



HOTEL EMPIRE

BROADWAY
& SIXTY-THIRD
STREET
NEW YORK CITY

FOR FAMILIES AND TRANSIENTS

All surface cars pass or transfer to door.
Subway and "L" stations two minutes.

Rooms, with detached Bath, \$1.50 per day up
Rooms, with Private Bath, 2.00 per day up
Suites with Private Bath, 3.50 per day up
Special weekly rates for permanent occupancy

Automatic Lighting Devices, Electric Clock and
Telephone in every Room.

European Plan, also Combination Breakfasts
Table d' Hote Luncheons and Dinners.

Excellent Service Fine Music.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Prop.

Francis Batchelder

F. S. Snyder

Francis Batchelder & Co.

Proprietors of the Capitol Creameries
of Vermont.

Egg and Poultry Station, Fenton, Mich.

Office and Cold Storage,

Smoke Houses and Factory, Boston.

Slaughter House, Brighton, Mass.

55, 57, 59, 61 and 63 Blackstone Street,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Pinehurst Steam Laundry.

First Class Work in all
Departments.

Done with Neatness and Dispatch.

Professional Nurse.

Twelve years experience and holding a recent
medical degree, offers his services to invalid or
person traveling (male or female) at a very
reasonable rate. Experienced as Masseur, Sec-
retary or Companion. Inquiry solicited.
William Coffee, Asheville, North Carolina.

MANICURING, SHAMPOOING, CHIROPODY
MARCEL WAVE
Scalp, Facial and Body Massage

Laura Agnes Walker.

The Carolina, Room 2.

PAUL REHNBERG,

Jewelry and Novelties,

Hours; 9 to 5.

THE CAROLINA.

E. L. MERROW, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Bric-a-Brac, Burnt Wood and Leather
Novelties, Jewelry and Art Needle Work
Photographic Supplies and Films. Fin-
ishing for Amateurs a Specialty.

Pinehurst, North Carolina,

Mrs. C. C. STEVICK,

MASSEUSE AND MANICURIST,
Sixth Season in Pinehurst
Appointments may be left at The Magnolia.

Dr. GEORGE S. HILL, RESIDENT HOUSE PHYSICIAN.

Office at The Holly Inn.

HOURS: 10 to 11 a. m.
Other times by appointment.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

(Concluded from page five.)

did like the Irish, though they both fall to with a relish when it comes to eating potatoes. Now, take it all round, my special brand of garden truck is more in demand than any other kind represented here. I flourish on the table three times daily, while our friend here, the Pumpkin, is tolerated by pie-eaters on an average of once a week. And you all know to what class of individuals pie-eaters belong. Then there's the beet—well, he is usually in a pickle, and beet pickles are never allowed on the epicure's table. Of course, the beet makes excellent cow feed, but who would choose to be devoured by a cow? And we also have with us the onion, a vegetable who vulgarly makes his presence known at long range. Many a man has been cut dead by his friends because he persisted in eating onion. But let us pass him up and consider the parsnip. Now, I do not like to be personal, but the parsnip belongs on the same menu card with the cabbage. When they are stewed up with corned beef they are a dish fit for an ostrich, for only the ostrich's stomach has the machinery powerful enough to digest such food as cabbages and parsnips. And next in line comes the carrot, a good soup filler—that's all, especially when quantity, not quality, is the soup's chief attraction.

"He's an egotistical thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Cabbage. "The mother of sour-kraut! The i-d-e-a! I say, let's cut him out of the party."

"Agreed!" cried the onion.

"So say I," declared the beet, bursting with indignation.

"Ah, ah!" laughed the potato, winking all his eyes at the beet. "So you'll cut me out of the dance, eh? Now if I had the strength and staying powers of the onion I might dead-beat my way into the party."

Just at this moment Mrs. Mouse, followed by her three little mice and the gay cricket, put a stop to the hurling of sarcastic shafts by running into the cellar from the hole in the wall. Frisking to the side of Mr. Pumpkin Mrs. Mouse gaily began to chatter while Mr. Cricket gave a sprightly hop and seated himself close beside the Misses Carrot.

"He seems quite fresh," whispered the larger carrot to the other.

"That's more than the cook can say of you, whispered the potato in the ear of the carrot who had spoken.

"Now, my friends," began Mr. Pumpkin, "as the musicmaker and the outside guests have arrived there need be no further delay of our merrymaking. Are you all ready for the dance?"

"Never was friskier in my life," declared the potato rolling down from his height and landing close beside the cabbage, who tossed her head and glared at him. "May I have the torture of your clumsiness through the first waltz, Mrs. Cabbage?" he said, addressing the indignant cabbage.

