

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

PINEHURST MUSEUM.

Ancient Log Cabin Filled With the Quaint and Curious.

Taken from Original Site and Brought to the Foot of the Village Green.

Address Delivered at the Dedication and a Poem Written for that Occasion.

Growing interest in the Pinehurst Museum and its increasing collection of historic curiosities requires special notice. This log cabin was built by a man named Wray nearly seventy years ago. Its lock, of immense size and with wrought iron key nearly a foot in length, belonged to the first jail erected in Fayetteville, N. C. Mr. Archibald McKenzie presented the cabin to Mr. J. W. Tufts, the founder and owner of Pinehurst, and we are indebted to Mr. Tufts for the incidents attending the informal social opening of the Museum last season.

The building is located at the foot of the Village Green, directly facing the Holly Inn, and was taken piece by piece from its original site and carefully restored to its original form, under the direction of Mr. B. E. Taylor of Boston, architect of Pinehurst.

The enormous fireplace will accommodate a six-foot log, has all the accessories of an immense crane, pot-hooks, kettles, andirons of ancient style; and the same tapering chimney of sticks covered with mud plaster still gives egress to smoke and blaze, in spite of the natural conclusion that it ought to burn up as soon as a fire is started below. Among the contents are spinning wheel, distaff, various reels, ancient candlesticks, antlers of game, and the usual accompaniments of a country home of olden time. Among these is exhibited the old-fashioned broad-ax with which the original logs were hewn to shape. Only a few days since Mrs. Mary McDonald of this county presented the following volumes, viz: "A Treatise of Affairs Maritime and of Commerce," published in London, 1688; and one entitled "The Town and Country Magazine," published in 1769.

A suggestion made just as the building was restored to shape was, that some form of dedication would be proper. The services of the young people were called into requisition, so that spontaneous contributions were appropriate and timely, however suddenly prepared. No band of music was attainable, but Miss Mabel T. Hall of Newton, Mass., sang two solos, Mr. Macomber gave a short introductory address, and Mr. R. Chase Carrington of Hyde Park, Mass., contributed in verse.

Mr. Macomber's remarks we give, as follows:

"Gathered as we are from former times and various places, together as it were, it seems fitting—though we are fast thinning out until a postage stamp would almost take us away—that we should 'warm' such an old house as this is. 'Re-warm,' I should say, for it was warmed nearly seventy-five years ago; but you will allow that time enough has passed for it to get cold again.

I was asked to be partially funny; but I have left that to my friend Carrington, who is, in many respects, the funniest man I ever knew. He used to try the 'shuffling board,' but I have at last persuaded him to take to poetry and the woods. Some of us may meet again in this little log cabin if the gathering of curiosities be continued. Its structure and arrangements portray and bring before us the actual life of our own New England forefathers of early generations. We can see with our own eyes their way of living, and, in imagination, the prime-

To save the old fellow from breaking his back,
As he labored away at his task.

Now, Wray was the name of the builder strong,
"X-Ray" he is at the date of this song;
But his work lives on, and may it live long,
'Till grim old age shall over it creep.

His fame is not great, but his work's well done,—
Though another has finished what he just begun,
And added a porch, after spending some "mun,"
And making a window, a door.

A gunsmith was he, and a "son of a gun"—
Though that last trite remark be taken in fun,
As meaning that he was a typical man
Of the State where corn liquor abounds.

Transported at last to the Village Green,
Where by curious villagers it now may be seen;
Standing, a monument to the "has been,"
It contrasts the methods of man.

It tells of the struggle and toil of the days
When men, brave and stalwart, were blazing the
ways

For others to follow—a nation to raise—
A nation so brave and so free.

Scripture Cake.

The following was one of the dainties served up at the Kings Daughters' fair on Wednesday of last week:

1 cup butter,	Judges 5:25
3 1/2 cups flour,	I. Kings 4:22
3 cups sugar,	Jer. 6:20
2 cups raisins,	I. Sam. 30:12
2 cups figs,	I. Sam. 30:12
1 cup water,	Gen. 24:17
1 cup almonds,	Gen. 43:11
6 eggs,	Isa. 10:14
1 tablespoonful of honey,	Ex. 16:21
Salt,	Lev. 2:13
Spices to taste,	I. Kings 10:10

Follow Solomon's advice
for making good boys
and you will have good
cake,

Prov. 13:24

The editorial tooth has not yet broken the dainty slice kindly sent him by Mrs. Couch.

Don't Destroy Trees and Plants.

We print below a letter from Mr. Warren H. Manning, the landscape architect who has full charge of the landscape features of our village, to Mr. Tufts relating to the indiscriminate collection of wild flowers or plants and defacing the pine trees and small pines on the Pinehurst estate.

MR. JAMES W. TUFTS:

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to call attention to the serious injury that is being done to the attractive native plants of the Pinehurst estate which is caused by the thoughtless practice of plucking flowers, branches and roots and to recommend that you ask your guests, and require others, to refrain from this practice. After being plucked, wild plants and flowers can only give pleasure to a few people for a short time as they soon fade, but if they are left where growing they may be enjoyed by many people, not only during the present season but for many years to come.

