

The Pinehurst Outlook.

VOL. I., NO. 12.

PINEHURST, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1897.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

YULE-TIDE FESTIVITIES.

Pinehurst Celebrates the Greatest of Holidays.

Christmas Tree for the Villagers and One Provided for the Colored People.

The People of Pine Ridge and Vicinity Enjoy Their First Christmas Tree.

The Villagers' Christmas Tree.

The present dwellers in Pinehurst might be classed as sojourners and abiders; the guests who are here for the season and they who hold the fort the year round. But all classes are homogeneous and are closely united in any and every measure which is for the public weal and enjoyment. An event like that of Christmas eve is of such general interest that the new hall welcomed an audience twice as large as was anticipated. The committee on decorations, consisting of Miss Gilbert, Miss Hopkinson, Dr. Jones and Messrs. Vale and Poole performed their laborious part of the preparations in a satisfactory manner.

It devolved upon the committee not only to procure and arrange the decorations but also to adorn the tree with the Christmas gifts. They received many compliments on the artistic effects of the hall decorations and those of the tree. The entertainment committee, Mrs. Adams, the Misses Carrington and Messrs. Redding and Lindsey, provided a literary and musical treat which was greatly enjoyed by the company present. Much credit is due to them for their painstaking efforts with the children, and they and the appreciative audience are greatly indebted to the friends who so freely tendered their services. The following is the program of the evening:

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| 1 Selection, | Holly Inn Orchestra |
| 2 Recitation, | John Hightower |
| 3 Song, | Miss Mabel Hall |
| 4 Recitation, | Miss Gladys Bradbury |
| 5 Song, | Miss Eugenie Upham |
| 6 Recitation, | Miss Avis Tobey |
| 7 Recitation, | Norman Goodrich |
| 8 Song, | Mr. Oehmler |
| 9 Reading, | Miss Eugenie Upham |
| 10 Song, | Mr. Oehmler |
| 11 Recitation, | Miss Katherine Jones |
| 12 Song, | The Children |
| 13 Selection, | Orchestra |

Special thanks are due the Holly Inn orchestra for their valuable assistance. While all the participants acquitted themselves admirably, it will not be invidious to mention Miss Upham's solo and reading. Her selections were pleasing and well suited to the evening. It was a great pleasure to listen to Miss Hall and Mr. Oehmler. The children gave the audience the fruits of the train-

ing of the entertainment committee and their renderings were very much enjoyed.

Santa Claus, owing to pressure of other duties, was detained, and was unable to be present; but he sent his scion and probable successor, Santa Claus, Jr., (Johnny Hightower) whose unique Kriss Kringle suit set him off to excellent advantage. The old gentlemen was also represented by his aids Drs. Bradbury and Jones and Messrs. Deaton, Baxter and Arthur Goodrich. Parents and friends had responded to the request that family presents might be placed on the Christmas tree, and the distributors were kept busy bestowing the gifts where they belonged. It is still a mystery among even the elect how Mr. Adams' gift crossed the Rubicon. Did it have a physician's certificate; or Mr. Tufts'

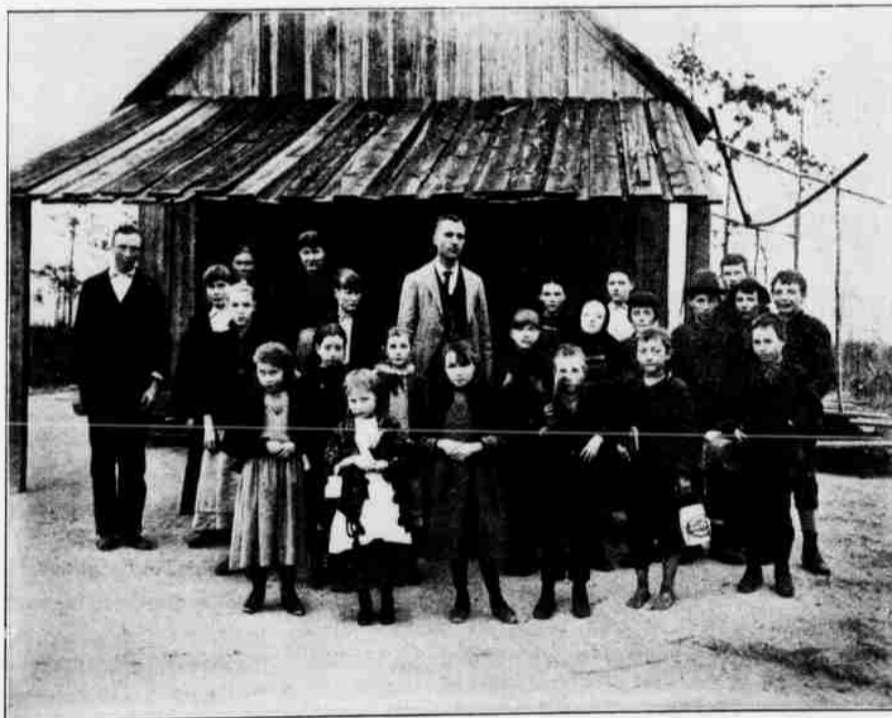
duced to hard conditions; but when the rough husk of the germ of development was removed they entered upon the largest possibilities. Not so these loyal Scottish Americans. In their present environment the limits are gradually but surely contracting. Once the pine forests provided abundant labor and ample support. But a "one crop investment," or any commercial condition where "eggs all in one basket" is an imperative, admits of no alternative. There can be but one result. How do we find these people today? Of rugged character as of old. Burns in his charming pastoral poem "The Cotter's Saturday Night" says, "From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs." And while the picture may not be exactly reproduced hereabouts, the same spirit reigns supreme. Their intellectual endowments

