

# The Pinehurst Outlook

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

## WHILE FAGOTS BURNED!

Imagination Runs Riot in Uncertain  
Glow of Firelight.

Twenty-five Participants Tell Strange  
Story in as Many Chapters  
at Fagot Party.

A "FAGOT PARTY" provided an enjoyable evening Tuesday, for the guests of The Lenox and Concord and a few outsiders which limited space made it possible to invite, and in the dim, uncertain glow of the firelight imagination ran riot. A story of twenty-five chapters was told, each participant telling one while a fagot burned, taking it up where a predecessor had left off and passing it on to another at the close.

It was naturally, "an historical novel with a touch of pathos, a tinge of humor and a tale of passionate love," but best of all, it had a moral—a terrible moral—which must have made a lasting impression upon the several marriageable young women present which they will never forget—and that to depend upon the sun for a hair bleach and not peroxide.

The story was begun with the customary "once upon a time, long, long ago, a tiny village nestled in a valley, between frowning mountains. The only means of access and egress were a little road which wound its way in through a mountain pass, and a gurgling brook which rising in the mountains behind the village, flowed through it and sped on its way merrily towards the great, blue sea.

But for all this it was a happy community, at peace with itself and the world. The southern slopes of the mountains were emerald with growing crops, the sunshine glorious, the water clear as crystal, and the air like good wine. And there was a village school, guarded by veteran maples; a dainty church, with its bright green blinds standing out sharply against the white clapboards; a village Inn, with rustic tables and seats scattered about beneath the great elms in front of it; and little homes which spoke of happiness and contentment, lining the village streets, or glistening in the sunshine on the mountain slopes.

It was amid these surroundings that the first speaker placed the participants in the strange story which followed.

"Our heroine may have been the inn-keepers daughter, or she may have been the daughter of the Village rector," said the speaker. "Our hero may have been a robber bold from the mountains, a pass-

ing stranger-tourist; or either the hero or the heroine may have been any one of a great many other people. But I must leave that all for those who are to follow, for my fagot has long since burned out and it is time for me to close."

The second speaker devoted his time to the heroine which he most graphically described as a child of the mountains who had been tempted to improve on nature by the use of the drug mentioned. And while the completed result was

ever the opportunity offered—and he was of course, "William Jones."

William's meeting with Maude was after the usual fashion. As William approached the Inn and caught sight of Maude, with her peroxide hair, he was immediately transported from the world of the material to the world of the ideal, and with somewhat unfortunate results, for the spirited horse reared, plunged, and threw his rider. When William came to some few minutes later, his curly head was resting in fair Maude's



"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW."

pleasing it was not of a permanent nature as developed later, and because of all this, Maude, for that was of course, her name, went through strange vicissitudes before she finally settled down and was "happy ever after."

In the second chapter the hero appeared on the scene, a gallant youth who travelled with gaily caparisoned outriders, and who twirled his moustache jauntily as he rode, and was not unwilling to cast an appreciative eye upon fair womankind in general when-

lap while she administered restoratives.

Naturally William spent several days at the Inn recuperating, and Maude was of course, the nurse. It was but a natural consequence that this man of the world should become infatuated with this child of Nature, and that the proposed trip of exploration should end and a courtship begin.

For a time the course of true love ran smoothly and then a journey down the river was proposed, and after this things

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## PINEHURST BOYS CLUB!

Ten Members Sign the Charter and  
Make Plans for Winters' Work.

Its Aim is Mutual Improvement and  
Social Enjoyment—Green and  
Red the Colors.

THE Pinehurst Boys Club held its first meeting at the Village Hall last Friday evening and perfected plans for organization. Ten members signed the charter:

Sterling Conover, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.; Nelson Conover, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.; Kenneth Bradbury, Providence, R. I.; Spencer Nottingham, Rockford, Ill.; Karl Abbott, Bethlehem, N. H.; Ritchie Lawrie, Pittsburg, Pa.; George Hayes, Canandaigua, N. Y.; Arthur C. Ketcham, Jr., New York; Russell Jones, Milton, N. H.; Levi Jones, Milton, H. H.

Green and red were chosen as colors and holly selected for an emblem. Nominations for officers—President, Vice president, Secretary and Treasurer—were made and will be voted on at the next meeting.

Meetings will be held each Friday evening and while the purpose of organization is for mutual improvement, and social enjoyment, it is planned to raise money to be devoted to some worthy cause. A large increase in membership is looked for as the season advances.

The following little prayer has been adopted by the club, and will be repeated at the close of each meeting:

HEAVENLY FATHER make each of us such a child as Jesus was; quick to obey, glad to be taught, and never afraid to speak the truth.

May we hurt nobody by word or deed, but all day long be good to others as our dear Lord has been most kind to us. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord—Amen.

### The Outlook Blotters.

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK has just reissued the advertising blotter which proved so satisfactory last year, and will be glad to mail them on request. The design is printed in two colors and bears a calendar for four months in the year.