It is my intention to not only have the flowering plants protected but to have them increased by every possible means so that they may become of much greater importance as an attraction to those who stroll about the estate. The pines must be protected if you ever expect me to secure for you an attractive winter landscape at Pinehurst.

Unless the hearty co-operation of every one concerned is secured, these purposes will be wholly defeated and plants will be exterminated that it will not be practicable to re-establish. Even now the pixie is almost exterminated and it is becoming more difficult to find the trailing arbutus.

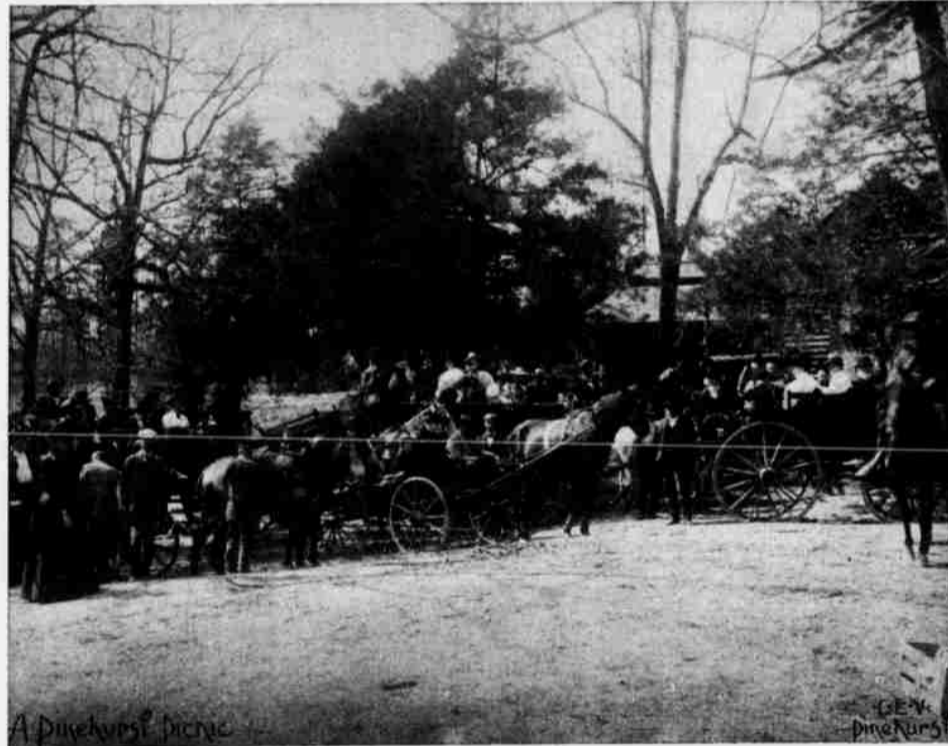
Your own planting forces have never been permitted to collect plants upon the estate.

Yours truly,
WARREN H. MANNING.

When a razor-back is seen with a mouthful of grass—then lookout for a protracted spell of bad weather.

It is an old proverb that the rain falls on the just and unjust, alike; but that must be a mistake, for the just receive the largest share, from the fact that the unjust appropriate most of the umbrellas.

Now is the time to advertise.



A PINEHURST PICNIC.

val forest, and hear the stealthy tread of unseen foes as they rise up before us.

Given by the kindly neighbors—a monument or the past, and a shelter to everything interesting, characteristic or curious—it is representative of the past of this great and glorious commonwealth of our republic. God bless the Commonwealth of North Carolina! Three cheers for Pinehurst, the Tufts, and ourselves!"

The following are Mr. Carrington's verses:

The Log Cabin, Village Green, Pinehurst, N. C.
BY R. CHASE CARRINGTON.

In eighteen hundred and twenty-three
The cabin which shelters this gathering free
Was fashioned from wood of the tall pine tree,
And removed from the forest deep.

Far from its home near the Jackson Springs,
Where Nature had scattered a few spare things
To "jolly" the settler, else he'd take wings
And seek a more genial clime,

The logs and the boards, the rafter and sill,
And all that it takes a house to fulfill,
Were brought to a site near McKenzie's mill,
And hewn there, by ax, to their place.

With "nary" a nail, was builded this shack,
And it must have taken a "right smart" knack

Then, here's to the cabin now standing here,
Sad relic of what its first owner held dear;
Yet, to us, an incentive to hope, and not fear,
For the future and progress of man.

As the Museum is fairly open for contributions we deem it only proper to recall the history of the cabin and its dedication not previously published, so that our readers may be encouraged to add other curiosities of a historic character, as from time to time they visit its quaint accommodations.

Priscilla (just arrived): "Are there any men here?" Phyllis: "Oh, there are a few apologies for men!" Priscilla: "Well, if an apology is offered me, I shall accept it."

Insurance Agent: "Before filing the claim, will you be kind enough to give me a certificate of your husband's death, madame?" The New Widow: "With pleasure."—*Life*.