than counteracts the depressing tendencies of their environment. They hold to their religion with greatest tenacity, yet are not bigoted. There are no "auld lights" and "new lights;" but though some are Hard Shell Baptists and others mild Presbyterians, the lion and the lamb lie down together; and the little child leads them to a union Sunday school held in the Pine Ridge school house.

All sentiment has not been eliminated from their natures. If you have the open sesame to their hearts you may be shown the clan tartan, a family heirloom; and with a feeling of pride you will be told of the old grandsire who could speak only Gaelic. But though you may meet the "Maes" at every turn and an "Alexander" here and there, no sound of "Sandy" is heard; they have lost that and all which it suggests. We have refrained up to this point from using a certain adjective lest it should creep too often into our writing. But there is no good synonym for primitive, a word which aptly expresses their manner of living, their household furnishings and general surroundings. The spinning wheel with its necessary adjuncts is an evidence both of their dependence and independence. You need not think you are dreaming if you find yourself back in "our grandfathers' days" as you see living beings garbed in homespun; and witness other signs of primitiveness.

Looking over the ground with a view to expressing our friendliness in a tangible form, it was suggested by the OUTLOOK publisher that the testimonial be a Christmas tree. Immediately the plan took shape and as it was too good a thing not to let our northern friends in "on the ground floor," the Wollaston, (Mass.) Congregational Sunday school was invited to a share in this great privilege. The "Whatsoever Ten" circle of Kings Daughters of the same place asked for a block of the stock, which was granted. We are not blowing the publisher's horn, but it is only fair to say that both he and she (the editorial "we") did the lion's share of the work, in addition to a contribution of Christmas tree fruit.

Where should Santa Claus hold court? The Culdee Presbyterian kirk was placed at our disposal, but alas! the architect's faith was so large as to exclude a chimney from his plan; hence no fire; and this offer labelled "N. G." (in the language of the street) was placed on file. The Beulah Hill Baptist church could have been had for the asking. But Christmas comes late in December, and only a salamander with subterranean fires to warm his feet could keep comfortable in the "Arbor," so-called, where this congregation worships. Picture to yourself the airiest camp-meeting pavilion you ever saw, and imagine how long you could enjoy Christmas exercises with the wind drawing in from the six quarters of the earth and heavens, around,



PINE RIDGE SCHOOL, DEC. 8, 1897.

special permission? The whole affair was voted a success, and before the curfew hour the gathering broke up.

Pine Ridge and Vicinity.

Pinehurst is fortunate not only in the attractions within its own limit, but also in its surroundings. And if the pathetic element in our neighborhood interests us, it will also prompt us to manifest more than idle curiosity in the near-by settlements. A half-hour's ride will take us into the midst of social conditions which bring us face to face with the eighteenth century, as it were.

In 1746 when at the battle of Culloden the power of the Stuarts was irreparably broken, there came from old Scotia to the shores of North Carolina a body of immigrants. The historian says: "Some came voluntarily, but the most through compulsion." What is now Moore county offered a refuge to a portion of the new settlers, and it is the descendants of these Scots who are our neighbors. We think the Pilgrim Fathers were intro-

duced to hard conditions; but when the rough husk of the germ of development was removed they entered upon the largest possibilities. Not so these loyal Scottish Americans. In their present environment the limits are gradually but surely contracting. Once the pine forests provided abundant labor and ample support. But a "one crop investment," or any commercial condition where "eggs all in one basket" is an imperative, admits of no alternative. There can be but one result. How do we find these people today? Of rugged character as of old. Burns in his charming pastoral poem "The Cotter's Saturday Night" says, "From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs." And while the picture may not be exactly reproduced hereabouts, the same spirit reigns supreme. Their intellectual endowments

may class them with Cowper's cottager who "knows and knows no more her Bible true," but in conditions where others might be morose and morbid they are cheerful, because, still like the cottager, they

"In that charter read with sparkling eyes
Their title to a mansion in the skies."

This article is a communication and is safe from editorial supervision. We can therefore safely say that the publisher of THE OUTLOOK and his good wife have introduced themselves in such a way to the community of Pine Ridge and vicinity that the latch-string is always out to them, and they have broken the ice for others. Our acquaintance with this people is through them, and meeting them on a friendly footing and not as a scientist studying specimens, a larger fund of knowledge and greater pleasure have resulted. They have inherited from their ancestors the best of their national characteristics. And that they are a law-abiding folk is because the uplift of their heredity more