

BUCKWOOD INN

SHAWNEE-ON-DELAWARE, PA.
HARRINGTON MILLS, Manager

Modern Fire Proof Construction, Two hours from New York City, Three hours from Philadelphia.
To be open in June 1911. Fifteen Minutes from the Delaware Water Gap Station.

CLOSE BY THE NEW 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE OF THE SHAWNEE COUNTRY CLUB

Tennis Courts Garage Boating Magnificent Scenery

In this Beautiful Valley of the Upper Delaware and along the sides of the Surrounding Hills, Bungalows and Summer Dwellings are being built.

For information regarding sites and a beautiful illustrated, descriptive book, write to

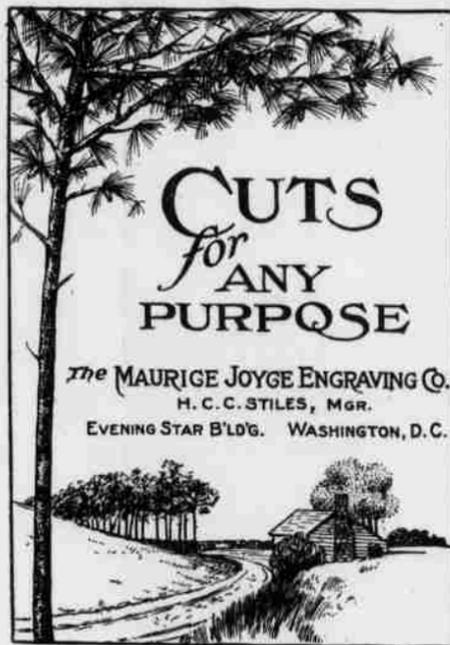
ROSSITER REALTY CO.
SHAWNEE-ON-DELAWARE.

PINEHURST DEPARTMENT STORE

Complete and Modern Equipment in Every Department, with Prices on Par with Northern Markets

Plain and Fancy Groceries

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Men's Furnishings, Drugs.
Complete Equipment for Men and Women for All Out Door Sports.
Field, Trap and Pistol Ammunition.



CUTS
for
ANY
PURPOSE

The MAURICE JOYCE ENGRAVING CO.
H. C. C. STILES, MGR.
EVENING STAR B'LD'G. WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE
- ST. JAMES -
European Plan Centrally Located
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Poland Water

is bottled under the most sanitary conditions in the most elaborate and expensive plant of its kind in the world.

Drunk the World Over
Hiram Ricker & Sons
South Poland, Maine.

The Tea Cup at The Laurel
PINEHURST, N. C.

Tea served afternoons from three to six o'clock
Orders taken for Sandwiches, Cake and Candy
Arrangements made for
Lunches, Chafing-Dish and Bridge Parties Etc.

THE SPRING PINECONE

Contributors Write of Personal Experience in Interesting Way



THE SPRING *Pinecone*, the School publication, is one of the most original and interesting yet issued; the stories very largely in the nature of personal experiences and distinctly from the child's viewpoint.

The Pinecone

Published by the Girls of the Pinehurst School
at
Pinehurst, North Carolina

From Time to Time

EDITOR IN CHIEF Esther Tufts

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Winifred O. Rogers Mildred A. Rogers
Eleanor H. Abbe

SPECIAL SPRING NUMBER, 1911

Volume II Number 3

THE TALE OF A BICYCLE

By Alice J. King

I bet you didn't know a bicycle had a tale. Well, it has. Sometimes it is bright and shiny, and sometimes it is long as a tale of woe. The bright shiny tales generally belong to the new bicycles and the long, long tales to the old, old ones. Now I'm just a medium one so have only got a little tale. Of course, you know, I belong to a boy and he and I can do lots of stunts. You ought to see him ride a telegraph pole—the whole length. It's lots of fun. Want to know how to do it? All you need is a steady eye. Then select a large square pole that's lying flat on the ground, and begin at the big end. It's easy.

I'm a great racer, too. I bet I can beat any wheel in town. When my master gets on my back, and I start off, and feel the wind against my handle-bars, it's just like flying. I am sorry for those old plodding machines that belong to messenger boys.

You know automobiles really belong to our family. Some of them are so stuck up they won't acknowledge it, but for my part I don't see what they have to be stuck up about. Give a boy a wheel and he'll scorn your old autos; that is, for general service and something he can depend upon.

