

# The Pinehurst Outlook

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

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## A CASE OF THEY ALSO RAN

This was Position of Hounds in First Paper Chase of Season.

Wiley Hares Leave Intricate Trail and Have Things all Their Own Way Monday.

THE manifest interest in and success of the Paper Chase, held Monday afternoon, speaks well for future events of this character of which it is the first, and which promise to do much toward awakening an additional interest in an already popular pastime. The affair was arranged on the impulse of the moment, in response to a general demand, but it was, nevertheless, an unqualified success from start to finish, and will furnish a pleasant topic of conversation for many a day to come.

To be sure, the "hares" had things all their own way, finishing a good thirty minutes ahead of the "hounds," but nobody felt especially chagrined or jubilant, for the pursuers found just as much pleasure in figuring out the intricate trail as the pursued did in making it. Then after the run, everybody told everybody else just where they went and what they did; just what they would do if they were to run the race over, and in the end, the hounds became confident that the hares escaped only through accident, and the hares were more fully convinced than ever that they never could be caught.

The meet was at The Inn at shortly after two o'clock, a company of guests and Villagers gathering to watch the start. Twenty minutes' lead was the time allotted the hares, (Miss Mary Dutton and Mr. J. Cushing Todd, both of Boston,) and with the express understanding that they should not be gone over one hour and leave a trail of paper slips over the entire journey, beginning at the Goat Farm gate.

At the click of the watches the hares were off like the wind, while the steeds of the hounds danced in rhythm to the musical clatter, seeming to understand that sooner or later they were to do the same thing.

One, two, three minutes dragged and then someone had the temerity to enquire how long the hares had been gone, and on being informed that only three minutes had elapsed seemed inclined to question the timekeepers. Fifteen minutes dragged along next with frequent re-

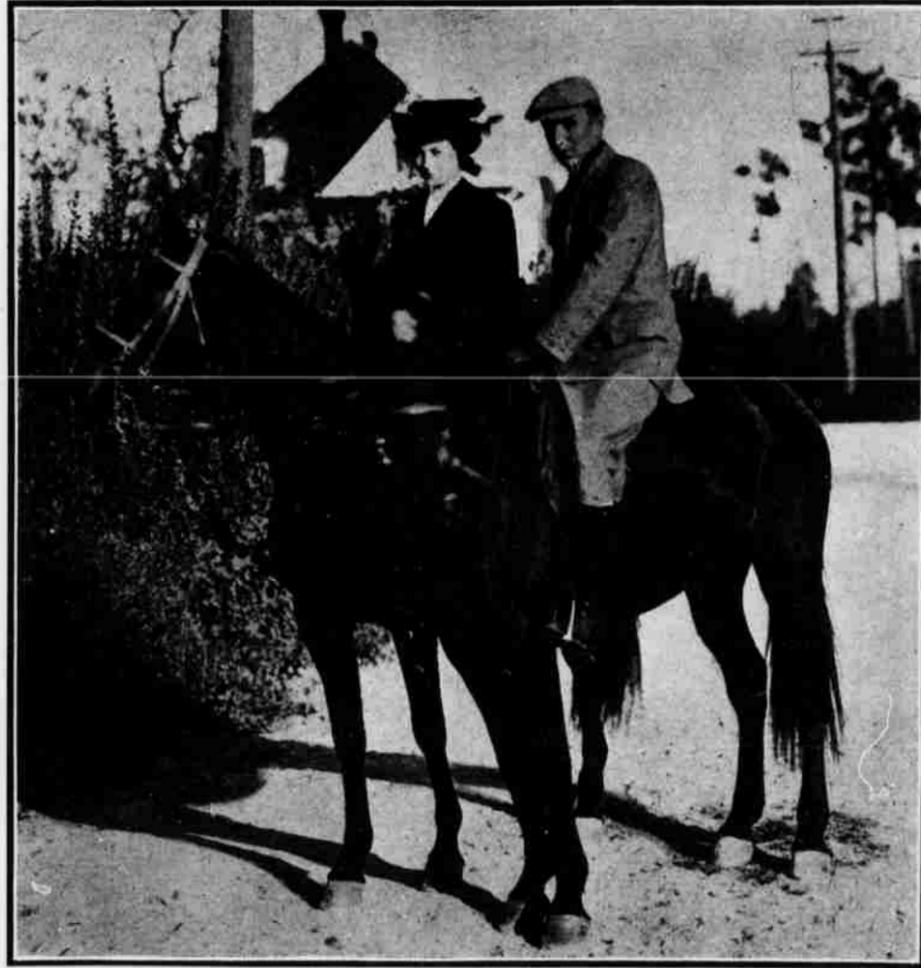
quests for the time and evident impatience, until, finally, the party agreed to walk to the gate. Then the cavalcade moved slowly through the Village and the remaining time allowance of the start was used up in this way.

