

IRISH REDDY'S DEBUT

Entertains a War Party at Camp Lumbee

Sixteen Pinehurst Canoes Open the Season on the Roaring River



YOUR ORATOR got wind of the sport early Friday morning. He had heard tell of a new playground and setting for the day's sport on the brimming river, and that a flotilla from Pinehurst was to put their canoes into the Lumbee at the big bend just below the Markhams landing, and shoot for the rejuvenated camp by Sherman's old historic crossing at Blue's Bridge in time to accommodate the coffee pots and the braziers at High Noon. So he chartered a cross country jitney and a mahogany pilot and sped down into the poplar country beyond Pine Bluff.

I what I saw should become common knowledge the rickety bridge would break down with the assembling concourse. In an opening in a pine thicket beside a big bend, where the river eddies in a torrent around an island and straightens out into the stretch at a gallop, stood a rustic camp—a snug retreat fashioned of whole cypress logs, pine slabs, hewn shingles—assembled around a great chimney, and flanked with generous piazzas, calling for turkey dinners and tales from the hunting field within, and firelight dances without. And curling up lazily to the tree tops was the filmy signal so dear to the heart of the woodsman—the hardwood smoke from the outdoor bed of coals, suggestive of dinner.

THE PATHFINDER

Beside it stood a man. I venture that his exact prototype has not been seen in these old Pines since the Hurons from the Northern Woods made a raid on the Seminoles of the Carolinas before the days of Pocahontas. He wasn't a Huron. But he had a look and a lilt that spelled Moose, and the kind of pussy-footing tread reminiscent of the pathfinder.

He beat me to it.

"Who are you?" says he.

"Bill," I said.

"Well, Bill, look out of the way. There's a gang of sports coming through here upside down in a minute expecting first aid for sixteen."

"Where from?" said I.

"Where from! They got an asylum of 'em over yonder called Pinehurst. They come to see the bears. The bears have got nothing on them."

"How's that?"

THE LUCIONS LABELLA GOT

"They is wilder than any bears. Look at this outfit. Isn't it a daisy? All outdoors. Framed up Aroostook fash-

ion. Rough and ready. I could feed an army. But wild? It ain't wild enough for them. See them tables. That's to make 'em happy. Know what they'll say? They'll kick to hell the tables upside down. Say they want it sure nuff rough, and squat down on the needles Injun style. But I got 'em something to eat. Something they ain't never et before. Eye-talian fritters. They calls 'em Labella Got. That means pretty girl."

"Me? My name is Reddy, the Irish fireplace builder. That's the way they say it. But if there's a game in the woods or on the river I can't play. I built that camp, furniture and trimmings, out of what you see in sight. And you just stay by 'til I feed this bunch—Where from? I came off'n Belgrade Lake. Maybe you've heard of that. It's in the hoot owl country. Was wild as snakes, and full of silence and loon calls. But now—The hotel there—the Carolina up yonder would make a kitchen for it. Hey! John; fetch them toasters."

THE TURKEY'S RENDEZVOUS

"Hear that shootin'? They ain't hurtin' nothin'. How they help it I dunno. If they ain't careful the game will run over them right out there. There were three gobblers in this yard this morning. I loves to see 'em. That's why I have that dam dog stored up in the loft. The deer knows they are safe here. They drink right down at the run across the creek."

Great Morning—there they come! It's no scandal they don't see no bears. Sounds like a war party"

It did. Reverberating down the corridors we could hear the full throated chorus, and directly here they came—swinging around the bend on the old trail that is always new—girls and boys, soldiers from overseas and their last reserves. And the goulash cannon went into immediate action. Maple syrup from the Maine mountains ran in floods over the Eye-talian fritters. Eggs and bacon and barbecue; yellow yams from the nearby plantation and the famous flapjacks flew from fire to their destiny—flew is right. And meantime the pine laden sunshine threw a genial glow over the whole and called forth troubadours to recount in song and jingle the story of the expedition, and the casualties as they occurred.

NOT FORGETTING THE MISTLETOE

And then to play baseball with the legs of a chair—to learn a step for the evening's cotillion, and to sing truly rural—and away—ten thousand dollar alto in the van, and a bottomless Bass in the rear. So away for the bluffs two hours below, where the amiable Mr. Suggs was sitting in fond hopes of finding them all half drowned upon arrival, and so to tell a tale for the ultimate delight of the hamlet of Southern Pines. And so down the brimming river, catching glimpses of red birds and herons and the pathless jungles—and not forgetting the hollberry and mistletoe.

Send THE OUTLOOK to friends! It tells the story—and—saves letter writing!

Follow the star which they saw
In the east went before them

The
CHRISTMAS GIFT
• • THAT LIVES • •

IN THESE TIMES WHEN ECONOMY IS THE BADGE OF PATRIOTISM, GORHAM STERLING SILVERWARE IS ONE OF THE MOST SENSIBLE CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS IMAGINABLE. FOR IT IS A GIFT THAT LIVES LONG AFTER THE GIVING, ENRICHING THE RECIPIENT, YET COSTING NO MORE THAN THE GIVER CAN REASONABLY AFFORD TO SPEND.

SOLD BY LEADING JEWELERS EVERYWHERE AND BEARS THIS TRADE MARK.

The GORHAM Co.
SILVERSMITHS & GOLDSMITHS
NEW YORK
WORKS: PROVIDENCE and NEW YORK

Gorham Silverware is to be had in Pinehurst at "The Jewelry Shop"



Veuve Chaffard Pure Olive Oil

BOTTLED IN FRANCE

in Honest Bottles

Full Quarts

Full Pints

Full Half-pints

S. S. PIERCE CO.
BOSTON

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

A. S. NEWCOMB
Pinehurst

Real Estate and Insurance

General Office
Building