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Will reopen on or about December 15th, having been closed for extensive structural alterations, improvements, re-decorating and re-furnishing. All bedrooms now have baths and running water.

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SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

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## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

How Little Mary Brought Joy into Two Lonely Lives



MARY STONE was walking down the street, returning to her home after a visit made to some little girl friend. The day was very cold, and Mary held her muff close against her face as she hurried along the almost deserted street.

Just as Mary turned a corner she saw a little kitten run from an old, untenanted house, going across the street towards a small park. The poor little animal looked cold and miserable, and its thin body spoke of starvation and abuses. In a moment Mary's sympathy was enlisted, and she turned across the street, going in pursuit of the kitten. She had conceived the idea of carrying the wretched little thing to her home, where it should have food and warmth and loving care.

"Yes, sir; did you see where it went? I want to catch it and carry it home with me. It looks so miserable."

The old man sighed. "Yes, to be out in the cold—and hungry, and no friend in the world—is enough to make a creature—animal or man—miserable. I think, little girl, that the kitten is in one of those boxes. Don't frighten it. It has been used so badly that it is afraid of any person—even a friend."

Mary thanked the old man and turned to continue searching for the kitten. But after a little while she gave up in despair, for the kitten seemed to have disappeared from the earth. She turned towards the street, but in doing so she saw the old man looking in a garbage barrel for food. When he found that he was being watched his pale face flushed and he turned to leave the barrel. Mary's heart throbbed with pity. The man was so old and thin, his face pale from the pangs of hardship, his eyes dim with unspoken misery. Going to him, she said: "Are you in need, sir!"

## The Biddles



Young Biddle-bee -  
and young Biddle-bum  
Had a cute little  
tune to hum:

And Biddle-bum said -  
to Biddle-bee.  
"I'll sing to you if  
you'll sing to me."

So both sang out so very loud,  
That soon there came a great big crowd,  
And the very air with wild cheers rang,  
While the two young Biddles gaily sang.

When Mary had almost reached the kitten's side, and had stooped over to grasp it in her arms, saying "Kitty, kitty, come here," the frightened animal ran off down an alley-way, for kind treatment had never been bestowed on it, and it did not know that the little girl who was trying to capture it had good intentions. Rather did it think there was more torture for it to suffer should it fall into her hands, so it ran off as fast as ever it could, hiding from sight. But Mary had seen the kitten disappear behind an old barrel in the alley, and thither she went in pursuit of it, calling gently, "Kitty-cat, kitty-cat, come to me. I'll not hurt you, kitty!"

As Mary began searching behind the barrel, and some boxes also piled there, she heard a noise at her elbow. Turning she beheld a very old man in ragged clothes. He was leaning on a stick, and his face was drawn and white. He was in the shadow of an old stable, and Mary supposed he had come from its shelter. She knew at once that he was some poor outcast.

"Say, little girl, are you after the kitten that just run round that barrel?" asked the man.

Tears leaped to the old man's eyes. "Yes, little girl, I am greatly in need. I have been out of work for such a long time. I am in real need. But a child like you cannot help me. I thank you, though, for your sweet, interested look, and for your having noticed a worn-out old man."

"But I can help you, sir," declared Mary. "I live just round that block yonder—number eleven—and my papa and mamma are very kind people. They will find something for you to do, I am sure, if you will call there and say I sent you. I must look a little further for that poor kitten, but I'll run home very soon. Please do go to my house—number eleven—and ask for my mother, Mrs. Stone, and tell her I sent you."

"But, little girl, I fear she'll think me a common old beggar, and I couldn't bear to be thought that, for I never begged a penny in my life. I have been seeking for work—everywhere—but cannot find anyone who will employ such a good-for-nothing old man. You see, child, after the body has become broken by hard labor, the face aged by time, no one wants you about. They think an old person can't work. But I could