

## The Pinehurst Outlook

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(Founded by JAMES W. TUFTS)

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### The Small Boy's Complaint.

I go to bed before it's dark,  
And lie and hear my doggie bark.  
His name is Budge, but he's a pup,  
He's crying 'cause they chain him up.  
I want to have him sleep with me,  
But mother's 'fraid I'll get a flea.  
Of course that's only her excuse,  
Because for dogs she has no use.  
My father says a woman can  
Make things uncomfortable for man.  
He said it low because, I fear,  
He was afraid that she would hear.  
Now what he says is always right,  
I often think of it at night,  
'Cause mother is so awful neat,  
She always makes us wipe our feet.  
'Cept when there's mud, our feet, you see,  
Are just as clean as they can be.  
And once I'm almost sure I heard  
My father say an awful word;  
He whipped so hard my brother Sam  
For saying it—the word was dam.  
They had a game of bridge one day,  
Budge barked so loud they couldn't play.  
The ladies said that dogs and boys  
Got on their nerves, they made such noise.  
'Twas then she said that Budge must go;  
How hard I cried she'll never know.  
I said to father, "Let's go, Dad,  
And run away—she treats us bad."  
He had a twinkle in his eye  
Like he would laugh, while I could cry,  
Said he "My son, we'll never find  
A mother who would be so kind."  
She kissed me awful hard that night  
And said: "My dear, 'twill all come right."  
That gave me comfort, what I heard,  
For mother never breaks her word.  
Tho' one thing sure, you bet your life  
When I'm a man, I'll have no wife.  
Tho' if I had to chose some other,  
With all her faults, I'd marry mother.  
She's lots of fun, and very sweet;  
Her only fault is being neat.  
By that time Budge will grow so high  
That he won't have to howl and cry.  
Dad will live with us just the same,  
For she won't have to change her name.  
He says by then we'll be quite bold,  
She won't mind dirt, she'll be too old.

### How She Made Her First Cake.

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air,  
The milk and sugar also, and she took the greatest care  
To count the eggs correctly and to add a little bit  
Of baking powder, which you know, beginners oft omit:  
Then she stirred it all together,  
And she baked it for an hour:  
But she never quite forgave herself  
For leaving out the flour.

### ANCIENT ENGINEERING.

#### Another Case of Nothing New Under the Sun.

Unmistakable evidence exists that 2,500 years ago certain Hebrew engineers (in the time of King Heze-Kiah) executed exactly the same kind of work which was carried on in the Simplon tunnel, though perhaps on a slightly smaller scale.

Dr. Bertholet, a professor at the university of Basel, is the gentleman who claims to have made this discovery. The Jewish records state that King Heze-Kiah, or Ezekias, who reigned at Jerusalem 727 B. C., was much troubled at the bad state of the water supplied to the people of that city. He accordingly had a vast reservoir made at the gates of the city, to which water was fed from various springs lying at greater or less distances from the reservoir in question.

At first his project seemed doomed to failure, as there existed between Jerusalem and the springs from which the water was to be derived a high chain of hills, over which it would be impossible to convey the water. It was therefore determined to open a passage for the water through the solid rock. One of the Sirack manuscripts dating from this period states in this connection: 'Heze-Kiah fortified the city by bringing water thereto, and he bored through the solid rock by means of bronze, and he collected the water in a reservoir.'

Recent explorations have enabled this predecessor of the Simplon to be thoroughly identified. It is said to be the Shiloah tunnel by means of which water was brought down from a source to the east of Jerusalem and poured into the pool of Siloam, mentioned in the Bible. This conduit is 360 yards long. The distance, as the bird flies, between the two mouths of the tunnel is also only 360 yards, which proves that the work was not executed in a perfectly straight line—due doubtless to the difficulties which the engineers encountered in their task, which (for the period) was of a really marvelous nature.

That the work was commenced from both ends of the tunnel is not only proved by the inscription, but also by the fact that the marks of the boring tools, picks, etc., may still be seen, all bearing in opposite directions. The direction of the tunnel was altered several times during the construction thereof, as there are several short galleries which were evidently abandoned as soon as it was noted that working was being done out of line. The floor of the tunnel is finished with the greatest care, and the workings vary from five-eighths of a yard to one yard in width by from three feet to nine feet in height, more or less, according to the hardness of the rock.

In the light of modern engineering science, the following questions suggest themselves: How did these old-time engineers gage their direction, recognize and remedy their errors in alignment? What tools did they use to execute a piece of work which has remained without equal or rival for 2,500 years.

