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The Pineburst Outlook

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Saturday, January 11, 1908.

The Lure of the Links. With a pinch of saud In his strong right hand He builded 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 brasny 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 be 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.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS IN

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

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 cer-

tain organized gangs who live by plun-

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

A French butler, present during the

German's rhapsodies, takes in most of

the conversation and becoming con-

vinced 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

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 Ger-

man has won heavily at baccarat, the

night previous, one of whom the Ger-

man, 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

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, un-

til the hero and heroine, stealing through

the lines, bring aid, and the outlaws are

repulsed. Naturally the hero and hero-

ine marry, returning to Pine Court for

river.

their honeymoon.

plunder and pillage if necessary.

can acquire untold wealth and power.

purpose of pillage.

der and poaching.

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

HE "Affair at Pine | only worked longer and more in detail Court. by Nelson Rust

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 unveil 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 times pages or cross the ocean to get

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 Oft 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.

NEW CONSTRUCTION

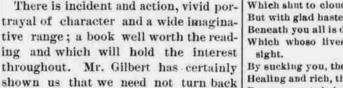
Kempshall Golf Balls

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Season Membership \$1.50; one dollar re--Henry Vaughan in Bangor Commercial. funded on two weeks subscriptions.



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 -TIN WHISTLE. and less of a sketch; if the writer had