

The Pinehurst Outlook

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(Founded by JAMES W. TUFTS.)

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SATURDAY DEC. 31, 1904.

Talk Happiness.

Talk happiness!
Not now and then, but every
Blessed day,
Even if you don't believe
The half of what
You say;
There's no room here for him
Who whines as on his
Way he goes;
Remember, son, the world is
Sad enough without
Your woes.
Talk happiness each chance
You get—and
Talk it good and strong!
Look for it in
The byways as you grimly
Plod along:
Perhaps it is a stranger now
Whose visit never
Comes;
But talk it! Soon you'll find
That you and Happiness
Are chums.

—J. W. Wright, in N. Y. Sun.

The Calendar.

A little bit of sunshine,
A little bit of snow,
A little heap of autumn leaves
Where roses used to grow;
A little bit of darkness,
And a little bit of day,
A smile and then a sigh
For little pleasures passed away.
A little bit of folly
And a little bit of sense,
A little bit of saving
And a little wild expense;
A little bit of sorrow
And a little bit of cheer,
A little bit of waiting
And we've rounded out the year.

—Washington Star.

Such a Pretty Girl.

She's not particularly bright—
At school they called her dull;
A boy in such case would bemoan
The thickness of his skull.
But, now, when young men look at her,
Their brains are in a whirl;
She's no Minerva—what of that?
She's such a pretty girl!
She hasn't very much so say,
And doesn't say it well;
And yet, men readily admit,
She weaves a wondrous spell.
No man denies her facile charm,
Unless he is a churl,
She's slow and stupid—what of that?
She's such a pretty girl!

—Somerville Journal.

ON PINEHURST LINKS.

Original Song Sung at Megacephalic Mastodon Minstrels by F. A. King.

Talk about the shade of the sheltering palms,
Praise the bamboo tree and its wide-spreading
arms,
What more charming spot in the sunny south-
land
Than here in the home of the pine and the sand?
Often to the Golf links my footsteps I turn,
Chase the saucy pill round a ten-acre lot;
When I stub a drive I feel my temper grow hot,
My thoughts find expression in words that do
burn.

CHORUS;

Come, come, come and play golf with me,
Out on the Pinehurst Golf Links!
Come, come, come and drink tea with me
Out on the Pinehurst Golf Links!
Trevy Sharpe's fiddle plays,
(Ach, du lieber Augustin!)
Plays every Saturday. (Yah! SURE!)
Ah! No! can't get a high-ball here,
Out on the Pinehurst Golf Links—!

First you make your tee with a little wet sand,
Then you take your stand with your feet
spread out nice,
Now to be in style give a waggle quite grand,
Swing slowly back or you surely will slice:
Then with snap of wrist and a sure follow
through
Give a rapid swing, keep your eye on the ball.
Watch it soar aloft now, but don't you say
"Damn!"
When it falls in the trap as it often will do.

CHORUS:

The smiling caddy says, when you come to the
pond,
"Heah yo' is, Boss, don't you want a ol' ball?"
But you proudly mount the tee, though you feel
your heart fall,
The splash that you hear makes your score fifty-
nine.
Take heart! there's consolation awaiting in
front.
Just blow your tin whistle and win hole eleven!
Sorrows all forgot, you will think you're in
heaven,
Even though next you must cross Helen Hunt.

CHORUS:

A PHYSICIANS TRIALS.

Amusing Story Related in Holly Inn Lobby.

"We have some very amusing calls,"
said a physician at the Holly Inn the other
evening, "but I think one of the most
exasperating cases that has ever come to
my notice occurred last summer.

"It was a desperately hot night in
August when a small boy rang my bell
summoning me, in all possible haste, to a
house some blocks away. I hurried out
and not finding a car, walked the distance
at some inconvenience, feeling that every
moment I could save would be valuable.

"When I reached the house I was
shown up into a stuffy hot room upon an
upper floor, in which every window was
closed. I found my patient, a woman
weighing something less than 300, in bed
fairly loaded down with blankets, and in
response to my inquiry I received this in-
formation:"

"Doctor, I find myself in a violent
perspiration and am utterly at a loss to
account for it."

Sunday Services.

Sunday services will be held regularly
in The Village Hall Sunday morning;
Episcopal services at ten and Union at
eleven-fifteen.

BALL SWEEPSTAKES.

H. W. Priest and S. Eiseman are Prize Winners.

A ball sweepstakes was a special golf
feature Tuesday H. W. Priest (13.) win-
ning first with 84 and S. Eiseman (16.)
second with 86.

