

# The Pinehurst Outlook

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(Founded by JAMES W. TUFTS)

**Herbert L. Jillson, - - - Editor**  
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## The Lure of the Links.

With a pinch of sand  
In his strong right hand  
He bulled a conical tee,  
For, whatever befall  
He would drive that ball  
In a style that was grand to see.

He shook himself loose  
Like a waking goose  
To make himself supple and spry,  
Then he swung his club:  
'Twas a sorry dub  
For the mucker he raised his eye.

The ball rolled away  
Fifty yards I'd say,  
Which was little for one like he;  
His six feet in length  
And terrific strength  
Should do so much better, you see.

"Here Caddy," said he,  
"That bras-y give me  
I'll land her clean up on the green!"  
He dubbed it again,  
But said to explain  
"The very worst lie ever seen."

The mashie he took,  
In rage fairly shook,  
And swatted away at the ball,  
The ball gave a pitch  
Plunk into the ditch,  
Was bunkered b'gosh after all.

With niblick in hand  
He stood in the sand  
With a rage that was plain to see;  
He hammered the ball  
Far beyond recall:  
It was lost for eternity.

Then what should he do  
The dub never knew  
For the game was a medal score;  
So he mopped his head  
And peevishly said  
"Now:-Could anything jar you more."

Next day he was out  
With a laugh and shout  
Eager and ripe for the fray;  
He felt in his heart  
He'd make a good start  
And do a lot better that day.

But alas, alack  
He gave it a whack  
And the ball went over the fence;  
That very first loss  
Sure made him feel cross  
At such rotten luck to commence.

The very next day  
He went out to play  
As eager as ever before;  
He didn't half try  
And that is just why  
He make such an elegant score.

-TIN WHISTLE.

## IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

**T**HE "Affair at Pine Court," by Nelson Rust Gilbert (J. B. Lippincott Co.) depicts a state of affairs almost medieval, as existing today in the Adirondacks if we are to interpret the author literally. According to the story desperate outlaws are banded in several settlements who can be brought together in a common cause to murder landowners and their guests or to lay siege for the purpose of pillage.

The story opens with a house party at "Pine Court," the summer home of a rich New Yorker, who has acquired a large tract of land as a preserve, and by so doing has aroused the enmity of certain organized gangs who live by plunder and poaching.

The plot centers upon a certain "Gau Lens" which a German traveller, a man of mystery and a guest at The Court, displays, claiming to have taken the gem from Satan himself and that with it he can acquire untold wealth and power.

A French butler, present during the German's rhapsodies, takes in most of the conversation and becoming convinced that the stone is a diamond of fabulous value, conveys the information to the banded outlaws who resolve to possess themselves of the treasure by plunder and pillage if necessary.

Later, while walking in the forest, the German is shot from ambush, but not by an assailant in search of the lens. As he lies wounded he is visited in turn by three young men from whom the German has won heavily at baccarat, the night previous, one of whom the German, upon recovery of consciousness, accuses of robbing him of the lens, which is later found to have been taken by a woman among the guests who, in love with the German, feels that the lens stands between herself and his love and so has secured it and throws it in the river.

Complications follow the shooting thick and fast, the outlaws demanding the instant delivery of the stone and upon being refused, attack the house. Repulsed in a sharp attack, they lay siege, cutting off all communication, until the hero and heroine, stealing through the lines, bring aid, and the outlaws are repulsed. Naturally the hero and heroine marry, returning to Pine Court for their honeymoon.

There is incident and action, vivid portrayal of character and a wide imaginative range; a book well worth the reading and which will hold the interest throughout. Mr. Gilbert has certainly shown us that we need not turn back times pages or cross the ocean to get material for romantic action.

## The Broken Road.

"The Broken Road," by A. E. W. Mann (Charles Scribner's Sons) is dangerously close to a remarkable book if it were only more of a completed picture and less of a sketch; if the writer had

only worked longer and more in detail upon it.

"The Road" is the great highway from India toward the Hindu Kush, and its magic lay in the fascination of the idea of pushing it further and further into the debated lands of the Indian frontier. The fate of quiet English families and their ambitious sons and of Indian Princes and provinces lay in that enterprise.

The Prince in the foreground is Shere Ali, son of Abdulla Mahommed, Khan of Chiltistan, who is sent to Eton and Oxford that he may familiarize himself with English ways. Petted in England, he goes back to India to find himself, a member of the inferior race, cut off from his former friends with white skins, unable to aspire to the Victoria Cross, for instance, but expected to "be good" and teach his own people submission to the will of their British masters. It is all a mistake—a horrible mistake—is the argument of the book. Shere Ali does not stay "good." A few months in his father's country make him again as wild a fanatic as India contains, put him at the head of an insurrection, make him the attempted abductor of his English sweetheart, Violet Oliver, who has engaged herself to the Indian Prince's own college friend, Linforth. The insurrection comes to nothing, as will be the way of Indian insurrections for years to come, but of the tragic consequences to white and brown alike of a revolt in the hills this powerful book gives an idea. It is a book filled with the spirit and atmosphere of India, written, it is apparent, out of the most intimate familiarity with the various phases of the life of that teeming hive of men. It is a better book than "Kim," though perhaps it might not have been written except for "Kim."

## To His Books.

Bright books: perspectives on our weak sights,  
The clear projections of discerning lights,  
Burning in shining thoughts, man's posthume day,  
The track of fled souls in their milkie way,  
The dead alive and busy, the still voice  
Of enlarged spirits, kind heaven's white decoys!  
Who lives with you lives like those knowing flowers  
Which in commerce with light spend all their hours;  
Which shut to clouds and shadows nicely shun,  
But with glad haste unvell to kiss the sun,  
Beneath you all is dark and a dead night,  
Which whose lives in wants both health and sight.  
By sucking you, the wise, like bees, do grow,  
Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,  
Because most choicely; for as great a store  
Have we of books as bees, or herbs, or more;  
And the great task to try, then know, the good,  
To discern weeds and judge of wholesome food,  
Is a rare scant performance. For man dies  
Of ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flies,  
But you were all choice flowers; all set and drest  
By old sage florists, who well know the best;  
And I amidst you all am turned to weed!  
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.  
Then thank thyself, wild fool, that would'st not be  
Content to know what was too much for thee.

-Henry Vaughan in Bangor Commercial.

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