

PINEHURST CASINO.



OPEN FROM NOVEMBER 1ST TO JUNE 1ST.

This tasteful building is designed for the comfort and convenience of the residents of Pinehurst, all of whom are privileged to make use of it.

The Ladies' Parlor and Cafe are on the lower floor, and the second floor has Reading Room supplied with daily Papers and all the Popular Periodicals, Billiard Room, Smoking Room and Bath Rooms.

The Casino Cafe.

The Casino Cafe provides Excellent New England Cooking.

Table Board \$4.50 per Week. Dinners \$2.50 per Week.

A BAKERY is connected with the Cafe, where families can obtain supplies. Address for Board

Mrs. A. E. UPHAM, PINEHURST, N. C.

THE MAGNOLIA, Pinehurst, N. C.

RATES: \$8.00 TO \$12.00 PER WEEK.



The Magnolia is under the same management as last winter, Mr. J. L. Pottle, who has had more than twenty years' experience as proprietor of The Highland House, Jefferson Highlands, N. H. This house is modern in all appointments: steam heat throughout, open fires in all public rooms and several of the chambers, electric lights, bath rooms, the best of running water and perfect sanitary arrangements. Cooking by first class Northern cook. Table supplied with good food, well cooked and neatly served. No pains will be spared to make it home-like and pleasant for all guests. For further information address

J. L. POTTLE, Pinehurst, Moore County, North Carolina.

C. T. HAWES,
DENTIST,

Office New Hampshire Ave., over News Depot, in front of Hotel Ozone,

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

The Ozone

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

THE DRUMMERS' RESORT.

One of the best-known hotels on the S. A. L. R. R. Guests for Pinehurst who arrive on the 4.25 a. m. express will find a comfortable bed and good breakfast while waiting for the 9.20 electric car to take them to their destination. Parlor always open and free to Pinehurst visitors.

R. M. COUCH, Proprietor and Manager.

Vegetable Sponges

LUFFAHS, DISH RAGS

Are especially fine this year, 15 to 18 inches long. We will send them postpaid at 10 cents each, either prepared and ready for use, or in original shell and with seeds inside, to any address as long as they last.

The Pinehurst Nurseries

Send us a postal card with the addresses of your friends and a free sample copy of THE OUTLOOK will be mailed to them.

Growth of Peanut Industry.

"The American people are evidently very partial to peanuts," remarked a large peanut planter in Virginia to the writer recently, "for there are nearly 4,000 bushels of them consumed in the United States annually. Before the civil war the peanut was only a holiday luxury to the majority of the people living in the north; the day when the circus was in town, during the county fair and the great and glorious Fourth of July being the principal occasions that the popular yearning for the peanut was in any measure satisfied. The product then amounted to barely 500,000 bushels a year.

"At the close of the war, when the soldiers returned north, thousands of them had cultivated such a liking for the nut, which they had often pulled from the ground and roasted at their camp fires when in Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, that the crop then raised in these States didn't begin to supply the demand.

"Wideawake farmers saw the point, and small garden patches where peanuts had been grown for generations were soon abandoned for broad fields, and today Virginia and North Carolina are growing 4,000,000 bushels of peanuts a year—a result due almost entirely to the civil war, and the habit the federal troops contracted of eating large quantities of the nuts. Naturally the returned soldiers' demand for peanuts placed them within reach of the rural population in the north, and the nut soon ceased to be a holiday luxury.

"When the war broke out most of the peanuts consumed in this country were raised in North Carolina. A great many were also imported from Africa. They were of inferior quality. In fact, the best antebellum peanuts were poor compared with the nuts grown today. But the demand for the nuts in recent years has not had the effect of improving the North Carolina product, or increasing its yield to any great extent. Virginia and Tennessee, however, woke right up under the increased demand, and improved cultivation has produced a nut, especially in Virginia, that is as near perfect as it can be.

"I don't suppose there are many people who know that the peanut came to this country with the first cargo of slaves that were landed on our shores. It is a native of Africa, and in its original state as full of grease almost as a bit of pork. Cultivation and change of soil have greatly reduced the oleaginous quality of the nut, although the North Carolina variety has enough grease yet to find a ready sale in France, where it joins its African ancestor and cotton seed in supplying not a little of the olive oil we find in the restaurants and family groceries. Norfolk, Va., is the greatest peanut centre in the world and handles annually 200,000 bags, or 8,000,000 bushels.

"It is a pretty sight to see a peanut plantation when the vines are in blossom. The blossoms are a bright yellow and the vines are a vivid green. As soon as the blossom appears a fine branch forms on the vine and shoots down into the ground. The peas, as the nuts are called on the plantation, form on the shoot beneath the ground, like potatoes.

"When the crop is gathered in Octo-

ber the vine is plowed up and the nuts hang to the roots. Vines and all are piled in cocks in the field, and in 20 days the nuts are ready to be pulled off, placed in bags and taken to the factories. There they are cleansed of dirt, assorted, polished in revolving cylinders and put into bags ready for the market."—*Washington Star*.

As an Investment.

The elderly caller unwrapped a bright, new-looking coin from several thicknesses of paper.

"I have a Columbian half-dollar," he said. "How much is it worth?"

"It is worth 50 cents," replied the dealer in old coins.

The caller put it back in his pocket.

"I can do better than that with it," he rejoined. "I can lend it and get good interest on it."

And he went out and gave it to a poor boy.—*Chicago Tribune*.

PUNGENCIES.

Mrs. Johnsing: "Can't stay long, Mrs. Snow: I just come to see of yo' wouldn't join de mission band." Mrs. Snow: "Fo' de lan' sakes, honey, doan come to me. I can't even play on a mouf organ."—*Exchange*.

Little Ethel—Mamma, I wish you'd wash Willie Prettie's face. Mamma—The idea! He's a neighbor's little boy. I have nothing to do with him. Little Ethel—But I have. We've become engaged, an' I want to kiss him.—*Tid Bits*.

A little girl being put at a table by herself at dinner as a punishment, said this grace before meat, "O Lord, I thank thee that thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."—*Congregationalist*.

He—My dear, i have just written a little masterpiece. I call it—ah—"How to be master of the household." Wouldn't you like to hear it? "No, Samuel. I'm going off for a day's golf. You stay with the twins until I return."—*Life*.

Mrs. Porkly: "I often wonder how people manage to understand each other in France." Mrs. Gotham: "How absurd!" Mrs. Porkly: "I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French, and they can't understand each other."—*Exchange*.

Pat and his friend Mike had killed a snake in the fields. As the tail of the snake continued to oscillate, Pat remarked to his friend: "And is he dead, Mike, div ye think?" "Oh, yis, sure," said Mike, "he's dead, but he ain't conscious of it yit."—*Exchange*.

"That was a disgusting tramp I helped this morning," said old Mrs. Smythe of Bungtown Corners. "I gave him a pie and asked him to saw some wood, and about ten minutes later he came in and asked me if I'd mind if he ate the wood and sawed the pie."—*Bazar*.

"Talking about people with poor memories," said the man of remarkable experiences, "the worst case of the kind I ever knew was a man named A. Frelinghuysen Smith. He invariably wrote his name that way, and after he had been doing it for about 15 years, I'm blest if he didn't forget what the 'A.' stood for!"—*Puck*.