Clear and white the trail stood out at the gate, leading down the chicken farm road, and with a wild whoop, the pack gave cry. Down the road for a short distance, it dashed and then the trail swung sharply to the left and twisted and turned through the scrub oak, on and on, up hill and down in bewildering maze. Close bunched, the hounds followed and, presently, the scent grew hot on a cart road, and then, suddenly, ceased in a

double after double being unravelled until, finally, the trail stood out sharp and clear in a bit of burnt ground only to be lost in another double, which being unravelled, brought the hunters close to the Village fence and not far from the gate where the hares started.

It was all very easy after that, but the birds had flown, and the only reward of the leaders of the pack, Mrs. Tufts, Mr. Fahey and Mr. Jillson, was the finding of the empty paper sacks, precisely twenty minutes after the hares had dropped them.

A moment later the hares put in an appearance, returning from their run to the hotel, and together the company set off



MR. AND MRS. NATHANIEL F. MOORE, CHICAGO.

faint scattering of paper at crossroads.

"They've doubled," cried someone, and upon all sides the hounds spread out like bees, scattering to find the trail again; but the minutes passed with no sign of where the quarry had gone. Then slowly down the back track a few worked until, finally, the point where the double turned off was discovered. Then once more, the cry was taken up, but this time by only a remnant of the pack, for the majority were hunting aimlessly beyond the point where the false trail ended.

In and out the eager hounds worked,

to round up the scattered pack and to say that the game was over. At evening, came the jolly reunion of hounds and hares, where differences were forgotten, and plans were laid for future events which will, doubtless, be of frequent occurrence.

The hounds in the chase were Mrs. Leonard Tufts, Miss Alice Dutton, Mr. B. P. P. Mosley, Mr. Harry W. Brown, Mr. J. H. Fahey, Boston; Miss Helen Taylor, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. R. B. Gregory, Chicago; Mr. H. W. Toothaker, Hartford, and Mr. Herbert L. Jillson, Worcester, Mass.

## PERPLEXING PROBLEMS

Clever Representations Baffle Guests at Holly Inn Book Party.

Easy When You Know Kind and Humorous Riddles Prevail—The Prize Winners.

SATURDAY evening's Book Party at The Inn, drew together a congenial company of Village guests and a pleasant hour was spent in figuring out the puzzling problems presented. "Well-known" books were asked for, but this offered a wide range for individual selection which covered varying portions of the literary map.

Humorous riddles were in the majority, of real impersonations there were a few, and a number of clever devices baffled the company completely.

Prizes were given for the largest number of correct guesses and the best representations, the latter choice being decided by vote, Miss Anne L. Hay of New York, and Mr. R. B. Gregory of Chicago, tying, Miss Hay winning on the draw.

Miss Hay's book was one of the "easy when you know" kind, and a general ripple of laughter went round the room when it was announced; the title being hidden in a poster announcing the Book Party, and was, naturally, "The Affair at The Inn."

Mr. Gregory's puzzle was a clever reproduction of a group of four figures partially concealed behind a curtain, and it was very apparent to all, when explained, that it was "The Choir Invisible."

Among other very clever devices was Miss Elizabeth Macfarlane's "Desperate Remedies," represented by a string of pharmacy bottles, labelled nitro-glycerine, anti-toxin, morphine and strychnine.

Dr. George S. Hill concealed his book in a picture of a young woman in an agony of angry tears; the cry sis—"The Crisis," and Mrs. Hill's device was a type line reading "The Pinehurst General Office"—"The Seats of the Mighty."

Mr. Aug. F. Brombacher had a picture of a man perched upon an express box marked for Pinehurst; easily "The Man on the Box," when one knew.

Dr. J. H. Packard gave not only the name of his book but its author, in the form of an elongated letter A, with two dots beside it; in no sense a broad by (or beside) two marks—"Innocence Abroad,"

(Concluded on page nine.)