

The Pinehurst Outlook

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"AIN'T IT ORFUL, MABUL?"

Story of Belles vs. Beaux Ball Game
Briefly Told by Phoebe.

Hit by "Miss Casey at the Bat" and
Assist by Umpire Saves Game
in Ninth Inning.

AIN'T it orful, Mabul? An' did you ever see men in sich git ups an' sich carryin's on?" Thus Phoebe on the side lines, told the story of the baseball farce between the "Belles and the Beaux" and the only thing to be added is detail concerning play, costumes and the crowd.

The best part of the Village assembled to enjoy the fun and from start to finish the crowd laughed until its sides ached, at the men who strove to overcome the handicap of women's costumes, complete even to *lingerie*; struggled vainly, hopelessly, pitifully; struggled until great beads of perspiration stood out upon their foreheads, with their fair opponents sweet, cool and fresh, sleeves rolled up and collars turned in, whisking about bases with merry laughter.

No one, of course, blames the umpire, but "if" he hadn't been a man the score might have been different and the pennant floating proudly in the left corridor of The Holly Inn—formen only—instead of gracing the mantle at the right—reserved for women.

It was the Belles who made the first run, it was the Belles who led 'till the seventh when the Beaux "found the ball" and tied the score, gaining a lead in the next inning and retiring confident and contented, 10 to 8.

Try as they would in the seventh and eighth the Belles could not tag the home plate, but the batting order fell on the ace in the ninth and the last try, and in short order, the bases were full with eager, bright-eyed expectant maidens. A sigh swept across the field as the crowd caught its breath expectantly, the birds ceased to sing, the wind to rustle the pine tops, as from afar off, escaping steam at the Power House sounded like distant thunder, ominous and foreboding.

Then an exultant roar broke forth on all sides which the hills of Carthage caught up and echoed back, screaming victory! victory! VICTORY! with "Miss Casey at the Bat!" Deep into his hip the pitcher ground the ball, a moment his long, lithe figure was poised aloft; across

the plate the whirling sphere darted.

"Strike one!" yelled the umpire and the crowd rose as one man to mob him, but Miss Casey loftily waved it back, stooping to rub her palms in the sand and grip the bat anew.

Once more the pitcher squirmed and writhed, once more the sphere cleaved the pine-laden atmosphere, leaving behind a purple film of smoke.

"Strike two!" murmured the umpire and the crowd was stilled in the excitement of the moment. Then came the highball Miss Casey was waiting for and she met it fair and square. Straight out it went to the umpire's feet who quickly fell upon it, and the Beaux promptly piling on top of him. When the ambulance arrived Miss Casey, breathless, was just crossing the home plate and the game was won, 12 to 10.

Mr. J. Scott Walker of Orange, Va., posed for "onyx hoisery" without the onyx, and occasionally one got a glimpse of the figured red wrapper he wore, above which was a North Carolina sombrero, tied down with a bolt or two of yellow bunting.

Mr. George H. Pushee of Weston, Mass., wore a combination outing and afternoon tea effect, indicative of possibilities in this direction; a lace collar over a sweater, with a white skirt below and merrie widder hat above.

Mr. G. L. Young of Newark, would have been most entrancing had he been able to secure the balance of the lower half of his costume—a short pink skirt over a white petticoat—but sister's brown tailored coat did not complete a color harmony, and the mushroom sailor hat concealed what would have otherwise

GYMKHANA SEASON OPENS

Field of Finished Riders Participate in
Friday's Contest.

Program One of Novelty and Variety
Calling for Nerve and Skill
Throughout.

ENJOYED by several hundred people was Friday's equestrian Gymkhana, the opening contest of the season's program, a good field of finished riders participating and the events affording novelty and variety with numbers which called for nerve and skill predominating. Points counting ten and five were awarded for first and second in each event, prizes for the highest total number of points being given at the close, Mrs. I. D. H. Ralph of Philadelphia and Miss Blanche Tapley of Lynn, winning the women's trophies. Mr. J. S. Walker of Orange, Va., led the men with a liberal margin, Mr. Wm. H. Browning of New York, and Mr. Gifford Horton of Williamsport, tying for second, Mr. Browning winning the toss. The judges were Mr. C. T. Parks of New York, Mr. Edward La Croix and Miss Theodate Clough of Lynn.

Interest centred in the "scarf race", the event being ridden in pairs down the track and back against time, at a pace which made the crowd hold its breath. Mrs. Leonard Tufts and Mr. Browning led with twenty-nine seconds, Miss Tapley and Mr. Horton making second with thirty and one-fifth seconds, and Mrs. Ralph and Mr. Walker, and Master Browning and Master Thaw tied for third at thirty-three and one-fifth seconds.

The lance and ring contest proved as popular as ever, the trick to ride down the track and back, gathering in suspended rings by aid of a pointed staff on the way, a time limit of forty seconds precluding any possibility of lagging. Mr. Walker took first with six rings in twenty-seven seconds; Mr. Browning a hot second with five rings in the same period. Mr. Horton landed for four rings in twenty-two seconds, Miss Tapley three rings in thirty-one and two fifth seconds, and Mrs. Ralph the same number in thirty-two and four-fifth seconds.

The pursuit race was ridden in several heats, Mr. Walker and Mrs. Tufts following Mr. Browning, who lost the bow to Mr. Walker just as the time limit, one



"AN' DID YOU EVER SEE MEN IN SICH GIT UPS?"

Loudly bands are playing
And men and women shout,
For there is joy in Pinehurst—
Miss Casey did not strike out!
Down 'twill go in hist'ry,
As the greatest game e'er won—
Drink deep to Mistress Casey
Though it was all "just for fun!"

THE COSTUMES.

Easily the most conspicuous figure on the diamond was Mr. Wilbur C. Johnson, the obliging umpire, his superb figure wreathed in a flowing drapery of Oriental texture; only a "tiger skin" needed to complete the make-up.

Mr. Spencer Waters of New York, was stunning in light blue bolero over plaid waist, khokhi skirt and white hat of wondrous native architecture.

As "Fatima" (pronounced Fat-I-am) Mr. James P. Travers of New York, won all hearts, daintily garbed in baby blue waist, white skirt, pink ribbon sash and sailor straw hat, tied with pink ribbons.

have been a sweet face.

Mr. Edward La Croix of Lynn, evidently dressed late and took what was left, the decorative feature of his costume being the clinging over blouse which partially concealed a tan coat, and which had difficulty in connecting with a white petticoat; the green bow at his corsage a daring bit of color, and the panama hat jauntily worn.

Dr. M. W. Marr of Dorchester, demonstrated how really dressy a wrapper can be made when pulled in by a sash at the waist and relieved by a bow at the neck, but, really, he never should have worn a bandanna for a headdress with such a costume.

As for hosiery and hosiery accessories the men all proved themselves masters in selection, but novices in adjustment.

Opposing this aggregation were Mrs. A. W. Hayford, and Mrs. Leonard Tufts of Boston, Miss Blanche Tapley and

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