

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

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## NEWS IN BRIEF.

Miss Etta Bartlett gave a birthday party at the Casino last evening in honor of the birthday of Miss Lizzie McLean. Miss McLean is very popular and the response to the invitations was unanimous. The evening was passed in a social manner and a collation was served.

Mr. F. B. Kimball, manager of the Berkshire, and Mr. J. Milton Robinson, manager of the Lenox, have returned from a three day's trip to Round Knob, Asheville and Greensboro. They report that Round Knob could be made an ideal summer resort as it is situated among the mountains in the western part of the state with all the natural surroundings which go to make up a perfect summer place.

## At Home.

The Cedars gave an at home last evening from 8 to 10. Thanksgiving far from the old home, is a day filled with thoughts of home and loved ones to our northern visitors, and to them this evening of social life was a source of much pleasure. Cards had been sent to a large number of guests, who are at the hotels and cottages and an unusually large number were present. Mrs. Alice M. Stacey, assisted by Mrs. Mary E. Crawford, Miss Menervia Gifford, Mrs. G. Elmer Fowle and Miss Florence Wilcox, received the guests of the evening. Miss Carrington and Miss Bradbury presided over the tables and served the guests with cocoa, cake and confectionery, in a most charming manner. The evening passed in a

very social manner much more so than is usual in affairs of this kind. Many of the guests were strangers to one another but soon became acquainted as the hostesses with their charming, cultured manners, made each feel at home at once. These pleasant social evenings have always been a pleasing feature of social life in Pinehurst, and have done much to give this town its enviable reputation as the charming winter resort of North Carolina.

## Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving in Pinehurst was, as is always the case, a day when the ties of friendship are recognized. And as many here are far from relatives and friends, they were drawn one to the other in an especial effort to help each other enjoy the day in a manner which should in a measure, serve to divert the mind from the memories of home, with all its thoughts of dear ones enjoying their Thanksgiving in the far away home in the North. Many invited friends to partake with them of the bountiful dinners served at the hotels, while others who have cottages, invited friends to their own table.

At the Berkshire a most bountiful dinner was served, as Manager Kimball knows so well how to serve, and each guest was made to feel that he was at home. The food at this well known hostelry is always well cooked and well served and each who partook of the dinner at that house felt that an especial effort had been made to make this a home-coming for them.

At the Casino, Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine had a large number of guests to dinner. They know well the needs of the inner man and generously provided for each, as was shown by the bill of fare which consisted of all the dishes which have made the New England homes so famous for their Thanksgiving dinners.

The one thing that the guests from the North, who was spending the winter for the first time in the South, could not seem to reconcile with Thanksgiving was the weather, while there we usually have cold weather, perhaps ice and snow, here it was a beautiful September day, warm and pleasant, and one could hardly believe the stories we have read in the Northern papers of snow and ice could be true.

## What the Echo Answered.

Up at North Conway there is an echo and it is one of the finest. It is even reported that once upon a time a man stood in front of Echo lake and shouted "Hello." In a short time the echo answered back "Hel-l-l-o-o-o," and everybody held their respective breaths in amazement. "What are you doing-g-g?" was the next question. And the echo answered, "Hunting for my knife you fool," and then there was another deep and dark brown silence.—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

## Opening a Bottle.

At a little dinner party the other night a good temperance woman was covered with confusion by an incident which is too good to be kept secret.

It seems that a friend and neighbor had enjoyed an unusually large crop of grapes this year. She had filled her root beer bottles with grape juice, expecting,

of course, that it would remain sweet, and she had no intention of dignifying it by the name of wine.

At the dinner party the hostess proclaimed with great glee that her neighbor had sent her in a bottle of grape juice and she proposed to treat; so when the desert was being brought on, she set a tumbler in position and proceeded to open the bottle. The guests were astonished at the result. The liquid flew clear to the ceiling with a bang. The lady was so scared that she had absolutely no control over the bottle, and she pointed it first at her husband and showered him with the spray. Then she turned it square in front of her and sprinkled four window shades with the purple liquid. She took a shy at the floor and made a big spot on the rug. The bottle overflowed and made a puddle two feet square on the table. All the guests and all the dishes were sprinkled. When one of the guests finally pushed a tumbler under the bottle and she attempted to direct the remaining contents of the bottle into it, there was nothing left but some colored foam.

She is trying to find out now what she really ought to have done under the circumstances, and for the next week she will probably be trying to clean the spots out of the window shades and get the spots out of her table linen.—*Worcester Spy.*

## Trouble in Sight.

Mrs. Tenant was quivering with anger, and on the verge of collapse, when the landlord came in.

"You remember, Mr. Cuffem, that we refused to renew the lease this fall unless you would do the bathroom over for us? Don't speak, please; you remember, don't you, and that you promised to have everything done, sir, tub and all? I'll beg you to answer me."

Mr. Cuffem was red in the face, but a bit scared. "Well, madam," he returned, "ain't it been done though, it was perfectly fresh when you came? We did it all over the week before you got back this fall, tub enameled and all."

She swooped on him.

"Tub enameled! You say so yourself, don't you, that you had the tub enameled?"

He began to talk loud, too.

"Tub enameled, yes, that's what I say, and that's what's true."

"I'm glad to have you say it. It makes my case all the stronger, and you say you had it done just before we returned?"

"That's what I say, madam!" he yelled.

"Very well," said she, "and you are now willing to swear to that?"

He said that was the only thing that any one could get him to swear about it.

"Then, sir, will you come with me and look into the bathroom?" Her tone was awful. He almost refused. She jammed him into the discussed apartment, and, lighting the gas, pointed with quivering finger to the tub. It shone brilliantly white, except for one big dark place in the bottom of it and some streaks of red on the sides. Cuffem felt relieved.

"You can't get any one to guarantee them tubs," he blustered. "That tub was done, and you ain't got no cause for complaint because it's come off a speck or two on the bottom."

She rose to her full height.

"You confess that tub was fresh enam-

eled when we came in this flat? Well, sir, I am not complaining because the bottom has come off the tub, no, indeed. It is my husband has come off; he is in the hospital. The damage is to him, Mr. Cuffem, and we can't get the enamel off him. I shall sue you, sir. Look at that red there. That is his innocent blood, and on your head be it if he dies from enamel."

If Tenant dies Cuffem expects trouble. If Tenant gets out of the hospital he is sure of trouble. So he's hired a lawyer.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## In Boston.

His New York Aunt—Then your little brother's education must have been neglected.

Boston Boy—Yes, indeed! Why, he doesn't know the rudiments of metaphysics!—*Life.*

## Anti-Alvordism.

Bank president—Have the books been examined?

Vice-president—Yes, sir.

President—Has the examiner been examined?

Vice-president—Yes, sir.

President—By whom?

Vice-president—By me.

President—Have you been examined?

Vice-president—Yes, sir.

President—Very well; now you may examine me, and then we shall close for the day.—*Ohio State Journal.*

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