

HUNT BALL

The Annual Breakfast and Dance
on the Boards Next Week

Tuesday evening, March 7th, will be a banner day in the annals of the village, or there is many a valient committee will know the reason why. For it is ordained that casting aside each and sundry all gloom, remorse or sorrow whatsoever each and every the sportsmen of the environs shall foregather at the Carolina Hotel on pleasure bent. They shall not be denied or disappointed.

It is the night for the Grand Hunt Ball and Breakfast. At nine o'clock promptly they will strike up the band, and the master of the hounds, glorious to behold, clad in the fiery raiment of the chase, leading the eager hounds straining at the leash, followed by those survivors of many desperate fences, the whips of the Sandhill Hunt, will lead the Grand March into the dance. There will follow the veterans of many a ride, girls in gay costume, and stalwart putteed men, to be ushered in by polo players, darlings of the turf. There is nothing exclusive about this joyful occasion. Let those who follow the hounds follow the leaders disguised as is their wont on those occasions. But all manner of sportsmen and athletes, and those that love a fair round waltz or a dizzy trot, are welcome to join the frolic arrayed as they are accustomed to dress for their favorite pastime. Golfers will wear kilts or knickerbockers or what they please. Tennis sharks will grace the occasion in flannels, and the huntsman in boots and shooting coat.

And as you enter the ball room you will be astonished and delighted. For lo! it will be as a section of the greenwood, an exact imitation of the Forest of Arden, all resplendent with holly and cedar, and the long leaf pine, fancifully wrought by the skillful hands of Mrs. Leonard Tufts, Mrs. A. S. Newcomb, Mrs. John C. Spring and Mrs. Parker W. Whittemore. For these are the committee who will transform the scene to suit the event, for your pleasure.

Under the able command of Mrs. Daisy Porter, Mr. George Leach, master of the hounds, and Mr. T. B. Boyd, treasurer of the occasion, have marshalled the services of three other battalions—a committee on breakfast, constituted of the three leading judges of such matters south of Labrador, Mrs. H. W. Priest, Mrs. W. K. Porter and Mrs. R. A. Swigert. The music and the dancing are under the particular command of Miss L. L. Gillette, master of all matters terpsicorean, and Mr. J. H. Clapp, cotillion leader. The publicity, as may be observed, is in the hands of your orator and Charlie Piquet, non plus ultra.

This breakfast arrives at the shank of the evening, and will crown a memorable evening. At twelve exactly, you will escort your partner in to the strains of delightful music, which we are promised will continue during the entire evening—or if no partner, then lead your appetite to a banquet which will be both refreshing and diverting.

There will be a concert in the music room while the crowd assembles for the event. And in case any living soul who

reads this has any doubts about their being earnestly welcome, or seeks information not conveyed herein, or a word about costume, she will find Mrs. Daisy Porter, commander in chief, anxious to enlighten or to assist.

There will be a charge of \$1 for the Hunt Breakfast, which sum will go to the benefit of the Sandhill Farm Life School.

RIDING GAMES

Geo. Leach Wins from all Comers
on Jousting Day

The village and neighborhood turned out Monday to see those versatile on horseback, and the voracious picanniny make merry around the course, and do jesting joust for the fun of the multitude. E. Burns and A. E. Booth stood to judge the course of the games, and the events were ordered in this wise:

First the herald announced a water race, a matter to be undertaken only by nautical riders, and those familiar with the old pump. The rules provided that each knight or lady be provided with a bucket. And in the bucket was set a mark, below which no man could spill his water and still win the coveted prize. Provided then with this vessel full of the elusive liquid the riders were off to round the distant goal, and race home again. And this drove everyone into a high good humor. For in his eager haste to make the distance, Tevor Smith from Brooklyn charged home minus pail and water both, leaving the master of the hounds in command of the race.

It is said by those present on this memorable occasion that there are great possibilities of facial expression and the art of dining not generally known to those who failed to see Ulysses Grant Jackson break his own record of one custard pie in thirty-seven seconds. We were about to say the pie disappeared in that time. But subsequent witnesses testify that suggestions of it were worn as a kind of artistic war paint by Odysseus for some time thereafter, adding greatly to his laurels and the high favor in which he stands among the humorists of this town.

Not being willing for bodily skill alone to triumph in this meet, intellect was given a premium in the next event. Miss Olva Slade and Mr. E. Wardwell, by fast riding, team work and some lightning calculations came near finishing ahead of the invincible master. But it could not be done. This was Leach's day. He also carried his colors triumphant in the potato race, spearing with deadly accuracy and inconceivable skill hundreds of terrified potatoes in rapid succession, and bringing them captive home on his spear. He finished at breakneck speed a hair's breadth ahead of Wardwell in this exciting contest.

The colored population of male persuasion finished the gala day in hot competition for final honors travelling on three legs, an average of a leg and a half a man. Needless to say one of them won, to the great and lasting joy of the gallery.

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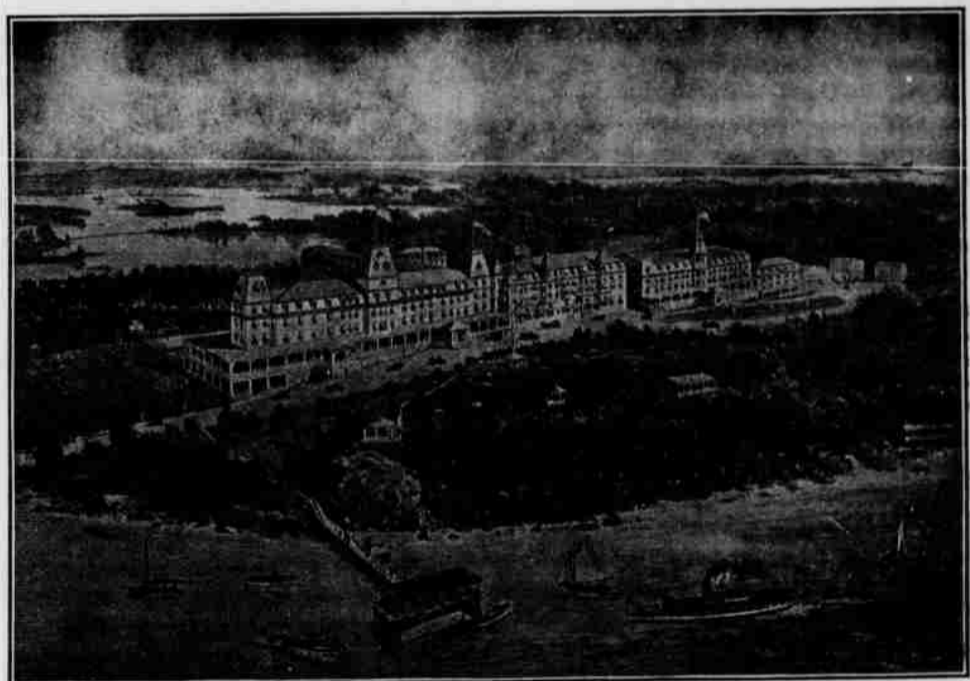
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