

**THE PINEHURST
OUTLOOK**

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

Pinehurst, North Carolina

Conducted by **Ralph W. Page**

For advertising rates and space apply to

EDWIN A. DENHAM

Pinehurst, N. C.

One Dollar Annually, Five Cents a Copy
Foreign Subscriptions Fifty Cents
Additional

The Editor is always glad to consider contribu-
tions. Good photographs are especially desired.
Editorial rooms over the Department Store,
Hours 9 to 5. In telephoning ask central for
OUTLOOK Office.

Advertising rate card and circulation state-
ment on request.

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



Saturday March 9, 1918

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

AT THE PINEHURST CHAPEL:

Holy Communion 9.15 A. M.
Children's Services 10.00 A. M.
Morning Service and Sermon... 11.00 A. M.
Night Service at the Community
House at 8.00 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Early Mass 6.15 A. M.
When visiting Priest is at Pinehurst
Second Mass 8.00 A. M.

LENTEN SERVICES

Wednesday and Friday afternoons at 5.30

LENTEN SERVICES:

Ash Wednesday, February 13.
Holy Communion 9.15 A. M.
Penitential Office and Sermon 11 A. M.
Friday, February 15th
Short Lenten Service 5.30 P. M.

MAILS

Arrive 8.28 A. M.	Depart 8.00 A. M.
10.30 A. M.	9.45 A. M.
6.27 P. M.	6.00 P. M.
8.05 P. M.	8.00 P. M.

TRAINS

NORTH	SOUTH
Leave 9.45 A. M.	Leave 7.25 A. M.
9.55 P. M.	7.23 P. M.
FROM NORTH	FROM SOUTH
Due 8.20 A. M.	Due 10.35 A. M.
8.05 P. M.	10.30 P. M.

RED CROSS WORK

Work on surgical dressings and hos-
pital supplies for our soldiers in France
by all the women in the village, includ-
ing all transient guests, goes on steadily
at the following places

Workroom at the School House near
the Movie Treatre Every Morning.

Carolina Hotel, Tuesdays 10 to 12.30
and Fridays 10 to 5.30 P. M.

School House Every Tuesday Evening.

**PINEHURST BRANCH, SANDHILL CHAPTER
AMERICAN RED CROSS**

Chairman, Mrs. Leonard Tufts.

Secretary and treasurer, Mrs. J. D. C.
Rumsey.

Permanent Committee—Mrs. T. T.
Watson, Mrs. W. H. Priest, Mrs. C. E.
Horton and Mrs. G. M. Howard, Mrs.
S. A. D. Shepard, Miss Helen Child, Mrs.
W. T. Barr, Mrs. B. V. Covert, Mrs.
W. E. Truesdell, Miss Sarah Yerxa.

STRAIGHT TALK

By all odds the most effective and
piercing arraignment of the Prussian
savages that we have ever heard was
made last Tuesday evening in the Caro-
lina ball room by Captain Fallon of the
British army. However much one may
read of the devastation of the old
World, and hideous plans and operations
of this junker Insane Asylum, the
written story pales into insignificance in
comparison with the impression received
from one out of the shambles. The cap-
tain brought with him the appeal and
the conviction burned into his mind by
three years under fire. He went through
the terrible disaster at Gallipoli, and
then joined the great drive on the
Somme. He comes here wounded in
seven places, with his left arm out of
commission and the scars left by a
double explosion all over him. But he
is the nearest to a red-hot fighting man
we have seen in this settlement.

The hotel was packed to suffocation,
every window sill and peeping hole was
mobbbed for a glimpse. Governor Brum-
baugh of Pennsylvania, presided and in-
troduced the captain, and led the ova-
tion that greeted the conclusion of his
speech. And Prussians and their sympa-
thizers, pussy footers and pacifists were
conspicuous by their absence.

This man had seen the game. He had
seen the appalling results of unspeak-
able brutalities practiced upon the
women and children of the Marne and
Yser; he had seen his own comrades de-
capitated and crucified; with his own
eyes he had read the bloodthirsty and
diabolical notices condemning the people
of Belgium to slavery, degradation and
death. And he spoke in a way to iron
into the soul of the most flabby slacker.

His platform is simple and clear
enough. It is to smash this German
devil until every bone in his body is
broken, until he screams in vain for
mercy, until he curses the Kaiser, and
crawls back to his hole in anguish to
the light of his burning arsenals and his
exploding ships. That to even speak to
him is a sacrilege, and to treat with him
a disgrace.

It isn't war that has bred this re-
solve. He told how the Turks cut them
all to pieces at Gallipoli; how they
trapped them in the wire under water,
and decimated the battalions, and finally
drove them from the hard won footing
on the peninsular. But he said that
when they went they left a big sign in
the front line trenches evacuated, to the
effect that the Turks had given them a
hard and clean fight, and that they
hoped to return the compliment some
time.

But the Prussian is not taken pris-
oner. Not by the Anzaes.

