

war in history, himself still a boy, leading the olive drab ranks of his Farm Life School boys through manoevers creditable to the regulars.

And throughout the days the full chorus of the Flora McDonald school, with guitar and fiddle filled the interims with familiar melodies and cheerful memories of the times when every body sang.

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN.

Two features of this fair deserve particular comment and more than local recognition. One was the Harvest Ball. It was not only a ball, it was an evening fantasy, an idyll drawn from centuries of our gentlest memories—the games of Merrie England and the songs of Old Scotland—ancient dreams executed by Youthful beauty.

Invitations had been sent to the elect of the Section and neighboring boroughs, including the members of the Cottage colony who have become identified with the life and spirit of the Sandhills. The ball room in the Club House was bedecked in the raiment of the autumn woods, embowered to display the sylvan throne of the Queen of the Ball, the loveliest girl

Scottish girls clad in the picturesque garb of the Highlands, kilts and tartan, making way through the press. Garlanded and crowned the maids of honor and the court,—school girls from the contiguous periphery—formed a cordon and an isle down the regal chamber, through which the royal party passed. It was led by Autumn in the flesh, followed by a sylvan chorus, with Joy in its train.

And then blossomed forth the heart of the picture—here came the Queen, a miracle of youthful splendor, impersonated by Miss Sarah Wiley of Southern Pines, attended by The Harvest Moon, The Autumn Night, Jack Frost, Chrysanthemum, wonderful and delightful to behold. And most fascinating of all were the train-bearers, two little snowflakes, parts demurely taken by little Miss Catherine Wiley and Lucile Mudgett.

This is the way to have a dance. The queen was crowned, and the grand procession begun. Everyone was invited to join in, and the ball was on.

THE PAGEANT.

The other feature of unusual merit was the community parade Friday morning



SCENE ON THE LINE OF MARCH.

in the Carolinas—which is to say in the world.

But before we introduce the new, let us pay a fitting tribute to the old. Enter ye old line fiddlers, the remnant of that race who have spread the fame of leather breeches farther than ever Mozart can hope to go, and heralded the advance of the gay hearted pioneer from Tide water to the Hermitage of the Grand Old Man of Tennessee. The infectious call of the cat gut starts every foot patting, and brings into the arena the masters of the square dance, as it has rejoiced the hearts of the settlers along the Little River since the days of the immortal Flora. The most complicated figure in the terrible geometry of our misspent youth was child's play compared with the figures cut and executed on the bounce and with an irresistible rhythm by the dancers of Carthage.

And then there fell a hush on the assembly. Softly from the distance the strains of some old Scotch air drifted into the hall, and soon with stately tread entered a herald in gorgeous costume and waving plume, followed by the minstrels. Hard upon these came rank upon rank of

From our place by the judges stand we took note of the passing show. The Sandhills was all on show. First came the band, followed by the Queen of the ball in landeau graciously smiling. Then paddled by LaSalle in birchbark canoe, with his Indian escort, done by the Midwinter Canoeing club. This was followed by the Fountain of Youth, and a select party of the First Families of the Land—some Comanche brethren, Priscilla and John Alden in private conference rolled by next, Miss Herminia Haynes making an ideal John, and Priscilla being what we believe is the prettiest girl in the world. The Flora McDonald Sextette was followed by George Washington, just stepped out of an oil painting on his way across the Delaware. This was manipulated by the enterprising children of the Derby Memorial School.

Lafayette in a landeau followed the Boston Tea Party, a furious congregation from Aberdeen still smarting under the stamp tax, and led a rugged old Pioneer with coonskin cap and three yard rifle entitled Westward Ho. The Czar's famous wolf hounds Peter and Catharine trophies of autoeracy came by straining

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