

Des so dat tree fall
Des so he lie
Des so dat sinnerman live,
De so he die.
Old Br'er Ephriem
Boun' to die
Everybody
Boun' to die.

This was a safe proposition, and lasted with variations through the catalogue of the host. But after an hour or two available material for the mortuary table was exhausted, and the death list became more general. He began to lump the frail mortal peculiarities of the mill hands en masse. Not Caruso, nor the deep chested Scotti, singing before royalty at \$10,000 a note could approach the abysmal base or the volcanic rumble with which Rass announced that Tarbell's hands were bound to die. Tarbell ran a saw mill.

CLARINDA POSSUM

It also happened that the hall was full of the labor employed by Robert and Henry Page, cutting in the neighborhood. Unfortunately for the singer Aunt Clarinda Possum was also there. Harris might depict Uncle Remus with some success, because he was a man. But no earthly scribe could even attempt to portray his feminine counterpart—the autocratic, fearless and homeric auntie of the plantation kitchen. Language and vocabulary without known limit are at her command. Scorn, laughter, sorrow, indignation, fury and the utmost of human kindness find expression in rapid succession. No man dare face her; her pride is the equal of a queen's. And all these things are backed up on the slightest provocation by a process known as getting her African up. It is equal to bringing up the 42 centimetre guns. It is enough. She rules. Now since the mind of man runs not to the contrary she had presided over the destinies of the Page family. She was the especial providence that required due respect and homage to them, her particular wards. She was of the house of Page, as Elizabeth was of the house of Tudor. And all pertaining thereto was inviolate.

BREAKS UP THE MEETING

Now while she swayed her goodly bulk to the danger of the studding, and moaned mightily, and with infinite sorrow and fealing crooned at the proper intervals "Boun' to die," suddenly she heard the miserable black leader saying "Pages hands are boun' to die." This was something else. With a bound that scattered the picaninies she started her terrible progress towards the door. The spell of the song, the lilt of the harmony held her, so that she advanced in six-eight time, emphasizing every third step with a thud, jerking her head back to keep time with the cadence, somewhat after the fashion of May Irwin, shouting at every verse, "Gwine tell Mr. BOB; gwine tell Mr. Hen-REE."

THE DARKY CREED

Well, what about it. Only this. That here it all is—music, religion, comedy, pathos; the simple philosophy, so picturesque and often so true; character and burlesque of character—the whole play. For interest in life, for the dra-

matic and the comic, instruction and diversion, I recommend you to the colored brother. Who but he could reduce salvation to the pure and simple terms we find embodied in their favorite song hereabouts:

When the foot strikes Zion,
With the lights all lit along the shore,
We'll bid old Hell
A long farewell
With the lights all lit along the shore.
For it's almost mornin',
Can't you hear them Shanghys
crowin'?

It's almost mornin',
Time that we wuz goin'.
Simple. But quite true. Felicia Hemans wrote volumes and said no more.

The Stranger

"Who's that stranger, mother dear?
Look! he knows us—ain't he queer?"

"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;
He's your father, dearest child!"

"He's my father? No such thing!
Father died away last Spring!"

"Father didn't die, you dub!
Father joined a golfing club.

But they've closed the club, so he
Had no place to go, you see—

No place left for him to roam
That is why he's coming home.

Kiss him—he won't bite you, child,
All them golfing guys look wild."

A CLOSE FINISH

Mrs. Albert C. Aborn Wins The Silver Foils

The Silver Foils foregathered to take a fall out of Colonel Bogey last week, and when the score was tallied up Mrs. Albert C. Aborn, New York, had the old fellow five down. Mrs. Aborn paying with a handicap of 10 beat Miss Beall with 15 by one point.

Mrs. C. F. Lancaster of Boston was a good third, coming in three up. The complete record was as follows:

