

EGG NOG AND MISTLETOE

Prove an Alluring Combination at
New Years Party on the
Waring Plantation

As everybody who has ever been to Cincinnati knows, there is one, and just one, possible method of ushering in the new and brilliant year. Without which ceremony aforesaid the year can no more be said to be legitimate than a battleship afloat unchristened, innocent of the Mums Extra Dry smashed across its bows by the daughter of the governor of Oklahoma. As understood by the initiated, and practiced by that final authority upon times convivial and customs ancient and sacred, the Kentucky Colonel of happy memory, this inauguration of the New Year has certain definite and inflexible requisites. First there is demanded a Plantation—a generous and wide expanse of grounds, where the horses can be hitched, or the limousines browse in comfort; a great fire, and the vistas of connecting rooms, over whose portals hang the perpetual invitation of the mistletoe; a great neighborhood gathering, drawn from the ranks of those still cherishing the traditions of our days of leisure,—the heirs of the fox hunting squire, and the story telling veterans of Gettysburg, the shots and the riders and the picturesque liars of the domain, assembled to lend atmosphere to the courting and a glamor of reminiscence to the exuberant spirits of the clustering yearlings.

Given this much, all that is needed to make the day is egg nog. None of your yolk and whiskey shakes turned by an electric buzzer out of a tin can. Nothing of the sort. This egg nog is a work of art, the culmination of two hundred years of loving care and infinite experiment, the ultimate receipt, whose mysterious ingredients are as difficult to discover as its insidious influence is to withstand.

If there is in this whole merry circle one place made to fit this ceremony, it is the Waring Plantation just beyond the village. And if there is one person left in this dry and virtuous commonwealth that still understands the mysteries of the New Years bowl, it is Mrs. Harry Waring.

And hence it befell that by the time the veterans had done their drilling, and the afternoon shadows begun to lengthen over the driveway, a veritable line of communication had opened between the City of Pinehurst and the hospitable portals. Here came the young people to enjoy and the old people to renew their youth. Here came the tender wrapped in rugs, and the hardy afoot; the doctor and the preacher and the colonel and the judge—the merry neighborhood enroute to welcome the dawning era.

And there was the fire, and the mistletoe over the archways; there was the board heavy with the delicacies of the Southern kitchen, and there, to crown the whole the brimming bowl, from whose depths Mrs. George M. Howard dispensed good cheer and a promise of good luck to every man. Mrs. Waring

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OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE

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Hohenzollern coveted.

Behind Ypres today there lie four thousand five hundred of the flower of the Canadian contingent. Four thousand five hundred young men who made the extreme sacrifice for King, for Flag, for Country, for Right. They lie in their narrow beds of earth, and over them wave the shading leaves of maple trees. For thoughtful citizens sent over and had planted "Canada's little maple grove"—a monument in a strange country to the men who fought and died and were not defeated.

"RETIRE BE DAMNED"

On the night of April twenty-second, General Alderson and his officers saw that the situation was desperate. They thought to save their men. The general sent up the command: "Retire!"

The word first reached the "Little Black Devils. The men heard it, the officers heard it, and they looked over the flattened parapet of their trench. They saw the oncoming hordes of brutes in a hellish-looking garb, and they sent back the answer: "Retire be damned!" The general, the officers, rested content. With a spirit such as these men showed even against desperate odds, nothing but victory could result.

The gas and the attacking waves of men poured on. We were not frightened. No; none of us showed fear. Warfare such as this does not scare men with red blood in their veins. The Germans judge others by themselves. A German can be scared, a German can be bluffed. They thought that we were of the same mettle, or lesser. At the Somme we put over on the enemy the only new thing that we have been able to spring during the whole three years—the tanks. Were they scared? They were terrified! They dropped rifles, bayonets, knapsacks, everything—and ran. Had not our tanks stuck in the awful mud of France, or had they a trifle more speed, I believe it might have been possible for us to have reached Berlin by this time.

It was because we could not be frightened that General French, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, cabled across the world on the morning of the twenty-third of April, "The Canadians undoubtedly saved the situation."

Letters from the Front

Since the United States Expeditionary Forces have grown to formidable proportions we are getting more and more direct letters and communications from the Front. Charlie Mason, who owns a neighborhood peach orchard, and who joined the First Corps Cadets last Summer, sends us greeting and a cheerful word from Somewhere in France, from headquarters of the 101st Regiment of U. S. Engineers. The editor, and no doubt our readers, would appreciate any news from overseas received by anyone from old friends and acquaintances of the colony.



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