

**THE PINEHURST  
OUTLOOK**

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**Pinehurst, North Carolina**

Conducted by **Ralph W. Page**

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Saturday December 21, 1918

**RELIGIOUS SERVICES**

AT THE PINEHURST CHAPEL:

Holy Communion ..... 9.15 A. M.  
Children's Services ..... 10.00 A. M.  
Morning Service and Sermon... 11.00 A. M.  
Night Service at the Community

House at ..... 8.00 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Early Mass ..... 6.15 A. M.  
When visiting Priest is at Pinehurst  
Second Mass ..... 8.00 A. M.

**RED CROSS WORK**

The Red Cross Room at the School  
House, next to the Movie Theatre, will  
be open Thursday and Friday mornings  
from 9.30 to 1.00. The principal work  
will be done on refugee garments, which  
are sorely needed by the starving and  
homeless peoples abroad. Wool will be  
given out and finished articles returned  
at the room. Volunteers for sewing are  
most welcome.

**Roll Call of the Red Cross**

Christmas this year can have but one  
significance—our experience of the last  
four years compels us to accept the re-  
sult of the respite of the holiday to seek  
what service we can render the myriad  
victims of Kultur. One simple and uni-  
versal action is presented and expected  
of everyone—to lend their active sup-  
port to the Red Cross. The National  
campaign to enroll every man, woman  
and child in the nation is in progress—  
is progressing in Pinehurst as in every  
Middlesex village and farm. It is for  
you and me, and everyone in our house-  
holds to make this enrollment a condition  
precedent to any stocking and to any  
tree.

The Committee on the Christmas Roll  
Call are: Mrs. Leonard Tufts, chairman;  
Mrs. H. W. Priest, Mrs. N. S. Hurd,  
Mrs. J. V. Hall, Mrs. Thomas Craig,  
Mrs. Sam Stutts, Miss Judith Jenks,  
Miss Esther Tufts, Miss Annie Medlin.  
W. A. Sandford is in charge of the work  
at the Carolina and Angus E. Mason at  
the Pinecrest Inn.

**THE LECTER BOX**

From our friends, the aviators, who  
took the village by storm last week Mr.  
Tufts has received word that they are  
safely back at Langley Field. The let-  
ter is from Lieutenant Charles J. Cleary:

LANGLEY FIELD, VA.,

Dec. 11, 1918.

My dear Mr. Tufts:

Just a line in behalf of the "Air-  
plane Party" to thank you and all the  
folks of Pinehurst for your wonderful  
hospitality to us.

Our party was reduced to three planes  
when we arrived here, due to a slight ac-  
cident at Raleigh, but no one was hurt,  
so we were all quite satisfied with our  
results.

Trusting to have the pleasure of meet-  
ing you again, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES J. CLEARY.

Arthur Page writes us from Paris tell-  
ing about the celebration when *le jour  
de glorie est arrive*, and of the coming  
of a Canadian preacher that had spent  
the war in Germany:

"It has taken four years and something  
more, to pass the first line of the Mar-  
seillaise, but at last, yesterday, the sec-  
ond line came true as never before. *Le  
jour ed glorie est arrive*, and all Paris  
went forth accordingly. I enclose an  
appeal by the city council urging all cit-  
izens to cast aside all reserve and give  
free rein to the celebration. They fol-  
lowed instructions implicitly, and the  
British, Americans, Serbs, Poles, Czechs,  
Italians, Portugese, and various other  
odds and ends of humanity around the  
place did likewise. As soon as I got  
the news, about 10.30 in the morning,  
I dismissed the office—the stenographer  
—and started for the Place de la Con-  
cord. From every side the people were  
swarming into it for before I got there  
the guns of Paris that had so often fired  
at the Boche airmen had fired the Peace  
Barrage. Workmen were decorating the  
statues of Strasborg, and the other  
statues around the Place, and the crowd  
was climbing over the captured guns,  
airplanes, etc., that filled the square.  
Two great barge loads of British out for  
a ride with the Y. M. C. A., rolled into  
the crowd just as I came along and  
started the Marseillaise anew. As its  
inspiring volume rose I saw woman after  
woman turn away out of the crowd with  
the tears rolling in streams off their  
faces. It would have taken very little  
more to make me join them. Then I  
decided to go over to the Castigloine  
and see if Mlle. Fowler did not want to  
come out and see the sights. When I  
got there Mille was out but Harold was  
there—a Lt. Col.—and we went out and  
looked around a bit more, and then some  
six or seven went over to the Ritz for  
luncheon. A General Rogers showed us  
a synopsis of the armistice terms. They  
justified the comment that Clemenceau  
is said to have made—that they left the  
Kaiser little but his pants. Then we  
sallied forth in Harold's car to see the  
town. A crowd like those from a foot-  
ball game, with election night added,  
and then turned French, thronged every

street. We pushed along slowly with  
men and women clinging to the running  
board and shouting *Vive l'Amérique!*  
and everything else. Men, women, boys  
and girls started little impromptu dem-  
onstrations of their own all over, and  
parades would start up, join each other,  
die away and reappear. Joe Grew was  
out in the street with a tremendous  
American leading a private parade of  
his own, and the big Osborne boy that  
used to play squash with Ralph in col-  
lege led a parade up the Champs Elysees  
beating a toy drum. Then the submarine  
in the Seine began firing its 75 every  
minute or so. Never in the world have  
there been so many flags. It is now 12  
o'clock, and the guns around Paris are  
still firing. And then a rare good for-  
tune allowed us to see a dozen permis-  
sioners direct from the front. The crowd  
fell on them and kissed them, and when  
one said cigarette he might have had a  
million. I could not get into the Cham-  
ber of Deputies to see the Old Tiger of  
France announce the terms of the sur-  
render, but I want to call attention to  
one thing he said that marks him not  
only as a terrible fighter but as a great  
man in other ways. He that had  
been the most uncompromising foe of  
Germany while she fought said, "We  
shall undertake the feeding of the Ger-  
man people; we fight for humanity, not  
against it." I would have given mil-  
lions if you had been here. It was a  
grand thing to have seen and I  
do not know any one who would have  
gotten as much out of it.

Into this comic house there came yester-  
day a little Manitoba Y. M. C. A.  
preacher who had been in Poland and  
Austria during the whole war, for some  
strange reason uninterred, and who is,  
I think, the first person out of the main  
enemy countries to reach Paris. He  
spent seven days coming and arrived in  
a somewhat tramp-like costume. He had  
shoes with wooden soles and iron heels.  
His cuffs were made of paper. I got  
no chance to talk to him, but I saw the  
cuffs, and they were certainly good im-  
itations of the real thing, and if they  
did not get wet they would do well  
enough as cuffs. But paper shirts and  
underclothes on the same style would  
give a fellow a mighty nervous feeling  
about a rainstorm, not to mention a ter-  
rible contemplation of winter.

He fascinated the crowd upstairs with  
his narrative all the afternoon, and oc-  
casionally surprised them also a good  
deal by going off in the corner and  
breaking into prayer.

**The Heights**

BY DAVID O'NEAL

Alone,  
On a high mountain trail,  
I drew strength from the sky;  
My thoughts went out  
Like my shadow at sunset;  
I was as great as my shadow at sunset.  
—From a Cabinet of Jude.

Hoax—"How many men have we in  
the American Navy?"

Joax—"I don't just know what the  
floating population is."

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sential in all cases of raging  
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purity and wonderful stim-  
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