Thus history repeats itself; "there is nothing new under the sun."

### TREES FIGHT EACH OTHER.

#### Struggle for Existence not Alone Confined to Mankind.

As an answer in part to those who decry the cutting of trees by the Metropolitan park commission, Arthur A. Shurtleff presented a paper before the Boston Scientific society at its last meeting, which was entitled The Improvement of the Forests of the Metropolitan Park System. The paper, says the Boston Transcript, was one of unusual interest and of a nature to give an insight into some of the principles of forestry for picture purposes. It was illustrated throughout by artistic chalk illustrations and apt expressions.

"A humane person," said the speaker, "could do no better deed than the stopping of a war or a fight between individuals, yet this same person will cry out in dismay if a single tree is cut down. It is one of the duties of the forester to stop the fights between trees, which are between ephemeral trees and permanent ones, and which can have no other result if continued than grave injury to the permanent trees, while the ephemeral ones will be lost to us by natural processes within a few years even if they survive the conflict with the long-lived ones.

Mr. Shurtleff showed first how trees affect one another when growing in close proximity, noting that some of them, the pines, hemlocks and others, when destroyed by the ax or by fire, do not sprout again from the same root, while others, the oak, maple and beech, are in the habit of sending up sprouts from the old stumps. Of the seedlings which spring up in the forest 80 to 90 per cent, die at an early age, but they leave their mark. Certain of the survivors, but at the same time trees of short life, endure the term of their existence, but they also leave their marks on the more permanent trees.

The birches make war on the slowgrowing oaks; a birch whose life is but 15 years, may have permanently injured or disfigured an oak which would have been a joy to the lover of the woods for a century or two. It is a work of mercy to remove the birch. Dead trees, with their insect pests which threaten to destroy the living ones; wolf-trees, which, by their mass and shade, destroy the seedlings, yet which, being already under the shadow of death, cannot themselves long endure, and many other forms of strife between the trees, all come within the scope of the forester. In cutting down of trees, therefore, even if there seem to be in the destruction of fine specimens, means, when in the hands of a competent forester, in the preservation of other and better trees for the enjoyment of posterity.

### Union Services.

All persons in the Village interested in a Union Church Service are invited to meet at Village Hall next Sabbath afternoon, January 7th, after the Union Vesper Service, for general conversation and to hear a report from two members of last years committee.

### UNFAMILIARITY ATTRACTS

#### Salmagundi Party at The Holly Inn Provides Merry Evening.

#### Strange Combination of Games Puzzles Participants and Furnishes Fun for All.

ATTENDANCE at the Salmagundi Party at The Holly Inn, Saturday evening, was by no means, confined to those familiar with the strange combination of "games" played. On the contrary, it was unfamiliarity and novelty which attracted, and the final balance proved that all were equally handicapped. In addition to the merriment which the participants enjoyed, one must not forget the company of onlookers who laughed until their sides ached as they watched the various struggles.

It all began easy enough at table number one, where the familiar game of hearts held sway, but at number two, where needle threading was the rule, there was trouble for all, and spelled in capital letters.

Then there came a breathing spell at number three, with quiet, old fashioned dominoes, but more trouble at number four, where handkerchiefs were stitched. Number five gave variety in a bean counting contest, and number six amusement with a child's fish pond game.

Then, oh joy, came Tiddley Winks and lame fingers, and last but not least, a bowl of peanuts and a rush to see who could remove the largest number in the shortest time, by aid of two toothpicks.

Participants played in couples and progressed, points being awarded to the winning couples, and prizes given for the two highest scores made by both men and women. The men, however, were not in the running for a moment, Mrs. W. Hetherington, of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. Emery Marvel, of Atlantic City, carrying off their prizes. Mrs. H. Colt, of New London, Ct., and Miss Madeline Hartman, of Waterbury, secured the womens prizes.

### Followed Her Instructions.

Mrs. N was giving instructions to her new servant: "Before removing the soup plates, Mary, always ask each person if he or she would like any more."

"Very good, madam."

Next day Mary, respectfully bowing to one of the guests, inquired: "Would the gentleman like some more soup?"

"Yes, please."

"There isn't any left."

### Miss Hartman Sings.

Miss Madeline Hartman of Waterbury, Ct., contributed to the pleasure of the Sunday evening concert at The Holly Inn, with a solo "Because", by Hardelot, which was encored.