

THE HOLIDAY PINECONE

(Concluded from page nine)

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Arranged by Headmaster P. L. Lightbourn
from a French Story

It was a bright Christmas in Paris. The bells were ringing out their glad tidings of peace and good will. But for one man in that great city their message seemed but a mockery. For he, while running his motor car above even the high speed limit allowed in France, had run over a little child, the evening before, and, shameful to relate, had not stopped to find out what injuries he had inflicted. Now he read in the morning paper how an unknown car had run over a child, and, without slackening speed, had passed on. The child had been taken to its mother's house, No. 54 rue des Dames, and had since died. And he had killed it.

His first impulse was to flee at once from the now hateful city, and with this object in view, he gave orders to his servant to pack his trunk and purchase tickets for the South. A few farewell visits had to be paid first. So, feeling like an outcast among the happy Christmas crowds, he went here and there through the city, suddenly he glanced up—"Rue des Dames!" In horror he hurried past No. 54 and up the street, but after walking a few squares he paused. He must do his duty, he was not really a coward at heart, he must see the poor mother and comfort her the best he could, at the risk of incurring her hatred, to say nothing of exposing himself to possible arrest and imprisonment. He hurried back to the house, mounted the long bare stairs and rang the bell. Haltingly he explained the purpose of his visit. The mother showed no anger, no resentment. She wore rather a look of resignation. Puzzled, he continued his story, with greater difficulty than ever. Suddenly the woman seized him by the arm and dragged him within the meanly furnished room. There, to his amazement and joy lay a pretty child of about five years of age, a little pale per-aps, but smiling and happy! He was not a murderer then, after all!

A few cheap toys lay about the room. The man remarked: "Who brought you these pretty toys, my boy?" The little fellow replied: "Father Christmas,—he came down by the roof." The man went towards the chimney, drew out his pocket book, leaned over, pretending to find it on the floor. "Here is a present you have not seen—a pretty toy. Here, it is for you—take it!"

So the message of the glad Christmas bells had found their way into this man's heart too.

SLIPPERY SIDEWALKS

By Richard S. Tufts

Slippery sidewalks are a menace to the public's cranium, spinal column and nose. But yet many of our younger folks enjoy them. Why need we put sand on them to steady the older set, and thus spoil the fun of the younger set? Why not have a sled path? Why not devote all the sand to the inner side of the path. There are three good reasons for this: First, the same amount of sand would make the sandy part much thicker there, for it would have a much more steadying influence over the feeble. Second, it would leave a path for the sleds to travel: Third, it would keep the youngsters off the street where they are liable to be hurt. The old people in this way would be able to walk along feeling secure, and not expecting to be tripped up every moment, or come to a stretch where there was no sand, because all the sand would be devoted to the sandy half and not be loosely scattered here and there, and it might even be a pleasure for the elders to see the young ones scooting by without fear of mishap.

A PINEHURST QUAIL HUNT

By Alexander Blair Thaw, 2nd

"Gee, father, but isn't that a little peach?" said Alex Smith indicating a small sixteen gauge single barrel shotgun. The speaker had been taken by his father into a prominent sporting goods store in New York with the intention of getting him a cleaning rod for a rifle he had received for his birthday, but Alex was now engrossed in a shotgun.

"I suppose that this is what you would like to

have for Pinehurst, is it?" was the interrogative response. "You bet it is, sir," replied Alex, with enthusiasm.

Well, the upshot of the matter was that when Alex landed in Pinehurst four days later, he was the proud possessor of the shotgun and two days after, felt himself the happiest boy in the world—he was on his way to a quail hunt. One covey was flushed in the morning and Alex got two birds out of it, and in the afternoon three more were found and one bird was gotten out of each.

That evening he was so proud of himself that he told almost everybody he met what good luck he had had and even went so far as to say to his father that he was sure he was going to be a fine shot. But the next time he tramped all day and got not a bird although eight coveys were flushed and two boxes of cartridges used, so now Alex is not so sure of his future as a shooter.

A TRIP OUT WEST

By Cabot J. Morse, Jr.

