

## THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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Conducted by **Ralph W. Page**

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### Our Contributors

In the division of labor under our perfect economic system several marvels stand forth as a sign to mankind that the age of miracles is not passed. This is a grand free country, of equal opportunity. Men may select their vocations and their professions voluntarily and without ukase. And yet there are still found those hardy enough, or foolish enough, to fill those two dire posts—those of the umpire and the editor. Miserable men. In a world where the utmost approach any human being can come to truth is a fair preponderance of doubt, they must pretend to infallibility and omniscience.

For the editor there is only one way out. That is a frank confession that instead of conducting an oracle he is merely manager of a forum. That he is only a willing first substitute for the man that knows. That he puts his own trade mark on events only for lack of the standard brand.

This resolves itself into not only a willing, but an urgent personal invitation. We run this paper for you—if you are reading it. If it doesn't state facts within your realm of information correctly, all you have to do to become editor of that department is to get your fountain pen to paper. We will give you the space. If our opinion on the state of the roads, or of National Defence is a gross and palpable error, or our taste in drivers an obvious solecism, or our literary style a very bane to the nervous system, it is your fault.

It is our utmost ambition that every one of our neighbors—you my friend, that lives in the mansion-over the way, and you Mr. Tennis Player, whose racket we called a sieve—should send in his direct honest opinion to THE OUTLOOK. We will print it if it is the last act. Don't abandon us as hopeless, or pass our errors over in languid charity. Write us a letter, or come after the manner of Bob Fitzsimmons for salubrious correction.

Of course, if during your cheerful progress through the neighborhood you find some bright and lovely spot we have failed to picture, or some happy prophet whom we do not heed, or Simon the Jester,

disguised as a caddy, filling the whole course with laughter you need not leave that out.

Elsewhere in the paper will be found a directory of the Village. This is a personal invitation to each of these, our neighbors, individually to write or drop into the office with their suggestions, criticisms and annotations. The invitation extends quite as cordially to every soul in the town, or in this cosy little cosmos, who may ever be here.

### Adventures in Contentment

If I lived on the water side of Beacon Street, where the lights are all lit along the shore, or at the end of the Manhattan Tube, or within sound of the hammers ringing out automobiles in Detroit, and had a mind to dodge Henry Fitz, the Hippodrome or the off shore wintery breeze, and being a wise man made for the environs of Pinehurst, N. C., what do you think I'd do? I mean when I got there, beside reading THE OUTLOOK?

I should do what one Puritan lady did do. She walked up to the first man she saw and addressed him as follows:

"My friend, good morrow. This is the hospitable South, is it not, where men get their music from the dreamy heart of Africa, their traditions from the legends of veterans, their history from a rich and varied imagination, and their vivid character from the luxurious songs of the mocking bird and the tropical silences along mellow and ancient by-ways, charged with sweet memories of the elusive splendor of sun, and air, and scent, and sound?"

"I see it is," said the man.

"Well then, I want to see these things. First I want to see ———"

### THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

But you know what she wanted to see. She didn't want to see at all. She wanted to feel. To feel as one feels by a friendly camp fire, with the moon upon rippling waters, and the crickets humming in the pines. The peace and contentment of still and comforting retreats, where the only fellow conducting business is the wood pecker, and the only architecture that succeeding the glacial period. To hear a song—a story—a laugh—to dream and ruminate in the presence of that vague but immortal thing, the spirit of the South.

### FOLLOWING JUNE

It was following this suggestion that I first wondered down the Lumbee River. Came a pleasant fellow in a devil wagon, known to the six counties as June, and says, "Les take a few days off." It proved to be a few days on. Many a successful old voyager looking back from the twilight over the thorny path, finds his trail principally blazed by those casual few days off.

Leaving Pinehurst by the Aberdeen road we boiled down by Keyser into a country of dogwood and holly, and memorial pines, and tangles of jasmine and luxuriant jungle—into a dilapidated old road, smelling of 1832, and suggestive of molasses barrels rolled to market before the days of the application of the Cornish pump to transportation. Beyond a sturdy old bridge, whose loose planks rendered a tune beneath us, after the manner of the ziliphone, we turned into a thicket of little pines and pretty soon came upon a

camp on the margin of a dark and swiftly eddying stream.

Here the hand of the true woodsman had left its indelible mark. Canoes lay snug under shelter, and the cache revealed all the necessities of life—such as salt and tobacco, matches and coffee—and not so much as one unnecessary ounce or suggestion of the superfluous. Night was drawing nigh. A bed of coals, a skillet, a singing coffee pot, a plaintive air on the double "harp," a dive into the mysterious waters, and we were about ready for dinner, when lo, enters, back center, Mr. Local Color, and the God of Things as they were.

### ENTER THE VETERAN

He was old and tough, and knotty, and whiskered, impervious to weather, impervious to time. Bone and leather skin and wardrobe had long since been reduced to the least common denominator. His name was Ferguson, and he came out of his magnificent ancestral estate, the Piny Woods, to provision the expedition with the products of his dairy and his chicken yard.

The sun went down and the stars came out, wonderful to behold. Deep shadows settled on the whispering wilderness, and we squatted in the little red picture frame made by the fire, and lit the pipe of peace and listened to his Iliad.

He had lived there always. The old road ran from Rockingham, the ancient seat of government, to the Cape Fear at Fayetteville, and it was only yesterday the ox teams and the autumn caravan passed annually down through the corridors of virgin pine bearing produce to the sea. Yessir, all the way from the mountains they came, singing and shouting and heaping high the lightwood knots of an evening—planter and moonshiner and nigger trader and the Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. They never come any more—that day was done. But it was as good as any day, and perhaps "more pleasanter" than some.

Yes, he'd taken a right smart jaunt in '64. They came up the old Cheraw road, poor old Dixie's bottom dollar, and passed within a stone's throw of where we sat, more like a bread line than a brigade. Didn't think much about it at the time, but reckoned it sure was a curious spectacle, that passage of Blue's Bridge. Personally he headed for the old shanty—same one he is in now—and the "folks," and sat there telling the story about the war until the inevitable crack of the rifles told that the pickets along Drowning Creek had picked up the vanguard of Sherman's army.

### COMING OF THE YANKEES

One whole division of the invaders passed over the bridge there, on just such another night as this. For hours he could hear the clatter of hoofs on the sounding boards, and the swearing of corporals, and the hollow tread of many feet. No, he never went any further. He'd run as far as he was going. He was plum w' out. The Yankees never messed with him. All night he could hear shooting through the woods, and directly here come a Yankee captain a-horseback, and flung open the door. No, he never done nothin'. He was just as polite and nice as any fellow. Wanted to know the main road to Fayetteville, and where the soldiers were. "We give him a cup of coffee and

(Continued on page twelve)



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