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EVERY PENNY INVESTED IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS IS AS GOOD AS GOLD; EVERY PENNY SAVED AND INVESTED HELPS YOU AND HELPS OUR GOVERNMENT TO TAKE CARE OF OUR BOYS OVER THERE; "EVERY TIME YOU LICK A STAMP YOU LICK A GERMAN."

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THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

Send copies to your friends

the white man. His responsibilities were carried by the white man. He was provided for by the white man. The white man was his subsistence and defense, and whether it has occurred to you or not the black man and the white man were united by a strong bond of friendship.

The old slave today has a pride of affectionate remembrance for the white man who was his white man in the old days. The old slave warms with joy when he falls in with the white folks who were his boys and girls when he was on the plantation. The darky was loyal to his white folks and as proud of them as if he had been the head of the house himself and the house the greatest house in the state. The white folks could feel a sense of absolute confidence in the vast majority of their darkies. While there were tales of cruelty in the treatment of slaves those tales were founded on the rare exceptions. The actual fact is that the white folks were more often the slaves of their negroes than the negroes were slaves of the masters, except in the one feature, that of legal ownership and of the right of chattel. I have always held that war emancipated the white man rather than the negro. In more ways than one the whites were the slaves of slavery. They were the victims of a system that shouldered the country with a responsibility that the restriction of slavery put on all man, white or black. All responsibility rested on the white men, while much of the restriction imposed by slavery went with the responsibility.

GOING BOND FOR SAMBO

The great thing that emancipation did for the negro was not giving him freedom, but giving him responsibility. When he stood on the feet of the white man he was sustained without any ambition of his own coming into play. Freedom put him on his own resources. The white man continues to be his dependence, and notwithstanding the notion that the state of eternal warfare exists between the races the contrary is the fact. Anybody who doubts this need only go to court some day when the criminal calendar is on. As each particular case is disposed of some particular white man will be found quietly coming over to the office of the clerk of court to see "how much I have to put up to get my nigger out." If you put your finger on any negro cabin in the state I venture it will not be far from a path that leads to the home of a white man not far away, and that path is beaten by the feet of the darky going to the white man's house, and by the white man going to the darky's house. Each has the confidence of the other, and each depends on the other. And in spite of the line drawn between races a line that will never be wiped out, there is a persistent friendship between the two that is apparently just as persistent as the race separation. While emancipation removed from the white man's shoulders the responsibility of the negro, it did not remove from the negro his dependence of the white man, nor wholly remove the dependence of the white man on the negro. With this dependence is a certain sentiment, a friendliness, a sympathy on the part of the

white man and a gratitude on the part of the black man.

It is worth while to fall in with some of the old negroes who were slaves and to talk with them and learn the real story of slavery. The strong attachments, the warm affection of the slave and the master, an affection that began with childhood and persisted through life, will show that in a vast majority of cases slavery was patriarchal more than a brutal relation between master and man. To fall in with some of the old ones will give a new insight into life, and into a life that is peculiar to this particular section of the world, a life that is interesting in its influence on the shaping of human character and one that reflects one of the great experiences of the world, that of the most modern successful form of slavery.

WITH AN 87

Miss Cummings and Mrs. Parsons Have Best Ball in Silver Foil

Miss Gwendolyn Cummings once again led the ladies of the Silver Foils home and carried away the silver trophy in golfing contest last week. This time she shared the honors with Mrs. Donald Parson of Youngstown. The occasion was a four ball best ball match played over number one. With the proper allowance made for the handicap the best ball of this pair came to an 87, abundantly low and to spare. Their nearest competitors were Mrs. G. M. Howard and Mrs. M. B. Brynes, whose 91 took second place from Mrs. J. D. Chapman of Greenwich and Miss Gertrude Thurston by a margin of three strokes.

Mrs. Chapman's actual score was the best of the day's play—a 54 out and a 50 in, a total of 104.

The Summary

	Hdep.	Best ball
Miss G. Cummings	28-21	44 43-87
Mrs. Donald Parson		25-19
Mrs. G. M. Howard	30-23	50 41-91
Mrs. M. B. Brynes		19-14
Mrs. J. D. Chapman	5-4	50 44-94
Miss Gertrude Thurston		9-7
Mrs. Splane	18-13	52 47-99
Miss Caroline Bogart		31-23
Mrs. Donald Ross	26-20	53 47-100
Mrs. G. W. Statzell		
Mrs. E. C. Bliss	23-17	52 49-101
Mrs. G. A. Magoon		28-21
Mrs. W. E. Truesdell	38-29	50 52-102
Mrs. B. V. Covert		38-29
Mrs. David Carl	18-14	51 54-105
Miss Eleanor Abbe		14-11
Mrs. H. H. Rackham	18-13	49 54-103
Mrs. R. C. Blanke		40-30

The Real Article

"Why do you stand in this one place?" asked the department store attache.

"I am watching these people at the bargain counter getting their change. I never before realized what frenzied finance meant."