

THE LATTICE GIRDER COW

Wherever in the world the original cattle of this country came from it would be interesting to know. Probably they were developed from gradual selection by nature of the unfittest just as some places good cattle are created by careful selection of the best. At any rate a few years ago the thoroughbred piney woods lattice girder cow was among the most picturesque of all the creatures that descended from Noah's collection of the ark. Pinehurst started to build up a dairy, and men commenced to discuss the proper relative wages of the one-hand milker and the two-hand milker. A one-hand milker is a milker, usually a woman, who milks with one hand, while the other hand is engaged in a running fight with the calf that it does not cross the dead line and purloin milk from the side set aside for the milker, for a one-hand milker allows the calf to feed itself in this way while the milking operation is going on, thus reducing the job of milking to about a half, and the job of feeding the calf to nothing. A two-hand milker is one who shuts the calf in the other barn and milks with both hands. To milk without bringing the calf out to encourage the cow was regarded as a thing that could be done at Pinehurst, but if you proposed it for any other place there came that funny look again.

WHAT IS ISN'T

No, it was not confined to the people who live here. On the day when Henry A. Page, of Aberdeen, took a government agricultural expert to look at a field of cotton that some fellow had grown down around Pine Bluff, not knowing that cotton could be grown in this thin soil, the expert looked at a little field that had a crop of about a bale to the acre and said cotton could not be grown in the sand. Mr. Page asked him how he accounted for that, and he said he did not account for it. All he knew, he said, was that cotton could not be grown here. Zeb Blue, over toward Carthage, raises tobacco year after year and tried to get his neighbors to make tobacco one of their crops. But they told him he could not raise tobacco to be worth while. Then L. L. Johnson, over by Aberdeen, planted three acres of tobacco and raised five hundred dollars on it, and everybody wondered why he had the nerve to do that. For you see, everybody knew that you could not raise tobacco in this soil.

Human creatures are a funny bunch. You ask nine men out of ten how it comes that if you take a bucket with twenty pounds of water in it and drop in a five pound fish the whole thing will still weigh only twenty pounds, and they will all explain why it weighs but twenty pounds. The tenth man will tell you you are a fool and that the weight will be twenty-five pounds, and then instead of following the truth to its conclusion you proceed to have a row over the unimportant bit of misinformation.

LIBELOUS AXIOMS

The old chaps around here were lumbermen and producers of turpentine and rosin. They farmed a bit of ground about as big as your foot and owned some hogs and cattle that ranged the woods and got about as fat as an official government envelope and had to be care-

ful when they laid down that they did not cut their sides on their bones. But the idea of farming as a business was too absurd for anybody.

When I hit California the first time, more year ago than most of you can remember, a lot of enthusiasts were insisting that the man who took to farming out there and forgot about mining would make the most money. Now California is a farming State, and the mines are of use principally for the old timers to tell big lies about and to point out to tourists to illustrate the ancient romances when everybody wore top boots and carried a bowl to wash gold and a revolver to give dignity and tone.

TWO SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT

The poorest land on earth the Sandhill land was rated. Then the fool land commenced to raise things, and in spite of the continued assurance that it was good for nothing it continued to go ahead in its stupid way growing crops, although everybody knew that what it did was impossible. And today we have two cults in the Sandhills. The fellow who knows you can't raise anything here, and the fellow who is raising things in a perfectly heretical style, absolutely inconsiderate of the feelings of that school of philosophy which knows and can prove that it cannot be done. You go over to the corn field where some irresponsible men has raised a hundred bushels to the acre and you find the argument in progress. The apostle of the one school claims that because a hundred bushels of corn can be seen on the acre that corn can be raised there. The representative of the other theory insists with all candor that such a thing is against all laws of common sense and all theory of soil fertility, and that you can't be misled by circumstantial evidence.

The bad feature about the whole business is that other people, instead of listening to the discussion, and carefully weighing up the evidence, have a tendency to dip in on their own responsibility, and as a result you see men planting various crops all over the Sandhills without waiting for an authoritative settlement of the possibility of raising things, and the results of this promiscuous and irresponsible experimenting is that more crops are raised, and the situation thus becomes complicated.

VANDERBILT'S MISTAKE

I always joke a thing of this kind. When my Protestant and Catholic friends started an argument in my younger days over the Boyne water I always figured that water of any sort had its drawbacks, and let it go at that, and most of them agreed in that one respect. Yet, when I see the cars of handsome peaches loaded at some of the peach orchards, and the cars of fine dewberries loaded at some of the dewberry vineyards, and the handsome corn and the excellent cotton, it becomes apparent that the men who insist that things can be grown in the sand have some grounds for their claim. You are justified in a way in believing in success, no matter what the theory may be. Old Commodore Vanderbilt was hot because George Westinghouse wanted to try the air brake as an


(Concluded on page seven)

THE GORHAM TRADE-MARK
is the Author's Name

A name may be one of two kinds - it may be the name of the maker, or it may be the name of a sponsor for the maker.

The Gorham Company always uses its own trade-mark on its own productions and that trade-mark is no more in need of a sponsor than Shakespeare is.

The famous Gorham Trademark
on Sterling Silverware



is the name of the author, and is an inviolable guarantee that it is a Gorham production. To this rule there are no exceptions, for we affix our trade-mark to nothing which is not the work of our hands nor produce anything whose authorship we are not proud to acknowledge.

In silverware for service, for sentiment, and for ornament, there is both added lustre and added value in the classic indentation of the Gorham insignia.

GORHAM STERLING SILVERWARE is for sale by leading jewelers everywhere.

THE GORHAM COMPANY
Silversmiths and Goldsmiths
NEW YORK
Works: Providence - New York

GORHAM SILVERWARE IS TO BE HAD IN PINEHURST AT
"THE PINEHURST JEWELRY SHOP"

BRETTON WOODS

IN THE HEART OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Improved Golf Course Full 6,450 yards

THE MOUNT PLEASANT
Ralph J. HERKIMER

Winter: The Ochlawaha Hotel
EUSTIS, FLORIDA

THE MOUNT WASHINGTON
D. J. TRUDEAU

Winter: Hotel Ormond
ORMOND BEACH, FLA.

Information at 243 Fifth Ave., New York, and all of Mr. Foster's offices
BRETTON WOODS SADDLE HORSES AT ORMOND THIS WINTER

Pictures of all
Tournaments and Players
at
MERROW'S
Pinehurst Studio

Artistic Photographs Made
and
Films Developed

About Half Price

The very best automobile service in the district can be obtained by telephoning

Sugg's Livery Stable
Southern Pines

We pride ourselves that we can furnish instant and good service at a great deal the lowest rate in the section. If you need a car for a long trip or the afternoon you cannot afford NOT to 'phone us.