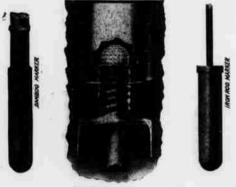


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Saturday, January 29, 1916

The Prancing Steed

We are lost in amazement. There is no blessing without its bane. And no bane without its antidote. In this case the blessing is that whatever else there is or is not in the joyful confines of this neighborhood, endless soft roads and bridle paths and a firm footing for horses provide in every direction a very paradise for the huntsman or the cavalier or merely Mary Jane who likes a quiet cob of a sunny afternoon.

Consider then our astonishment when we are told twice in one week by reproachful visitors fond of the saddle and exploring horseback-folk born and bred to do their picnicing and courting and meditation over the lithe movements of a thoroughbred - that they would have brought their riding clothes if they knew they could ride.

Shades of Neptune. They should tell the surf guards at Coney Island that they would have brought their bathing suits if they had supposed there was swimming. This is a bane of monstrous and incredible proportions. Of what avail then a squadron of neighing steeds in the stable, eager as any rider to pace out into the sunshine? Of what use the cabriolet, the phaeton, the landeau, the chariot, the tallyho, the smart buggy, Pride of Tyson and Jones, and the four in hand. This is beyond all jest. To lack opportunity is a sad thing. But to have it and know it not, and lament its loss, this is tragedy and calamity.

If there is an antidote, we respectfully submit it lies in the pages of this humble the neighborhood. Once more let us hasten to chronicle some obvious facts for those equestrians who pine for the whippenny.

Literally there is not a country in the United States more nearly fashioned by the Almighty for the sole benefit of the rider than this one here. For miles in every direction there are innumerable wood trails, soft under foot, but in no place too soft, and in no place boggy-by nature what men have spent fortunes to manufacture by hand. They lead from

down into the valleys of many streams. And there the surroundings display every variety of landscape, and woodland growth, meadows and coppice.

And everybody rides. Each after his own fashion. Twice a week George Leach and a pack of hounds leave the Carolina Hotel fox hunting, into a pleasant and varied country right at our door. If you like this game, all you have to do is to tell the girl at the desk that you want a horse for the purpose at 7.45. You can go into detail, and give the life history and personal disposition of the precise animal you want. He will be provided. Why child, the stable is simply reeking with every kind and condition of horse. The fastest animal in the Carolinas, by actual test on the race track, is there. Gentle and kindly mounts, selected after years of observation are on hand for your five-year-old sister. Jumpers who have cleared anything you will ever wish to attempt, smiling, are on call at one minute's notice.

And there is Mr. Batchelder. He is the next thing to a centaur. He is occupied with nothing else in this world except to teach you, or little Jimmie, or Ethel home from school to ride. Or to go with you, or them, to show the way, or tighten the girth, or be sure the ride is safe. He goes every day. And a caravan with him. If there is any ride you want to take, or anything concerning the business you wish to ask, there he is-a monument of service.

A Tribute by the State

It is worthy of more than passing comment that Mr. Leonard Tufts has been elected President of the State Agricultural Society, in charge of the State Fair which takes place in Raleigh during September. For this is not only a recognition of his particular capacity for organization, and the enrollment of a capable captain to lead the farmers into prosperity. It is another very marked tribute made by the State to the spirit of leadership and co-operation which has marked the activities towards community betterment participated in by the people of this section as a whole.

A few years ago we had never been heard from. We had no voice in the councils of the Commonwealth and were as obscure abroad as we were incompetent at home. The organization of the community for self help and the concrete tackling of the problems of self development and community needs has resulted in a short time—so vigorously has it been pursued-in our leaders becoming the recognized leaders in all similar actions throughout the State. Today the paper. Maybe there are those also who President of the Farmers Convention and would have brought their golf clubs if of the North Carolina Beef Breeders and they had known there were any links in Feeders; the President of the Carolina Chamber of Commerce; one of the secretaries of the Associated Boards of Trade; the committee appointed by General Wood to handle the training camp for the State; and now the President of the Agricultural Society are all residents of this section.

> Mr. Tufts in addition has been the prime leader in the movement in the South for good roads, and holds a responsible position in the National Highway Association.

We are not recounting these things in the upland plateau, where the hotels are, a boastful spirit in the least. Nor for Southern Pines, North Carolina



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