

ATLANTIC CITY



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**THE PINEHURST
OUTLOOK**

Published Every Saturday Morning, During
the Season, November—May, at

Pinehurst, North Carolina
Conducted by **Ralph W. Page**

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Saturday, March 25, 1916

Religious Services

At the Pinehurst Chapel:
Holy Communion 9.30 A. M.
Children's Services 10.00 A. M.
Morning Service and Sermon 11.00 A. M.
Night Service at the Com-
munity House at 8.00 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC
Early Mass 6.15 A. M.
Second Mass (when visiting
Priest is in Pinehurst... 8.00 A. M.

Mails

Arrive 8.00 A. M.	Leaves 7.00 A. M.
8.30 A. M.	8.30 A. M.
7.00 P. M.	6.00 P. M.
8.30 P. M.	8.00 P. M.

Trains

NORTH	SOUTH
Leave 9.40 A. M.	Leave 7.10 A. M.
9.00 P. M.	7.35 P. M.
FROM NORTH	FROM SOUTH
Due 8.05 A. M.	Due 10.30 A. M.
8.30 P. M.	9.45 P. M.

Congratulations

When a fellow is proud of anything,
even if he be modest, it crops out in his
conversation casually at times. He says
for instance, apropos of the decline and
fall of the Roman Empire that it was
due to an overripe aristocracy, adding
that he considers it no credit to himself
that he has a duke in the family on his
cousin's side. So when we are feeling a
bit set up we are inclined to turn the
conversation back where it began and be-
longs among simple folk, and say that
the weather is fine. And we don't let
you off with that.

For we have been reading that monu-
ment of wisdom, the *Boston Transcript*,
and the coast column of the *New York
Times*, and come upon a story that makes
us happy that we are not as other States
are—frost bitten and snow bound. Old
Prob, who rejoiced in records, has with
his usual malignant grin set up a new
one. It is for March 18th. Do you re-
member March 18th? It was as balmy

here as in the Isle of Capri, and the sun
shone, and the birds sang, and you and
all the other wise men were either playing
championship golf, or were enrolled in
the regiment that followed the experts
that day five miles under a clear heaven,
about the Bermuda grass pastures and
the woodland ways that is known as num-
ber two course.

And meantime Old Prob was chalking
up his record. That it was seven degrees
above zero in New York, and 14 above in
Washington. With what glee and satis-
faction, equal to that you would feel
bringing in a casual card of 62, does he
announce to a shivering world that it is
the coldest March 18th in the history of
the country in those places.

Old Prob's record touches us in our
vanity. For we are frankly proud of the
contrast. And thankful too. For who
would not exchange Jack Frost for the
swelling pink buds of the peach trees, and
the soft breezes of the Gulf Stream,—a
fur coat and stomacher for white flanel-
s and a jumper, and the coal shovel
and show shoes for a tennis racket and
a spoon? We feel all the selfish joys of
the benefactor of humanity, who has sold
a mild and gracious prospect short, and
been able to deliver all Nature smiling
and gay. They say that the supply of
rubbers have given out in Yankeedom,
and that grip is advancing upon the Len-
ten parties even in their limousines roll-
nigs down the avenue to a cold lunch.
We would not know what a rubber was
for if we saw one, and the only grip
we recognize is the Vardon grip.

The morning dispatch mentions two
feet of snow on Broadway. If a man is
in the Tombs unjustly charged with steal-
ing coal, or making sox for the war suf-
ferers at one dollar per we can appreciate
his remaining there. But for the rest
we have neither sympathy not compas-
sion. For each afternoon there moves
silently and swiftly out of Thirty-Second
Street a long line of steel cars, equipped
with all the comforts of home, headed
straight for the magnolias and the soft
skies of the Sandhills. *Verb sap.*

The Old Flowers Road

It has been truly said that history is
not made by men or events but by his-
torians. Greece has a magnificent his-
tory. It certainly was not made by man-
slaying Hector, tamer of horses. Nor by
Achilles, sulking in his tent. It is quite
likely that they never existed. But by
a blind old liar playing on a harp.

"When 'Omar smote his bloomin' liar
He'd men sing by land and sea
And wot het hought he might require
He went and took, the same as me."

By the same token Paul Revere and
Captain John Stark carry off the first
prize in the story books in the days of
'76, and you never even knew that one
of the first and most decisive battles of
the Revolution was fought at the bloody
ford of Moore Creek, a few miles below
here, between the minute men of Carolina
and the Clan MacDonald, gathered at
Carthage, the county seat of Moore Coun-
ty, State of North Carolina. A tomb
stone of imposing dimensions marks every
foot of the route pursued by Major Pit-
cairn of blessed memory advancing down
the turnpike towards an immortal poem
by Ralph Waldo Emerson, where the rude



"Glad to see you—
I've a place in my
squad for you."

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good fellowship wait-
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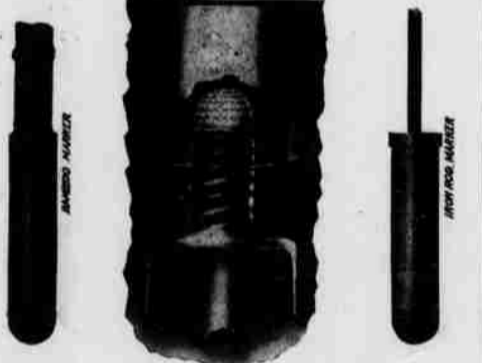
scattered over the country.
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and has the approval of women.
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sport for the vacation days. Go
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of America."

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