

Campbell, F. A. Ordway, T. B. Creel; Town Marshall, David Knight; Tax Collector, J. McN. Johnson. Unlike New England, some of the chief functions which belong to the township and city are here vested in county commissioners. Aberdeen is one of the stations on the the Seaboard Air Line; but it is also the starting point of the Aberdeen & Ashboro railroad; the Aberdeen & Rockfish railroad; and the Moore County railroad, running from the town of Craigrownie. The town boasts of ten stores, three planing mills, a foundry and machine shop, and a wagon factory. Capt. Henry H. Powell is postmaster and also proprietor of one of the two hotels. The Aberdeen Library Association controls a library and reading room open at all reasonable hours on week days to citizen and visitor alike. Mayor Fagan is editor and proprietor of *The Weekly Telegram*. The Academy, a free school with three teachers and eighty-five scholars at present enrolled, furnishes instruction during ten months of the year; and there are township schools for white and colored children with shorter terms. Aberdeen sustains three white churches, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian; an occasional Episcopal service being also held. The colored people, numbering nearly half the population, support five churches, a Methodist Episcopal, African M. E. Zion, Presbyterian, Baptist and Christian. A census of Aberdeen would probably show that about a thousand people reside there, nearly half of whom are colored.

## NOTES.

We all doff our hats to Landlord Powell.

The universal verdict—"The best excursion yet."

On the home trip the doctor gave up his place in the cab to a younger man.

A ride on the engine is all the rage. "Chris." should get a larger locomotive next trip.

How that long whistle (half a mile, at least) did awake the echoes of Pinehurst on the return trip. The fair hand that pulled the cord is becoming expert.

One Pinehurst lady become so absorbed in trying to solve the mysteries of preparing the barbecue that she became oblivious to everything else. Result: a scorched dress.

## ONE OF MANY.

**Another Winter Resident Gives His Impressions of Our Village.**

EDITOR OF OUTLOOK:—

Gov. John R. Rogers of Washington, in a recent address in Tacoma, summed up what he termed his faith thus: "Life is a struggle; a school; a test of fitness. No school, no fitness; no fitness, no future."

It would be interesting to trace the beginnings of Pinehurst in the mind of its founder. All objective results must first be subjective. Mr. Tufts may not have had a complete mental picture of its outcome when he conceived the idea of building a place of resort for those whose vitality had become weakened by age or disease, but something like it must have formed itself in his mind, and grown upon him until it had almost the force of reality. The poet, the artist, the architect all produce their master-pieces only when

the mental picture becomes vivid enough to force itself into outward expression. The demon of Socrates is a familiar example of this inward power. Mr. Tufts' demon must have been a persistent spirit to have compelled him to search the country for a fit place, and finally drop him down in the pine woods of North Carolina. Having chosen this state with its almost ideal climate for his experiment the precise location must still have been a troublesome problem to solve.

The state is so sparsely settled that opportunities were numerous enough to be puzzling. Had fertility of soil been a consideration he certainly would not have chosen the tract on which Pinehurst is located. There is an abundance of comparatively unoccupied land, with a clay sub-soil formation, which would have responded more readily to his efforts to subdue and beautify. Fertility of soil and ease of cultivation were clearly not the paramount idea. To make his paradise fully realize his conception it must be free from everything deleterious to health. Mosquitoes and malaria, fleas and flowers, fog and sunshine, beauty and the beast could be found intermingled in Florida and other southern states, but Mr. Tufts would have only his choice of these delights. His paradise must have pure, dry, bracing air to invigorate the weak; the aroma of the pine, even if it must be burned for fuel to make it perceptible; abundance of pure water, and perfect adaptability for drainage. In the language of the day, nature must press the button and he would do the rest.

It is a surprise to one who knows how difficult it is to make one blade of grass grow on the sand, let alone two, to see what has been done in three years by a liberal outlay of money and brains. Most enterprises of the kind are begun without forethought or plan. A few persons take a fancy to some locality and begin a settlement; or the owner of some tract begins to boom his property for sale. He advertises in the papers in glowing terms and induces people to invest their money in building sites. One after another they straggle in and build their cottages. The first comers are hungry for neighbors. They make the best of everything and keep all the drawbacks to themselves. There being no definite plan, no directing mind, everything is at sixes and sevens. The result is an unsightly and slovenly hamlet which, for lack of necessary sanitation, soon becomes an undesirable place of residence. If the soil is fertile malaria is certain to raise its yellow flag, and the investors, disheartened and disgusted, pocket their losses and return no more.

