

over a screen and into barrels, and cross my heart if that screening place where the resin is strained is not one of the most uncomfortable places to sit down accidentally or unthinkingly that you ever tried to rest on. It means to cut yourself loose, not just figuratively, but with a knife. I never sat down at such unkind place. It is too hospitable for my simple taste.

If the still is far from the trees it follows that the turpentine is carried up in barrels, and that handling the barrels or the collecting buckets get to be sticky, and around the still is a sticky place, and a bare heel can get something on it most anywhere in half a mile or more. And when the resin is barreled and rolled out and headed up there is a chance to put your feet in something soft, and if by this time you have not discovered why a North Carolina man is called a tar heel you certainly begin to see one reason that might justify the name.

Yet this is not tar. We have simply, so far, been dealing with those other naval stores, turpentine and rosin. Tar is another member of the family but just as readily attached to anybody who shows a friendly interest.

Now I don't know a thing about the actual family relations of tar, but I make a guess that it is an isomeric hydro carbon dipentene, and if any of its friends feel aggrieved at that I am ready to hear the defense. I take it that tar is a sort of peer relation of the turpentine family, sort of smoked in the aking as you might say.

Tar is made from dead pine that is rich in what is sometimes called pitch, but what is in fact crude turpentine, the same thing that exudes from the tree when wounded, and from which the spirits of turpentine and rosin are made. The theory of turpentine is that it is a fluid supplied by the pine tree to cover a wound and help it to heal. It seems to have no other use in the life and growth of the tree, and we hardly go so far as to say that the pine tree is supplied with turpentine solely to help stop leaks in ships and to mix paint with.

Dead pine which has sufficient turpentine in the pores is cut up and built into an air tight kiln, and to make it tight it is covered over several inches with earth. Fire is then put to the wood, and there in its confinement it smoulders slowly for days generating enough heat to drive out the turpentine partly cooked and slightly distilled, until the produce gathers at the bottom of the kiln in sufficient quantities to run out of a pipe provided for the purpose.

It is put into barrels for market, and sent all over the seven seas and into all the rivers and harbors that go up to Washington from year to year to ask for an appropriation.

#### A LATENT FORTUNE

One of the most fascinating sports in North Carolina is the effort to find a way to get the turpentine out of dead wood without burning it. In the old stumps and pine knots of the pine forests is a gold mine if some wise man will show how to mine the product. Turpentine distills at a low temperature. It is a complex product, chemically, and unless the heat is maintained at a uniform point you never know what you are going to

produce. To take up this subject calls up a line of talk as long as a bill before the Legislature, for right away it introduces that everlasting array of carbon compounds, and when you get them started it is like a duplicate of the fifteen puzzle. You take a few handfuls of carbon, and an equal number of ingredients of oxygen, and of hydrogen, and turn yourself loose, and you can keep mixing it up all the balance of the Winter and not make the same thing twice.

A man will set up some scheme to distill turpentine from pine knots and by the time he has been in operation a few weeks he will show you half a bushel of bottles of different things that he has taken from the still at different temperatures, and after he has operated the thing for a year or two and sold a lot of the stuff and used up a lot of pine knots he will tell you that the scheme does not work. He cannot keep the temperature down or up, or sideways or somewhere, and it may turn out to be dextro where it ought to be levee-rotary or it turns the plane of polarization out into the creek or something of the sort. If you know what it all means I pass it up to you.

From what I have seen about this distilling of pine knots it seems there are mighty near as many pretty things to be made of pine products as come from coal tar, but about the time you have seen a lot of them you find out it cannot be done just yet until some other methods are perfected. But they look pretty in a bottle.

So the tar kiln man goes on and cuts up his fat pine wood, and builds up his kiln, and fires it and stays with it day and night for several days until he has distilled off the tar, and barreled it for sale. And in doing the work he smears himself over with tar, and everything else in the vicinity, and leaves a magnificent prospect around the station platform where he loads it for shipment, for it has to go away on the cars to somebody who wants it to mend leaks in ships or to cure sore throats or things of that sort, and if you fall in with a kiln man at any stage of the game you can imagine also why the name of tar heel became epidemic in the pine barrens of North Carolina. I have no notion that the folks in the rest of the State fall for that term. A man out in Davidson County one day last Spring seemed to think he was not entitled to be called a tar heel, and as he had never seen a tar kiln in his life, and had no more idea of what one is like than he has of the holiday sports in Tophet probably he made out his case.

A tar kiln is an interesting thing to visit, for it is spectacular, especially in the spooky half light that it gives out after nightfall. A turpentine camp is also worth a visit if you watch where you step or where you sit down. Unfortunately neither tar nor turpentine is made in very many localities any longer in this part of the State. A few isolated operations may be discovered if your dragoman knows where to look for them, and in that event it might be worth the day's travel to trek out some day into the veldt and witness the performance in its chosen field.

In counting up the amount of various products made in this country Uncle Sam

(Concluded on page nine)

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