

HIGH JENKS ON THE RIVER

Edward Filene Gives a Venison Party at the Canoe Club

Camp Supper for Twenty Served Under the Stars by the Ranger at Blue's Bridge Landing



LAST Sunday saw the opening of the season on the Lumbee River. It opened with a whoop. Edward Filene of Boston, who has lost his heart to the stream, invited a large party down to the camp for an afternoon's outing and supper. Mrs. R. W. McMullen, who is spending the Winter with her children at Pine Bluff in the Lippincott bungalow, drove Dr. and Mrs. Achorn down in her car, to the old camp at Blue's Bridge, beside the rushing water. There the company assembled.

There was Captain Roger S. Fitch, U. S. A., of Chicago, and Mrs. Fitch; Mrs. W. E. Bibb and Miss Janet from Virginia, Miss Katherine Flournoy from Richmond, David S. Baker hailing from Greenwich, Conn., Frank L. Hadkins, Tottenville, N. J.; Mr. Nicholas Elntile, New York; Mr. Irving Hoagland, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mr. Charles F. Clark, Philadelphia; Mr. Herbert Cutler, Boston; Dr. and Mrs. John Warren Achorn, Pine Bluff; and Edward A. Filene, Boston.

Captain Fitch and Mrs. Fitch, friends of the Blows, on a month's furlough, saw the American bull fight between the Army and Navy football teams at New York, Nov. 25th. The Army won. They are now on their way back to the border.

Mr. Baker pretended he didn't know how to paddle a canoe. Dr. Achorn told him he ought to learn that it was an artist's job to boat on the Lumbee, where no man sleeps on his paddle. After this preachment Baker showed himself the best oar on the river, and the doctor chagrined (most all grin) back to the frying of bacon.

While the guests in four boats were doing the river for an hour and over dinner was being prepared. The bacon, eggs and coffee were made fit over oak coals,

camp fire grates being used.

The two gallon coffee pot, a feature on many another occasion like this, was crowned king of the cooking kit. The biggest frying pan of four in use, in which a dozen eggs were maturing, objected to the honor conferred upon the giant coffee pot, but the objection was voted down by the cups and saucers backed up by the great spoon used in mixing the coffee with egg.

Some people drank as many as four cups of that coffee. Real cream was served with the coffee, for a change.

F. S. Peabody, in charge of the club's boats and camp at the Bridge, proved himself an efficient camp cook. He has just arrived after a month's hunt in Aroostook County, Maine, where the snows were so deep he had hard work getting out of the woods. The rib roast of venison from Maine, with quail and wild turkey all on one slab looked pretty good to some of the party.

Mr. Filene was at his best. He seemed to enjoy his grub, and everything and everybody. He was leader of the rifle squad and pretty much everything else. Someone said after watching the shooting for a time that the orange they were firing at was the softest thing in the woods.

The views from the boats and canoes on the river were beautiful. One guest was heard to say that she had been boating for miles through a flower garden where the flowers were 100 feet high.

A great oak and lightwood camp fire on the free from smoke side of which dinner was served, made and kept everybody comfortable.

In all twenty-two people had a look at that feast, for there were some piney woods folks in the shadow of the clearing that were invited to seats at the second table.

RIVALRY AT PISTOL RANGE

Stimulated by Three Handsome Prizes Offered by J. H. Wesson

With the completion of the new Gun Club and the ever present incentive of instruction under Annie Oakley, who has made so many friends teaching the ladies

to shoot, which she does without charge for the fun of the thing, there was every prospect of the range becoming one of the principle attractions this coming Winter.

This seems to be all the more assured by the generosity of Mr. J. H. Wesson of Springfield, an ardent sportsman who was so delighted with the interest taken by the guests in rifle and pistol practice that he has put up three substantial sterling silver prizes. The first prize, a remarkable combination center piece of silver, which taken together is a fruit dish of beautiful design, and apart is a vase, a fruit dish and a number of decorative almond trays. This is offered to the making the best season's score at the pistol range. A very heavy solid silver vanity box goes to the second best score and a bread and butter outfit also of silver, is the reward for the third place.

Annie Oakley is authority for the statement that almost any girl or woman in Pinehurst can readily be in line for one of these trophies. That whether one has handled firearms before or not makes little difference; that she will be on hand to start anyone wishing to compete in the right direction, and can make a good shot quite as readily out of a novice as an amateur.

The announcement of these prizes has increased the impatience for the club to be opened, and Frank Butler said Tuesday that he would have the traps and targets ready within a day or two at least. That, by Jove, he had to—that there were those in the neighborhood who would not stand any further delay.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Plans for a Festive Celebration.

Harvard Musical Clubs

Cannot Come

Kinney McCaskill, the ubiquitous, is bringing the bright red holly berries out of the woods. Barefoot boys with smiling expectation are leaving the mistletoe, product of many a hard climb, at our doorsteps; from mysterious packages all wrapped round with golden string and sealed until the 25th, and from the wondering

eyes of children we get a whisper of Christmas coming.

All outdoors in the Sandhills is a Christmas tree, and every hearth has a welcome board steaming with plum pudding and the sire of the flock. And it is the day for stories by the fireside, of the great buck killed where the Carolina now stands, and the wonderful great coat lifted this same day a thousand years or more ago by Kilpatrick of Sherman's raiders.

But if a fellow has a mind to join the glad throng at play on that day he will find the paddock panting with a fresh string of horses come to celebrate the Christmas Steeple Chase, and to take a fall out of the too proud winners of the early season trots. He can watch the progress of the much heralded and unknown champion that claims the pace, and listen to the band, and Charlie Picquet.

And tea will be a function at the Carolina that day. Dinner will be followed with the Christmas dance. All the girls from the plantations, and the boys down for the holidays make it a gay and merry evening.

Only one regret mars the day. At the last minute we are told that the Harvard Glee Club cannot come. Three cities cancelled engagements with them, and it was too late to make others. And so to our great disappointment we will not have the singerfest that was to be the final touch to a perfect Christmas.

As Defined

Little Mildred—"What does 'B. A.' stand for, mamma?"

Mamma—"Bachelor of Arts, my dear."

Little Mildred—"And what is a 'Bachelor of Arts,' mamma?"

Mamma—"A bachelor who is trying to stay in the bachelor class, my darling."—Indianapolis Star.

Their Rest

Hix—"I understand your church has sent the minister to Michigan for a month."

Dix—"Yes, that's right."

Hix—"For a vacation, I suppose?"

Dix—"Yes, the congregation decided that we were entitled to one."—Indianapolis Star.