

THE CAROLINA

PINEHURST, N. C.



The Carolina is a magnificent four-story building completed in 1900. The interior is a model of elegance, with appointments calculated to suit the most luxurious tastes. The hotel accommodates four hundred guests and is provided with fifty-four suites with bath. The cuisine and table service are unsurpassed.

The house contains every modern comfort and convenience, including elevator, telephone in every room, sun rooms, steam heat night and day, electric lights, and water from the celebrated Pinehurst Springs, and a perfect sanitary system of sewage and plumbing.

H. W. PRIEST, Manager.



The Berkshire,

PINEHURST, N. C.

The Berkshire is a modern hotel, delightfully located with all conveniences for health and comfort; running water from the celebrated Pinehurst Springs, bath rooms, steam heat, open fires and electric lights and sanitary plumbing. The guests apartments are comfortable and home-like and the public rooms large and attractive. The cuisine and service is of a high standard.

F. H. ABBOTT, MANAGER.

HOTEL TRAYMORE,

Atlantic City, N. J.

Overlooking the Ocean. Open all Year.

TRAYMORE HOTEL CO.

CHAS. O. MARQUETTE, Manager.

D. S. WHITE, President.

THE MT. KINEO HOUSE

KINEO, Moosehead Lake, MAINE

Nature's Ideal Summer Wilderness, Lake and Mountain Resort for Climate, Scenery and Location.

Send For Booklets

C. A. JUDKINS,

Manager

AT SOUTHERN RESORTS

Polo at Camden.

Camden, S. C., January 22nd, 1906—In spite of the threatening skies and a wind none too warm for comfort a grand and representative gathering assembled at the Country Club grounds on Tuesday the ninth, to watch the opening contest of the Polo season.

The players were enthusiastic, the spectators were enthusiastic and, last but not least, the trim breedy-looking little ponies seemed to feel the polo spirit in the air and acted as though they were glad their long period of stagnation was at an end and that they were once again to enjoy the luxuries which fall to the lot of the Pampered Pets of Polo. At any rate, they scampered up and down the field, twisting and turning with all the cleverness of midseason condition, and if their sides were heaving a trifle too much when the play was done,—well—

pony, called "time" just long enough to have a surgeon bandage the injured member, and then went in and scored three goals in quick succession, to Camden's everlasting glory; and Sid Smith, ex-hero of the Grid-iron and the Diamond, and giving promise of future greatness on the polo field. Then there was James Team, and N. C. Boykin, pioneers of Camden polo, and Kennedy, the longest hitter on the team and the Captain, Barstow, astride the famous old "Jack Pot," who passed his 21st birthday the summer gone, yet who loves polo even as does his master.

The game itself! Well, it could not be called disappointing for it was the first, and muscles were somewhat soft and the hitting a little off color. However, three snappy periods were played with the score resulting at the end in 2-1—a slight advantage for the Blue team.



HEARD IN THE LOBBY.

He— She says she believes only half what she hears.

She— Yes; but she hears twice as much as most people.

another fortnight will tell a different story—

And what about the players themselves? There were the same old familiar faces, as of yore—the faces of the veterans who have borne the scars of many a hard fought contest. Sometimes defeated—but never yet disgraced, and in the end coming forth from out the dust of five long years campaign with the scalps of Aiken, New Orleans, Hartford, and, yes, truly, even with the locks of the mighty Gould quartet of Georgian Court, dangling at their belts.

There was K. G. Whistler, once dubbed by a New York daily, for his dashing riding, "The Pony Express of the Plains," and Salmond, who four years ago in a never-to-be-forgotten match with Weschester, in New York, when he had received a painful sprain of his mallet wrist caused by the falling of his

The line up:

BLUES.

REDS.

N. C. Boykin,

James Team,

W. C. Salmond,

A. D. Kennedy, Jr.,

R. L. Barstow, Jr.

K. G. Whistler.

Referee—Mr. T. E. Krumbholz—Timekeeper, C. C. Brown.

Turn about is fair play, and on Friday the Reds had their revenge. The periods were lengthened to ten minutes each, the riding was harder and faster than on Tuesday and the hitting clean and sure. If the same relative improvement is maintained it augurs ill for Orlando's chances on St. Valentine's day. Whistler gave an exhibition of horsemanship never before equalled in Camden. Once when his mallet had broken at the head, nothing daunted, he charged upon the ball at full speed, and leaning far down out of his saddle swept it ahead with his open palm. Perhaps, strictly speaking, it was