

The Pinehurst Outlook

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(Founded by JAMES W. TUFTS)

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Mama at the Phone.

Our phone is on a party wire,
Our letter it is L,
And when some one would speak to us
The central rings the bell;
And mama, when she hears it ring,
Unless she is alone,
Calls out to all the family:
"Somebody 'tend the phone!"

When some one calls up J or R
Or B upon the line
Our telephone it does not ring,
But flutters faint and fine;
And when she hears within the box
That call for those unknown,
Whatever else she has on hand—
Then mama's at the phone.

Anon she hears the gentle purr
Within the wooden box—
She's darning sister's stockings
Or little brother's socks—
But these she quickly lays aside;
"Three pounds and plenty bone"—
"She's getting soup for dinner,"
Says mama at the phone.

Another flutter in the box
Brings mama to her feet;
"Sh! 'This is Mrs. Jones,'" she says,
"Of Umpty-umpty street;
'One ticket for the gallery'—
"She must be going alone;
'O, yes; it's for the matinee,'"
Adds mama at the phone.

Sometimes when mama hears the purr,
Say once or twice a week,
She lingers at the telephone
And smiles, but does not speak,
And when we ask, "What's doing now?"
In an impatient tone,
"Go on and play and never mind,"
Says mama at the phone.

—N. Y. Sun



A Modern Judgment of Paris.

A quadroon and an octoroon,
A story doth aver,
Engaged in hot dispute as to
Which was the handsomer.

Until, as they could not agree,
So filled were both with pride,
They did resolve to leave it to
'Squire Billings to decide.

'Squire Billings shifted slow his plug,
Most solemnly did spit,
And 'lowed the octoroon one had
"A shade the best of it!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE TEDDY BEAR CRAZE

PINEHURST is fast getting into line on the "Teddy" bear craze. Every child has one or more of the "pets" of various sizes and colors, and from which they are loath to part day or night, and there is indication that some young women would quickly fall into line if they "darest." One of the fair sex is the proud possessor of a monster Teddy, with which she has promised to dine in public once a day, and numerous others have the treasures for boudoir companions.

In New York the craze has extended to the women of the "four hundred," and pert French poodles, toy spaniels, griffons and even the poms, have had to take back seats, and instead of the aristocratic muzzle of a pedigreed canine peering from the window of a smart brougham, one now sees a big cinnamon or white "Teddy" bear sitting in dignified silence by the side of its mistress, garbed in the very latest mode of bear clothes, or when the weather is fine, adorned with only huge ribbon bows about the neck and ankles, the color of the ribbon harmonizing with milady's gown.

If not accompanying stylishly gowned women in their victorias, broughams or hansoms, they will be seen occupying a prominent place astride the lamps of a "gasoline buzz wagon," or seated in a commanding position beside the chauffeur. Frequently they are seen accompanying stylishly gowned women on shopping tours and are carried into the shops with as much pride as though the burden were the proud offspring of old and aristocratic lineage.

Some wealthy women have appeared on the streets with bejeweled "Teddy's" whose collars and clothing are worth a small fortune and the innovations which are constantly coming to the front in the way of new bear modes are interesting in the extreme. Costumes for "Teddy" have become quite elaborate and all manner of clothing for all and every occasion can now be purchased from skating costumes to an entire Indian outfit in which he appears as war-like as the original prototype of the plains.

No divorce suits as yet have been chronicled emanating from the "Teddy" bear craze, but rumors in the air indicate that the husbands of New York society women are considering taking active measures to put a quietus on the fad, while founding societies declare that it is perfectly shameful for women to lavish so much affection upon plush toys when there are so many healthy children who so sorely need a mother's care and attention.

Even preachers in the metropolis have begun to look askance upon the fad and have been thinking of making the absurd craze, as they call it, as the text of their Sunday sermons, but the sale of the "Teddy" bears goes on apace and dealers all say it is quite impossible to supply the demand.

Atlantic City, it is claimed, is the birth-place of the craze. As the story goes, a young couple were walking down the

board walk and stopped to admire the display of a certain toy dealer, prominent among whose wares were several big brown plush bears. One huge fellow, fully four feet tall, especially delighted the young woman.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," promptly replied her escort. "If you'll carry that bear for one turn down the board walk I'll buy it for you."

"It's a bargain," quite as promptly replied the young woman, entering into the spirit of the fun, and, accepting the dare to her word, she took the bear in her arms and took not only one, but several turns down the famous promenade.

Consternation reigned for a time among the pedestrians, but entering into the idea it wasn't long before the young woman's example was followed almost generally, and from that time on it was never an unusual thing to see the occupants of the wheeled chairs, as well as pedestrians of the resort, carrying in their arms or sitting beside a big Teddy bear. Within a few days every bear in the place had been sold, and many a child mourned the loss of a pet while the mother rejoiced in its possession. When a bit later the craze struck New York it took in the same manner as at Atlantic City.

It was a comfortable old German frau who originated the idea of manufacturing the bears. She is Mrs Marguerita Steiff, and lives but a few miles from Dresden. It has been her business to stuff animals, and for the past fifteen years has produced most of those seen in the shops. It was just a happening that she manufactured the bear, never dreaming of the popularity it was to enjoy, but because some wise American dealer brought them forward simultaneously with one of President Roosevelt's famous bear hunts in the Rockies, entitling them "Teddy's" bears, the association of ideas pleased the American public, and it is doubtful if they will ever be known under any other sobriquet.

Today Frau Steiff is running a factory devoted entirely to the manufacture of bears and employing all the women and children she can obtain. She finds it quite impossible to supply the demand from New York alone, let alone the entire American market. Recently several American manufacturers have essayed to make the bears, but even with this added source of supply half the time the toy dealers are short of bear stock.

How long the fad will last no one can tell, but the fact is that most of the big cities of the country are "Teddy" bear crazy, and Pinehurst as far as its juvenile population is concerned, is already in line and "threatened" in other directions.

An Opportunity.

Jimblecute—Say, have you forgotten that \$10 you borrowed of me some weeks ago?

Bobalong—Oh, no; I still have it in mind.

Jimblecute—Well, don't you think it would be a good idea to pay up and relieve your mind?

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