He recognized and we recognize that
no useful purpose is served in a civilized
country by the germination of hatred
of anything—snakes or murderers or
pirates or Jack the Rippers or Prussians.
But it is of the utmost and final neces-
sity that every man should know what
he is facing. Decent people did not in-
dulge in a soul destroying, blind hatred
of the Apaches, who burned their vic-
tims at the stake and cut the scalps off

their heads. But they harbored no de-
lusions about them. We do not hate
Hela monsters. But we are quite pre-
pared to go the limit to have none loose
in the house.

We are under the greatest possible
obligation to this Irish captain who has
not stopped his battles with seven
wounds. He has taught us this at least.
That there is nothing to discuss with
the Prussian. And that ink used to
print peace discussion is not only wasted
but probably poisonous.

OUR PLAN OF BATTLE

That was the conviction felt by every
person in the room when Captain Fallon
finished. But convictions are of small
value unless they lead to some definite
action. And even the captain hardly
expected everyone in the Carolina Ball
room to seize a Browning Gun and a
gas mask and rush for Berlin.

The crisis he is endeavoring to have
us meet is more intangible and perhaps
as deadly as the assault on the front
line. It is the absolute shortage of
food and material.

It is slowly coming home to us that
what is required is saving. But not pri-
marily a saving of money. It is a
saving of food and labor and material.
The time is here when it is next to
treason to use the work of any man
upon a useless object; to use iron or
copper or cotton or wool or any of the
essential materials of industry for any
purpose whatever except to live and to
beat the Germans. It avails nothing to
give large sums of money to the Red
Cross, or even to the Government, if we
use other sums to divert the last rem-
nants of our resources to needless pur-
poses.

The answer is that women cannot buy
jewels and be patriotic. The artizans
have a more vital task than making
trinkets. That the men cannot employ
an army of tailors to make Norfolk
jackets. We are short too many uni-
forms. That the person who spends any
needless sum for display or fashion,
whether in functions or on his back or
his car or his yacht or his stationary or
whatever his pet vanity is, is essentially
a slacker.

The corollary is that the money so
saved should be put at the immediate
disposal of the government. A great
army of patriotic volunteers all over the
country are devoting their whole time
this month to selling and urging the
sale of Thrift stamps and War Saving
certificates. It is impossible for the
subject to become stale, or less vital.
It is our duty, and yours, and your
cooks and your chauffeurs to preach sav-
ing, and to practice saving, and to buy
and urge the buying of these stamps
without limit or cessation from now un-
til the day the Black Eagle is hauled
down from the Wilhelmstrasser

Chicago Bridegroom—What—in tears,
my love—and on the day after our wed-
ding, too? What has happened?

Chicago Bride—Oh, dear! I fell up
stairs this morning—and that's such a
bad sign!—Cleveland Leader.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP

DEAR DUCHESS:

Looked for a while as if the disturb-
ance in Flanders would get all the men,
and that we would become a bandage
factory down here. Not at all. To be
sure, except for the landstrum that
turns up to play golf and the old guard,
there were signs that the war had
rounded up the gang. Everybody's son
is in the fight. And a young goffer is
a curiosity.

But that didn't last long. The mili-
tary and the food fighters, the camp
directors and the Export and the Import
and the N'emporte Boards all found that
their members had to get away from
the grind once in so often or pass up
the game. So they flock down here,
when the surgeon major prescribes rest
and change. It makes the neighborhood
more interesting than ever before. This
week the initiated could almost hold a
grand council of war right here. Sena-
tors Frelinghuysen, Kellogg and Otis
have arrived straight from the trials of
the famous and much debated Brown-
ing Machine Gun. Raymond D. Fosdick,
who runs those Training Camp activi-
ties and Gurdon Parker of New York,
his left hand man, are staying at the
Holly Inn, and have joined the Sand-
hill Councils. Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick
attended the horse show Saturday with
the Tufts and Henry S. Thompson of
Boston, who is now in charge of the Red
Cross work at the Cantonments. Later
they had dinner with George Maxwell
Clark.

The soldiers are no exception to the
grind. The woods are full of captains
and field marshals off on furlough—the
latest to fill the ranks being Captain and
Mrs. Elias Field and Captain and Mrs.
Neil Loynachan from Camp Greene.

Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania
has returned from Harrisburg and
joined Mrs. Brumbaugh on the links.
Governors will be plentiful here by Sat-
urday, when Bickett comes down from
Raleigh with two admirals and three
generals to get this bunch of joy riders
in behind the starvation program. They
are going to have a big time. Col. and
Mrs. R. E. Swigert will do the honors
at luncheon at the Club House, and the
local soldiery and chivalry will escort
the company to the exercises at the Race
Course.

A round of the links and the shows
and the races and all the rest going on
would reveal a long list of your friends,
with a strong contingent from New
York. Here are Mr. and Mrs. E. D.
Hawkins and J. H. Ottley, staying at
the Carolina; Byron P. Newton, the col-
lector of the Port of New York, who
succeeded Malone when he went crazy
over the suffragettes—a guest of the
James Barber's; Bishop J. G. Anderson
of Boston, and nobody knows who all.

The Joseph H. Choates left last night
after a two weeks siesta, and Mr. Cole-
man Drayton did not get a single golfing
victory out of the visit. It is small
wonder, for in his time Choate has won
the medal in National Tournament.

The Harper Sibleys in from Rochester
have made a most delightful addition to