

# THE CAROLINA



**The Largest and Best Appointed Hotel in the Carolinas**  
Private baths, telephones in all rooms, elevators, sleeping porches every possible convenience.

Open November 10th to Middle of April  
H. W. PRIEST, Manager, Pinehurst, N. C.

# THE HOLLY INN



SEASON: JANUARY TO APRIL 30

The Holly Inn is one of the most comfortable, attractive and popular hotels in the South, caring for, with its annexes, 200 guests. The lobby has been enlarged since last season, contributing greatly to the comfort of the guests.

F. C. ABBE, Manager, Pinehurst, N. C.

# The Berkshire



The Berkshire is a modern hotel, delightfully located, with all conveniences for health and comfort; bath rooms, steam heat, open fires, electric lights and sanitary plumbing.

J. M. ROBINSON, Manager, PINEHURST, N. C.

## If you plan to visit Pinehurst

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little flurries of snow now and then gave warning of approaching winter, that we began to realize the trapping season had begun in earnest. That same night we caught our first ermine or weasel, whose coat was entirely white except for a little black end on its tail. This was construed as a sure sign that fur was beginning to be prime, although the pelts are in the best condition in the mid-winter when the coats are their darkest and heaviest. By the 15th of November we had 100 traps baited and set.

It is a known fact that before and during the first snow of the year the otter move and run more than at any other time, and to successfully trap these animals it is not necessary to use any bait. We simply set a No. 2 trap down in a spring hole, which does not freeze up. The otter being a curious and roving sort of an animal, and in the habit of running under river banks and exploring one corner, then another, in its quest for food, will finally end up by going down one of these spring-holes to meet his fate in a steel trap.

### A DILEMMA AT NIGHTFALL

I well remember one of our first trips out on the lines. We had been going for a number of hours, when Plum, the trapper, stopped suddenly, unloosened his tump line, and said, "Just two miles and twenty rods from that big spruce with the blaze on it, and we will be at the outlet of First Chase Lake, where our first shelter camp is located. We will pick up some otter on the way." Those two miles and twenty rods couldn't go quickly enough for me. After a short rest we took up our packs and started off. The first trap we came to was just as we had set it, but in the following ten traps we visited we were lucky enough to find four otter and one mink, and it did our hearts good to see the first catch of the season. We didn't attempt to skin any of our catch there, because it was fast getting dark and cold, and we were still about a mile from our shelter camp where we intended to stay several days. Imagine our chagrin and disappointment on arriving to find nothing but a heap of burnt ashes. How it ever took fire is still a mystery; but there we were away out in the woods, and face to face with a most embarrassing situation. Of course we had our axes and some provisions in our packs, but the main question was how to keep warm throughout the night. We immediately set to work to build a temporary shelter for that night, which, with the aid of a big fire, made us very comfortable.

### THE BULL MOOSE

The following two days we spent entirely in constructing a new camp. After its completion Plum decided to return to our main camp for more provisions, blankets and a small sheet-iron stove, leaving me in our new home. I kept myself busy in skinning the fur we had already taken, cutting a fresh supply of wood and in fixing things up in general as best I could. The rest of the time I spent in hunting and in making the rounds of several traps, in which I found quite a little fur.

One afternoon I was walking toward the head of a small lake, where I in-

tended to set an otter trap. It was snowing hard and quite a stiff wind was blowing. On reaching the head of the lake I stopped, let down my pack, and was just starting to take off my mittens, when I instinctively happened to look up, and there, not sixty-five yards away was a big bull moose giving me the complete "once-over." I got my gun to my shoulder as quickly as possible and started to pump the lead into him. The first shot downed him, but being game he was right up on his feet again going hard for the woods, when I gave him another, which happened to go through his neck and stopped him short. As I went up to him and looked at his head, which measured 53½ inches, I couldn't help being a bit proud as this was my first moose taken single handed. I thought what an ear full of chatter I would have for Plum on his return. Now, it is quite a job to skin and dress as big an animal as a moose, and it took me about three full hours to complete the work. Of course I had to carry his head to camp as a surprise for Plum, and I found this to be quite a load. Plum returned the following day and was greatly pleased to hear of my good luck. He himself had not been idle, having bagged a fine caribou head only two miles from our main provision camp.

We busied ourselves in re-arranging things about the camp, in cutting more wood, and were glad to tumble in our bunks at 6.30 P. M. and be in readiness for the following day's work. We were always up before light, cooked our breakfast, and were out in the lines by about 7.30 each morning. Plum looked after the northern end of the line, while I attended the traps on the southern end, always as a rule planning to be at the same camp each night, where we would talk over the day's catch and do our skinning and stretching. I do not want to create the impression by using the word trap-line so much that this was a straight line running in any one given direction; its course was more or less South to North, but we had numbers of traps running East and West of this imaginary line. It was surprising what a large amount of big game we saw during the winter months in the woods when out on a trapping trip of this nature. Of course the snow allowed one, with a little care, to go along very quietly, thus avoiding an animal's keen sense of hearing and alarm at the snap of a twig or any other uncommon sound. I often-times have been so close to a moose or a caribou that I could have hit him with a stick, and yet he had no idea of my presence as he hadn't heard me come up and could not get scent of me on account of the wind blowing from him towards me.

(To be continued.)

Eat at least one meatless meal a day.

Save the food and help the fighter fight.

Eat wisely and keep the wolf from the door of the world.

Feed our soldiers now or the Germans later.