

The Pinehurst Outlook

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ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY GOLF LINKS.

Beneath these rugged elms, that maple's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap,
Each in his last, eternal bunker laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Off to the harvest did their sickle yield,
Their furrow off the stubborn glebe has broke—
Ah, but they had no mashes then to wield,
They never learned to use the Vardon stroke.

The poor old souls, they only lived to toll,
To sow and reap and die, at last, obscure;
They never with their niblicks tore the soil—
How sad the golfless annals of the poor!

The pomp of power may once have thrilled the
souls
Of unenlightened men—to-day it slinks
Beneath the saving grace of eighteen holes!
The paths of glory lead but to the links.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart that would have quickened to the
game;

Hands that the lovely baffle might have swayed,
To Colonel Bogey's everlasting shame.

Full many a hole was passed by them unseen,
Because no fluttering flag was hoisted there;
Full many a smooth and sacred putting green
They tore up with the plough and didn't care.

Some village Taylor who, with dauntless breast,
Could wang the ball or swing the heavy maul;
Some mute, inglorious Travis here may rest,
Some Harriman who never lost a ball.

Far from the eager foursome's noble strife
They levelled bunkers and they piled the hay,
Content to go uncaddied all through life,
And never were two up with one to play!

No further seek their hardships to disclose,
Nor stand in wonder at their lack of worth;
Here in these bunkers let their dust repose—
They didn't know St. Andrews was on earth!
—S. E. Kiser, in Golf.

ADDENDUM BY A PINEHURST CADDIE.

Nor knew they yet of Pinehurst's varied field
Where famous golfers cut their highest links,
Where oft their mashes over bunkers wield
And do their eighteen holes in forty winks.

Things Seen About Pinehurst.

It is always a pleasure to observe the familiar things of life under new conditions. These conditions need not be radically different from the ordinary to awaken interest; on the contrary it is the slight variation of color, the increased or diminished humidity, the rise or fall of temperature, the direction of the light, and perhaps more than all, the expectant eye, that put a new face on Nature. It is vastly interesting to see how natural objects behave from day to day, how they accept their environment and adjust themselves to it. This is particularly so to a Northerner who visits the South for the first time and finds himself agreeably surprised on every hand.

For example the old familiar hard frost drops down some night quite suddenly, and the Northerner walks forth the next day, expecting to see all the vegetation blasted and dead. For many years he has watched the cruel descent upon his garden in the North, and if he be a sentimentalist he recalls the secret visits in former years to that garden, whither he had gone to bid a last farewell to the summer's beauty, and the next morning had found no trace of bloom or fragrance, nothing but wreck and ruin. To his sur-

prise these semi-tropical plants which he thought to be less hardy than in the north, refuse to believe in winter. The delicate petals of roses, pinks, pansies and violets wear a charmed life. They are the children of the sun, and make sport of ice and cold and assign them new tasks. Instead of allowing the frost to make an end to their brief days, they set the slayer to decorating them, and as a result over each living leaf of yucca or bay, rose or honeysuckle, or the fallen leaves of oak or maple, is woven not only a sparkling covering but the margins are edged with a fringe of frosted tissue. The same freezing fingers have drawn the moisture from the ground and fashioned it into slender crystal filaments. At the edge of paths, and in the shade of holly and broom we find this fragile growth of a night sprouting from the

even more pronounced. Small oaks, huckleberry bushes and many low growths unknown to me made the landscape a perfect sea of rose, warm burnt sienna, ochre and crimson. By this time I had learned my lesson well, and saw the value of adding brilliant foliage effects for the adornment of private grounds during the autumn rather than to expend all one's energies on flower beds for the summer season. Especially should this appeal to those whose grounds lie to the west of the entrance, so that in approaching the house one may catch the afternoon sunshine filtering through the leaves.

Another unfamiliar aspect is the intense silence of the woods about Pinehurst. One need not wander far beyond the gates, nor sit long upon a fallen log to have the stillness grow audible. Here



ground or bearing aloft a crown of tiny pebbles or soil as if it were the real blossoming of the earth.

We are apt to think of color only in connection with the flowers of plants and shrubs, and in making a garden, to place undue value upon those having a rich bloom. But lately I have learned new things in landscape gardening, taught by my old friend, Nature herself. Never in her merriest summer mood did she riot in color as this autumn; it was the flowering time of all her bloomless creations. Throughout New Hampshire and Massachusetts she had been saving her colors for the October carnival. Every hill was aflame with gorgeous blackberry bushes. Greenish grey lichen-covered ledges were covered with flaring red huckleberry bushes; the swamps and low meadows bloomed with the ruddy leaves of the cranberry. Coming further south the paler tones of tan and yellow and even flame color seen in the beech and maple disappeared, but the reds were

there are many days when a hush falls upon the earth, no leaf rustles, no bird sings, no cricket chirps, no living creature stirs, no cloud moves across the sky; the landscape is as lifeless as a painted canvas, and you yourself grow sceptical of your own reality. The longer you sit the more fantastic and improbable do the trees and earth seem, until it takes a great effort to shake off the illusions and drop back into the active, bustling world, where one realizes afresh that every leaf must act its little part, if it be no more than to play and coquet with the wind; that birds must sing and clouds float and hammers rings in the distance to keep men sane and normal. We must have action and sound, else Nature would oppress us as we are by a bad dream of the night where nothing moves, nor is anything brought to pass. H. R. A.

"Queer, But True."

A lady who keeps a summer boarding house at the seashore near Boston went

down one day to look the house over and find out what must be renewed. She found numerous umbrellas left by former boarders, and tying them together took the bundle to Boston, to have them repaired. She stopped in at Hovey's and laid the bundle on the floor at her feet at the counter. When she had made her purchase she forgot the umbrellas, and absentmindedly picked up an umbrella lying on the counter, thinking it was hers, or not thinking at all, and started off. Then the owner of the umbrella, a woman standing next her, seized her and said very sharply, "You have taken my umbrella!" Of course she apologized, feeling much cut up about it, and went out, forgetting in her fluster her own bundle of umbrellas. The next day, on her way to Cambridge, she went to Hovey's and readily recovered her lost package of umbrellas, which had been kept for her. On the car for Cambridge she noticed a lady eyeing her very closely. Presently this lady leaned forward and said to her, with elegant emphasis:

"You seem to have been more fortunate to-day!"

It was the lady whose umbrella she had taken the day before.—*Boston Transcript.*

Well Informed.

Monday morning.

The passenger in the elevator of the large apartment house sniffed the air.

"Seems to me, William," she said, "I smell cabbage."

"Yes'm replied the elevator boy. "The Fergusons, on the third floor back, is cookin' 'em fur dinner."

Tuesday afternoon.

"If I am not mistaken, William, there is a strong odor of mutton here."

"Yes'm. They're havin' mutton fur dinner at the Welkersons', on the next floor, about half-way back."

Wednesday.

"William, where does that smell of onions come from?"

"Comes f'm the Cluppinses', ma'am. Their company's gone, and they don't have any meat to-day."

Thursday evening.

"I think I notice a flavor of soap in the atmosphere, William."

"Yes'm. The Brinkmeyers is doin' their washin'. They do that every two weeks."

Friday.

"Who's having fish to-day, William?"

"The Swallingers, on the fourth floor, the Bridlecombes, an' the Giffords, an' the Shadwells, on the second floor, an' the Jordleses, on the third. The Dorans is goin' to have turkey, but they hain't begun to cook it yet."

"Do you know what we are to have for dinner, William?"

"Yes'm. Cold meat an' turnips—but I won't tell anybody ma'm."—*Chicago Tribune.*