

and Thy staff they comfort me." I commend to your reading that wonderful little book by Professor Fosdick "The Challenge of the Present Crisis" from which I take a closing quotation.

"When force is ruthlessly employed for wrong, it may have to be met by force employed for right. And the present war brings a call to service that is clear and undeniable. The Christian must bear his part and in those hours when he carries up to God the sad and tangled confusion of the world's affairs and seeks in the divine light the clue of duty, he may plead America's cause in sincere and hearty prayer

"Oh, God, bless our Country, we lament before Thee the cruel necessity of war. But what could we do? Our dead by hundreds lie beneath the sea, the liberties that our sires baptized with their blood and handed down to us in trust, so that they are not ours alone but all humanity's, are torn in shreds. And a foe is loose against us whom we have not chosen, whom we have not aggrieved, and who in his will to conquer counts solemn oaths to be but scraps of paper, and the chivalry of the seas an empty name. We have grown weary to the sickness of our souls, sitting comfortably here while others pour their blood like water forth, for those things which alone can make this earth a decent place for man to live upon. What could we do? With all the evils of our Nation's life, that we acknowledge and confess with shame, we yet plead before Thee that we have not wanted war, that we hate no man, that we covet no Nation's possessions, that we have nothing for ourselves to gain from war, unless it be a clear conscience and a better earth for all the nations to live and grow in. We plead before Thee that if patience and good will could have won the day, we gladly should have chosen them, and patience long since would have had her perfect work. And now we lay our hand upon our sword. Since we must draw it, oh God, help us to play the man, and to do our part in teaching ruthlessness once for all what it means to wake the sleeping lion of humanity's conscience."

Children's Entertainment

The children gave the party. But the grown up world from Cottage and hotel seemed to gather as much enjoyment of it as any tottling in the place. It was Thursday afternoon, shortly after lunch that everyone that could get there packed into the Carolina Ball room, and entered into the spirit of the occasion. This for the moment was Christmas eve. The immortal and familiar scenes from Louisa Olcott were being depicted by an all star cast, led by Elizabeth Cheatham, in the role of Meg, ably supported by Clarissa Metcalf, Louise Emery, Algine Edson and Francis Thomas.

Mrs. Boustead had unearthed an embarrassment of talent among the young folks. And they proceeded after the fashion of the Lambs Club to present a variety of acts and numbers that held the sophisticated audience entranced. Off went the scene from Little Women, and on came Margaret McKenna in a

sheen of white, to render the pathetic story of Little Bo Peep. Margaret is only three years old, and this was positively her first performance. Such mistakes in pronunciation as were remarked only heightened the enthusiastic reception of this recital.

Margaret Chapman, the living impersonator of the wonderful mechanical doll was then brought in and wound up. After which she displayed some strange and wonderful evolutions, after the manner of an automatic jumping jack to the hugh delight and satisfaction of the company assembled.

She was followed by the much heralded Chin Chin dance, a Celestial quadrille to Oriental music, executed by Theodora Johnson, Hugh Carter and

hilarious ring-around-a-rosy fandango. Helen Waring, Lillian Ross, Anabel McNab, George Dunlap, Clarence Edson, and Sumner Waters were responsible for this number. And the afternoon ended with a grand finale, even as it is done in the Alhambra in London, with the pageant of the Allies and the Aegis of Victory. Theodora Johnson led a Brittania to the inspiring strains of God Save the King, Betty Hitchcock bore the tricor and marched to the Marseilles; Italy was represented by Dorothy Chapman; and these were followed by the leading spirits of the embattled world—the Red Cross heroine, Margaret Chapman; Yankee Doodle, George Dunlap; Dixie, Algine Edson; Columbia, Betty Bicknell; with Helen

line of ice cream and ginger goodies provided by Mrs. W. H. Priest.

Visiting the Steeles

Charles R. Miller, Miss Madge Miller and Hoyt Miller are the guests of Judge and Mrs. Sanford H. Steele at their cottage. Mr. Miller is the editor of the New York Times, and shoulders the responsibility and the credit of the tremendous support given by the Times to the Allied Cause, which was a very large factor of our own entrance into the war, and the leading factor in the support afforded the administration by the respectable press of the country.

Red Cross Activities

The Executive Committee of the Red Cross announce that hereafter the Friday afternoon session of work at the Carolina will be discontinued, the hours for work up there now remain Tuesday and Friday mornings from 10 to 1.

Open the Cones

Mr. and Mrs. Parker W. Whittemore have arrived and have opened the Cones for the rest of the Season. Mr. and Mrs. John C. Spring are at the Log Cabin once more, and the Charles T. Crockers have been welcomed back to their plantation out Linden way.

LADIES DAYS

Silver Foils Program for the Year

Having started with that certain antidote for future discussion, the KICKER'S HANDICAP, the ladies of Pinehurst belonging to the Silver Foils inaugurate a series of golf tournaments under the leadership of Dorothy Campbell Hurd. Coursing through varied and interesting assortments of play, the program reaches its climax in the championship on March 11th, and concludes with the inevitable contest with Bogey in April. The complete schedule is

	ship.
March	16—Mixed Foursome.
March	20—Handicap vs. Bogey.
March	27—Medal Round for those who have not won.
April	5—Handicap vs. Bogey.

Pat's Trouble

An Irishman came to a doctor complaining that he had noises in his head. "Oi have thim arl the toime," he said, "an' sometoimes Oi can hear thim fifty feet away!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Dusty Rhodes—I understand Weary Wrangles was caught sawing wood and fired from the Tramps' union.

Dusty Rifle—He wuz to be fired, but he explained as how he wuz gittin' out de wood to make wood alcohol, an' dey let him off wit' a reprimand.—Louisville Courier Journal.

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Philip Johnson.

At this juncture this very versatile program turned into a more serious key, and the company was treated to a really first class performance upon the violin by Dorothy Chapman. She rendered Santa Lucia, and finished to tremendous applause, calling for an encore. She answered with Auld Lang Syne, rendered in such wise as to bring down the house, and necessitate a retreat to keep from playing all afternoon.

Swinging back to the diverting, the Sunbonnet babes and the Overall Boys romped into the limelight with a wild

Waring bearing the starry train, and the following in her escort—Julian Waters, Margaret McKenna, Anabel McNab, Lillian Ross, Clarence Edson, Sumner Waters, Philip Johnson, Hugh Carter, Dick Overton, Forbes Wilson, Arthur Olmstead, Louise Emery, Francis Thomas, Clarissa Metcalf, Elizabeth Cheatham, Virginia Pierce, Julia Pierce, and Katharine Hill.

The formal show being over the youngsters reverted to their natural selves and indulged in the games and larks of their native heath, and then repaired without urging to partake of a