

## The Pinehurst Outlook

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(Founded by JAMES W. TUFTS)

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### My Heart Goes Out to You.

Across the spaces of the night  
My heart, O love, goes out to you,  
As doth a homing bird in flight!

You are the crown of all delight,  
To happiness the only clue,  
Across the spaces of the night!

By swirling depth, by dizzy height,  
I fare upon a course as true  
As doth a homing bird in flight!

Your smile—it is my beacon bright;  
Your heart—the port I haste unto  
Across the spaces of the night,  
As doth a homing bird in flight!

O love, if you wander afar,  
Do you dream that you leave me behind?  
My heart owns no bar,  
But flyeth as fleet as the wind,  
As swift as the light of a star!

Are you here, O my love, are you there,  
In valley, on hill-slope or height,  
Your going I share—  
Your coming—doth yield me delight  
Who fare wheresoever you fare.

I am more than a vision; am more  
Than elusion, evasion or art,  
For I have crept into the core,  
Yea, into the shrine of your heart,  
Forever to dwell and adore!



### If He Could Find You, Dear.

However bleak the sky,  
However dark the day,  
St. Valentine, with steadfast eye,  
Will find his wintry way.  
It matters not how low  
The clouds hang on the hill,  
St. Valentine through blinding snow  
Takes his long journey still.

I used to marvel, love,  
At this insistent saint;  
Though gray the skies above  
His heart was never faint.  
But now I understand  
His courage and good cheer.  
Who would not tread the wintry land  
If he could find you, dear?



### Dig Deep and Pay Ten!

There once was a caddy named Ben  
Who pinched a golf ball now and then,  
But, by the look of his phiz  
You'd feel sure it was his—  
Dig deep in your jeans and pay ten!

## OLDEN-TIME VALENTINES

**E**XCEPTING only Christmas and Easter, St. Valentine's day is the oldest of all our holidays, for it has been celebrated since the third century; originally designed to do honor to St. Valentine's memory. Eventually the element of secular love was introduced and, later on, it was made an occasion of honor to Cupid, until now the Master of Hearts may, popularly speaking, almost claim the festival as his own.

England is the country in which the sending of valentines has found most favor, perhaps, for the reason that while the British swain is quite as amative as his cousins on the Continent he does not possess the same agile tongue, nor is he as bold in his declaration of affection. He therefore early adopted the custom of using tender verses or delicately suggestive pictures for personal advances. Home-made verses and original drawings depicting or in some way indicating the warm desire of the artist to be forever united with the object of his desire were the forerunners of those manufactured pictures and chap books of "appropriate rhymes" greatly in vogue between 1780 and 1830.

How extensive was the demand for these gems of literature and art can be concluded from the fact that two thousand valentines and sixty chap books have escaped oblivion, and now form the collection of Mr. Frank House Baer of Cleveland, Ohio.

The earliest of the little books in this unique collection was published in 1797, thus antedating by some years the specimen preserved in the British Museum. "The Annual and Universal Valentine Writer," for such is its title, opens with the following effusion:

Hark, the birds sweetly sing  
To welcome the spring.  
Each bird is a-wooling,  
The doves are a-cooing;  
In pairs how they happily join.  
Like them, let us woo,  
Be contented and true,  
For this is St. Valentine.

The last one of these books appeared in 1830, and since that time St. Valentine has by degrees withdrawn his shrine from public view, to set it up in the nursery. The decay of sentiment, which began to be pronounced in the last generation and is scarcely fashionable among the practical young lads and lassies of today, causes those ingenious missives, which in 1830 were considered to be the expression of manly feeling and maiden tenderness, to be regarded as antiquated curiosities. Because present day fashion despises the simplicity of the old time valentine, the shy or keenly sensitive suitor dares not venture to test the responsive temper of desired sweetheart by delicate, insinuating verses, nor may a languishing maid tempt her tardy sweetheart to become more eager by encouraging him with a valentine to speak and be successful. Thus many timid hearts are left lonely and aching by the decline of the privileges once accorded this popular saint's day.

Judging from the number and diversity of the rhymes contained in the sixty pamphlets now in Mr. Baer's possession, all the poetasters in the United Kingdom must have been kept busy for weeks composing these gems. The tradespeople are furnished with bold and eager verses which not only tell of love, but pleasingly advertise business and with appropriate puns bristle. The convenient little volumes leave no tradesman who can hold a pen unprovided with eloquent copy in which to speak his love. The staymaker, the dyer, the oil man and the weaver and countless others are helped in their wooing and even the schoolmaster is not neglected. In tender verse he declares:

Tho' I have many pupils, yet  
From thee love's lessons I must get.  
My Case is Vocative—the same mood  
Be thine—that must be understood.

Pretty poor poetry for a schoolmaster, but a fair sample of its kind! In "Everybody's Valentine" even "a person of low occupation" is made to woo with calm dignity.

Altho' my occupation's mean,  
I wish my girl to know  
On Sunday I am very clean,  
And seem more high than low.

We cannot help wishing that the following prepared answer was speedily despatched to soothe his heart:

The high and low—all-'tis allowed,  
From Adam do arise;  
And there I am not so proud  
The humble to despise.

The choice rhetoric and lofty sentiment of "Hymen's Rhapsodies for Gentlemen Who Wish to Address Ladies in Sonnets" is a strong contrast to "The Quizzical or Satirical Valentine Writer," prepared for those revengeful and disappointed creatures who took advantage of this day to indulge in cruel personalities or vent their spite for rejected affection. Fancy receiving this missive with your morning chocolate! It is dated 1803, "To a Lady Who Squints":

Thy charming peepers must delight;  
They yield a most convenient sight;  
Convenient! I do not deride,  
For you can see on either side.

One does not wonder that the lady's indignation got the better of her poetic metre when she answered:

Cupid, it is plain enough,  
Never dictated such stuff,  
Or, by Venus, if he did,  
He'd have been severely chid.

The titles of these old pamphlets are most alluring. There is "Cupid's Festival," "Cupid's Budget," "Cupid's Cabinet and Court of Love," "Polite Valentine Writers," "Rhapsodies and Pastimes," and, finally, select verses for the "Belles and Bucks Who Throng to Hymen's Court."

The true labor of love is visible in a homemade valentine which is one of the gems of Mr. Baer's collection. Ingeniously and industriously cut out with a pen-knife and then tastefully colored, no text was needed to define the depth of sentiment.

Among the cherished old papers of many families could be found reminders of the time when the celebration was a serious matter, but these documents rarely become public property.

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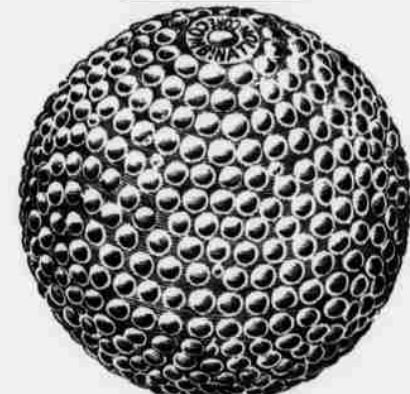
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