

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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ARTHUR H. SPINNEY, EDITOR.

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MOORE COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Commissioners,—John B. Watson, Jonesboro; William C. Currie, Curriesville; T. B. Creel, Aberdeen.

Clerk Superior Court,—D. A. McDonald.

Sheriff,—Samuel M. Jones.

Register of Deeds,—W. H. Battley.

Treasurer,—Daniel Hannon.

Coroner,—Dr. G. McLeod.

Surveyor,—J. G. Seawell.

MINERAL SPRINGS TOWNSHIP.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1897.

EFFORTS are now being made by quite a number of members of Congress to discredit the civil service law, and if possible would no doubt accomplish its repeal. While we do not believe in all the methods used by the civil service commission, we do believe fully in the merit system, and that all appointments should be made from ascertained fitness, as near as may be, and that continuance in the public service should be based on the actual results obtained in the performance of the duties of the office.

OWING to a bad break in our press, which makes it necessary to send our forms seventy-five miles away to be printed, THE OUTLOOK appears this week with only six pages, and we hope our patrons will excuse the slight delay in receiving their paper. Next week we expect to be able to issue the paper on time, and will return to its regular size—eight pages.

A northern newspaper publishes the following definition of fog as from a North Carolinian. If it originated here it only goes to show how ignorant we are of such a misty subject: "Fog is where the atmosphere and the hemisphere come together. That produces a great pressure, and causes the earth to sweat. The sweat we call fog."

Try THE OUTLOOK for three months.

A LITTLE GIRL'S OPINION.

One of Our Small Northern Visitors Tells What She Thinks of Pinehurst.

DEAR MR. SPINNEY:

I thought you might be pleased to know how a little girl likes Pinehurst, and so I write you this letter. You may put it in your paper if you wish. We came almost the whole way in a buffet car which I thought papa called a buffalo car. And I thought he said your name was Mr. Spinach! Well, my playmates in the North thought I would be lonesome here without them, but it isn't so. I am sure Mr. Tufts must love little children, there are so many things to interest them. But first let me tell you how pleased mamma is that I can't get lost here. I almost cried when she read me about the little girl in the next village who didn't go home after school one afternoon, and the men who hunted for her couldn't find her until nine o'clock in the dark evening. This wire fence about Pinehurst that keeps out the razor-backs and other animals keeps in little girls and boys so that their mothers don't have to hunt far for them.

It was told us there were so many nice plants and flowers all around the village that I would hear somebody calling out: "Look out! Don't!" if I should happen to step off the path, but it isn't so at all. I don't walk on our flower garden at home; why should I here? I can play out of doors nearly all the time, and I don't catch cold and have the "snuffles" as I used to last winter in the North. I like ever so much digging in the dry sand. Papa and I have splendid times going to the deer park. I like to go there every day. Then he swings me in the little grove; and isn't it funny? he teters with me. I wonder what the folks up North would think to see dignified papa tetering! I hope Mr. Vale will snap-shot us so that I can show the picture to our friends when we go back home. I have a little tricycle, and the days are not long enough to do all my playing and go to school too.

Sometimes we go to Southern Pines on the electric car. I like the ride very much and the short visits, too. But I am always glad to get back to Pinehurst. We have a nice little home for the winter, and though at first I was lonesome for my Sunday school we have one now and the same nice teacher has my class there that teaches me in the day school. Papa is getting well very fast, and we are so glad he is going back with his health. He thinks Pinehurst is a pretty nice place and likes the people as well as the bracing air and beautiful sunshine. We didn't think we were very far from home when the other day papa's friend Mr. Benshimol from Boston dropped in on us. And we are making some new friends, too, like Mr. Powell of Aberdeen who sent us some nice quail not long since. I am going to send their wings home to my little friends North.

It makes me smile to hear our folks flatter the good beds. But they sleep from nine to ten hours every night and that's why they enjoy the new mattresses and bedsprings, I suppose. Papa went to Europe last summer, but I guess he didn't gain all he ought because mamma and Aunt Carrie and I weren't with him. That's why we are together this winter. We are going to have just as nice Christmas exercises here as at home, and I am sure that the tree will be nicer

THE HOLLY INN,

Pinehurst, N. C.



Terms: \$3.00 a Day. \$12 to \$20 a Week.

THE HOLLY INN has been enlarged to meet the great demand, and can now accommodate two hundred guests. Its attractions leave nothing to be desired on the score of comfort and convenience—Electric Lights, Steam Heat, Open Fire-places, Telephone, Solarium, Billiard Room, Orchestra, Central Courtyard, Elegantly Furnished and Carpeted Rooms and Unsurpassed Cuisine, with Table Service by carefully selected New England girls.

The Managers of the Inn cannot receive Consumptive Guests.

Passengers over the Seaboard Air Line Railroad to Southern Pines will find Electric Cars waiting to convey them directly to THE HOLLY INN, Pinehurst.

Address ATWOOD & SISE, Managers, Pinehurst, Moore Co., N. C.

Southern Pines News Depot.

C. L. HAYES, Proprietor.

Books, Papers and Magazines,
Athletic Goods, Sheet Music
and Stationery.

Nice Line of Gift Booklets for Xmas Trade.
SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

because evergreen trees grow all about here. But I must close now. I like Mrs. Spinney because she invites me to her house and shows me pictures.

Sincerely,

AVIS CAROLYN TOBEY.

ABERDEEN.

One of the burning questions of the day among some of Pinehurst's residents is the why and wherefore of long delays in freight via Aberdeen. One sufferer is still waiting for goods shipped a month ago.

Two ordinances attract the attention of the visitor; one relating to Sunday closing; the other to the proper care and disposition of all kinds of litter, such as waste paper, etc. The Sunday law is quite drastic in that if any store is opened on the Sabbath it shall be *prima facie* evidence that it is open for business. In the absence of hurdy-gurdy carts pushed by officials of the street cleaning department every householder must bear a hand in picking up refuse or suffer the penalty.

"What makes you think your new hairpins will have a big sale?" "Why, man, they're made strong enough to lift the largest pickle that can be gotten into a boarding school."—Puck.

BURR & SISE,
ARCHITECTS.

ALBION BUILDING, 1 BEACON ST.,
BOSTON, MASS.

DESIGNERS OF THE HOLLY INN.

CHAS. E. VALE,   

Photographer.

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Southern Scenes, Etc.

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