The reverse of this picture is what makes Pinehurst unique and an ideal winter residence. After patient investigation its founder selected this site as best adapted to his purpose. With rare courage, backed by sufficient means, he began the struggle. This comparatively barren, sandy ridge was perfect from a sanitary point of view. Here was the place to open his "school." He would make this sand bud and blossom. It should test his right to be one of the captains in the march of progress and humanity. Not only should its "fitness" be made to appear but its "future" should be assured as well. Three years have worked a marvelous transformation. With that quiet determination, so charac-

teristic of the man, he has freely used his means in whatever direction needed. His has been no niggardly hand, but he has not made the mistake of going to the other extreme in lavish expenditure. He built no extravagant hostelry and then surrounded it with cheap and unsightly cottages, or allowed others to do so, as has so often been done. Holly Inn is a fair illustration of his pervading idea. It is not an overgrown structure, but a handsome building, elegantly furnished, first-class in all its appointments, and yet a place where everyone feels at home.

The cottages and other buildings are of a similar character. Their occupants are as carefully looked after and provided for as the inmates of the Holly. There are no distinctions of rank or caste under his management. His aim is to have all united in one great family. To this end he is careful in the selection of his guests and admits none who are likely to disturb or annoy others. New and more tastefully designed buildings are erected each year. Experience teaches her lessons and they are not unheeded. The intellectual, the ethical, and the spiritual are equally a part of the plan and have their proper equipment. The "little red school house" is a gem, and the village hall and the store with its library are admirably designed and adapted to their uses. Every detail is under close inspection. The shrubbery and the green lawns with their flowers are pleasant to the eye when we reflect that mid-winter is approaching.

The writer of this communication has been in Pinehurst four weeks. The coldest day in that time was the Sunday following Christmas when the glass showed 14 degrees above in the morning and did not rise above 32 degrees during the day. But the air was so dry that it was not uncomfortable sitting on the hotel piazza facing the sun with overcoat or wraps on. Extremely cold weather was reported at the north. In the four weeks we have had two or three gray days, or partially so. The rest have been warm and sunny, for the most part, the thermometer ranging from 40 to 70 degrees. It was 58 degrees this morning about sunrise. We have had beautiful sunsets which, with the after-glow seen through the pines, are a delight to all lovers of nature. The sunrises are also said to be fine, but the writer has been so busy with other matters at that hour that he cannot vouch for the statement. I ought to say, however, that while Mr. Tufts is credited with almost everything connected with our surroundings he is not held responsible for the weather, nor the sunrises and sunsets.

The restless and dissatisfied who are never so happy as when finding something wrong, and who expect to combine the warmth of the tropics with the advantages of the temperate zone will come and go like the shadows of passing clouds. But those who want the tonic effect of cool weather a part of the time, and wish to get their feet in daily contact with Mother Earth, and feel the magnetic currents flow into their bodies from her great electrical reservoir, will be content to remain as long as circumstances permit. There is no immunity in Pinehurst for one who takes too much food and too little exercise any more than elsewhere. Nature is a good book-

keeper everywhere and is sure to balance her accounts in due time.

I was asked to give my impressions of Pinehurst but on reviewing the foregoing I have come to the conclusion not to make the attempt. It is a topic which has not yet been fully written up; but when it is the author should have a clear field and no rivals.

There is one point however which may be touched upon without trenching on that theme—the effect of this unique village upon the people of this vicinity. To them it must be an object lesson of great value. The difficulties with which they have had to contend, since the war and before, have left them in a somewhat hopeless condition. Without means they have had a hard struggle to gain a bare subsistence. The lumber king came with his railroad and mills, and the pines, which yielded their turpentine product in abundance, together with the game they sheltered, disappeared as if by magic. Their children had few or no chances for education, and, with rare exceptions, knew nothing of the outer world and its wonderful progress in science and the arts. They have now only to come to Pinehurst to behold a world of which their imaginations could have formed only the vaguest conceptions. Architecture, sanitation, landscape gardening, successful farming, electric lighting and the trolley are at their doors. A new world has appeared into which the young, if not the old, will seek to enter. Life will have a new meaning to them.

It is not probable that this effect formed any part of Mr. Tufts' original idea, nevertheless he is entitled to the credit of all the consequences which follow his undertaking. Looked at from this point of view Pinehurst is a beneficent work, and if it should prove to be a good business investment also, it will teach other men with capital a way to make their riches a blessing instead of what they sometimes prove to be—a curse.

M. L. HAWLEY.

## Instructor.

The services of a teacher of Mathematics, German, Latin, Botany, Geology and English Literature can be obtained for pupils in Pinehurst, provided a sufficient number of boys or young women apply. The gentleman is a graduate of Harvard and former professor in one of the New York colleges. Aside from his scholarly ability he is a very conscientious gentleman, whose influence could not be otherwise than elevating upon the character of his pupils. Further information may be obtained by addressing our superintendent, Charles D. Benbow, Pinehurst.

Magistrate. "You admit that you entered the house of the prosecuting witness by the door at two o'clock in the morning?"

Prisoner. "Yes, your honor."

Magistrate. "What business had you there at that time of night?"

Prisoner. "I thought it was my own house."

Magistrate. "Then why did you, when this lady approached, leap through the window, jump into the cistern and hide yourself?"

Prisoner. "Your honor, I thought it was my wife."—*Household Words*.

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