

left at least three weeks later than all records predicted. They are by no means all returned. They will not be back on the windy ways of Beacon Street until knee deep in May. But hundreds had to be actually moved or disappointed when the Carolina closed at its usual time, and the Holly Inn was left with a lion's share of the job on its hands.

No man in his senses would credit this phenomenal influx to any one condition. There have been three influences in the village this year which have added the greatest possible interest. Probably the foremost is the brotherhood of horsemen and horsewomen that has sprung up under the care and enthusiasm of Col. Swigert, who inaugurated the Wednesday trotting matinee, and brought out not only the professional and amateur experts and their thoroughbred pacers and hunters, but also all the girls and men and guests in the town who liked to ride. The horse back games and the daily adventures into the woods under the charge of George Leach, and the ever increasing company that joined in Jim Boyd's Sandhill hunt to the Weymouth hounds, have lent a new meaning and a new diversion to the activities of the golf mecca.

It has been no small item that Annie Oakley has in her kindly and generous manner seriously undertaken to train the ladies of the village and all guests of the place to shoot, and that 800 of them have taken advantage of the opportunity so provided.

But perhaps the greatest item of all is the realization taking root this year that Pinehurst is a residential village of beauty and permanence, a place of established personnel and neighbors, traditions and principles. Twenty-four sites for Winter homes have been purchased in the village this Winter. That means twenty-four more homes, twenty-four more families and shaded lawns, more partners that can be depended upon, more familiar faces on the links and in the ball room.

We are promised for next year that the playgrounds will keep pace with the encouragement so generously given. The polo field will be the scene of more elaborate and still more cosmopolitan racing events and gymkhanas. The sporting blood of many of those entering this year has been aroused, and there are to be paddocks and quarters on the field to accommodate the many mounts which have been promised for the races for the coming season. The grandstand will be completed in every detail, it will even be entirely glassed in upon sliding doors, to be used or not as the weather dictates. The baseball diamond will be located in the center of the circular track, more accessible for the National game, and a feature made of many contests.

THE POETRY CROP

A Contribution from an Admiring
Golf Enthusiast

To the Outlook

It's a fact—it's too bad,
But it's gone down to history;
To some 'twill seem sad,
To some be a mystery,
But still it's a fact,
And recorded in Heaven;
Mrs. J. Walter Smith
Holed out in eleven!

Now Pershing and Funston
May chase after Villa,
And Woodrow may wobble
The Ship of State's tiller.
T. R. may discover a

A bird that wears shoes,
And sports long side whisker,
Like Chief Justice Hughes;
All of which may be so—
But still it is true—
Mrs. J. Walter should
Have holed out in two!

The newspapers say,
That the Germans are done.
That the French got their goat
In the scrap at Verdun.
The old Russian bear
Is learning new tricks,
And putting the Turks
In a H—ll of a fix—
But Mrs. J. Walter—
O! Sad to relate!
Missed her putt on the ninth,
And holed out in eight!

The angels may weep
O'er the sins of the world,
And the Star Spangled Banner
In mourning be furled.
But the OUTLOOK, undaunted,
It's sunny path sails,
Recording the golf scores
Of prominent whales.

The Truth About It

[From "The Philosophy of Folly" in
the Cleveland Plain Dealer]

[Sunday paper history muckraker
states that Paul Revere never made that
famous ride. On the eve of the 141st
anniversary of the supposed stunt, we
submit the following]:

Listen my children, and you shall hear
The genuine dope about Paul Revere.
He said to his friend, "If the British
march

By land or by sea"—(ever march by
sea?)—

"Send an S. O. S. from the belfry arch,
And I on my Ostermoor will be,
Riding a nightmare to beat the cahs,
Dreaming a story which fond Mammias
Will read to their children for yeahs and
yahs!"

(Such was the Boston accent, deah,
Already invented by Paul Revere!)

Then he said good night, and with
muffled tread

Beat it for home and the trundle-bed;
And his friend (whoever he was) alone
Warned the farmers by telephone.
But Paul and his press agent doped a
plan

To tell a good yarn to the Transcript
man.

William Tell is a mythical yarn—
Bill couldn't hit the side of a barn.
Barbara Frietchie never did
Her hero stunt—she was only a kid
Six months old at the time of the war,
And her father resided in Baltimore.
Horace wrote ads for a brewery house,
And Edgar A. Poe was not a souse.
History's made of a bunch of lies;
Therefore we get but a mild surprise
When we learn the same of the tales
we hear
Of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere!

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