

# THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

Published Every Saturday Morning During  
the Season, November—May, at

Pinehurst, North Carolina

Edited by Herbert L. Jilison

One Dollar Annually, Five Cents a Copy

Foreign Subscriptions, Fifty Cents

Additional

The Editor is always glad to consider contributions. Good photographs are especially desired.

Editorial Rooms over the Department Store hours 9 to 5. In telephoning ask central for Mr. Jilison's office.

Advertising rate card and circulation statement on request.

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Pinehurst, Moore County, North Carolina.

Saturday, December 12, 1914

## Departmental Office Hours

PHARMACY OPEN—7 A. M. to 9 P. M.;  
Sunday, 9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 9 P. M.  
POSTOFFICE—7:30 A. M. to 9 P. M.;  
Sunday, 9 to 11 A. M., 7 to 9 P. M.  
DAIRY BARN, DAIRY, MARKET GARDEN AND KENNELS, Daily and Sunday.  
COUNTRY CLUB—8 A. M. to 6 P. M.  
TRAP, RIFLE AND PISTOL GROUNDS—  
9 A. M. to 6 P. M.  
GENERAL OFFICE—8 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
DEPT. STORE—7 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.  
TELEGRAPH—9 A. M. to 8 P. M.  
TELEPHONE—All hours.  
LIBRARY—3 to 6 P. M.

## Train Schedule

Below is a complete schedule of arriving and departing trains:

### DAILY LEAVE PINEHURST

7.00 A. M. conn. for S. A. L. No. 1 for South  
9.15 A. M. conn. for S. A. L. No. 4 for North  
7.35 P. M. conn. for S. A. L. No. 3 for South  
10.00 P. M. conn. for S. A. L. No. 2 for North  
7.38 A. M. conn. for Asheboro and Highpoint  
11.00 A. M. conn. for Asheboro only.  
Daily.

### DAILY ARRIVE AT PINEHURST

7.38 A. M. conn. from S. A. L. No. 5.  
7.45 A. M. conn. from S. A. L. No. 1 from North  
4.30 P. M. conn. from S. A. L. from Asheboro  
8.30 P. M. conn. from S. A. L. No. 3 from North  
11.30 P. M. conn. from S. A. L. No. 2 from South  
Daily.

### CARTHAGE TRAINS

Leave Carthage for Pinehurst...6.15 A. M.\*  
Leave Carthage for Pinehurst...6.15 P. M.\*  
Leave Pinehurst for Carthage...8.00 A. M.\*  
Leave Pinehurst for Carthage...9.50 P. M.\*  
\*Daily except Sunday.

## Mail Schedule

### ARRIVE PINEHURST

From North ..... 7.35 A. M.  
From North and South ..... 8.30 A. M.  
From South ..... 10.30 A. M.  
From North ..... 8.30 P. M.

### LEAVE PINEHURST

For All Points ..... 8.00 A. M.  
For South ..... 7.00 P. M.  
For North ..... 8.00 P. M.  
N. B.—All registered mail arrives at 9.30 A. M. and leaves at 5.00 P. M.

### SUNDAY HOURS

9.00 to 10.00 A. M. 8.00 to 9.00 P. M.

# THE GOSPEL OF GOOD TIMES

"Being Chapter XXIII of the First Epistle to the Dead Ones"



AND, therefore, it came to pass when the seven fat years had been full-filled, that there arose among the people who cried with one voice: "Behold, the years of famine and darkness are upon us." ¶ And straightway did they crawl into dark caves, and pull the caves in after them, and shut out the sunlight. ¶ And they lamented with many lamentations, saying: "The years of darkness have come and the sun hides his face from the children of men." ¶ Then came others who were wise in that generation, and

blind as those who will not see, and wherefore shall we not gather to ourselves the ripe grain of these our sightless brethren which lies ready to our sickles? Then shall we have all our own and twofold more, and when these howlers of the caves are an hungered, lo, we will jar loose from them many shekels for that which was their own and they would not take. And it shall come to pass that we shall wax fat and our sons shall wax strong upon the land." ¶ And it was even so.

## Boyd Shoots a Seventy-Nine

T. B. Boyd of St. Louis hung up a seventy-nine—forty out and thirty-nine in—for the golfers to shoot at, on Monday; the best score of the season.

You could hear him when he started  
For the hole that's number ten.  
The crowd was rather grouchy  
And no one said "Amen."

I heard his club swing gently  
And then an awful smack.  
The ball went toward the hickories  
Straightway down the track.

The distance was two-fifty,  
He beat it then by ten,  
And the boys upon the benches  
Were shouting now and then.

I saw him grab the brassie  
To make another stroke,  
And I'll tell you something, truly,  
With me it was no joke.

He stood up like a pine tree,  
Looking straight ahead,  
He hit the "baby dimple,"  
My heart went down like lead.

And gazing down the hillside  
I saw it strike the green.  
The ball had safely landed  
Where the old red flag had been.

To see that "caddie" gallop  
To pull the iron rod  
Would bring peace with your neighbor  
Or even with your God.

"O'Connor," by the way, happens to be William L. O'Connor of Indianapolis, one of Pinehurst's most enthusiastic Indiana fans. ¶ Like the man from Missouri he wants to be shown and knows a good thing when he sees it. He is in consequence counting the days which separate him from Pinehurst, until early in the new year. The author is Wallace of "Donlin at the Bat" fame.—EDITOR.

## O'CONNOR ON THE GREEN

they did beat upon the stones that were rolled before the caves wherein the calamity howlers howled, and cried unto them to come forth, saying: "Behold the sun still shines, and the face of Nature is fair to see, and thy crops ripen fast unto the harvest, and shall another reap in thy fields where thou hath sown?" ¶ But the dwellers in darkness cried to get them hence, saying: "Know ye not that darkness is upon the land and we cannot see; nay, verily, even the hands before our eyes?" ¶ "Here now will we abide, for we have a little provision, but enough only to suffice for our own needs during the dark days, and when we behold the sun again, then shall we come forth and till the fields, but not yet, nor soon." And those who were without held council together, saying: "None are so

For O'Connor, strong and stately,  
And large of bone and limb,  
Had told that little caddie  
That he'd tie a knot in him.

If he failed to jerk the flagpole  
When the ball was rolling near,  
And the little caddie pawed the green  
And stood in mortal fear.

To think that hole at bogey  
Was marked up number six,  
Imagine my position,  
I was in a d—nice fix.

I might have known much better  
In the travelers I have seen,  
For an Irishman will always seek  
That "little spot of green."

With his mashie and his brassie  
And his driver with a swing,  
I'd no show with O'Connor,  
For he made the "dimple" sing.

I have played at Coney Island,  
And old Atlantic, too,  
And I've been to Colorado,  
Where the skies are good and blue.

I went up to Wequetonsing,  
Where I met my Waterloo  
On the day O'Connor trimmed me  
I sure felt mighty blue.

## When You Miss Broadway

If you happen to find yourself yearning for the lights of Broadway, motor over to the Princess at Southern Pines and enjoy the movies, arranging in advance for supper at The Carolina on your return. ¶ Manager Piequet's shows are up to the minute—and—we all know what the night steward at the big hotel can do if you say when.

## They're All Going Somewhere

Nice to own a car? ¶ Ask your friends! ¶ Exploration jaunt, hamper picnic, movie party, shopping trip, the motor is Johnny on the spot. Many visitors bring their own; other use the stable's; but all are "goin' somewhere"—always pleasant memory and anticipation!



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