

The Week in Pinehurst



MRS. W. S. BUTTERFIELD AND HER FOUR DAUGHTERS, OF BATTLE CREEK, MICH. SECOND FROM LEFT, MISS GRACE STUDIFORD, OF NEW YORK, A RECENT GUEST AT THE BUTTERFIELD COTTAGE.

LAST WEEK WAS ADVERTISERS' WEEK. For at least fifteen years these pilgrims have been coming out of the North down to where the winter golf links grow, and in one week's time many of them crowd in enough golf to last them until the ice melts from off their home courses. They are personally conducted by Col. Treadwell and Donald Ross through the mazes of a bewildering tournament, which is to run on the admirable principle that if you play long enough you'll win a prize. Their wives and families come with them and they also have their tournaments, and every week wind up with a love feast and song and dance.

THE BERKSHIRE HOTEL opened on the 15th of this month, with Mr. J. M. Robinson again in charge. Old guests are filling up the house and cohorts of crack rifle shots will soon take possession of the entire establishment. They will note many changes in the interior decoration of the hotel and they will approve more especially the installation of a large number of private baths and the furnishings of the bedrooms. The staff includes Miss Lily M. Britton, Cashier; Miss T. E. Fawkes, Stenographer; Mr. Wm. T. Preble, Headwaiter; Mr. Thos. E. White, Chef; Mr. J. H. Gardner, Barber and Miss Ella Marsh, Housekeeper.

THE BALL AND BANQUET of the Advertisers were the high spots of the social week. The Advertisers take their golf very, very seriously. They play with blood in their eyes and murder in their hearts. They scrupulously follow every rule and convention. But if you saw them at a banquet or ball, you'd be surprised, as the song has it. They frolic and cavort and kick up their heels, and

now and then strike weird harmonies, by way of a song, and act for all the world like a bunch of sophomores let loose. The conventions mean nothing in their young lives. And why should they? Particularly at that fateful hour when the country was entering on a era of soda water and lemonade.

At the Ball, Thursday night, Mr. Souther and Mr. H. C. Hillholland directed the Lucky Number contest. The forty-eight couples on the floor were gradually eliminated from the contest by having their names drawn from an ominous looking hat. The last two couples on the floor were Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Keating, and Mr. Bellmore and Miss Dutch. Round and round they went, until Mr. Bellmore and Miss Dutch were told that they might as well sit down and rest, for Mr. and Mrs. Keating had won the contest. The last draw had left their names in the hat.

The Paul Jones was very capably directed by Mr. J. H. Livingston, Jr. Being Leap Year, the last dance was a Leap Year dance and the ladies chose their own partners.

There is testimony on record that the Banquet was a feast of reason and a flow of soul. It was held on the wettest day of the week, but it was a dry affair, except in isolated and glaring instances, as for example, in the case of the wise youth who brought his with him, poured it into a little glass, and in order that no one might steal it while he danced, carried it with him in his hand while fox-trotting between the tables. O tempora! O mores!

We are pleased to note the return to The Carolina of Mr. and Mrs. Brenton Tomkins and Miss Beatrice Morrison, of Summit, N. J. After a short and unpleasant experience with Florida's cold

and damp weather. They have decided to spend the balance of the winter in the Sand Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Homans, who have just returned from France, were recent guests of Mrs. Spencer Waters, at the Cherokee Cottage.

The A. J. Demotts are here again from Syracuse, N. Y., and have opened up the bungalow on the hill.

Mr. Beryman Ridges, of Surrey, England, is stopping at the Carolina. Ridges, who is one of England's most distinguished airmen and the most modest chap in the world, is recuperating from injuries received in action.

The following ladies held unbeatable hands at the last Monday Morning's Card Party at the Carolina, and emerged victorious; Mesdames Notman, Wetren, Wardwell, Keating, Barnum and Miss Waterhouse.

A violent epidemic of auction broke out at The Carolina coincident with the arrival of the Advertisers. Among those entertaining was Mr. Daniel Morse. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Walworth, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Faber and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Boustead. It was rumored at this party that the first prize would be no less than the Carolina Hotel itself. This, of course, made the play fast and furious, but a hitch in the arrangements wade it necessary at the last moment to substitute a beautiful cut glass vase in place of the hotel. This was won by Mrs. Walworth, second and third prizes going to Mrs. Faber and Mrs. Boustead. The Gentlemen won golf balls, and what more could they ask?

Another delightful party was that of Mr and Mrs. Frank Finney, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Murnan, Mr. and Mrs.

Rodney Boone. Fifteen years ago to the very day, Mr. and Mrs. Moore came to the Carolina on their honeymoon and their return to the same hotel on the anniversary was made a gala occasion by their many friends.

Last Wednesday morning there gathered at The Cypress the usual assemblage of enslaved bridge fiends. Miss Brayton entertained two tables at auction.

Mrs. A. S. Gilman, of Cleveland, Ohio, was hostess at auction last Saturday morning in her suite at The Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Noyes reached Pinehurst some days ago.

Mrs. Glidden Osborne is occupying the McKenzie Cottage this season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Harrison at the Holly Inn came down by auto and report four feet of snow in Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Andrews, of Akron, Ohio, have arrived in town.

These horseback parties, that Mrs. Spencer takes picnicking, are getting to be quite the rage. Those who have been once always want to go again. The variety is endless. They ride over to Jackson Springs and if they can't get lunch at the hotel they descend *en masse* on the genial Uncle Dunc, whose bill of fare offers a little variety from that of the Carolina. Or they go over to the Lumbee River and partake of the famous Reddy's wild hog ham. Or better still, they go to Thaggard's and fry their own bacon and eggs, and make their own toast and coffee. Among those who know the fun of these things are Miss Behre, Miss Peters, Mr. Earnest Rich, Mr. Everett Rich, Mr. Skinner, Miss Anne Merrill, Mrs Spencer Waters, Mr. Homans, Mr. E. Schworer, Mr. B. V. Harrison, the Misses Yeatman, Mr. Dobblin, Mr. Daniels and Misses Sanford.