

TALLY-HO TO THE RIVER

"Butter" Shows a Good Time to the Horseback Brigade

The sound of the horn echoed through the still morning—the clatter of hoofs rung down the village streets—peals of laughter mingled with whinney of colts and the rumble of wheels. The whisper of Christmas coming, the alluring call of a bright warm day, the scent of pine and the murmur of the woods had summoned the first big party of the season, faring forth a-horseback in search of adventure and camp luncheon into the Little River country.

Mrs. E. P. Spencer and Annie Oakley, she that was born in the saddle, and ridden the wide world from the Big Horn to Lake Karakul, sent out the call and mobilized the squadron. Leading the cavaleade were the devotees of the track, the winners of many a hard race for the ladies purse, Miss Eleanor Abbe, Miss Eleanor Vredenburgh, Miss Esther Tufts and Miss Mabel Bliss. Mrs. H. G. Waring and Miss Carolyn Bogart rode in at the peep of dawn from the Plantation to join the glad throng. Mr. and Mrs. Malcomb Ormsbee and little Miss Katharine Ormsbee, who can ride with any jockey in the Carolinas, Mrs. Spencer Waters and Miss Francis Thomas, the darling of the Jockey Club, swelled the company from the cottages. Commander Elia took command, while Ivan Bosse and James Kellogg rode the flanks.

Heralding all this merry array came four brightly caparisoned and lively steeds drawing the Tally-ho, manned by Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Reimer, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. C. E. Horton and Mr. and Mrs. Hanna, and the makings of a perfectly good luncheon. And posting to the same destination, completing the party were Mrs. J. J. Carter with Mrs. G. M. Howard, Thomas Wheeler and Hugh Carter, in the Carter car.

Could heart desire or fancy picture anything more to be desired for a perfect expedition? It could. If only the perfect jester, the final butt, the finishing touch could be added in the person of some inconceivably perfect little black son of Ham, all eyes and teeth gleaming with ten generations of exhaustless surprise and good humor. He might be named Butter. And be quite indifferent what or how he rode, or where he was, or what he did, save only that he might be fed popcorn world without end, and shake the whole sad earth with laughter.

Strange to relate, as the party sped along down the ancient sandy highway, following the shades of numberless caravans rolling molasses and tobacco to the sea, by the orchards of Van Lindley and old man Billyou's dewberry plantation, who should put in a priceless appearance but this same fabulous ebony Butter in the shining flesh.

