

MRS. THOMAS BAUCHLE.

When your son is busy shooting  
After him you'll oft be scooting,  
And to do this with little fuss,  
It may be handy to use this bus.

—BUS.

MRS. I. H. D. RALPH.

Love me little, love me long,  
But don't use my puffs to play pingpong.

—FRENCH DOLL.

MR. H. W. PRIEST.

It's a gift to nod and smile  
And acquiesce all the while,  
Because when guests are kleking  
Many a time it saves a licking.

—NODDING FIGURE.

MISS CAPEL.

Just a basket built for two,  
We are sending, dear, to you.

—PICNIC BASKET.

MR. FRANKLIN BERWIN.

Be sure to wear a rusty suit,  
When you eat this juicy fruit.

—AN ORANGE.

MISS DODD.

If you'd avoid a coat of tan,  
Keep the sun off with this fan.

—FAN.

MR. CYRUS N. GORTON.

Hear those ivories crash and rattle  
To the tune of poolroom prattle!  
If you'll oblige by humbly kneeling  
We'll give a cure for that tired feeling.

—TIED FEELING CURE.

MR. F. H. ABBOTT.

When your guests go on a lark,  
Turn this loose and let it bark.

—DOG.

MRS. T. R. NEWBOLD.

Often we hear Tommy's call,  
When he's putting with the ball,  
Lest when he's gone you may be dull,  
We'll give you this to fill the lull.

—MAN WITH BELLS.

MR. CYRUS A. TAFT.

Since on dog friends you seem to dote,  
Here's one 'll will go nicely in your coat!

—MECHANICAL DOG.

MRS. WM. DURANT.

At last your road has led you here,  
To join with us and lend your cheer,  
And when you take another tack  
Consult this book and then come back.

—BABY BAEDCKER.

MISS LUCY K. PRIEST.

Dear Miss Lucy's such a pet,  
We hardly knew what to get,  
Then we thought of little Willie;  
Hope she won't find him silly.

—BOY DOLL.

MRS. W. F. WILSON.

Five o'clock at last is here,  
Now just see the crowd draw near,  
And watch for what we're sure to get,  
When first we're served from this tea set.

—TEA-SET.

MR. THOS. H. BAUCHLE, JR.

Birds may come and birds may go,  
While your gun waves to and fro,  
And let your "salt" do not prevail,  
We'll offer you this toothsome quail.

—BIRD.

MISS CORCORAN.

Since Donald Ross and you're a pair,  
We'll give you this to fan the air.

—FAN.

MR. A. I. CREAMER.

Stalwart o'er the links he roamed,  
While his caddy fumed and foamed,  
And as he plied his strokes so wondrous,  
His friends applauded him quite thundrous.

—TOY WITH BELLS.

MISS BRUCE.

Many things we find to do,  
Some are old and some are new,  
But tho' we rarely tempt the fates,  
Perhaps you'll wish to test these dates.

—BOX OF STUFFED DATES.

MRS. C. B. PRESCOTT.

'Tis for you, this little pet,  
Bestest one that we could get,  
He is gentle, he is kind,  
Cannot run,—but never mind!

—RABBIT.

MR. PHILIP L. LIGHTBOURN.

That you may learn of girls' society,  
Without the fear of impropriety,  
We'll let you exercise your gall  
Upon this smiling baby doll.

—DOLL.

MR. DAVID FLEMING.

The balls go soaring in the air  
When Fleming emerges from his lair;  
But lest they bring his partners pains,  
He should hold them back with these reins.

—PAIR OF REINS.

MRS. GEORGE S. HILL.

Mrs. Hill, the doctor's wife,  
Has always lead a merry life,  
But now she's got this box of paint,  
She'll get to work without complaint.

—BOX OF PAINT.

Washing, washing every day,  
Even that soon seemed like play,  
But watch her striving like a lion,  
Now she's got this little iron.

—FLAT IRON.

MR. T. R. NEWBOLD.

He shot so straight and he shot so true  
That he made that target black and blue,  
But even then, for fear he'd miss,  
We'd rather see him using this.

—TOY TARGET.

MR. JAY V. HALL.

Back again is festive Jay  
With a love sick notion,  
And lest he should pass away  
We recommend this potion.

—CURE FOR LOVE.

MR. EDWIN BEACH.

With many lessons he's battled,  
Still he seems somewhat rattled;  
So we send him this ball, somewhat coarse,  
And with it the motto, "Use Force."

—RUBBER BALL AND BOX OF FORCE.

MRS. J. T. CAPEL.

As chaperones need many a trick,  
We'll give you this to help you "stick,"

—PACKAGE OF COURT-PLASTER.

MRS. F. H. ABBOTT.

With golf and all there's many a way  
To help fill in a busy day;  
But as an aid to help you do  
We'll recommend this—"Its Up to You."

—BOOK.

MR. ALFRED SHINDLEY.

You seem to be quite cheerful  
And willing to take hold,  
So we send you this trumpet—  
Play only when you're told!

—CORNET.

### ANNUAL MINSTREL SHOW.

#### Village Employees are Already Planning for the Entertainment.

Interest in the annual minstrel show of the Village employees, an event which is always anticipated with keen pleasure by the entire Village, is thus early much in evidence and preliminary organization has been effected. Rehearsal will begin shortly and the date announced in due season.

#### High Mass for Christmas.

Christmas was observed by the Catholics with a high mass at the Village hall at six A. M., Rev. Fr. Cavanaugh officiating. The altar was appropriately decorated and there was singing by a mixed choir under the leadership of Miss Leavitt.



## Pinehurst Farms.

### DAIRY DIVISION:

Selected herd of grade cows supplying the entire Village with milk. Registered Berkshire hogs of the best strains in the country for sale.

A. M. SWINNERTON, Manager.

### MARKET GARDEN:

Hot house cucumbers, lettuce, radishes, etc., etc. Choice violets, carnations, roses. Flowers delivered at hotels and cottages carefully packed ready for mailing.

T. J. LYONS, Manager.

### POULTRY DIVISION:

Choice fowls for breeding, and eggs for hatching.

T. J. TAYLOR, Jr., Manager.

The guests of the Village are cordially invited to visit any division of the farms.

Address all correspondence to the

PINEHURST GENERAL OFFICE.

## FLORIDA:

### MAGNOLIA SPRINGS HOTEL,

Located twenty-eight miles South of Jacksonville at the famous  
MAGNOLIA SPRINGS,

the water of which is used for drinking, ice and in the swimming pool. Pure, dry, bracing air. Golf, Tennis, Boating, Fishing and Shooting.

O. D. SEAVEY.

## BRETTON WOODS

In the Heart of the  
White Mountains

The Mount Pleasant

The Mount Washington.

Anderson &amp; Price, Mgrs.

NOW OPEN,

## The Court Inn,

CAMDEN,  
S. C.

Frontage 900 feet.

Golf, Polo, Quail.

Caleb Ticknor &amp; Son,