

THE BERKSHIRE

PINEHURST, N. C.



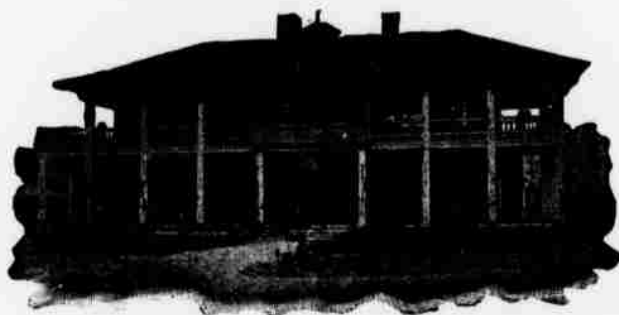
TERMS: \$2.00 per day; \$10.00 to \$15.00 per week.

Since last season this attractive hotel has been enlarged by an addition that more than doubles the former capacity of the house, and it has been refurnished throughout. It has all modern conveniences for health and comfort, running water from the celebrated Pinehurst Springs, bath rooms, steam heat, open fires, and electric lights. This hotel will be managed during the coming season by

Mr. F. B. KIMBALL.

Proprietor of the Eagle Inn, Orwell, Vermont.

PINEHURST CASINO.



OPEN FROM NOVEMBER 1ST TO MAY 1ST.

This tasteful building is designed for the comfort and convenience of the residents of Pinehurst, all of whom are privileged to make use of it.

The Ladies' Parlor and Cafe are on the lower floor, and the second floor has Reading Room supplied with Daily Papers and all the Popular Periodicals, Game Room, Smoking Room and Bath Rooms.

The Casino Cafe.

The Casino Cafe provides Excellent New England Cooking.

Table Board \$4.50 per Week.

Dinners \$2.50 per Week.

A BAKERY is connected with the Cafe, where families can obtain supplies. Address for Board

F. H. McALPINE, MGR.,

PINEHURST, N. C.

Casino Reading Room

Supplied with the leading Papers and Magazines for the free use of all in the village.

Open Day and Evening.

RICHMOND.

STRANGERS visiting Richmond, Va., will find excellent accommodations with Miss Pitzer, 115 East Franklin Street.

Pinehurst Steam Laundry

First class work in all departments.

Bundles may be left at the General Store.

Up Mount Blanc by Rail.

The engineering details of the railroad that is to be built to the top of Mount Blanc have been completed, the cost has been counted and the projectors of the road say that by July, 1902, they will carry tourists to a point at least four-fifths of the way to the top and that the completion of the road to within a short distance of the summit will not be long thereafter delayed. The total cost is estimated at over \$4,000,000.

It is well known that the town of Chamounix is on the River Arve, whose valley broadens below the town and winds in a general northwest direction till the river joins the Rhone near Lake Geneva. A railroad in the Arve valley connects Chamounix with Geneva and brings mountain climbers quickly from the lake to the famous village where the ascent of Mount Blanc usually begins. About twelve miles below Chamounix following the windings of the valley, is the hamlet of Fayet and a little railroad to be run by electricity, generated from the water power of the Arve, is now building. This railroad is to be the feeder for the subterranean road that is to ascend Mount Blanc. Eventually the electric road will be extended to Martignity, east of Chamounix, to bring tourists from the railroad at that point.

The entrance to the subterranean road will be near the village of Les Houches, between Fayet and Chamounix, only a few steps from the electric railroad. The tunnel will follow the upleading ridge on the left side of the Tacconnaz glacier. Thus the ascent by rail will be on the northwest side of Mount Blanc instead of the northeast side, the route followed by climbers from Chamounix. The railroad will be built on the cog wheel and cable plan common to many mountain railroads.

The tunnel will be over three miles long at the point where it is directly under the summit of the Aiguille du Gouter, and the height there will be 12,600 feet. A small hotel will be established at this point and on the way up there will be two or three openings to the surface where platforms will accommodate the tourists at the most favorable points for viewing the surrounding scenery. The next station will be at a height of 13,300 feet and thence the tunnel will be dug under the Rochers des Bosses to a height of 14,022 feet, where the terminal station will be built about 1,150 feet below the summit of Mount Blanc. The total length of the subterranean route will be a little over six miles. Sledges drawn by a cable will carry a tourist over the hard snow from the terminal station to the summit, where a comfortable hotel will be maintained and everybody whose toes tingle with the cold will find it easy to get warm.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Have You Played It?

There is a new game called initials.

It is a variation on many of the old games, but it goes with a sparkle and rush that is exhilarating.

The sparkle and rush are due largely to the personnel of those playing, but a set of quick-witted merry people can make the game full of laughter.

The elementaries of the game are simple; the variations depend upon the people.

An initial painted on a white circle of pasteboard is turned up on a table; the

group of players must give the name of a book beginning with that initial: the first person who responds is marked one; at the end of the games that person who has made the most correct responses is given a prize.

This all sounds very simple, but it is not easy when one starts to playing it.

You may know a hundred books whose name begins with that letter, but, to save your life, you can't think of them at that moment.

Some people make the game very laughable by insisting upon making up the names of books, and to hear them try to argue themselves right when the judge insists upon their giving the name of the author and the plot of the story is one of the brightest side issues of the game.

The game calls for one turn at the initials, but people who like it have broadened it by going over the initials once on the name of books; then again on authors, and birds and plants.

In truth the game may be played on any given topic; anything in which a certain set of people may be very much interested.

It is entirely unnecessary to buy the box of initials. One can make them at home in an evening's leisure with a sheet of fresh white pasteboard and some good black ink.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Anecdote of Sherman.

An actor of one of the local theatres tells a story of how the blunt old General Sherman declined to hear Blanche Roosevelt sing. The General's kind heart and helpful nature led him to stretch out the hand of encouragement to many a struggling aspirant for dramatic and musical honors. But his proteges sometimes were not selected with a due regard for their artistic capabilities. Among others he bestowed his friendly interest upon Miss Roosevelt, who fifteen years ago or more went to New York to sing in light opera. She instituted a weekly musical at her hotel, preceding her appearance. One of these General Sherman was expected to attend as the guest of highest honor. The hours went by and the host was in despair, for the general did not arrive. Lethargy fell upon the assemblage, which the playing and singing of mediocre people could not dissipate. After midnight the grim old warrior, wrapped in a long military cape, appeared on the scene, and joy beamed on Miss Roosevelt's handsome face. "Oh, General," she said impulsively, "I've refused to sing until you came. What would you like?"

"Nothing," he answered laconically. The lady's face fell.

"You see," he continued, "I have been down at the Academy this evening, listening to Patti as Marguerite, and I don't want the memory disturbed before I go to my dreams."

It was rather tough, but Miss Roosevelt took it good-humoredly, for she knew that the old general had no thought of being ungallant when he said just what he meant in his own delightfully blunt fashion.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

They Do Say Such Things!

Ella—To think that it is two years since we met and you knew me at once. Then I haven't changed much after all?

Bella—Oh, I knew you by your bonnet, dear.—*Tid-Bits.*