

THE "PINEHURST PINECONE"

(Continued from page 5)

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ERNEST IN THE FOREST.

Chapter II.

As he rode along the road he saw an Indian drop down by the road-side.

Ernest made his horse wheel and then down came his heels into its flanks.

It did not take one minute to do this, and for his horse to be off like a flash. At this the Indian sprang up and whistled. Out ran a horse on which the Indian jumped, and they thundered after him.

The little cabin was quiet when the thunder of hoofs was heard. Ernest's mother went to the window and saw her son with an Indian in pursuit. She tottered back to her bed and crawled under it.

By that time the sound of hoofs had died away in the distance.

The old lady crawled out from under the bed and lay on it, then she began to think what would she do if her only son got killed.

She would die, she would starve to death, and then the man who came to see her every year would find her dead on the bed.

He would bury her. Oh! What a dreadful fate.

(To be continued)

—E. Tufts.

A judge was swearing a little boy as a witness, he said, "My boy, do you understand the nature of an oath?" (Now the judge was a great golfer) The boy said, "Sure, yer honor, don't I caddy for yer."

Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to (sea) see.

MR. JOHNSON UNIQUE HOST.

Entertains at One of the Jolliest of Seasons Many Dinners.

One of the jolliest of the season's many dinners was a Christmas spread given at The Inn, Saturday, for a party of close friends by Mr. Wilbur C. Johnson of New York, the group including: Mr. and Mrs. T. Ashley Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Jillson, Dr. Myron W. Marr, Miss Lucy K. Priest, Mr. James Hall and Mr. C. M. Brett.

The favors were clever mechanical toys, each with a verse containing a sly poke at some personal peculiarity; an automobile for the host, a colored caddy for Mr. Sparks, a duck for Mrs. Sparks, a running dog for Mr. Jillson, a colored doll baby for Mrs. Jillson, a barking dog for Mr. Brett, a fox for Dr. Marr and a frog for Mr. Hall, a windmill for Miss Priest.

Typical of the verses and, perhaps, the best, was Mr. Sparks', attached to a miniature negro caddy:

Poor little "Tige,"
Day after day,
He has to watch
T. Ashley play!

Dinner for the Younger Set.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hayford of Phillips Beach, entertained the younger set pleasantly at dinner Christmas night the group including Misses Blanche Tapley, Theodate and Margaret Clough, Ethel Check, Messrs. Charles Banes, H. S. Haskell and J. S. Walker. The souvenirs were indoor firework bombs, each containing favors, which were set off at the close of the spread.

FIRE CRACKERS FOR XMAS.

In Many Parts of the South Children are Not Happy Without Them.

"Firecrackers for Christmas!" was the somewhat unusual legend which greeted the eye in the advertising columns of local papers recently, attracting attention to the custom existing round about and throughout many portions of the south, of using these noise makers during the Holidays.

The practise is largely confined to children and Christmas eve the time of their use, the small Chinese make being the favorite with a special desire to set them off in bunches.

Originally, no doubt, the idea came by adaptation of the Chinese custom, for the Orientals use crackers on festal occasions, much as the French use confetti and serpentine tape.

ANNUAL XMAS TREES.

They Bring Joy to the Hearts of Children of the Village.

The usual Christmas trees for the white and colored children of employees of the Village added joy to the Holiday season, the tree for white children being given Monday and the colored children Tuesday.

In accordance with custom the gifts were mainly useful articles but sentiment was not overlooked and with each gift was a toy, a bag of candy and an orange.

Details of arrangement were in the hands of the Village Club, a goodly proportion of the funds used contributed by visitors.

SHOOTING THE BEST EVER.

Sportsmen Find Quail in Plenty and Large Bags Rule.

"Biggest week for hunters we ever had," says Preserves Manager G. Dan Morgan. "More sportsmen here, bags bigger; everybody making average kills of from ten to a dozen quail daily.

"Messrs. Small and Montgomery, Mr. Osborne and Dr. Mitchell, Mr. Blake and his son, Mr. Browning and his son, Mr. Thaw and his sons, Dr. Hale, Mr. Wesson, Mr. Bishop and Col. Montague are among those who rarely miss a day.

"It keeps us hustling some, but the more the merrier; let them come!"

Mr. Walter J. Travis a Visitor.

