

# The Pinehurst Outlook.

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## THE PINEHURST FARM.

**Broad, Green Acres and Substantial Modern Buildings.**

**Capacious, Well-Filled Barn and Large Herd of Fine Cattle.**

**A Favorite Walk from the Village, Through Pine Groves and Green Fields.**

Shortly after Mr. Tufts commenced building the model village, Pinehurst, his attention was called to the need of a farm and dairy to supply the wants of his winter guests, and steps were promptly taken to provide such a department. A tract of about one hundred acres, on the southern side of the village, was selected for this purpose and men and teams put to work clearing up the land. Ax and fire soon played havoc with the sturdy pines and oaks growing there, and the plow completed the transformation of the wilderness into a garden for the use of man.

Passing through the gate near the foot of the Village Green, a short rise confronts us, from the crest of which is revealed a gentle slope on which the young grain is just springing up green and beautiful—a picture to delight the eye of a visitor fresh from the cold,

frozen North. At the foot of this slope are located the farm buildings, all models of their kind, the most prominent being the cow-barn, an excellent likeness of which we print in this issue.

This barn is 70 feet long and 40 feet wide and contains two stories and a basement. The building is well ventilated and has accommodations for about thirty cows, with ample room for the storage of fodder, farm implements, and everything that should be kept in a well-regulated barn. The basement opens into commodious barn-yards where the beef cattle are kept, and from which an inclined way leads to the floor above. The main floor contains the quarters of the choice specimens of Jersey and Holstein cows that supply the rich milk consumed by our villagers. Here are also located two large silos, six by ten feet and about fifteen feet high; also, room for storing tools, and a large space filled

with different kinds of food for the cattle. The upper floor is devoted to the storage of dried cow-peas, a fodder that is largely used in this section as a substitute for hay. The barn now shelters about twenty cows, and more will be added from time to time as the needs of the village require. There are also numerous cattle being fattened for local consumption. The cows are all stall-fed; dry cow-peas, cotton-seed meal, corn meal, hay, and corn ensilage being the food provided for their sustenance. A fine spring close by the barn provides a never failing supply of pure water. Everything about the place is kept in the neatest possible manner, and the whole is in charge of a practical farmer from New England.

A short distance away, in a small oak grove, is located a neat, home-like cot-

ways been a favorite with our visitors, and the improvements made during the past summer make it more popular than ever.

## AUTUMN IN THE SOUTH.

**Rev. B. A. Goodridge Writes of the Pleasures of the Holiday Season in the Pine Woods.**

It is a pity that so many people who urgently need the conditions of rest and recuperation that are to be found in Pinehurst and vicinity should think it well to wait until "after the holidays" before going there. Much wiser would it be to leave the North while the weather there is mild and comfortable, and get well settled among the pine woods in time to enjoy the long, beautiful autumn of that region. To do that is to get double

flourishing villages, there were solitary houses separated by long stretches of forest, there was no lack of good cheer at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Was there ever more joy in a household than befell on one Thanksgiving day that I well remember, when fires were lighted in the two brand new chimneys and it was found that they "drew" beautifully? To live in one's new house nearly three months without any chimneys, because neither love nor money can secure a mason, and then to have a man from Maine come along—one of those blessed Yankees who can do everything—and build your chimneys as handily as if he had never done anything else all his life—was not that enough of itself to make a delightful Thanksgiving? But the joy of that day and of other Thanksgivings that I remember were not all of