The other day I was waiting for the boy outside the club and another boy knocked me down. "Hey, Bill," said he to my master, "I just knocked your wheel down and it sounded like an old tin factory."

My! wasn't I mad. Whoever heard of a tin factory anyway! I'd like to have knocked him down and seen what he sounded like. Some people think we bicycles haven't any feelings. However, so many people and animals and things are abused in this world that it gives everyone something to talk about just because we can't talk! I could tell more about factories than he'll ever know probably. But that would be talking shop—a thing I never do.

Therefore my tale will begin with the journey to the boy's house. I was very interested in the trip south. The country is so different and the towns look smaller than our northern and western towns. It probably isn't their fault. I noticed a great many men with hands in their pockets. Probably that isn't their fault either. But I'm just telling you because it is different. However, I finally arrived and then such a time. The boy just gave a whoop and has been riding me ever since. He can jump on "on a run"; he can ride without his handle-bars; he can ride with his handle-bars reversed—anyway you can

think of—and we certainly have dandy times together.

Here's three cheers for the boy with the wheel; just for the joy we feel and the fun we have together!

MY EXPERIENCE WITH A GOAT

By Eleanor H. Abbe

When we first got Billy he was a little goat and we grew to be great friends. As he grew larger people began to fear him. The only people he bothered were Farmer Gray, (our next door neighbor) and Miss Lane (an old maid) who lived along with her dog, Tan. Tan was a lap dog and when Miss Lane went walking Tan would follow. Billy hated Tan. Billy thought he was too much of a baby, and every time Billy saw Tan he would chase him—poor Tan. I remember one day Billy was out in the back yard chewing on an old rag when he spied Tan looking in through the fence. It was not long before Billy was over the fence and Tan was logging it towards home, Billy after him. I thought I had better follow Billy up, because I did not want him to do any damage.

Just as I reached the hedge I saw Miss Lane go pell mell into the ash barrel, Billy thinking she was in the way. I couldn't do a thing at first, but just laughed. I came to my senses and helped poor Miss Lane into the house. Her dog had crawled under the house and Billy had dug her flowers up trying to get under too. I heard Miss Lane say: "I'll kill that darned old goat if I get the chance." Billy and I walked home. I told him how bad he was and sent him out in the yard. I could still hear Miss Lane calling: "Tan, poor little boy, did the ugly old goat hurt you, dear?"

I went into the house, after locking up Billy in the back yard, and thought I would water my flowers in the front. Luckily Billy hadn't seen them; but when I reached the garden, there stood Billy, eating my pansies and roses. I could have cried, but thought it was my own fault and if I was going to keep a goat I couldn't keep a garden, I made up my mind to that.

I put Billy back for the third time and wondered what he would do next. I went into the house and when I came out Billy was gone. I went to look for him and found him sitting outside Miss Lane's window looking in, with the most funny expression on his face. He was waiting for Tan. He had seen Tan go out walking and he was just waiting. Miss Lane had put some dainty handkerchiefs and a night cap out on the bushes, but where were they now? Billy knew. I wonder how they tasted.

Billy jumped up. He saw Tan and Miss Lane walking not far away. Billy ran and as Tan was in front of Miss Lane, Billy took a short cut and set Miss Lane down. I heard Miss Lane say: "That goat will be the death of me. Oh, if I had a gun."

I helped her up and tried to call Billy. He came trotting back, very much pleased, with a paper hanging out of his mouth. Miss Lane said to me: "I'll have that darned old goat killed if he bothers any more."

I thought I had better tie him, but before I did it he ate the rope and walked away. I wondered where Tan was. Pretty soon a man came along with a little dog. It was Tan. It was high time for me to go, so Billy and I started home. What became of Tan I never knew.

Well I'll have to stop, and next time you shall hear about Billy and Farmer Gray.

SOME NEGRO REMEDIES

Winifred O. Rogers

Once my friend's little girl had a tooth-ache, and her negro washwoman told her that the best thing she could do for it was to get a toad, and tie it in a napkin around the face and go to bed, and in the morning the pain would be all gone—into the toad—which would turn green.

Another time, when we were coming down south on the boat, the colored stewardess told us that if we were ever stung by a rattle snake, to go into the hen-yard and get a black chicken, cut it open and put it on the sting; but she said to be sure the chicken was a black one.