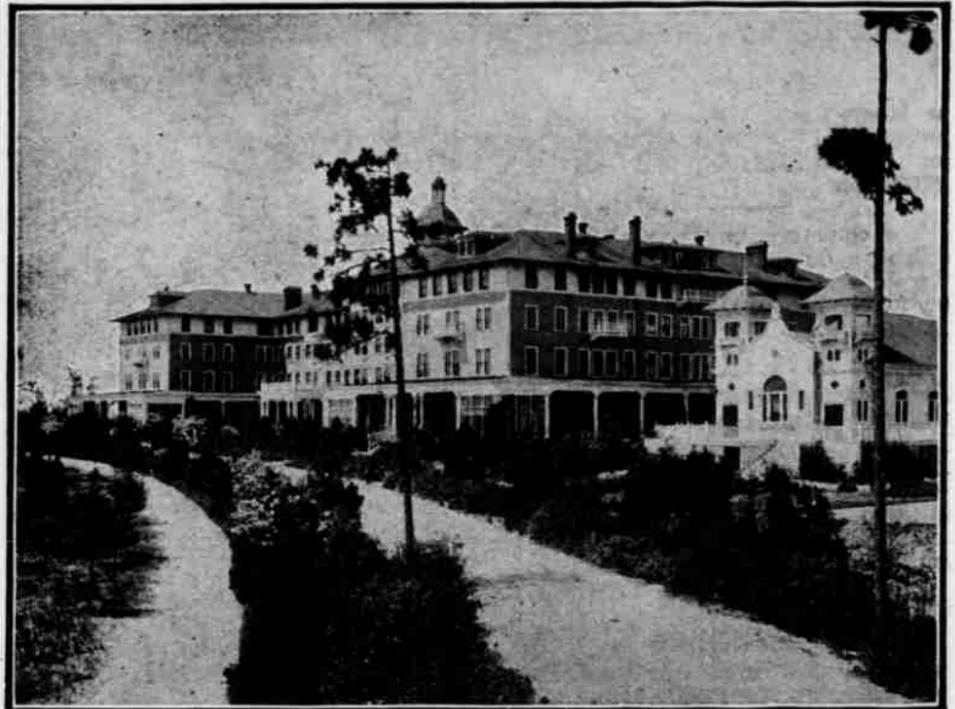
Mr. Walter J. Travis, editor of *The American Golfer* and former British and American golf champion, is rounding out the week here, running down for a bit of Pinehurst air and sunshine, planning to return later for a more extended visit.

Rev. Mr. Howell an Editor.

THE OUTLOOK is in receipt of a copy of the *St. Stephen's Messenger* with which the Rev. A. C. Howell, so pleasantly remembered as resident minister here two years ago, is now connected in his capacity as assistant rector at St. Stephen's church, Sewickley, Pa.

THE CAROLINA

PINEHURST, N. C.



The Carolina is a magnificent four-story building completed in 1900. The interior is a model of elegance, with appointments calculated to suit the most luxurious tastes. The hotel accommodates five hundred guests and is provided with seventy-four suites with bath. The cuisine and table service are unsurpassed.

The house contains every modern comfort and convenience, including elevator, telephone in every room, sun rooms, steam heat night and day, electric lights, and water from the celebrated Pinehurst Springs, and a perfect sanitary system of sewage and plumbing.

H. W. PRIEST, Manager.

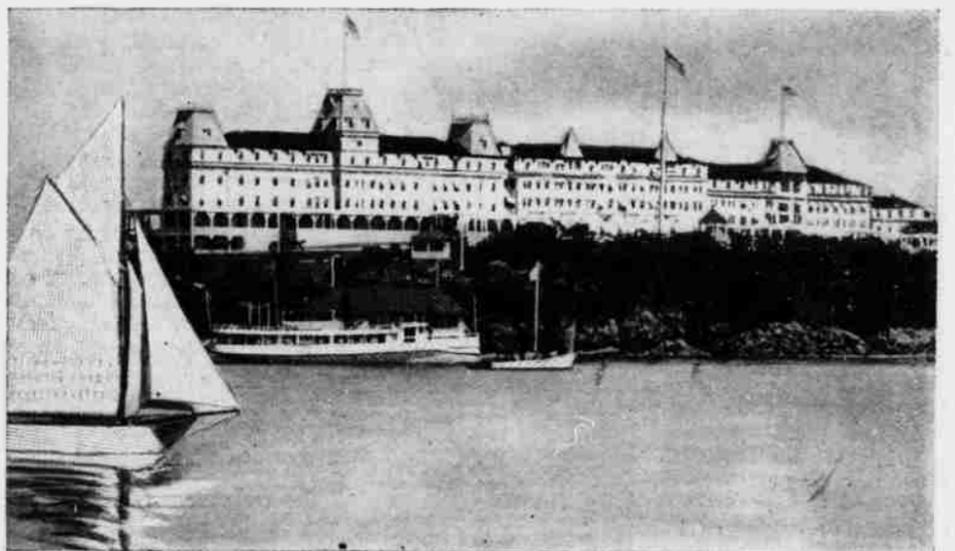


The Berkshire,

PINEHURST, N. C.

The Berkshire is a modern hotel, delightfully located with all conveniences for health and comfort; running water from the celebrated Pinehurst Springs, bath rooms, steam heat, open fires and electric lights and sanitary plumbing. The guests apartments are comfortable and home-like and the public rooms large and attractive. The cuisine and service is of a high standard.

F. C. ABBE, MANAGER.



HOTEL WENTWORTH,

NEW CASTLE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Every facility for sport and recreation: Golf, tennis, riding, driving, yachting, fishing, still and surf bathing and well equipped garage under competent supervision. Music by symphony orchestra. Accommodates 450. Send today for a beautifully illustrated book.

Wentworth Hotel Co., H. W. Priest, Managing Director