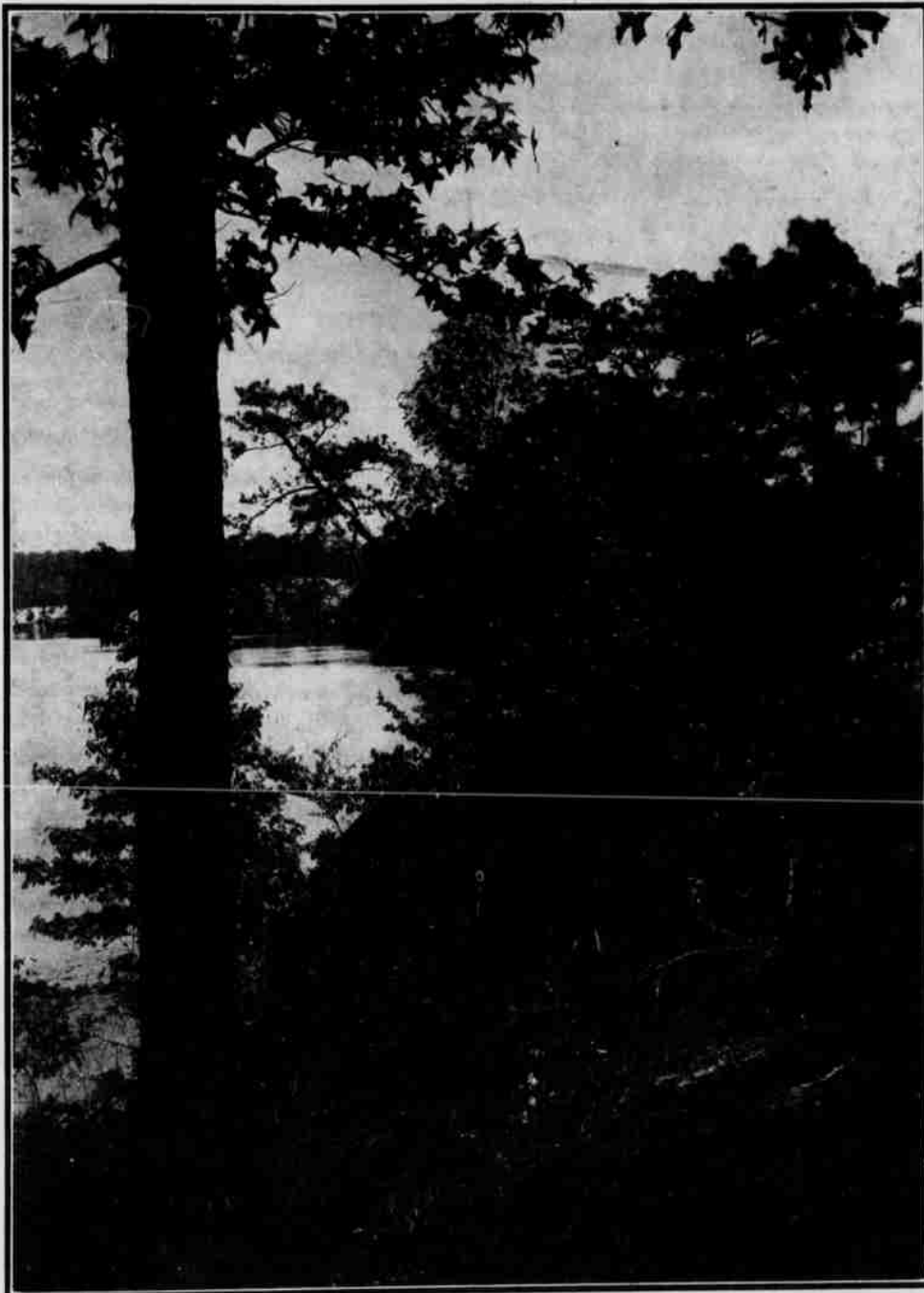
Thence ruling with delight born of Africa, the gay company advanced to the great pines and shady grove on the margin of Thaggarts pond. Here the artists of the impromptu luncheon got into action. Wheeler and Reimer volunteered as coffee experts and made good.

The ladies held conclave over crackling lightwood and the bright oaken coals, evolving a spread of sausage and bacon and toast and such. And the entire outfit endeavored in vain to fill a cavern with popcorn, provided for the edification of the company upon the occasion by Butter, the guileless.

And so home again.

Christmas Party at Samarcand

The boys from Doctor Henderson's school, the Plantation folk making merry in the holidays, guests from the cottages in Pinehurst and a gathering of old friends celebrated Christmas afternoon at the Pumpelly Plantation at Samarcand. The children were in-



ON THE MARGIN OF LITTLE RIVER

vited, and all hands clustered about the great tree, swelling the chorus of Christmas hymns. Refreshments were served and original poems read by the guests and the hosts, and stories of old times rendered by the veterans around the punch bowl. The part included besides the boys from Marienfeld, Mr. and Mrs. George Maurice and Miss Ellen Maurice, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Tucker and Miss Margaret Tucker, and others from Pinehurst. Roger Derby's poem declared to be equal to Gilbert at his best, was awarded the prize by acclamation.

In Their New Quarters

Mrs. F. E. May of Chicago, who lived in the Rosemary Cottage last year is visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Chapin in their new residence, while her own is under construction. Mrs. May lost a black suit case on the train coming down. It is faintly marked with the letters A. C. M. on one end. We are notified that she would be very glad to get it back, and would pay a suitable reward to anyone either returning it or giving a clue to its whereabouts.

Making It Permanent

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson Bishop have cast their lot in with the Cottage Colony and joined the happy company building

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TOWN AND COUNTRY.

in Pinehurst. This year they are living in the Little Brick House in the Pines. They decided that they wanted the title deeds to their quarters, and looking over the prospect bought the site and foundations of a cottage of similar design that is under contract to be finished this year for the Development Company.

John Bassett Moore

of Columbia, the distinguished jurist who was recently counsellor for the State Department, is a guest for the Holidays at the Carolina.

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