

rich and mellow in color, covered with brown masses of varying tones, sharp black accents of knots and joints and masses of half tones in the shade of the big broad overhangs. The shelves outside by the door for the water bucket and gourd dipper, and the slide beside the fireplace opening to the wide shelf where are kept in the open air, the various cooking utensils, high out of reach of the ravenous "razor backs," are all picturesque and suggestive. These shacks are generally occupied by the colored people; and an entire family seems to be very comfortable in one room.

It will be quite apparent from the foregoing, that the founder of Pinehurst could get little or no help from what had previously been done in this region to guide him in working out his problem. A study of the resorts of the world will reveal the fact that the problem is almost, if not quite, unique in many of its phases. There are many instances of a single management, but the provision in these cases is usually restricted to the wealthy alone.

The founder of Pinehurst sought first to provide home comforts, artistic surroundings and even, if possible, luxurious accessories for people of limited means who need to absent themselves from the rigors of a New England winter fully as much as their more richly endowed brethren, and who have heretofore had no special consideration on the part of the winter resort manager, the southern municipality, or the millionaire investor. Mr. Flagler has produced a chain of magnificent palaces down the east coast of Florida and others have provided accommodations of a similar character elsewhere, but the nervously tired, over-worked and run down minister, school teacher, literary worker, laboring man or clerk has not been considered in these enterprises. They were built by and for millionaires, and the poor fellow has had to shift for himself as best he could, unaided and not wanted.

I have recently spent some time in, and have made a careful study of the magnificent Mills hotel No. 1, in New York. This is indeed a wonderful enterprise, a grand tribute of the millionaire to the working-man, but the Mills hotel did not require half the courage as a piece of practical philanthropy that was required of the founder of Pinehurst. The Mills hotel, marvelously low as the rates are, is a business proposition from the start, and any investor of usual keenness could have been convinced of its success in advance by a careful study of the positive demands in New York, and the successful history of similar enterprises in other cities abroad.

Not so with Pinehurst. The future was far from certain, the investment one that required the greatest courage, and the possibility of an adequate return on the enormous outlay was very remote. The problem of Pinehurst was a very complex one. Building a town in a wilderness, hundreds of miles from any markets; providing accommodations for people of varying means, from the mechanic to the millionaire; arranging all the intricate mechanism of life up to the highest demands of this the close of the 19th century; building in a land of poor materials and poor mechanics; producing an ideal, up-to-date New England village complete in all its conveniences and accessories far beyond what most New

England villages will ever achieve, and in almost every respect equal to the best and most highly favored; and all this in the space of about two years—verily this is little short of the marvelous, even to me, and I often wonder if the founder would have had the courage to have made the start had he imagined the tremendous difficulties and the enormous outlay ahead.

Pinehurst was an indefinite problem from the first. It has been, even if short, an evolution, and has had to be, as it were, moulded to the needs and requirements of its patrons. If it is not a success it will be because these needs have been misunderstood; not through any lack of the most earnest and painstaking care and thought on the part of the management. Esthetically considered, the aim of the designers of Pinehurst has been to produce a general effect of extreme simplicity striving for unity and breadth, rather than for individually striking effects. The problem has been carefully studied in all its breadth, even looking far into the future to be prepared, if necessary, for a more phenomenal growth than has thus



A POPULAR MODERN DWELLING, PINEHURST.

far been possible. Having in mind the climate and the probable patronage, everything has been done to produce as legitimate a result as possible. Nothing has been done for mere show. No meretricious ornamentation has been indulged in, but the effects have been those of form, color, and light and shade. The general feeling of the architecture is naturally southern, coupled with a New England "homeness." There is little chance, so far, for the introduction of a historic "style." Still an endeavor has been made, in some cases, to approximate to a Spanish or an Italian feeling in the low pitch of the roofs, the broad overhangs of the eaves, and in some minor simple details. A detailed description of individual buildings would be out of place and beyond the limits of this article, but will be given, without doubt, in later issues of this paper.

Finally I would say that Pinehurst is yet in embryo—yet in an experimental stage, not to be considered as complete or perfected in any sense, but I trust that the owner of Pinehurst may be so encouraged by good results and substantial returns that the good work in

the cause of humanity may go on and on till a Pinehurst may in time be evolved far beyond the most sanguine expectations of even its best friends.

BERTRAND EUGENE TAYLOR.

Hotel Madockawando Sold.

We clip the following from the *North Adams Transcript* of Dec. 20th. Mr. Rogers is a regular winter resident of Pinehurst, where he has a host of friends.

