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HOLIDAY MERRYMAKING

(Continued from page one)

Santa's non-arrival which awoke responsive sympathy in the company. A moment's silence—and then—a telegram from Old Kris was read, explaining that he was too old to travel, and asking Mr. Justus Kendall (we believe that was the name) to extend best wishes and read the verses, or po'ms, which had been attached to a few of the gifts intended for the "notables." (We feel quite sure that was the word used.) Mr. Kendall, though taken very much by surprise, complied graciously, reading also, from time to time, telegrams from "Woodrow," "W. J. B." and other dignitaries whose presence was "confidently expected" by the committee of arrangements. Some of the verses, or po'ms, we are reprinting, but with the distinct understanding that authorship is unknown, and we waive all responsibility as to consequences, for this anonymous (or synonymous) message has just come over the 'phone to our editorial desk, already overloaded with Christmas gifts, new subscribers, communications from well-wishers, and persimmons:

Take this advice from one who knows:
Abandon Verse, and stick to Prose!

MR. AND MRS. LEONARD TUFTS—BELL

It is "Pinehurst Forever"—
The slogan's not new—
But what greeting's more fitting
This evening for you?

MR. U. T. HUNGERFORD—TOY BANK

It is but a tiny token,
My worthy financier;
But it never can be broken
By currency that's queer.

MR. A. S. NEWCOMB—NOTE-BOOK

Perhaps you are athinking
About a house and lot;
This is the chap as sells 'em—
He'll get you like as not!

MR. C. B. HUDSON—BOAT

This is for "Sir Heinrich"—
A river bears his name—
Glad we are he's anchored,
Glad also that he came.

COL. R. A. SWIGERT—HORSE-SHOE

Of course he's from Kentucky,
You'd know that at a look;
Naturally, when golfing,
His score-card is a "book."

MR. T. B. BOYD—INDIAN

From the city of St. Louis,
Famous 'cause it's queer,
We welcome "Uncle Tommy"
Gladly every year.

DR. J. W. NELSON—TRAIN OF CARS

We're glad to welcome
This doctor from the West;
Here is his prescription—
"Pinehurst—Golf and Rest!"

MR. JAMES DE WITT CLINTON RUMSEY

Tom calls him Clinton,
Joe says, instead, 'tis Witt;
But to me Jim's the name
That seems best to fit.

MRS. U. T. HUNGERFORD—AUTOMOBILE

You'll find this car handy
When you ship the big by rail;
If you've trouble with the motor,
You may run it with a sail.

REV. DR. AND MRS. DAVID GREGG

Always a welcome,
Dear friends, is waiting you;
Accept this token
From us all to you two.

MR. A. A. STAGG—SMILING JAP

When Stagg first came to Pinehurst,
His golf—oh, mercy me!
But now he plays the winners
And his smile's good to see.

MR. PHILIP L. LIGHTBOURN—SUNFLOWER

Yes, Phil has learned the Tango—
He's really quite a beau;
Reminds him of old London—
It's English, don't-er-know!

MR. H. V. SEGGERMAN—BOUQUET

'Tis just as we expected—
Henry won the Autumn cup;
But still he's disappointed;
Thinks he should have been ten up.

MR. H. W. ORMSBEE—FAVOR

Yes indeed, we all know him,
The pal of famed Ouimet;
A golfer and a sportsman,
One of the best we've met!

MR. E. B. PRATT—DOLL

His home's rainy Boston,
Where the sun plays hide and seek;
Naturally his demeanor
Is always somewhat meek!

MR. J. M. THOMPSON—MIDGET CLOCK

We saw an advertisement —
Sent a sum—two-fifty;
This we got by parcel post—
Small, yet somewhat nifty.

MR. W. C. BAKER—FAVOR

Glad you've not forgotten
That Pinehurst is the best;
You're welcome, Mr. Baker,
For we like you as a guest.

REV. T. A. CHEATHAM—LAMB

We are sure that Old Santa—
In case we should meet 'im—
Would ask us very quickly:
"Did you remember Cheat'm?"

MR. STUYVESANT LE ROY—LAMB

This gentle pet you may have met
At golf, or on the "street;"
The question is, about this quiz,
Are they easy beasts to "beat?"

MRS. H. W. PRIEST—BOUQUET

In four short lines to you, my dear,
A volume we'd write;
But, instead, we can only send
Our best love tonight.

MR. AND MRS. J. C. MCCREERY

They come from the Metropolis,
Where Broadway's never dreary;
Fact is, that is the only word
That rhymes well with McCreery.

MRS. CABOT J. MORSE—SINGING BIRD

To hear you sing, my dear,
We live in expectation;
'Tis but a plea, fair one,
It's not a declaration!

MR. HORACE F. SISE—DICE

If you should learn to golf,
I know the game you'd play,
For it has been noted
That you've a "winning way."

MR. HARRY A. WALDRON—BOUQUET

To most of us he's "Harry,"
We're glad to have him here;
He's teaching us the Tango
And he really's a "dear!"