

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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PINEHURST, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1898.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

A GRAND MUSICAL FEAST.

Testimonial Concert an Artistic and Financial Success.

Holly Inn Orchestra Scores Another Hit and Miss Upham Wins Fresh Laurels.

Finest Entertainment in the History of Pinehurst, is the Universal Verdict.

All was harmony within and without. If there was any substantial basis to "The Music of the Spheres," certainly nature contributed her part Tuesday evening towards making this entertainment a success. The moon fairly beamed with good nature; the stars smiled their prettiest, and the air was so balmy that the concert might have been held out of doors. The following program is offered as proof that the entertainment was of no mean order.

PROGRAM.

PART I.

- Overture—"The Raymond," Thomas Orchestra.
- Cornet Solo—"Remembrance of Liberati," Casey Mr. Fred J. Poole.
- Reading—"Scene from 'The Last Word,'" Miss Eugenie D. Upham.
- Piano Solo—"Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2," Liszt Mr. Frank Edward Lindsey.
- Soprano Solo—"Fly Sweet Bird," from Isle of Champagne, Miss Upham.
- Mandolin Solo—
a "In Old Madrid," Trotere
b "Loin du Bal," Gillet
Mr. E. Royal Ellis.

PART II.

- Grand American Fantasia—"Tone Pictures of the North and South," introducing in order: "Yankee Doodle," "Keller's American Hymn," "Maryland, my Maryland," "Old Zip Coon," "Bonny Eloise," "Tenting Tonight," "Dixie," "Carry me back to Old Virginia," "High Level Hornpipe," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Dan Tucker," "Arkansas Traveler," "Star Spangled Banner," Orchestra.
- Clarinet Solo—"Faciletta," R. L. Brownell Mr. L. Stanley Redding.
- Reading—"The Minuet with Dance," Miss Upham.
- Violin Solo—"Mazurka de Concert," Musin Mr. Ellis.
- Song—"In May," Stern Miss Upham.

The testimonial was in large measure a mutual affair. The entertainment committee took advantage of the occasion to show their appreciation of the ready and cheerful response of the orchestra to every request for assistance at our Pinehurst evening recreations. Our guests availed themselves of this opportunity to assure the young gentlemen that they took a personal interest in them. A friendly rather than a critical spirit possessed the audience. But a critic would have formed only words of praise for the choice program and the excellence with which it was rendered. Under ordinary

circumstances special commendation might seem invidious. But the members of the orchestra and Miss Upham were so deeply interested in each other's performance that each seemed to be more anxious for the success of the others than for self.

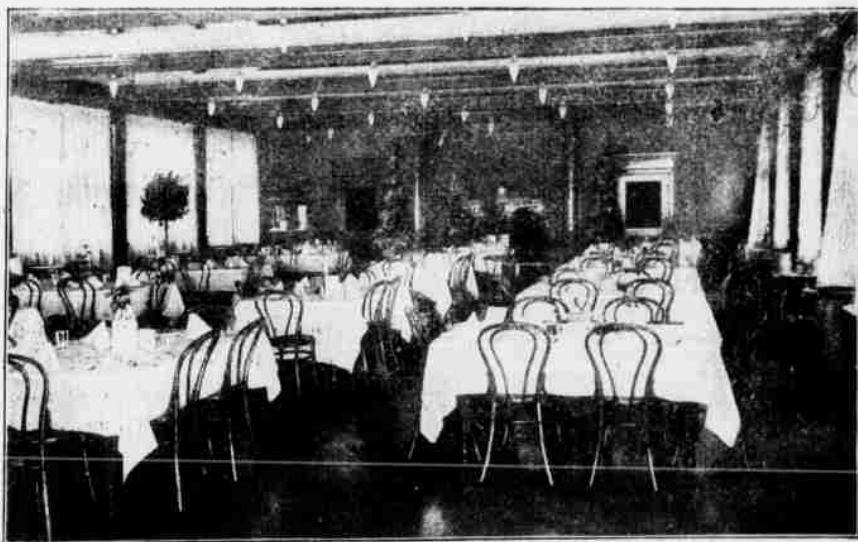
Only once before has any member of the orchestra appeared as a soloist. But Tuesday evening each one proved himself an artist. They promise hereafter to give us more of individual efforts along the line of solos. Messrs. Poole, Redding and Ellis modestly declined to respond to enthusiastic encores, though we caught Mr. Ellis on his mandolin solos. But Mr. Lindsey gave us a hint of the extent of his ability and repertoire in the "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2," and in the encore selection. "How could he remember it all?" was the query of more

resorts in the South we should make an engagement with Miss Upham and the Holly Inn orchestra forthwith.

