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THE MIDWINTER PENOBSCOT

(Continued from page one)

'pink pines' of Oregon, from which our supply of masts for wooden ships and the American three-masted schooners have been obtained for forty years.

It was near these pines we came upon wild turkeys. This great pheasant, the most beautiful and striking game bird of America with its bronze and brown plumage fringed with black, still nests along the Lumbee and is often seen by canoeists at short range. The sight of wild turkeys is worth a voyage of the river. A still paddle, a still canoe, with still people in it, makes this thing possible. We were close upon them before they knew it. Up they went, a gobbler and five hens. They lit in trees within five yards of us. The gobbler began strutting back and forth on the limb he had caught on. According to Simon, our man Friday, the hen turkeys with one accord exclaimed 'What's that, what's that, what's that?' A big frog in a 'logan,' croaked in reply, 'Boat, boat boat!' 'The gobbler walking the limb of his cypress, with the ruff of his collar standing up like that on a Knight of the fifteenth century, called to the hens in a disdainful way, 'What'd you fly for, what'd you fly for, what'd you fly for?' —he was among the number who flew. Again the frog answered, for the hens remained silent and were perhaps ashamed, 'Man, man, man!' We didn't shoot because we were out for another purpose and it was out of season.

"Later on we came suddenly upon a raccoon swimming leisurely down stream on our left bow—'bow White' the rivermen call it, with 'bow Injun' for the right bank. They know nothing about port and starboard. He had no thought of danger, in fact he didn't take the least notice of us as we ran past him. His tail, barred with black, floated out lightly, while the fur of his back marked the line of connection between his head—white and black with age and wisdom—and this appendage floating gracefully in his rear. The coon pulled himself out of the water and sitting up on the bank proceeded to wipe one black fore-paw with the other black fore-paw and vice versa. He was wringing his hands perhaps, because disappointed over the night's hunt. And there we left him, for the canoe cut a corner and he was lost to sight. ¶ In one place we met up with an otter swimming head on. He sized up the situation in an instant and dove like a flash. 'There goes eighteen dollars,' said Simon laconically, pointing to the swirl where the otter disappeared. The otter is a migratory animal. He knew what he was looking at; there was no doubt or hereditary tendency in his action. Farther on a wild boar glared at us as if contemplating battle, but finally tiptoed off defiantly through the bushes. Deer also we saw; fish we caught, and ever and always each new twist or turn revealed some hidden delight. * * * Thirty miles down we left the river, reluctantly, to return by team, but we shall go again—and again—and last of all to the journey's end."

The present season has been a most successful one for the Midwinter Canoeing Club of nearby Pinebluff, under whose

auspices trips are arranged and of which Dr. Achorn is president. From near and far wilderness lovers have come, many of them again and again, the list from Pinehurst including: Charles H. Bartlett, Esq., Mrs. Bartlett and Miss Bartlett of Westfield, Mass.; the Rittenhouses, father and son of New Haven, Conn., and Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Robert Curtis, Miss Ida Curtis and Miss Hendrick of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Berthold Strauss of Philadelphia; Mr. T. C. Phelps of New York city; Mr. J. N. Rosenberg, Mrs. Rosenberg and Miss Rosenberg of Boston and Mr. Henry Brown of Philadelphia; Mr. P. W. Whittemore and Mrs. Whittemore of Brookline, with Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Reynard All But Wins Through Observance of Famous Axiom

Arguing that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" Reynard laid a maze for the week's best fox hunt, and the result was the prettiest preliminary trailing of the season and its most exciting chase. ¶ Near the Allen place the pack announced the strike and cross country for many miles they worked before music sounded the note of certainty.

Round and round in wide circles the trail led, crossing and recrossing, until at last, pandemonium broke loose in a mighty chorus from the depth of the swamp. Close up the hounds now were, the maze unravelled. Presently Reynard found the going too swift for him and he broke cover only to choose rough going which even Uncle Nat found difficult and which presented many problems to the relentless hounds.

From one swamp to another the pursued sped, with pack well up and Hunt within sound, but rarely in sight for the pace was swift and the going often impossible. ¶ Then a clever double was nipped in the bud and the race of hours became a sight race of minutes. ¶ As a last resort Reynard tried to make the lower branches of a leaning oak, but Silas was too quick for him and the pelt came home on Mr. Fisher's saddle pommel; Miss Hubbs dividing honors at the kill.

Merrymaking at The Berkshire

Washington's birthday was observed last Monday night at The Berkshire by a party in which entire household joined. The most interesting game was the "yacht race" in which Mesdames Mesick, Mitchell, Bauer, Morgan, Dodd, and the Misses Neighbors, Joys, Bingham, Westcott, Mesick and Bauer "sailed" against Messrs. Dunlap, Merrill, Orcutt, Morgan, Dodd, Emery, Sithens; the prize winners were Mrs. Mesick, Misses Sally Mesick and Catherine Bauer. ¶ The hit of the evening came when Miss Neighbors and Mr. Dunlap, in a race from "Boston to New York," against Miss Mesick and Mr. Orville Orcutt, carrying suit cases containing wearing apparel, which they were compelled to don; coats, hats, rubbers and gloves, and make the return trip in the least possible time. Miss Mesick and Mr. Orcutt won. Other games, songs and dancing rounded out the evening.

Send THE OUTLOOK to friends! It saves letter writing.