

OUR CONTRIBUTING POETS

Mrs. Cheatham, Frank Butler, C. A. Nesmith and John Charles McNeill

Golf

There's a game called golf, they say,
That men and women love to play.
When once they learn to get "the swing"
They think it is the "only thing,"
When once they learn to follow through
Five miles seems but a rod or two,
To chase that pesky little ball,
If they can hit the thing at all.
It's such an all absorbing game,
It puts your petty cares to shame.
For tired nerves they say its great,
So take up golf 'ere it's too late.

—Mrs. T. A. Cheatham.

The Wily Parson

I have played many matches and far and wide,
I've played 'em for medals and fun
But the hardest by far, though some
over par,
Was the one that the minister won.
In the semi-finals together
He was sure I would win from the
start.
On the fourth with three up, headed
straight for the cup
I appeared to be breaking his heart.
In the fifth he was five in a bunker
I thought I heard him declare
After hitting it twice against my advice
"Dam the luck, I am living in here."
So I eased up to halve it in sixes.
At the next I was trapped on my drive.
Poor miserable nut, when I came to the
putt
We both had a chance at a five.
He asked if I thought I could win it.
I answered, "As certain as sin."
He squinted to gauge her, then offered
to wager
That ball would never go in.
Now I'd rather win money than make it
And I wanted to cover his dough,
Still it seemed but correct to stop and
reflect
On the chance he was taking below.
Now I've always been good in my putting
But this was as bad as my worst
So the parson contrives to match sixes
with fives
And go off with this hole as his first.
He said he'd not mind if I beat him,
That he hadn't his eye on the score;
It would be lots of fun if I beat him
by one
But by no means to beat him by more.
So we rambled along to the finish
In about the same way we'd begun,
And I couldn't disguise my astonished
surprise
To discover him two up and one.
The Parson was up; he had won it,
But he said in a tone sadly blended,
Too bad it was so and that he couldn't
throw
The game as he always intended.
For his duties in Shanghai and China
Compelled him to leave in a hurry,
To decamp, call a halt, so he had to
default
In the finals. Now wouldn't you
worry?

—C. A. Nesmith

April

Howdy do Miss April,
Mighty glad you're here,
Never fond of Lady March,
Acts so mighty queer;
One day smiles and sunshine,
Next day cross and vexed,
Like some sorry people,
No telling what comes next.
Say Miss March, old lady,
What makes you act so mean,
Bring the song birds from the South
To drive 'em back again?
If naming of the months were mine
I'd call you old Miss Blizzard.
Give me April sun and shine,
Give me April wizard.

—Frank E. Butler.

A Few Days Off

I ain't gwine to work till my dyin' day;
'F I ever lays up enough,
I's gwine a go off a while en stay;
I'll be takin' a few days off.
'Ca'se de jimson weeds don't bloom but
once,
En when dey's shed dey's shed;
En when you's dead, 'tain't jis' a few
mont's,
But you's gwine be a long time dead.
I knowed a 'ol' man died powerful rich—
Two mules en lan' en a cow.
I jis' soon die fum fallin' in a ditch,
Fer he went to 's grave fum 's plow
He never had nothin' 't wus good to eat
Ner no piller upon his hed;
He never took time to dance wid his feet,
But he's gwine a take a long time dead.
I knowed a 'ol' ooman wut scrubbed en
hoed,
En never didn' go nowhar,
En when she died de people knowed
Dat she had supp'n' hid 'bout dar.
Se brought 'a' dressed up en 'a' done
supp'n' wrong
En had 'e a coht-case ple'd.
But she didn't have time to live veh long;
She's gwine have a plenty dead.

So I says, if I manage to save enough
Fum de wages I gits dis yur,
I is right den takin' a few days off
At one thing en an'er.
'Ca'se while I is got my mouf en eyes
En a little wheel in my head,
I's gwine a live fas', fer when I dies
I'll sho be a long time dead.

Summer Activities

That Pinehurst is developing from a
purely Winter colony to a plantation and
year-round center is made strikingly man-
ifest by the announcement recently made
by the New Era Company to provide elec-
tric light to the town and vicinity during
the Summer as well as the season as
hitherto.

Beside all the business that goes on—
the new orchards which must be in the
care of the husbandmen, a dozen or more
dwellings to be built, additions, exten-
sions, planting and sowing, the permanent
residents have so far increased in the
last two years that there has been an
unprecedented demand for membership in
the Country Club for the Summer.

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