One day I was sitting in the train looking out of the window when I saw an Indian riding very fast. I had never seen one in deerskin clothes before and I was very frightened and when the train stopped at a station I would not get off.

While we were crossing the prairie I saw a lot of gophers and prairie dogs, who with a few angry barks and squeaks, dodged into their holes and disappeared.

The next afternoon an Indian boy came up riding bareback on an Indian pony. He raced the train for ten miles and then he went to gather up the cows, while we sped away, leaving him far behind.

KATE'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

By Helen M. Patterson

Once upon a time there lived a good fairy called "Silverwing" and a good little girl called "Kate," which I am going to tell you about. On Christmas eve Kate hung up her stocking, and went right to bed, so that Santa Claus would fill her stocking early. That night Silverwing came around to fill Kate's stocking, so Kate would think that Santa Claus had been there. When Kate woke up the next morning and found her stocking full, she clapped her hands for joy and ran to show her mother. At that moment Silverwing glided into the room. When Kate saw her she tried to catch her, and said: "Oh look, Mamma!" At that Silverwing vanished from sight.

HOW THE CROW GOT BLACK

By Albert Tufts

A crow saw a blackbird one day and liked his black feathers. So he asked the blackbird how he got so black, and the blackbird said: "I got it from my egg." "Where is your egg?" said the crow. "I left it under that pot of black paint," he replied.

The crow hopped to the pot and hopped on the edge of it. Then the pot tipped over and the black paint ran over him. The blackbird laughed at him. "You are a black crow!" he said.

THE FAME OF SANTA CLAUS

By Louise Patterson

The name of Santa Claus is dear
To all the children, far and near,
For he brings them presents by the score;
All the things that they adore.

There are ribbons and books for little girls,
And blue eyed dolls with flaxen curls;
Trumpets and drums and other toys
Which he brings to all the little boys.

Each year he comes with his reindeer and sleigh,
But only a few minutes can he stay
For by daylight he must empty his pack
And to his own home hurry back.

And children always shall know his fame,
For it will ever be the same
In every household that is to come
As it is today in our dear home.

HE LOVES WATERMILLION

He loves watermillion
This dusky little lad;
Doesn't mind a bit
When it makes he feel quite sad!

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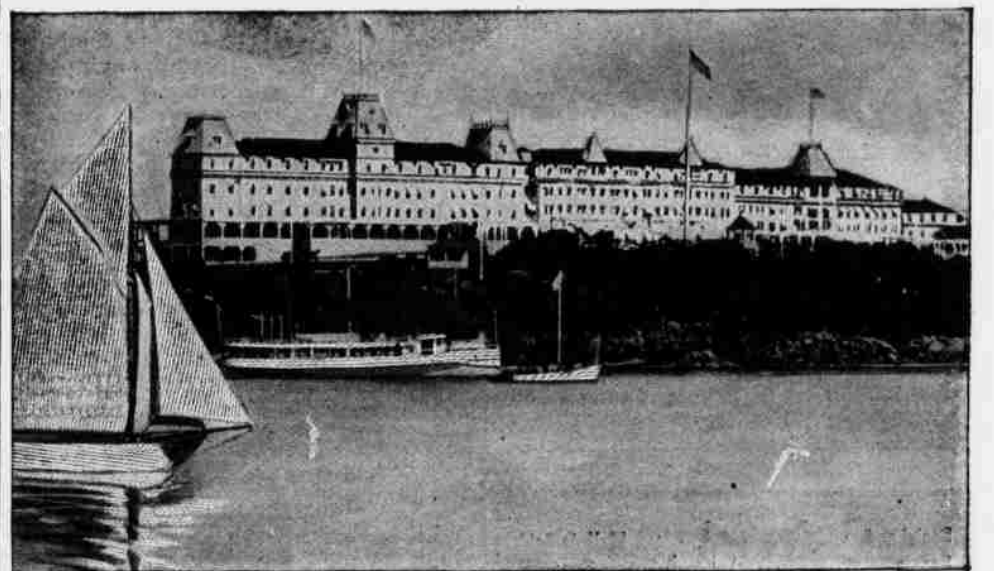


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