

Snow Flakes and THRIFT STAMPS

You may think a thrift stamp is too small a thing to be considered seriously. How is it going to be possible to get money enough through the sale of such stamps to be of any consequence at a time when tens of billions of dollars will be needed? Let us think the matter over.

A snowflake is a small thing; but many snowflakes become important. They form the blankets that keep broad fields of wheat warm through the winter. They impede traffic. They cause cities to be isolated. They fill mountains and halt armies.

Thrift stamps are like snowflakes. A few of them don't amount to much. A thrift stamp bought by every man, woman and child in the United States would place \$25,000,000 at the immediate disposal of the government. Enough thrift stamps to buy a war savings stamp for each inhabitant of the United States would bring into the possession of the treasury \$500,000,000.

Every thrift stamp that is bought is like the snowflake that becomes a part of the big drift which is to stall the German war machine and make the world a place in which people may return once more to the pursuit of happiness, and again enjoy the comfort of security.



Veuve Chaffard Pure Olive Oil

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in Honest Bottles

Full Quarts

Full Pints

Full Half-pints

S. S. PIERCE CO.

BOSTON

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

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it was that the discovery was made that the management of the hotel had put me up in room 13. You should have heard the howl. The old hands at the traps threw up their hands and said it was all off, unless I moved at once.

"I said I would stay where I was. They went into a total eclipse, and spread a gloom all over the Camp. But this time I won, as much to the astonishment of my friends, as of Graham and the public.

"But this demonstration of the excellent use I made of the fatal number did not lessen the conviction of the following in the slightest. When we turned up for the rubber shoot at Merchantville, New Jersey, and I was again, by the purest chance, assigned to room 13, there was a riot. When I refused to budge again, my supporters indulged in incantations to remove the spell, and under the certainty that the evil was cumulative, and that both these dreadful 13s would get in their work at one time, they gave up the fight, and some of them sought refuge in hedging their bets, and taking a little money on my certain defeat.

"Old hands at the game will remember the contest. It was a very close business. And it appears that the owner of the grounds shared the popular idea of the efficacy of 13 as a paralyzer. And he had gone and put his entire wad on Graham to win. When he saw the birds drop from my gun just as though I were not under a deadly spell he lost his nerve completely, and proceeded to take a hand in the result. His game was to run up and down between me and the targets while Graham was shooting. This is supposed to work another baleful charm. The charm I didn't mind, but as an actual fact, in such close and nervous matter, it does put you off your shooting a bit. To checkmate this operation I held my gun across my lap facing in his direction and gently remarked.

"Mr. Cox, this machine is easy on the trigger, and my fingers are sometimes forgetful."

"This put a quietus on that particular charm, and in spite of the other I killed 48 of the 50 birds. Graham finished just one behind me—but that one was enough to give me the championship.

"After that, if I can be said to have any leanings at all, it is in favor of the dreadful 13. I joined the 13 club, of which Judge Gildersleeve was then President, and have worked under the guiding influence of 13 ever since. It would be impossible to tell you all the occasions when it has turned up to my advantage. But it is truly remarkable how often they are. For instance I was invited to shoot at Sandringham by King Edward, on the 13th of November. This was quite a nervous affair. Not because it was Sandringham, but because of the big gallery they had to follow me. It was the first time I had ever had a gallery along watching me shoot game in the woods. Of course they expected something wonderful. And as any sportsman, even the best, knows, there is a good deal besides the marksmanship involved in the percentage of birds killed under field conditions.

"But I took the day of the month to be a good augury, and went to it. And fortune so had it that I killed 13 straight with my first thirteen shots—delighted the audience—and quit, right there. So you see why I would prefer Wednesday. But to shoot against a horse race. Not even Diana would try that!"

PATRIOTIC RALLY

Continued from page one

Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania, Rear Admiral Thomas Peary, Rear Admiral H. W. Lyon, Rear Admiral W. W. Mead, Brigadier General M. P. Maus, and General S. A. Dennison, Colonel Francis H. Fries of Winston-Salem, the Hon. Henry A. Page of Aberdeen, and J. R. Page and C. P. Heywood of the Sandhills.

They will be escorted to the grounds by Col. R. E. Swigert, chairman of the reception committee, and Mrs. Swigert, and attended by an escort of riders from the Jockey Club and the tallyho.

At this meeting the community will be lined up behind the great and final task of the battle—the savings campaign. The governor has gained the enviable reputation of being the hardest hitting and most plain spoken statesman in the South, and can be depended upon to add interest to the duties of the occasion.

The distinguished guests will be driven through to Southern Pines and the Farm Life School and other places of interest in the morning, will be entertained at luncheon at the Club House, and at tea at Garran Hill after the ceremony.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

(Continued from page two)

Jones, Pittsburg, Pa.; S. H. Putman, H. P. Burt, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Wright, Upper Montclair, N. J.; R. E. Smith and family, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Briggs, Portsmouth, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Gillen, Youngstown, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. McWilliams, New York City; Mrs. J. Pryor Williamson, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; R. L. Walkley, New Haven, Ct.; J. F. Wilhelm, Paul Essellborn, Portsmouth, Ohio; E. H. Barnum, New Haven, Ct.; J. Bydolek, Buffalo, N. Y.; Daniel Darriff, F. T. Buckins, Frankford, Pa.; S. T. Crane, A. A. Benedict, Waterbury, Ct.; John Murchin, G. L. Williams, John Carley, Sharon, Pa.; J. Gassauer, New York; Miss Mary L. Johns, Lancaster, Pa.; H. J. Hays, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. J. F. Hutchinson, Bertha M. Hutchinson, Lexington, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Morgan, Youngstown, Ohio; J. Schwab Montreal, Can.; C. H. Stevick, New York; A. C. Rich, Saratoga Sps., New York; Mrs. W. L. Dittlerth, Betty Dittlerth, Oak Park, Ill.; E. H. Schmidt, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Paynter, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Geo. H. Davis, Jr., Norfolk, Va.; S. H. Hadley, Sharon, Pa.; E. J. Dachler, Portsmouth, Ohio; Mrs. S. H. Putman, New York; Sgt. A. E. Perry, and wife, Charlotte, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Delano, Nora Delano, Florence Delano, Ticonderoga, N. Y.