

experiment at Plattsburg left much to be desired.

The consequence was that we decided it quite useless to organize until we could use a gun and not a simulating machine, and use modern and not ancient transportation.

The vindication of the attitude taken and prospect of a useful equipment came sooner than expected. Everyone has read how the Bene gun failed utterly when used by the regular army against Villa at Columbus, and also that emergency orders were at once placed for motor equipment the moment the punitive expedition started.

These factors together with the immediate prospect of a Federal militia bill passing Congress give us hope that another year we can enlist under the Federal Government with modern equipment and regular West Point instruction. In this event we have already enough local support to do credit to the Sandhill spirit.

#### Humor

We have been urged on divers occasions to devote a small section of our invaluable journal to humor. Replying that we lacked that immortal quality in

#### An Index of Political Opinion

On Wednesday everyone knew that at one o'clock the President was to address Congress assembled upon a critical phase of our relations with the German Empire, and of course everyone in the village as well as the whole country was eager and anxious to know what it was about, and its purport.

While still at lunch, a little before two o'clock, Mr. Leonard Tufts read to the guests in the dining room of the Holly Inn a telegram to the effect that the President had sent his now famous message to Germany, saying that they would have to give up the submarine warfare on merchantmen entirely or else the United States would sever diplomatic relations.

The telegram was received with the greatest enthusiasm and applause, which was apparently unanimous. This is a pretty fair indication of the state of feeling in the country. For the guests of the hotel are not of any one political faith, or party, or from any one section, or any one lineage. They represent a cross section of the substantial business men of the country.



KLU-KLUX ATTENDING THE SANDHILL FAIR AT PINEHURST

our composition, the retort was that we should go out into the wilderness of words printed every week with a pair of shears and gather the best gems available.

Taking this suggestion we submit that the very zenith of the week's wit, and the trophy in the President's division for wags was supplied and goes to the Hon. William J. Bryan. We quote from his statement to the *New York Times* last Thursday—

"If we must have war, it is better to postpone it until after this war is over. Then it will be our war with the nation with which we have our dispute, and we can decide when to go in and when to come out."

This is a splendid idea. We suggest that Labor Day, being a vacation, would serve very well to go in, and that we come out at least on time to attend the Harvard-Yale football game. We cannot, however, regard with anything but serious disapproval Mr. Bryan's refusal to send his receipt for going out to the King of Servia, whom we feel sure would appreciate it.

#### Wishing

I wisht I wuz a hummin' bird.  
I'd nest in a willer tree.  
Den noth'n' but supp'n' wut goes on wings  
Could ever git to me.

I wisht I wuz a snake. I'd crawl  
Down in a deep stump hole.  
Noth'n' 'u'd venture down in dar,  
Into de dark en col'.

But jis' a nigger in his shack,  
Wid de farlight in de chinks—  
Supp'n' kin see him ever' time  
He even so much as winks.

It's a natchel fac' dat many a time  
I wisht I was supp'n' wil';  
A coon or a owl or a possum or crow—  
Leas'ways, a little while.

I'd lak to sleep in a holler gum  
Or roost in a long-leaf pine,  
Whar nothin' 'u'd come to mess wid me  
Or ax me whar I's gwine.

—John Charles McNeill.

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