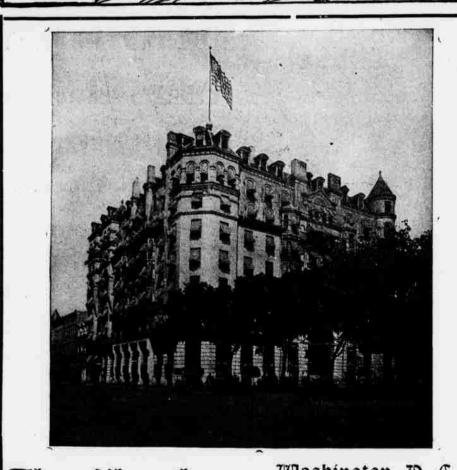
THE PINEHURST. OUTLOOK



PAGE

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

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Flossie's Birthday Party. AMMA was preparing for a party for it was Flos-

sie's birthday and all was excitement. Two o'clock was the hour set. A dozen little guests

had been invited all of whom were sure to be present for Flossie's many friends knew that her birthday parties were always occasions long to be remembered; merry frolies and royal feasts.

While mamma was busy decorating the parlor and dining-room Flossie decided to make her own little room more attractive by adding some odd bits of furniture and bric-a-bric from the storeroom in the attic. She did not say a word to her mamma about it, but decided to surprise her when the little from sight, but Flossie lifted the rusty guests should be taken into her room to hook which secured it from the outside lay off their hats, hoods and wraps. The room was already pretty enough to suit the taste of any little miss, for it was all in blue, white and gold, with the dainti-

of furniture, battered boxes and trunks and cast-off picture frames and bric-abrac littered the place.

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Flossie began to search about for the desired candlesticks which she remembered having seen on top of a packing box, but nowhere were they to be found now. The fur rug was there, but more than anything else Flossie wanted the candlesticks. After searching in every box and trunk and turning up things in general in her hunt for them, Flossie remembered that there were many things packed in a great closet which was built in the dark ends of the storeroom. Thither went Flossie, climbing over boxes and heaps of debris to the peril of her little neck, but reaching the closet in safety. A heavy door shut the contents and pulled it open.

Ah! There on a high shelf stood the longed-for and much-admired candlesticks, a goodly covering of dust hiding est of curtains, and the softest of rugs. their gilt bands and red flowers. But But on a special occasion like one's birth- some soap and water would make them



A SAD, SAD STORY. Dear little puppy dog; what makes him feel so sad ? 'Tis 'cause he's lost his master; now isn't that too bad !

day Flossie felt that some extra touches as beautiful as new again. Flossie were needed here and there. She had climbed on a box to reach her prizes, seen in the storeroom a great gray fur when the heavy door swung shut with rug which mamma had said was "shed- a bang. Flossie was in total darkness, ding" and unfit to longer hold its place and was obliged to get down from the in front of the library grate. It could box carefully lest she step into a basket not do any harm for one afternoon lying of old-time glassware. When she reached on the floor of her room, just in front of the door she pushed against it in vain. the little white iron bed on which her small guests would put their wraps. and which she had left in a raised posi-Then there were a pair of huge old tion, it being too stiff with rust to be candlesticks which her papa had picked dropped backward-had fallen into the up at a curio shop, but which her mamma always laughed at and had relegated to the attic as unsightly things. But to Flossie they were "perfectly elegant" with their gilt bands and gay red flowers twining up their narrow stems. On her white mantelpiece they would look most artistic, so thought the little Flossie.

After running on some errands for her mamma, Flossie slipped from the diningroom, where mamma was still busy with the table, and went up to the attic store- close, dark, cold closet whose thick door room. It was cold and dusty and dark, and walls would not allow her feeble for seldom did anyone save the servants voice to reach those on the first floor.

The rusty hook which she had liftediron staple which now held it secure.

Flossie vainly threw the weight of her little body against the door, it did not shake it in the least. Then she began to call out as loudly as she could, but her weak and frightened voice died away faintly inside the great, thick-walled closet that was most terrifying in its darkness. Oh, what should she do? Away up there in the attic where no one would ever dream of her being and locked in the THE CHAFFEE STUDIO - - - WORCESTER. MASS. go up there. Old carpets, broken pieces She knew her mother would call her,