

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.

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

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Manager.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Voices From the Library.
(Begun last week.)

In the midst of the laughter which followed the voice of the Egoist tried vainly to make itself heard. When quiet was restored he resumed in injured tones, "I certainly cannot understand why this—er—this—young person whom I unfortunately have had for my neighbor, should speak of me so disdainfully. I am eminently respectable myself and I should judge from her appearance, that she can hardly lay claim to even that quality."

"Respectable!" cried the irrepressible Dolly "Dear me, yes! but so dull! Did any one ever take you out?"

"Out?" answered the Egoist still in injured tones, "I should say so! Why I was taken from my shelf only last fall, jolted about terribly and finally laid on the floor with a pile of wretched old books. I've had enough of being 'out.'"

Then came an uproarious burst of laughter from Tom Jones—"Poor old duffer!" he shouted. "That's all he knows of 'out!'"

"You don't know much more about it yourself do you?" drawled Sentimental Tommy, "I'm sure I don't in these days; either by myself or with Grizel."

"No I don't" admitted Tom, "but that's because I'm not respectable in these days."

"Humph!" said Richard, Yea-and-Nay with considerable scorn "you don't need to be respectable if you are only interesting."

"You are both I suppose" said Mrs. Clyde sweetly, "that's why you are out yourself so often."

Before Richard could retort Pa Gladden's gentle voice broke in. "Thar air an' old sayin 'erbout people in glass houses throwin' stones' an' 'pears like we'd all better remember it."

"That's so" said Dr. Lavendar heartily, "but I'm sure you are the last one here to need that. If you were properly appreciated you would be out all the time."

"No, no," said Pa Gladden sadly, "I talk dialect they say an' thar aint many will trouble to read me. I'm sorry because they miss somethin' not knowin' Ma Gladden. But they read you I hope?"

"Some of 'em do," said the Doctor drily. "They don't wear me out though, not a bit of it."

"For a man with an adventurous youth" broke in a new voice, that of Amyas Leigh, "it is a slow life I lead in my old age."

"How old are you?" asked some one.

"Over fifty" answered Amyas cheerfully. "Of course few care for such old fellows as I am."

"Here's another in the same boat," said David Copperfield "and I too, am with you," exclaimed Pendennis, "and permit me to say I much prefer your company to that of The Boss or of Old Gorgon Graham, or even of Gordon Keith."

"Now" burst in Deacon Lysander anxiously, "Hadn't you better stop right where you air? Some folks' feelings are might easy hurted, you know."

Pendennis laughed good humoredly.

"We are old enough to be conservative," he said. "These young gentlemen belong to an age with which we have little sympathy, but I intend no disrespect."

"That is well," put in M. Beaucaire, "as it would have been inconvenient to challenge you."

"Do you know" asked The Masquerader, "who is the most thoroughly alive of any of us? It is Sherlock Holmes!"

There was a loud murmur of discontent. Several voices began speaking at once but just then the electric lights flashed up and not a word more did I hear.

—Elizabeth Olney.

Shakespeare's Sweetheart.

One of the handsomest books that has come to our table for a long time, is "Shakespeare's Sweetheart," by Sara Hawks Sterling, (George W. Jacobs & Co.) It is a pleasure to open the book and simply look at the pages without considering its contents. Its binding is characteristic, and the illustrations and decorations, by Clara Elsen Peck, are unusually excellent. The illuminated capitals and the tailpieces are suggestive of things theatrical, many of them being representations of the ancient masks used in the Greek and the Roman theaters.

The story itself is very much of a departure from the usual love story. On the occasion of the publication of the first complete edition of Shakespeare's plays Ben Johnson visits Anne Hathaway at her cottage at Stratford-on-Avon and persuades her to write an account of how Shakespeare wooed and won her. Though Shakespeare had been dead, at this time, for five years, the grief of Anne Hathaway at the loss of her husband, and of Johnson at the loss of his friend, was as fresh and poignant as ever. Her consent, however, was soon obtained, and the rest of the tale is her account of the great poet's wooing.

Many of the characters of Shakespeare's plays are brought into the story and it gives the origin of several of his best liked scenes as being connected with his life at Stratford. To tell here the story would be a work of supererogation. Every one must see and read the book in order to appreciate it.

Life of a Book.

The large number of circulating libraries established throughout Great Britain have materially decreased the life of a book. Before the increase of these libraries, which have been brought about by the London Times in a new advertising scheme of its own, the life of a new book was fairly supposed to be a year. The increase, however, in these exchanges and circulating libraries has reduced the fresh and unimpaired life of a book to four weeks.

After this time the product of an author who has spent a year or two in its production goes on to the second list, and is sold at a discount, being forgotten