The scores were as follows:

	Out	In	Gr	Hp	Net
H. W. Priest	51	46	97	13	84
S. Eiseman	52	50	102	16	86
T. S. Napier	49	48	97	10	87
A. I. Creamer	49	52	101	13	88
J. H. Clapp	49	49	98	6	92
M. B. Byrnes	55	57	112	20	92
W. A. Johnston	62	56	118	24	94
Capt. J. P. Crane	57	56	113	18	95
C. M. Brett	51	49	100	4	96
H. W. Chapman	60	56	116	18	98
F. E. Belden	58	58	116	22	98
J. I. Cameron	71	63	134	35	99
G. Lee Knight	54	49	103	3	100
H. R. Mallinson	64	65	120	20	109
W. E. Putnam					No card
T. B. Cotter					No card
F. A. King					No card
S. R. Vickers					No card
A. G. Warren					No card
W. C. Johnson					No card
L. R. Fuller					No card
J. R. Tait					No card

CHRISTMAS AT THE CEDARS.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Evans Entertain the Guests Pleasantly.

A Christmas tree given by Mr. and Mrs.
H. D. Evans, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., for
their little son Leland, made a merry
Christmas at The Cedars in which the
guests joined by invitation. A beautiful
Holly tree with its novel decorations and
array of gifts, was the central feature,
testifying to the loving thoughtfulness of
many friends.

Christmas day passed pleasantly and
inspection of the gifts received by the
guests was a special feature for The
Cedars is like one great family under
Mrs. Stacey's management and the guests
mingle freely. In the evening German
cakes were served by Mrs. Otto and Mrs.
Zieber and tea by Mrs. Evans.

The past two weeks have brought addi-
tional guests, among them Mr. H. D.
Evans and Master Harold R. Evans, of
Boston, who join Mrs. Evans.

Mortimer A. Seabury, of Wellesley
Hills, Mass., joins his parents, Rev. and
Mrs. J. B. Seabury.

Mr. Arthur Sherman, of Northboro,
Mass., is here for an extended visit.

Berkshire Opens Tomorrow.

Manager Sherrard has everything in
readiness for the opening of The Berk-
shire tomorrow, and a goodly company
of early guests will register during the
day.

The Carolina Opening.

The Carolina will open with an ex-
ceptionally large number of early guests,
Monday January ninth, receiving a few
friends a day or so earlier.

Hettie—"Do you think it right for a
woman to promise to obey the man she
marries?"

Nettie—"It is right to promise."

AT HOLLY INN AND HARVARD

(Continued from Second Page)

arrivals.

Mr. S. Halline, of Brooklyn, comes to
remain until spring.

Mr. John H. Stone and Mr. John H.
Stone, Jr., of Boston, are here for a few
weeks.

Miss E. Ronson, of Raleigh, is a recent
arrival.

Mrs. Edward J. Fox, Sr., of Easton,
Pa., returns for the season.

Mrs. James W. Mills, of Philadelphia,
comes for her second season.

Mr. E. J. Howe, of Boston, will spend
the season here.

Mr. J. H. Clapp, of Washington, is
making a return visit.

Mr. T. B. Brown, of New York, will
remain several weeks.

Mr. Chas. A. O'Brien, of Pittsburg, is
making a short stay.

Mr. Y. S. Napier, of New York is a
late arrival.

AT THE HARVARD.

Progressive Whist Enjoyed—Week Brings New Arrivals.

Mr. B. B. Glenny, Mr. B. B. Glenny,
Jr., and Miss Anna Glenny, of Sheffield,
Mass., join Mrs. B. B. Glenny.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jolly, of Newark,
N. J., are making a short visit. Pro-
fessional Jolly will play a match with
Professional Alee Ross before leaving.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. Check and Miss
Ethel S. Check, of East Orange, N. J.,
return for the winter and are warmly
greeted by many old friends.

Mr. H. F. Sise, of Medford, Mass., is
here for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hobart, of Cincin-
nati, O., are among Wednesday's arrivals.

AN EVENING AT WHIST.

The weekly progressive whist party at
The Harvard Wednesday evening was
enjoyable. The first women's prize, a
dainty silk opera glass bag, was won by
Mrs. B. B. Glenny, of Sheffield, Mass.,
and the second a writing pad, was taken
by Mrs. J. A. Gard, of Gaston, Conn.
The men's first prize, a burnt leather pipe
rack, went to Mr. H. W. Chapman, of
New York, and the second, a whisk broom
in a burnt leather case, to Mr. B. B.
Glenny, of Sheffield, Mass.

The participants included Mrs. Chap-
man, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Horwil, Mrs.
Hansel, Mrs. Check, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs.
Porter, Miss Cary, Miss Florence Bartlett,
Dr. Porter, Mr. Abbott and Master
Abbott.

In Gala Attire.

The Department Store has been in
Holiday gala attire for a week past; very
attractively decorated within with Christ-
mas greens and brilliantly illuminated
without by vari-colored incandescent
lights.

At The Magnolia.

Mrs. Henry W. Brown of Worcester,
Mass., returns to The Magnolia for the
season. She has been an annual visitor
for many years.