

The Pinehurst Outlook

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. XVII, NO. 6

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1914

FIVE CENTS

A TRIP TO THE FAERIES!

"Joe" Appel Paints Allegorical Pen Picture with Pinehurst as Motif

Awakening. City-tired Cave-dweller Finds that Fancy, Romance and Poetry Are Not Dead



"FANCY is dead," sighed the city-tired soul in a Christmas story you may have read. ¶ "Fancy and romance and Poetry are all dead! We measure a man nowadays by the money he makes; a home by the avenue it fronts on; a play by the seats sold in advance; and a book by its place on the news-stand. And what do we know of the art of living! Art? Let me tell you this: living is no longer an Art. It is a chemical process."

But then Patrick is discovered — on a park bench. Wee and ragged Patrick, with vagabond shoes on his feet, but dancing eyes in his head — and the point of view changes.

Patrick is "thravelin'" (in his mind) — to Ireland — to visit the faeries.

He makes room on his bench for the city-tired soul, and tries to take him along — to see "the primroses in the woody places, the faery-thimbles — the faeries themselves."

Alas! It is of no avail. The trip ends almost before it begins. The poor tired-out city cave-dweller has lost his imagination and cannot follow. His mind is tied fast to sky scrapers and trolley cars, subways and taxicabs, cafes and business — every ugly thing city-born.

But he seeks to escape — ere it is too late; before he goes mad entirely.

"Come," he said to Patrick, "we'll really go to Ireland on a real boat — will you go?"

"Sure an' I will — but we must take Grannie along — she knows where be the faery hills and the faery bushes. Ye see," with deep humility, continues Patrick, "I've never been there really. It's just the tales Grannie told."

They go — Patrick, Grannie and the city-tired soul. They reach Ireland.

On the crest of the Ben-Mor they seat themselves, under a blackthorn — to await the faeries.

They wait — and wait — and wait. The glow-worms in the bog grow brighter. The tinkle of a bell is heard. The night wind rustles the reeds. The moths fly lazily by.

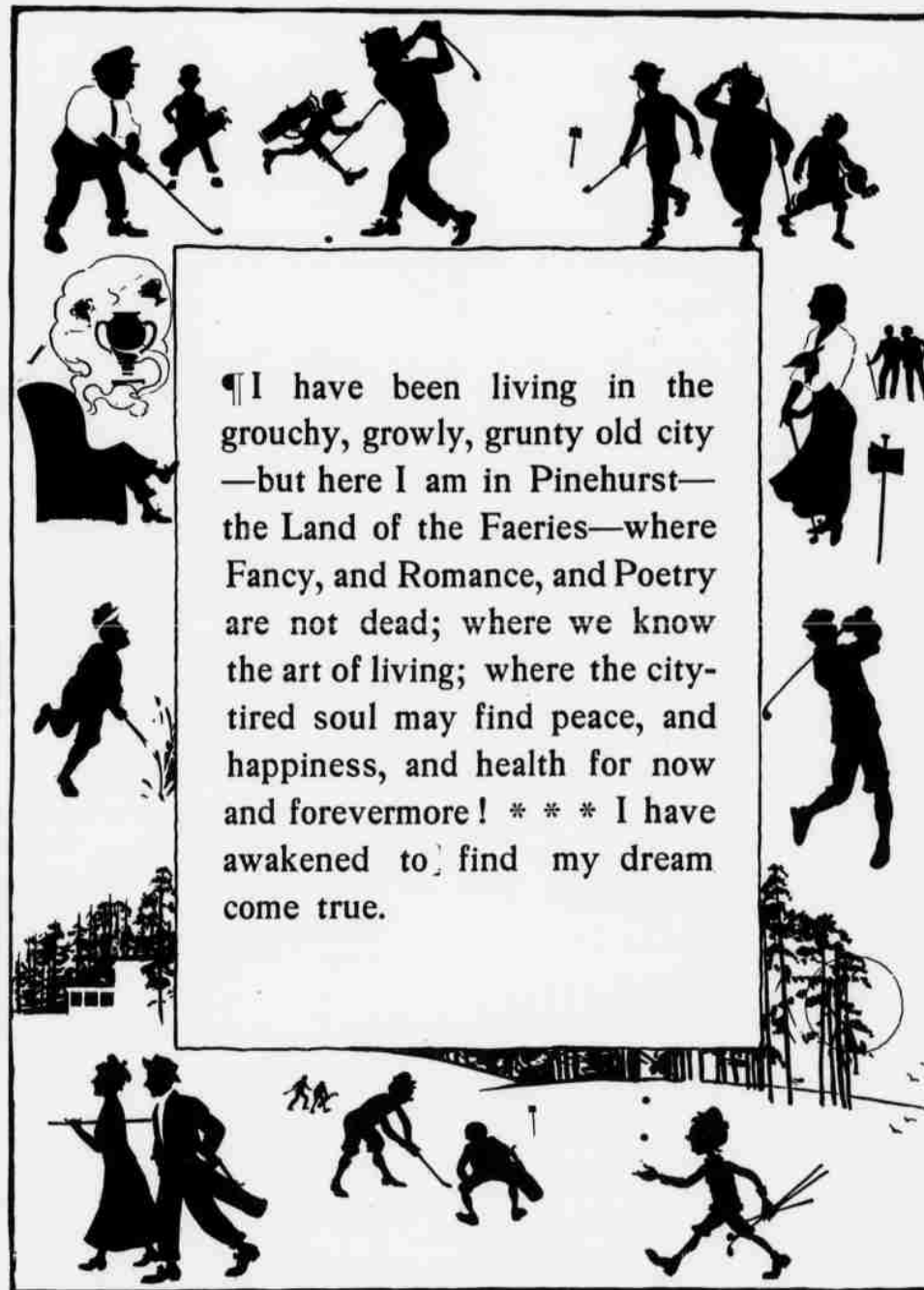
"My head swam," said the city-tired soul — "for a second I closed my eyes — only a second. I looked at the lights. They were marching. The tinkling sound came nearer. Up from the bog they came — troop after troop of the Wee People. Round after round they went, making a faery ring. And then the column broke into hundreds of whirling eddies — all this I saw — I saw."

