

AN EXPRESSION OF REGARD

**Surprise and Presentation for Resident
Manager T. B. Cotter.**

**Gold Watch Presented by Those
Who Have Been So Pleasantly
Associated with Him.**

THE high esteem in which Resident
Manager Thomas B. Cotter is held
by those connected with the Village

done so much for the Village of Pine-
hurst and those connected with it."

Continuing in a pleasant vein the
speaker closed by handing Mr. Cotter a
handsome gold watch bearing the mono-
gram "T B C"; "as a token of regard
from those who have been so pleasantly
associated with you not only during the
past but previous seasons. In the con-
tributions every department of the Vil-
lage is represented."

Mr. Cotter's reply was characteristic of
the man; kindly, appreciative and to the
point. He thanked the donors not only
for the indication of their esteem, but for
the cordial co-operation shown in the
carrying forward of the work of the Vil-

THE BLUSHING BRIDE.

**She is Fascinating to all but She Per-
plexes the Butcher.**

[She enters, shakes skirt free of sawdust, and
wrinkles nose in disgust. She moves uncer-
tainly, finally points out one man.]

You, if you please. Good morning. I
want to look at something for dinner.
. . . Oh, I don't know what I want—
just show me what you have. . . Of
course, I can't tell what I want till I see
what you have, and even then it is very
hard. . . Yes, just us two. . . Well,
the platter we use ordinarily for
dinner—I don't use the best set for

because the cook used to go out any
time and get them. . . Oh—oh—
oh—you do? . . . They are? I see.
. . . I'll take some. . . How
many?—oh—I-er—Why, about as many
as you usually sell. . . Well, let
me see—Mr. Dodd generally eats about
a dozen oysters at a time—I don't mean
all at once, you know—so for both of us
I think about a dozen. . . Oh, I
can send for more if that isn't enough.

I would like to look at some chickens,
please. . . Why, it hasn't any feathers!
. . . It did? . . . You have? . . . It
was? . . . Oh—oh—oh. I don't like the
color—it seems very yellow. . . Be-
cause it's fat? Well, I don't want a fat



SPRING DAYS AT PINEHURST.

Management, was given a fitting ex-
pression in a surprise and presentation
at the Village Hall, Monday evening.

Mr. Cotter was drawn to the hall on
some slight pretext and he entered in
darkness only to have the lights suddenly
flashed upon him and to find the seats
filled with the amused faces of his
friends.

Naturally, it was all "Greek" to Mr.
Cotter for a few moments, but he was
soon set right by one of the party who
explained in a few words the purpose of
the gathering.

"I am sure it gives us all pleasure" he
said in opening, "to surprise one who is
frequently surprising us; that we
are all glad of the opportunity offered to
show our appreciation of one who has

lage, and in closing, prophesied a
brilliant future for Pinehurst.

An Invaluable Aid.

Boney—Unable to increase Hawley's
salary, and not desiring to lose his ser-
vices, the Sharpes have taken him into
the firm.

Skinnie—That's great!

Boney—But you know, the firm is los-
ing money—*Philadelphia North American.*

A Serial Story.

There was a Russian General
Who proved a warning text;
So long his name, 'twill have to be
Continued in our next.

—N. Y. Sun.

every day, but this one is really very
pretty, white with little pink roses—
Well, it's about so long and so wide, and
I would like something to fill it nicely.
. . . I can't think of one thing.
What are these? . . . Chops? Well,
I never saw chops growing in bunches
before. . . I don't care—when I
was at home we often had chops, but
they weren't like that, but sort of one
and one, with little bits of parsley
around them. . . You cut them
up? Oh—oh—oh—I suppose different
butchers have different ways. . . .

I don't think I care for that kind of
chops, anyway—I mean those with the
little tails. I like the ones with the
long thin bones. . . . French chops?
Oh, no, they weren't imported—oh, no,

chicken—neither Mr. Dodd nor myself
eat a bit of fat. . . Oh—oh—oh. I
can't help it—I don't like the color of
that chicken—you'll pardon my saying
so, but it does look very billious. Why,
what are you breaking its bones for? I
wouldn't take it now under any circum-
stances. . . . Perhaps, but Mr. Dodd
wouldn't like me to buy a damaged
chicken. There, I like these chickens
hanging up. . . . No, no, not that one—
farther along—no—yes, yes, that's it—
the blue-looking one with the large face.
. . . I don't care, I like its looks much
better than the other one—*From "Mono-
logues," by May Isabel Fisk.*

It Catches Him.

The pessimist that growls that he
Finds life all dark an' holler
Is al'ays mighty quick ter see
The bright side of a dollar.

—Philadelphia Press.