

HE CAN FEED THE "PONY."**Interesting Letter From Southern Lad Seeking Employment.**

NOTE—In response to an OUTLOOK PRESS advertisement for a boy to feed a PONY PRINTING PRESS' the following has been received from a youngster who thinks that is a REAL LIVE PONY which requires attention—EDITOR.

BENSON, N. C., Nov. 30.

Dear Sir:

I will beg to astate to you in regards of wanting to work for you. I seen your advertisement on the Washington Post and I can feed the Poney, and work around the house too. I am very useful in most anything around the house.

I have got kindred in Sothern Pines, N. C., and I would like to get a job with you. I live hear in Benson and my Father name is Frank L. Smith and my Mother name is Fanny V. Smith, Post Office Box No 54, and I would like to no will you nead me now or not, but if you can't nead me yourself will you please find me a place with some of the folks up there?

I hear that you folks go North in the Spring and come back in the Winter, and if I go I will go with you all and come with you. So please, sur, let me hear from you at once.

I am only 13 years old and this is my own handwrite and I wants you to answer at once.

Sur, you can write for my character at Cheltenham, Md., Address Mr. John B. Pyks, Cheltenham, Md., Prince George County.

So please answer soon,

Yours Very Respt,

Master Jerry T. Smith,

P. O. Box 54, Benson, N. C.

The Foolish Rabbit.

There was a rabbit who was very much afraid that he would not enjoy all of the good things of life, and so he went about to find what he could do to have a better time than he would have if he only remained around the house with his little brothers and sisters.

As he was passing along the street he met the warden of the jail and told him that he was out for a good time.

"Can you make any suggestion to help me?" asked the rabbit.

The warden said that he could not think of anything at that moment, but offered to put him in jail for awhile, for he thought that he might enjoy himself there.

But that was not the kind of fun that Mr. Rabbit wanted, and he spurned the offer of the warden. Then he proceeded on his way, and he had not gone far when he heard the report of a gun.

"Here come the hunters!" he cried, and away he darted to escape the sorry fate that had befallen his cousin only a week before.

But the hunters were faster than Mr. Rabbit, and soon they were in sight, and a load of shot caught the poor bunny in the side. His last thoughts were of how much better off he would have been if he had not been so anxious to have a good time and had accepted the warden's offer to let him stay in the jail for awhile.

The Handsome Gobbler.

"What an insignificant little thing you are!" exclaimed the big turkey gobbler as he strutted past a puny chick who was taking its morning meal in the barnyard. "I am so very thankful that I am not such a babe as you."

"I am glad you are pleased with yourself," answered the little chick.

"Pleased with myself! Why, certainly I am, and why shouldn't I be!" exclaimed the big gobbler. "Look at me; handsome and graceful, and large and fat. When I pass the turkey hens all gaze at me in admiration and the other gobblers look on in jealousy."

"But it doesn't always benefit you to be large and fat and handsome," said the little chick.

"Oh, yes, it does!" replied the gobbler. "Here comes the farmer now. We will see what he says."

Just then the farmer came along.

"My my! What a magnificent gobbler!" he cried. "I shall kill him tonight for dinner tomorrow."

And he did.

**A Jolly Time.**

Oh, it's a wondrous lot of fun
For children, young and small,
To play they're men and women
Grown up so big and tall;

The girls to dress in mother's skirts;
The boys in father's clothes,
With whiskers, made of rope, on chin
And moustache 'neath the nose.

For the girls to entertain at tea;
The boys at golf to play,
Invit'g all their young friends in
When they have a holiday;

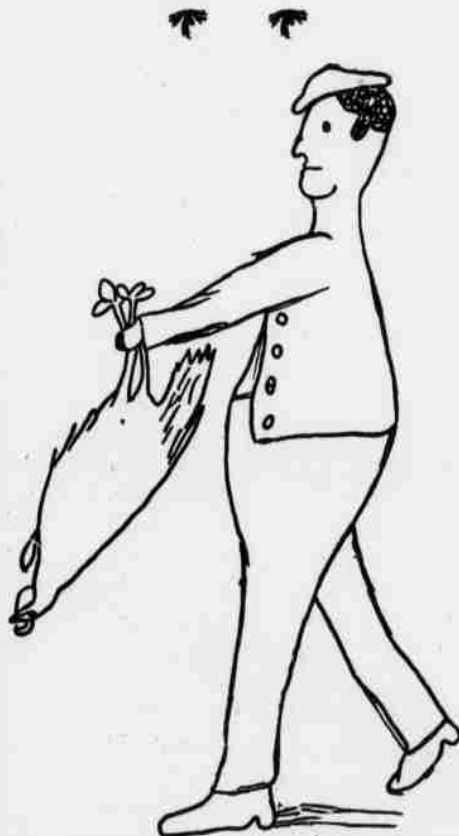
To laugh and chat and gaily dance
Till they're tired as can be,
And mother's voice is heard to call
Her little ones to tea.

HELENA DAVIS.

**Riddle.**

"Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last."

ANSWER—Time.



"KELLEY EVERETT."

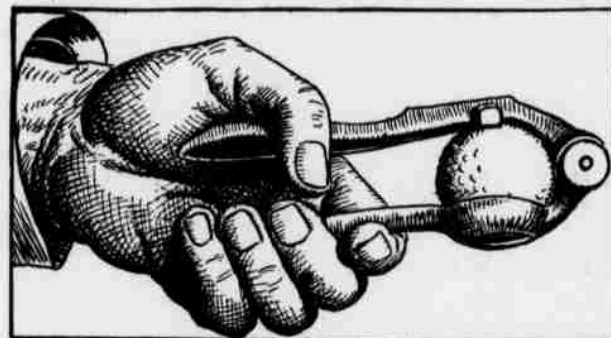
Novel Utilities Co.,
171 World Bldg., N.Y.

Dear Mr. Cory:- In the recent championship tournament at Forest Hill, N. J. I used the Cory Golf Ball Marker for the first time and desire to state that on several occasions it prevented my ball being played by others and so, perhaps saved me the championship. I heartily endorse it and recommend it to all practical golfers. I noticed that it was used by nearly all the pro's in the tournament.

Yours sincerely,

*Alex Smith,
Open Champion.*

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