* * * * * Suddenly came the crow of a cock. The

you and Patrick — and I was the only one with a pair of open eyes to see the faeries dancing this night. Look. Here's my proof — the faeries' shadow I clipped."

But Patrick had wriggled between the two, waving a jack-knife above his head: "Twas myself that clipped the faeries' shadow," he said — "but as for ye — why, ye an' Grannie snored the whole night through."

* * * * *



¶ I have been living in the grouchy, growly, grunty old city — but here I am in Pinehurst — the Land of the Faeries — where Fancy, and Romance, and Poetry are not dead; where we know the art of living; where the city-tired soul may find peace, and happiness, and health for now and forevermore! * * * I have awakened to find my dream come true.

dawn-wind sprang up and rolled away the mist. The three, Patrick and Grannie and the city-tired soul, lay alone on Ben-Mor.

A long contented sigh comes from Grannie; Patrick echoes it; and then the three look hard at one another.

"Sure, t'was a pity I couldn't wake the both o' ye," said Grannie. "'Twas the grandest sight I ever expect to see."

"Wake!" cried the city-tired soul. "It was yourself, Grannie, that slept —

I, too, have been asleep. I, too, have said: "Romance is gone, and Poetry and Fancy — there is nothing left but men slaving and sweating in the stoke-holes of business — all hours, all day, all days — scraping, sprawling, screeching along, with scrooging, squinting, smirking printers' devils tramping all over us.

I, too, have dreamed of the golf faeries, the pine forest, the amber sunshine, the songs of birds, the bloom of flowers.

(Concluded on page nine)

COLONEL BOGEY'S OFF DAY

Three Pairs Are Six Holes to the Good in Tin Whistle Club Handicap

Clark and Shannon, Abbe and Cheatham, Truesdell and Hudson Finish First, Bunched in Triple Tie



A TRIPLE tie gave zest to Monday's four-ball, best-ball, match play Tin Whistle bogey handicap for prizes presented by Parker W. Whittemore, E. A. Johnston and the Club.

¶ Six up was the score, and Walter G. Clark of Woodland and R. C. Shannon, II, of Brockport, F. C. Abbe of Bethlehem and Rev. T. A. Cheatham of Salisbury, W. E. Truesdell of Fox Hills and C. B. Hudson of North Fork were the leading pairs. ¶ Scores: Becker and Hunter, White and Rumsey, 5 up; Dutton and Harmon, 4 up; Towle and Pottle, 2 up; Hurd and Redfield, 1 up; Boyd and Ormsbee, 1 up; Hawthorne and Lightbourn, 1 down; Wilson and Johnston, 1 down; Morse and Waldron, 7 down.

Many Contributed Trophies

A special tourney of the Silver Foils, a postponed kickers' handicap, will be played today. ¶ In the list of those who have contributed trophies for the season's events are: Mrs. F. G. P. Barnes, Miss Edith Barnett, Mrs. L. E. Beall, Mrs. E. R. Behrend, Mrs. George F. Berry, Mrs. Louis Brown, Miss Jennie A. Brown, Mrs. Harry Burrage, Miss Gwendolyn Cummings, Mrs. George C. Dutton, Miss Louise B. Elkins, Mrs. C. K. Foster, Mrs. W. C. Fownes, Jr., Mrs. Arthur R. Gage, Mrs. J. P. Gardner, Miss Myra B. Helmer, Mrs. J. R. Horner, Miss Dorothy Hutchinson, Mrs. George H. Jenks, Mrs. Herbert L. Jillson, Mrs. W. J. Langenheim, Mrs. H. R. Mallinson, Mrs. Alexander McGregor, Mrs. Guy Metcalf, Mrs. George Munson, Mrs. T. R. Palmer, Mrs. John B. Price, Miss Lucy K. Priest, Mrs. M. D. Rae, Mrs. I. S. Robeson, Mrs. M. Johnston Scammell, Mrs. P. M. Shannon, Miss Hazel M. Shannon, Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, Miss E. Marie Sinclair, Mrs. Edward M. Taft, Mrs. W. E. Truesdell, Mrs. C. H. Vanderbeck, Mrs. C. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. Edward Worth, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Tufts and Mrs. Donald J. Ross. ¶ The trophies, on exhibition at The Carolina, are universally admired. ¶ A bogey handicap is scheduled for Tuesday.