

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP

A life on the ocean wave—moderately wavy—is now my delight. I have deserted all else for the river. There are sixty tons of mistletoe hanging in reach of a paddle, which I am gathering—though a lot of good it will do me when I get it. I am not the only one. The new club house and camp at Blue's Bridge is in full commission, and serves lunches and dinners and teas and anything you want—except Mum's extra dry. It was officially christened a little while ago by a genial company from hereabout who understand how to make a party. They went down in motors about sundown and had a dinner out under the pines and the stars to the light of a roaring fire, whence comes the inspiration for narrative and four part harmony. These were Dr. and Mrs. Mudgett from Southern Pines, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, their guests, Mrs. J. G. Splane, Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Waring and Miss Bogart and Howard Phillips of Pinehurst.

Plans are already in progress for the field trials for bird dogs, and the local champions are being run over the Garran Hill route—where the birds are in evidence a plenty. We found seven covies within half a mile of the Pinehurst orchard the other day. Meantime a number of the devotees of the shotgun have deserted us for a few days and gone ducking on the Eastern shore. I have a letter from E. D. McCabe saying that he has found a shooting wilderness presided over by one genius named Bill Gaskill among the lagoons of the Old North State. And B. V. Covert, the famous trap-shot of Lockport, who is always a leading figure in the Pinehurst contests, has taken Jay Hall off to take a crack at the water fowl at the Back Bay Ducking Club near Norfolk. It will be a crack-shot soiree. For they are to be joined by Charles Billings and Charley Newcomb, both of whom have demonstrated their infallibility with the fowling piece in the big shoot.

Weddings of interest to the village open about Christmas time. Miss Eleanor Abbe, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Abbe, is to be married to Boyd Morrow, an instructor in the Gilman School of Roland Park, Maryland. Miss Abbe has always been a leader in the younger set and in the sports and entertainments of the colony and will be heartily missed.

Being a festive week, the arrival of the rear guard of the cottagers heralds also the arrival of so many separate holiday parties. Mr. and Mrs. George J. Jenks have opened the White Shingles, and are entertaining a number of friends. Jerry and Miss Judith are both on hand. Mrs. Clad Hamilton, Mrs. Jenks' sister, and Master Larry Hamilton are spending the winter with them during the overseas duty of Colonel Hamilton with the army of occupation. Lieutenant Thomas Whitehead, of Detroit, will be there during his holiday leave, and Miss Sally Hamilton is expected to join the celebration within a

few days.

During the intervals between his forays with the driver and the racquet, John W. Watson has been arranging for the building of Mrs. T. T. Watson's, his mother's, new house on Carolina Vista, next to Mrs. Andrews' "Little House." Last year, you remember, Mrs. Watson occupied Commodore Newton's La Cassita. This year Mr. and Mrs. Doran, the publishers, have had it to date. We regret to say that they are compelled to return to New York. But they are expected back before the end of the season, and we count on them as a permanent institution in the colony.

The best news of the week is the coming of Commodore and Mrs. Newton. At the outbreak of the war the Commodore was called back to the colors and has been in active service. The Hun is beaten, his work accomplished, and he is safe back with us once more, and will shortly move into his old home from the Pinecrest Inn.

These are by no means the only celebrations. We celebrate the advent of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Pierce in the Maple—and most particularly the first visit to Pinehurst—or anywhere else—of Master Thomas McGraw Pierce.

The signs of life about the Log Cabin always mark an event in the Pinehurst calendar. Mr. and Mrs. John C. Spring, of Boston, are back in their ancient headquarters. And every morning a fellow is greeted by another friend rolling in. Here come Mr. and Mrs. George A. Magoon, from Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bausher, Mrs. J. F. Reynolds and Mrs. Harry Bausher, and Mr. and Mrs. David Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson, who are spending the winter in the Mistletoe; Mr. and Mrs. John List Crawford, newcomers, and hence all the more welcome, living in Mrs. Spencer Waters' Cotton Cottage, and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Squier, of Rahway, New Jersey, who this year take the place of the O. C. Hoyts in the Box. We are glad to see the Squiers. But there is a large company that lament the lack of the old familiar faces in the Box. Hoyt has gone to South America—probably seeking his due proportion of that vast trade the barbarians threw overboard when they started something.

There is one funny thing I notice about this place. It takes about a month for the gathering company to discover that there is a wild and beautiful and interesting country hereabout. When they do rediscover it every year they take to the woods and the river margins in brigades a-horseback. By New Years the bridle paths are full of them. This year, as usual, the vanguard consisted of the youngster—of whom I met a full platoon, more or less, galloping down the Linden Road yesterday.

Of course, parties of which we never hear are all the time visiting their friends on the plantations. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Herriek spent last Sunday at Overhills, the preserve of Percy Rockefeller Macy and the Allens

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