still holds good in spite of the progress that you assert but cannot prove. Other countries are nearer Washington, D. C., in these days of steam and

electricity than Rome was to Carthage or Persia to us.

Is that wine that you have in that cup, my boy?" he suddenly asked.

"No sir, it isn't wine. We call it whiskey. It is made in a still. Before that invention liquor was not a serious problem. But today it's different."

"More progress, eh?" croaked the cynic.

"Won't you drink that, Mr. Diogenes? Maybe it'll make you feel better."

He took the cup and drank it off. A minute later he reeled against the wall as if he had been struck with a post mall. He made grimaces, shouted, and wanted to bet me his lantern that he could stand on his left ear and balance my typewriter on his big toe. Finally he collapsed in a corner and snored heavily. Next morning on coming to work I found him still there I roused him by rough shaking. He sat up and reached out wide and high trying to locate the sides of his head.

"Oh, Jove, my head! my head!" he groaned. Boy, what did you call that stuff? Whiskey? Is that what men drink today in place of wine? Wine, good cheerful wine such as we drank at the Symposiums, wine which the Psalmist recounted as one of God's blessings to man, wine such as the Falernian that Horace sang? We had no liquor problem in the old days. Good wine never hurt anybody."

"You're mistaken, sir," I persisted. "A Scotchman will get as drunk on it as he will on whiskey. I ought to know. This is a Scotch settlement and——"

My visitor looked wildly around, caught up his lantern and square of old carpet and pushed hurriedly out of the door in spite of my protests.

"No sir-ee, mister, I'm going right back to Hades."

CLYDE DAVIS.

Quail Shooting at Jackson Springs

Mr. Bennet, mine host of the Jackson Springs Hotel, reports that a number of guests have arrived for the good quail shooting that is to be had over there and that a satisfactory number of other Nimrods are on the way. Among the latest arrivals are John R. Fanning, a noted gun, of Rochester, N. Y.; C. W. Cochran, L. Y. Cochran of Pittsburgh, and others. The Cochrans motored down from their corner of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bennett is making a specialty of afternoon teas, by the way, and asks us to say so. He is now arranging for an auto bus line to carry his guests over to the tournament at Pinehurst and it's a poor bus line that won't work both ways.

Mason Joins the Settlement

Within three years Pinehurst will be the center of the largest single peach district in North Carolina. Charlie Mason, the son of General Angus E. Mason of Samarcand and the Drowning Creek Plantation, champion checker player of the world and president of the United States Piquet Association, has acquired a strip of territory between the Dana Brothers and the railroad and by this time is hard at the clearing thereof, and will join his neighbors in establishing a standard of packing and shipping fruit in about four years to come.

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PINEHURST SCHOOL

PINEHURST School was constructed during the spring and summer of the present year, on a site one mile south of Pinehurst.

The school receives both day and boarding scholars. In the day school the curriculum is composed of both elementary and college preparatory courses.

Arrangements have been made to convey to and from school boys who live in Pinehurst during the winter and who desire to enroll in the day school department.

The School Calendar

FIRST TERM BEGINS
Thursday, October 14, 1915
FIRST TERM ENDS
Wednesday, December 22, 1915

CHRISTMAS VACATION

SECOND TERM BEGINS
Wednesday, January 5, 1916
SECOND TERM ENDS
Monday, March 13, 1916
THIRD TERM BEGINS
Tuesday, March 14, 1916
THIRD TERM ENDS
Thursday, May, 18, 1916

For additional information address

ERIC PARSON

(Headmaster)

Pinehurst, - North Carolina

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