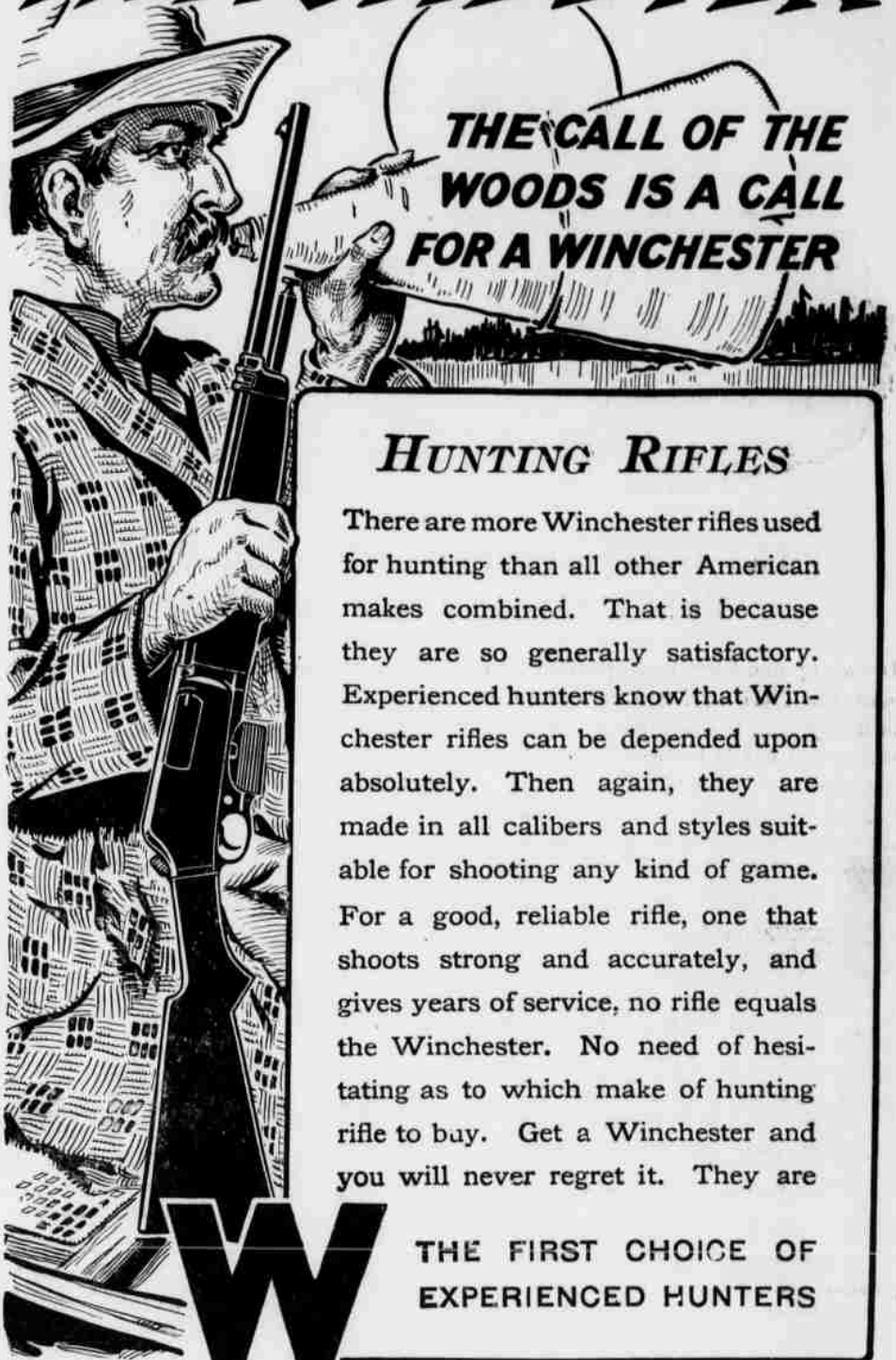
Mrs. A. C. Aborn, New York	5 up
Miss Priscilla Beall, Uniontown	4 up
Mrs. C. F. Lancaster, Boston	3 up
Mrs. W. E. Truesdell, Brooklyn	1 up
Mrs. G. M. Howard, Halifax	1 down
Mrs. L. E. Beall, Uniontown	2 down
Mrs. Splane	4 down
Mrs. D. G. Ross, Holyoke	4 down
Miss Lucy Priest, Pinehurst	4 down
Mrs. Spencer Waters, New York	5 down
Miss Helen Andrews, Akron	8 down
Miss Caroline Fuller, New York	9 down
Mrs. F. S. Danforth, Orient	10 down

Captured

Miss Helen Parmelee got him. Whether this is the same old veteran that has been escaping destruction and acquiring fame as a nimble climber of trees history fails to relate. But it is definite upon the point that the last fox hunt resulted in a brush now hanging as a trophy at Miss Parmelee's saddle. Miss O. Slade and Master Neill Chapin, Dr. Marr, the indefatigable, and George Leach, master of hounds, were there to witness.

Send THE OUTLOOK to friends! It tells the story—and—saves letter writing!

WINCHESTER



THE CALL OF THE WOODS IS A CALL FOR A WINCHESTER

HUNTING RIFLES

There are more Winchester rifles used for hunting than all other American makes combined. That is because they are so generally satisfactory. Experienced hunters know that Winchester rifles can be depended upon absolutely. Then again, they are made in all calibers and styles suitable for shooting any kind of game. For a good, reliable rifle, one that shoots strong and accurately, and gives years of service, no rifle equals the Winchester. No need of hesitating as to which make of hunting rifle to buy. Get a Winchester and you will never regret it. They are

W THE FIRST CHOICE OF EXPERIENCED HUNTERS

Winchester Shells and Cartridges for Sale at the Pinehurst Store, Traps and Ranges. Look for the big "W" on every Box.

PINEHURST DEPARTMENT STORE

Everything You Want or Need

Groceries, Men's Furnishings, Dry Goods, Hardware, Shoes, Ammunition, Fruits, Toilet Articles, Books, Stationery, Soda, Tobacco, Confectionery

We know what a generation of particular people have wanted. You will find it all there

PINEHURST PHARMACY

HOURS: Week days, 7.30 A. M. to 9.00 P. M.
Sundays, 10.00 A. M. to 1.00 P. M.; 2.30 to 8.00 P. M.

Dry Goods and Drugs

Fancy Groceries

Mens Furnishings

A. S. NEWCOMB Pinehurst **INSURANCE** General Office Building