

**THEREBY HANGS A STORY.****Transposed Word Plunges Holly Inn Bachelors' Club in Sorrow.**

"Arrive Saturday evening.  
Bringing a dub with me."

Thus wired Mr John R. Goodall to manager Creamer of The Inn, and thereby hangs a story, for the telegraph operator inadvertently transposed the letters in the word "dub" to "BUD"—and—well, *bud* could mean but one thing—"bride."

To be sure it was quite a shock to the Bachelors' Club at the hotel of which Mr Goodall has long been Grand Sachem and to which he has pledged eternal loyalty, but stranger things have happened and the "boys" were prepared to do the right thing.

Fortunately, however, Mr Goodall's arrival was delayed until morning as there is no knowing what would have happened if the fact that the "bud" was a "dub," had been made known too suddenly, but it so happened that the news was broken gently and no outburst of overwrought disappointment (or enthusiasm) resulted.

The "dub" in question happens to be a golf club-mate of Mr Goodall's—Mr. A. C. Fowler—who, by the way, triumped Mr Goodall in fine shape on the first trip over the links, just to show that he does not quite excuse his friend for the use of the word which Webster neglects to define.

"As a matter of fact it served Goodall right," commented the maligned Mr. Fowler, "If he'd couched his message in proper language there'd been no trouble. Naturally any *intelligent* operator would, of course, assume that the word *dub*, should be *bud*, and it is eminently fitting that my friend's supply of cigars should suffer as the result of his indiscretion for this unwarranted reference to myself as has since been proven to his entire satisfaction.

"By the way," he concluded smiling, "you might say that the 'dub' came for a two weeks visit, prolonged it to three, and is now trying to figure how he can stay four or longer, all because he is so delighted with Pinehurst. Its the *budding* and *blossoming* of one's affections for the place that makes it friends, and so it would not be amiss to call all newcomers *buds*; but the word *dub* should be barred when used indiscriminately."

"Just what was the score on that first match Goodall?" he queried and another cigar parted company from the man who sent the message.

Wanted.

TUTOR—A young man who would instruct boy of seventeen, backward in his studies, also accompany him in outdoor sports; golf, horseback riding, etc. Address S. R. Young, care THE OUTLOOK, stating qualification, salary, etc. \* \* \*

**New Golf Course Hazard.**

Mr. J. B. Bowen has discovered a new hazard on the tenth hole—"a moral hazard"—he calls it.

**"THE BEEFSTEAK TWINS."****White-capped Chef Meditates on Guests and Their Peculiarities.**

"Speaking of freaks," said the white-capped Chef as he hesitated with the butcher knife poised above the sirloin, "the Beefsteak Twins, who spent last summer here, have anything I have ever met trimmed to a standstill.

"Why, they could tell just where the steak you sent them came from, what the critter was fed on, and how long the meat had been hung, and if it was cooked two seconds over or under 'medium' it came straight back to the kitchen.

"People in the dining room don't see much of us fellows out here, but we come to know most of the bunch through names similar to the one I have mentioned. Now there was 'Lamb Chop Sammy' who bothered us considerably because everything we sent him didn't come from a yearling, but who in spite of this, would unknowingly gulp down veal now and then without a murmur.

"Others who bothered us more or less was 'Cantaloupe Willie,' 'Swieback Peter,' 'Stewed Prune Jack' and 'Baked Bean Bobbie,' not to mention the man who wanted sponge cake like mother used to make, ginger cookies such as he got at home, coffee with molasses in it, or fish cooked rare.

"Yes," concluded the Chef, "we get a pretty fair idea out here of the people in the dining room even though we never push the swinging doors back and our opinions are not all based on the white envelopes which come our way."

**ANNUAL XMAS TREES.****Subscriptions Solicited by Village Club for This Annual Event.**

Plans are making for the usual Christmas trees for the children of the white and colored employes and the children of the public schools, on December 27 and 28.

Subscriptions are solicited which may be left at the hotel desks or handed to Mrs. Tufts at the Mystic, Mrs. Jillson at The Holly Inn, or Miss Olney at the Library, members of the Village Club which has the affair in charge.



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