

Hill Road. Bishop is in the government service at Washington, but Mrs. Bishop will open the house and he is expected to return as soon and as often as the unscrambling of Count William Hohenzollern's mess will allow.

Hard on our heels came Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Brown. The Doctor was in his usual inimitable form. He has the most wonderful letters from the front.

Miss Dorothy has been nursing right under the guns, and seeing everything to be seen after the style of the American girl. Jim has been in charge of the reconnaissance photography for the whole 42d division. This is some entertaining proposition. In the main it consists of snooping out ahead of the lines and taking snap shots of the Germans in their positions, their neat little machine gun traps, and other pictorial stunts that make the rattlesnake and African lion photography positively silly. He has been over the top thirty-two times, been blown bodily into the air by a big shell and seen—and taken—most that there is to see. When the curtain went down he was captain in charge of the work for the whole corps. He will sure have a tale to tell when he gets home.

Over on the hill the lights are shining in the Linden where Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Priest and Miss Lucy Priest have been for some time. Miss Lucy has returned to the charge of the Library, which will open its doors Monday next. Mrs. George T. Dunlap left town the day we got here to go after Mr. Dunlap. He has been ill at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, but we are glad to learn that he is on the high road to recovery and will return to the Sandhills over the road.

Mrs. Homan and her son Charlie Horton have been staying in Mrs. Spencer Waters' Cotton Cottage for the month of October and November, and will remain there until the arrival of Mrs. John List Crawford of New York, who has rented it for the season. The whole village shares with Mrs. Homan the keenest sense of loss and sorrow for her heroic son Gifford, who met his fate like McConnell and Quentin Roosevelt in single combat over the Heathen Lines.

The most appalling racket and hubbub ever chronicled in the annals of Pinehurst brought the people rushing into the streets and parkways last Monday. I went out by the roof expecting nothing less than conflagration or invasion. And then everyone fell to adding to the din. It was the official requiem to William the Conqueror. A thousand flags appeared from God knows where. The blinds in the stores went up, the children poured from the schools, and placards hopped into place bearing the legend:

"Gone to Bad Bill's Funeral."

By one accord the whole populace of the county took to the road. From every quarter the sound of horns and sirens, the treble yells of the youngsters and the hum of motors heralded the coming of squadrons of trucks and cars loaded to the gunwale with the entire population. Bedecked and festooned and covered with mottoes with one accord they made through Pinehurst on the way to Carthage. This outpouring revealed to

what an extent the colony has been arriving this October. A prominent place was occupied in the line by Miss Bruce's big car. She and Mr. Frederick Bruce were in line, leading a merry overflow of children who almost completely swamped the chariot piloted by the Rev. T. A. Cheatham. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong sprang from the "Orange" and joined the glad throng.

On every hand the greeting and the rejoicing was almost pandemonium. Colonel and Mrs. Swigert and Stuyvesant LeRoy, Mrs. Z. R. Bliss, who has opened the Cherokee for the season, Mrs. Donald Ross, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. O'Brien and the children,—who came down in a car, Mrs. Dana and Mrs. Eric Parson, the Warings and the Newcombs—most of the familiar faces were in evidence in the amazing interlude. Eric of course was not on hand. Like Achilles he couldn't abide in school when the great expedition was afoot, and he followed the Red Cross to France, and is doing his celebration in the Place de Concorde. The same is true of a host of the boys for years the prevailing figures on the links of Pinehurst. Paul Dana is with the 302d Field Artillery presumably at the moment firing the last mammoth salvo over the grave of Kultur. Bob Jewett is running an ambulance in the Champaign. Henry Seggerman is toting a musket in the great advance. Phil Robeson is behind the lines camouflaged to resemble a poilu with a dashing mustache. Julian Bishop, after his tenth try, got into the army in spite of his lack of ears, and spends his time on fatigue for not obeying orders he doesn't hear. But he is happy. He got into the game. And he got there over the dead bodies of half the enlistment corps of the United States army. Trumbull Dana is wearing the uniform at the training camp Kearney in California.

The report of those on their way are legion. Walter H. Page, former ambassador to England, who has been convalescing from a serious illness in New York, is expected shortly at the Currituck, where he will spend the winter with Mrs. Page and his daughter, Mrs. C. G. Loring. Lieutenant Loring is with the big celebration in Sedan.

Coming with them, to occupy the little Brick House, is Mrs. Arthur W. Page and her children. Arthur is a captain in the Intelligence Department stationed in Paris. It is also expected that Major Frank C. Page, who has just returned from active service, will spend a good part of his time under the family roof tree.

The Albermarle, W. H. Thurston's residence, will be shortly opened by the J. D. Chapmans, who have taken it for the season. The Watauga, which they lived in last year has been sold to N. B. Hersloff of Nutley, New Jersey, who will be welcomed and initiated into the colony counsels sometime about Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Noyes are reported on their way here now, travelling by the Capitol Highway. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Bicknell and Miss Bicknell are moving into the Warbeck, and a cordial welcome has been extended to Mr. and

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