"The friends of Edwin Rogers and patrons of Hotel Madockawando on Heron Island, Me., will be pleased to hear that he has purchased the hotel and annex. Mr. Rogers has during the past eight years, six of which he had the assistance of Mrs. Rogers, brought this property from obscurity to a place in the front rank of hotels on the coast of Maine. This purchase gives Mr. Rogers a permanent summer home, where he hopes to continue to meet and care for old friends and new. That he may be spared many years to take his summer vacation on Heron Island by the sea is the wish of his many friends here and elsewhere.

Mr. Rogers goes south soon and hopes to fully regain his health among the pines of North Carolina and the orange groves of Florida."

SOUTHERN PINES.

Isaac Norton visited Pinehurst on the trolley car Monday.

George W. Pritchett, who is connected with the Pinehurst store, was in town on Tuesday.

Z. A. Poste and B. G. Palmer, who were sojourning here for some days, left on Saturday.

Fred Boschen of New York City spent several days here, and returned on the midnight train Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas O'Brien and son arrived safely in Brooklyn, N. Y., according to telegram received by Mr. Couch.

Guests are coming in rather slowly for this season of the year. From all reports the hotels have very few people now, but the cottages seem to be all filled.

The Fisher house, corner Railroad street and New Hampshire avenue, which on account of its dilapidated condition has been an "eyesore" so long, is rapidly changing for the better under the hands of the masons and carpenters.

OPEN LETTER TO MR. SPINNEY, EDITOR OF "THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK."

BY OUTIS.

I just want to test, Mr. Spinney,
If half what you're spinning be true,
And I'm not guessing, nor dreaming,
Of odd things I find—not a few.

You came from the Hub, Mr. Spinney,
The shrine of the cod and the bean,
Eccentric in changes of weather,
Where "the fat is mixed with the lean."

Now, don't you play shy, Mr. Spinney,
And go back on land of your birth,
To say you never said—never,
That the Hub was "fairest of earth."

I've caught you, at last, Mr. Spinney;
I'll blab it—it's only the truth—
You assert this land to be fairer
Than land of your earlier youth.

I've seen a few things, Mr. Spinney,
You'll claim as a marvelous sign,
That this is best for the winter—
This land of the holly and pine.

You make a fair show, Mr. Spinney,
As Yankee, I guess fairly well,
Of curious tricks of Dame Nature,
That surely are fact, not "a sell."

I'll credit a few, Mr. Spinney,
That your friends may know you're honest,
And not their confidence sever,
To doubt what you say, the boldest.

Those beautiful pinks, Mr. Spinney,
Adorning parterre at my door,
With glorious tints and sweet odor,
Don't bloom at the Hub any more.

That rose, sweet and fair, Mr. Spinney,
At greenhouse might live down the East,
While here, congenial to weather,
Is refreshment good as a feast.

And things for to eat, Mr. Spinney,
Ain't had at the South, where it's sunny,
For we get the esculent oyster,
And quails run to net in a hurry.

But "enough is enough," Mr. Spinney,
To see and to taste and to smell,
Makes you with your tale the winner,
While we share the fare fairly well.

With zero a myth, Mr. Spinney,
And blizzards of North and the West
Confined to record on paper,
We'll take our stay here at its best.

Goodbye, for a time, Mr. Spinney,
Keep it up, as begun, very well:
Have your clerk keep watch of the weather,
While we in its custody dwell.

The sting of vice will live after the pleasure is dead.

Everybody says, "Go up higher," to the man who is "getting there."

Call a little man great, and other little people will throw up their hats.

The devil cannot be less merciful to men than they have been to each other.

Whenever an ass brays he probably thinks he has enlightened the world.

A shallow man may always see the face of a fool by looking into a deep well.

To get the good out of the years we must learn how to live each hour well.

If you talk to a mule about voice culture, take care to keep away from his heels.

The man who travels the same road every day soon ceases to admire the scenery.

We may stand on the highest hill if we are only willing to take steps enough.—Ram's Horn.

JOHN BULL.

It looks now as if the British lion made a great mistake in placing his tail where the Afridis could reach it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The report that John Bull will finish the Panama canal is probably untrue. John isn't in the habit of filling holes with money just to see how much it will take.—Cleveland Leader.

French Canadians have formed a secret organization for the purpose of freeing Canada from English rule. John Bull can't throw a stick anywhere on this mundane sphere nowadays without hitting somebody who's rebelling against him.—St. Louis Republic.