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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1905

Bill Johnson's Dog.

Bill Johnson had a yellow cur;
This yellow cur had fleas.
They nestled in his saffron fur
As cozy as you please.

The canine's cognomen was Jim,
The insects' name was legion;
Their favorite resting-place on him
Was in the lumbar region.

The fleas they stuck to this here dog;
The dog stuck to his master
As close as bark upon a log
Or as a porous-plaster.

Things got so bad at last that Bill
Brought home some poison stuff.
The druggist said 'twould kill the fleas
If they but took enough.

The fleas they ate that poison up
And died in great distress.
Alas! when they were gone the pup
Died too, of lonesomeness.

So now Bill Johnson has no cur,
The cur he has no fleas.
The moral is, as you'll infer,
That dogs are hard to please.

—Judge.



Love is Blind.

What color are her eyes? What shade?
You ask; but I could never tell.
They're just her eyes, and God ne'er made
Another pair of eyes so well.

Hair gold or brown? Well, this I know,
To think on't is my chief delight—
No sun in summer time doth glow,
Nor moon at night gleam half as bright.

Lips red? What! Seest thou not her kiss?
God knows—my senses cease to be;
If I but dream anon of this
I'd die for the reality.

Each night I vow to stand apart
And learn to name her every charm;
But long before she comes my heart
Is sounding in a wild alarm.

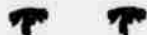
And at a bound I'm by her side,
Ah, far too close to recognize
Aught but the welcome quick implied,
The loving laughter in her eyes.

—Chicago Tribune.

A MODERN PROVERB.

Late to Bed and Late to Rise Makes Progressive American.

Late to bed and late to rise, makes a man a healthy and progressive American, and therefore the best there is, says John A. Scott, professor of Greek at the Northwestern university. He declares that the night workers are the most brainy people, because the conditions for the best results are ripe in the dark hours, either green or about to decay in the early sunlight, and inclined to stupor when the glaring light of day is at its height. He says the brain of man, having been nourished by the food of the day, is ready for its best work along after sunset, and gets tired as it approaches the next sunrise. Therefore the work which counts for the most is done in the few hours before and after midnight. He claims that the human race has made the most of its progress since it had decent artificial light; some with the candle, more with the oil lamp, and more still with the gas light, but the climax came with the electric candle. The past 50 years have known more material progress than all the other years, and they have been the best lighted years. Man began with light, and the better the light for his work, the smarter man will be developed, because he can work when his brain is capable of the best thought—
Worcester Telegram.



An Unintentional Offense.

The young woman stenographer of the comic papers chews gum with such assiduity that it is easy to see how the little misapprehension arose which the *New York Evening Post* places to the credit of a publisher's private secretary, a young woman who takes her profession with becoming seriousness.

Next door to the publisher's establishment a young Englishman, striving with moderate success to establish himself in this country as a landscape architect, had opened an office. In due time he became acquainted with the publisher, who, in turn, introduced him to the private secretary.

One day, when the private secretary was sitting serene and dignified at her desk, the Englishman entered precipitately.

"How do you do?" said the young woman, with just the proper degree of formality.

"I beg your pardon," said the Englishman, "but could you spare me just a little of your gum?"

"My gum!" she exclaimed, startled out of her repose. Surely you don't think I—"

"Really, I beg your pardon," said the Englishman, in still greater embarrassment. "How stupid of me! I remember now in America you say mucilage."

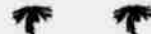
GUESTS RELUCTANT TO GO

Spring's Beauty and Charm will Keep Many Here Until June.

Glorious Sunshine, Crisp Air and a
Wondrously Beautiful Land-
scape are Attractions.



THE coming of May is witnessing the reluctant departure of many visitors, but some are lingering and it will be the first of June or later, before the last of this season's guests have gone. The weather could not be more charming or nature more fascinating than has been the rule for the three weeks past or will be for three weeks to come.



At The Holly Inn.

Dr. Wm. Albert Harbison and Mr. Palmer E. Brown, of Pittsburg, were guests of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mauran, Mrs. Rachel Wilkins, Mrs. E. J. Wilkins, Philadelphia, spent a portion of the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Garside, New York, are completing their visit here.

Mrs. Albert D. Winfield, Patterson, N. J., was a guest of the week.

Dr. and Mrs. D. Kursner, Germantown, Pa., left Tuesday planning to return next year.

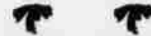
Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Raynor, Champaign, Ill., spent the week here.

Mrs. Lewis Hunt, Miss M. D. Hunt, Miss A. S. Hunt, Lexington, Mass., were guests over Sunday.

Miss Conan, Miss Constance Vanclain, Rosemont, Pa., spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mahoney, Boston, are here for their annual visit.

Mr. Geo. S. Hurlburt, Mr. Geo. R. Howe, East Orange, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan, Mr. P. Lenox and Miss Lenox, Lyon, Mass.; Prof. C. W. Burkett, Raleigh; Mr. Louis Sturcke, New York; Mr. Kier Mitchell, Pittsburg; Mrs. J. Le Roy Beech, Miss Alice B. Beech, New Milford, Ct., are among the late arrivals of the week.



At The Lenox.

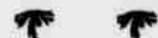
Guests at The Lenox are lingering and a goodly number will remain well through May.

Mrs. F. D. Knowles and Mrs. S. O. Amidon, Worcester, Mass., left during the week after a pleasant visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Barnes, Medford, Mass.; Miss Ida Merrill, Newton, Mass.; Dr. A. M. Cushing, Springfield, Mass., were recent visitors.

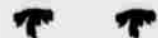
At The Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker, Taunton, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Burchell, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Bergtold, Mrs. John Reiman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Reiman, Buffalo; Mr. W. T. Brooks, Mr. S. C. Stelle, Stelton, N. J., were among the weeks arrivals at The Harvard.



At The Magnolia.

Many guests at The Magnolia and Pine Grove will remain into May.



Not a Tragedy.

A story is told in the *Boston Herald* which illustrates in an amusing fashion the quick growth of a crowd in a large city, and the morbid curiosity which impels people to push and jostle one another in the attempt to get as close a view as possible of the victim of an accident.

A few days ago a crowd of excited persons was gathered on the sidewalk about the doorway of a large department store, while some, in mad haste to see what caused the excitement, pushed into the interior.

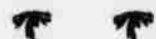
Three of the employes were slowly bearing a limp form in gorgeous silks to the rear of the store, while the eager throng crowded forward to get a glimpse of the covered face.

Many were the questions put to those in charge: "Did she have a fit?" "Was she taken suddenly ill?" "Did she fall?"

The crowd became more dense and questions more numerous. There seemed to be no solution of the mystery. The men who were carrying the helpless victim seemed entirely oblivious of the throng.

The end came suddenly, however, when an appeal was made to the floor-walker.

"That? Oh, that's nothing but a dummy form which they have just taken out of the show-window," he said.



"Rip Van Winkle" Slumbers.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson once played "Rip Van Winkle" in a Western town. In a hotel where he stayed, says an exchange was an Irishman who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor rolled into one.

At about six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping at his door. When he struggled into consciousness, and realized that he had left no word at the office to be called, he was indignant. His sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon appeared before the clerk.

"See here!" he demanded, "Why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

He summoned the Irishman, and said to him, "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk to one side, the Irishman said in a whisper:

"He was shnorin' like a horse, sor, and Oi'd heard the b'ys say he were onct afther shleepin' twinty years. So I say to mesilf, says Oi, 'Mike, it's a c-coomin' onto him agin, and it's yer juty to git the man out o' yer house this instant.'"

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