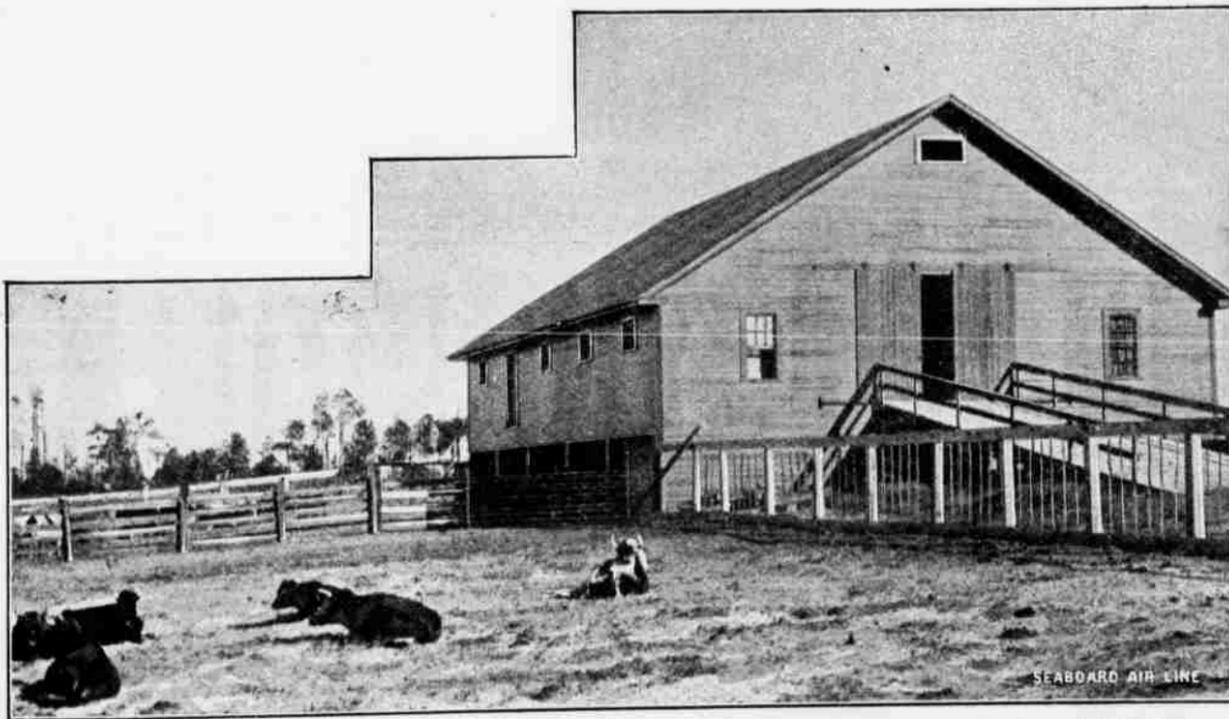
the mind and heart by any means. There were many substantial delights as well. Perhaps the wild turkey no more abounds as of old, but, once upon a time, members of his tribe almost as large and mighty as that tremendous bird which Rhode Island contributes every year to the presidential table at the White House, were not too proud to make good cheer upon the Thanksgiving board of northern settlers.

And when it came to Christmas time there was even less reason for any feeling of homesickness, for there among the pine woods is the haunt and home of Christmas. Up here we make a feeble attempt to look Christmas-like. We get a poor little evergreen tree, and some strings of ground

pine, and a few holly wreaths, made very thin, and if a little sprig of mistletoe falls into our hands it is a nine days' wonder; and with such scanty Christmas greens as these we make as brave a holiday showing as we can. But in our miserable hearts we know this Christmas never grew for us. We had to buy it by the yard or barrel at the grocery.

But you favored folk at Pinehurst are living right in the midst of a green and growing Christmas all the time. For you all out-of-doors is trimmed with evergreen. In every direction you can find the beautiful holly with its glossy leaves and crimson berries, and you need not go far to find abundance of mistletoe. It is a land, too, where Christmas is kept in good old English measure. There must be full twelve days of it to satisfy the natives, white and black,

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE FIVE.)



COW-BARN AT THE PINEHURST FARM. —(Courtesy of S.A.L. Magundi.)

tage—the home of the farmer in charge. But a few feet from his door a convenient building was erected during the past summer for use as a dairy. It is 20x20 feet and 11 feet high, with cemented walls and floor, and serves its purpose well.

The razor-backs, so numerous in this section of the country, have no place among the stock of the Pinehurst farm. Well-bred and well-fed Berkshires have supplanted them and are housed in the piggery, a couple of hundred yards from the barn. Sheep and goats graze in a pasture near by while awaiting transformation into mutton. A short distance beyond the farm buildings are located the market garden and nursery, which have previously been described in our columns.

The walk of about three-fourths of a mile through the pine groves and green fields to the farm and nursery has al-

advantage from the healing and invigorating conditions of the climate. But to stay in the North through the trying weather we are sure to have in November and December, to get well tired out with the strain and fuss and flurry of our social life at its highest pressure, to get a heavy, obstinate cold, and then to go to Pinehurst in January when the healing virtues of its atmosphere are less active,—this is to plan one's visit so as to get a much smaller possible advantage from it.

I suppose the great reason for this reluctance to go South until Thanksgiving and Christmas have passed, is the feeling that a sojourn among the pine woods is a sort of exile at best, and that it would be almost unendurable to spend the holiday season there. That is, perhaps, a natural idea, but it is also a very mistaken one. Even in the old days before Pinehurst existed, when, instead of