"You may n-o-t!" angrily answered the exasperated vegetable, so overcome that she was obliged to fan herself with one of her wilted leaves.

"Then I shall try Miss Parsnip," said the potato innocently, and he bounded over to the side of a pale, bad-complexioned parsnip. But the parsnip, too, scorned him, and walked to the floor on

the arm of an onion.

Thus they paired off in couples, leaving the potato alone without a partner.

"All ready!" was the signal from Mr. Pumpkin, who had Mrs. Cabbage beside him. The cricket gave a hop or two, stretched his limber legs to get into tune, and set forth the music in a shrill key that fairly echoed in the walls. One by one the vegetables got in motion, then warmed to the work, and such a dance as followed was never seen before in any cellar.

For a moment the potato stood eyeing the dancers; then, bowing before Mrs. Mouse, he said: "Will you do me the honor?" and offered his arm.

"With pleasure," nodded the sprightly Mrs. Mouse, throwing her tail over her arm, for all the world, like a lady throws the train of her gown to prevent its being trampled on. And away she whirled with the potato, the two making the gayest couple on the floor. Others joined and round and round the cellar they went, running into each other or bumping against the pork barrel in their excitement.

Dance followed dance, and the grey streaks of dawn were lighting the dingy cellars when the last waltz was over.

How to Make a Leaflet Album.

Have you seen a "Leaflet Album" yet? No? Then make one for yourself. Following is the "receipt":

Take a large blank book—a scrap book will answer admirably—and make a collection of leaves from every sort of shrub, bush, tree, vine and plant. After these leaves have been nicely pressed (you must be very particular to press them so as to keep their perfect shapes) then proceed to sort them for pasting in the blank book. Have all rose leaves on one page, ferns on another and so on.

Reserve the last leaf in the book to be used as an index. Number the pages of the book, and in the index place the names of the leaves as they appear. If several leaves are pasted on one page designate them by figures or letters so that the indexing may not be in any way confused.

Such an album will prove most interesting as well as instructive, especially to boys and girls who are studying botany. And you will be surprised to find how few persons are familiar with the leaves of trees and plants when they no longer adorn the branches or vines on which they grew. Thus your index page will assist you in pointing out to them their mistakes.

Not only is the "Leaflet Album" instructive, but it is a thing of beauty as well, for it contains all the graceful leaves in their perfection of shape and varied coloring.

Conundrums.

Why is the sand of the sea like strong drink?

Because they are both found at the bar.

When are household servants like ships?

When being discharged.

What is it that you may shut up in a room, lock the doors to hold it, have a watchman to prevent its moving and which will in spite of all this precaution, go out?

A grate fire.

When is a ship like a spool of thread?

When it has a hole in it.

Why are tailors and sleighs alike?

They are both cutters.

THE LENOX THE CONCORD

Eight Years Under Same Management.

Since last season has been added "The Cedars," which is well equipped with modern conveniences—having hot and cold baths, electric lights, steam heat and open fireplaces.

Open November 1st to May 7th.

Rates \$10 per week and upwards.

For particulars address

J. MILTON ROBINSON,

PINEHURST,

N. C.

OLD DOMINION LINE

Direct Connections with all Southern Resorts.

STEAMERS large and fast, operated over a most picturesque route, offer the maximum of comfort and enjoyment. Cuisine and service of the highest class.

DAILY SAILINGS at 3 p. m. from Pier 26 N. R., New York, for Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Pinner's Point and Newport News, connecting for Pinehurst, Petersburg, Richmond, Virginia Beach, Washington and entire South and West.

For complete information address,

OLD DOMINION LINE, 81-85 Beach St., N. Y.

Hotel Men

Need high-class illustrations for their Booklets and Advertising.

We make every kind of cut.

The MAURICE JOYCE
ENGRAVING CO.
Star Bldg., Washington, D. C.



Crops That Convince

Fertilizers
Virginia-Carolina
Chemical
Co.

Increase Your Yields
Per Acre

We will convince you that you can "increase your yields per acre" and you won't have to keep it a secret, either. Read what Messrs. Wherry & Son, of the Magnolia Fruit Farm, Durant, Miss., write: "From two acres of strawberries, on which 1,000 pounds of Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers per acre were used, we cleared a profit of \$75.00 per acre more than the other 14½ acres of strawberries which had only 500 pounds of this fertilizer." Thus double the quantity of these fertilizers on each acre of any crop, and more than doubly "increase your yields per acre." Be sure you buy only Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers.

Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

Richmond, Va. Atlanta, Ga.
Norfolk, Va. Savannah, Ga.
Durham, N. C. Montgomery, Ala.
Charleston, S. C. Memphis, Tenn.
Baltimore, Md. Shreveport, La.