Miss Upham was at her best. Her singing was excellent and "The Minuet with Dance" was incomparable. The audience clamored for a repetition, but we were compelled to content ourselves with a dialect piece that put everyone in the best of humor. We are not informed as to the tangible part of the testimonial in the shape of net receipts. But we can assure the members of the orchestra that no mere pecuniary evidence begins to attest the esteem and friendship in which they are held by the guests of Pinehurst.

An Attractive Winter Resort.

Pinehurst is a unique town in the Southland—apparently a Yankee village dropped down in the woods. It is located



THE DINING ROOM AT HOLLY INN.

than one auditor as entirely memoriter he finished the marvelous composition of Liszt. The orchestra pieces showed a wide range. A medley is always enjoyable, and "Tone Pictures of North and South" was especially so. How nicely each piece dovetailed into the others! Such a musical mosaic might easily become a botched patch-work. But this production by its merit deserves extensive publication.

Miss Upham's versatility invites frank criticism. Her work Tuesday evening demands and deserves hearty praise. She is a genius. It is an art to conceal art. We have known too many instances where great natural musical and histrionic ability has been seriously impaired by unnatural training and development. Not so Miss Upham. She does not act; she is the character she depicts. Equally at home in comedy and tragedy, pathos and humor, we could listen with delight to a whole evening's entertainment given by her. Her vocal powers are no less charming than her dramatic. The small boy's compliment, inelegant but most forcible, is: "She's a whole team in herself." If we were given the contract to cater for the entertainment of the guests at the leading winter

in Moore county, North Carolina, in the well known sand belt and among the health giving, long-leaf pines. It is seventy miles southwest of Raleigh, and is elevated 650 feet above sea level. How it came to be is an interesting story. One of Boston's well-known business men, Mr. James W. Tufts, by personal contact with clergymen, teachers, and more especially with charity and philanthropy workers, saw in their lives a complete inversion of the law of the survival of the fittest. Among these are many cultured persons, capable of the best work, breaking down prematurely. Men of wealth in a similar condition could easily find the time and the place for complete rest and recuperation. Not so these faithful public servants, whose income may scarcely equal their living expenses. So Mr. Tufts selected a tract of 5,000 acres of forest land in Moore county, North Carolina, and caused a village of 100 acres to be laid out under the direction of the celebrated landscape architects, Olmsted, Olmsted & Elliot.

In addition to nature's bounties in the shape of balmy and bracing air and a genial climate, science has made available an abundant supply of pure water, and has provided a perfect system of

sewerage and electric lights. Then, too, people of ample means find abundant provision made for them. The millionaire can revel in luxuries at the Holly Inn, while everything necessary for one's comfort and health is put within reach of those in moderate circumstances. Board at reasonable rates is obtainable, while every form of housekeeping is provided for. The social life is delightful. Religious services are held every Sunday morning, followed by a Bible school. A mid-week prayer meeting is also sustained.

Outside, yet close by Pinehurst, the negro with all his characteristics is found. A half hour's ride will bring one to the homes of poor whites, whose opinion is emphasized by, "I reckon," and whose superlative is "right smart." They still bake in open fireplaces, and spin and weave and make up homespun. But they are descendants of the Scotch immigrants who came from Old Scotia after the defeat of Culloden, in 1746.

What can one get at Pinehurst? Rest from overwork; if afflicted with throat or lung diseases, a cure (except where consumption is confirmed); escape not only from a New England winter, but from the trying months of March and April. Everybody is cheerful and this is a wonderful aid to nature and medicine. Here, then, at a minimum cost one can get a maximum of benefit. It is not a sanitarium where death is expected, but a hygienic resort where life-giving tendencies prevail.—R. B. T. in *The Congregationalist*.

What Caused His Downfall.

"You know how absent-minded Gregory is?" said the vivacious lady.

"Yes," said the placid lady.

"Well, he went and got one of those bells for his wheel that rings a long, continuous ring, you know."

"I know," said the placid lady.

"And he went to ring it when he turned a corner."

"Of course."

"And it rang, and then he yelled 'Hello!' and tried to put the handle bar up to his ear, and when he got home he was mud from head to foot and the maddest man I ever saw, and he didn't tell me how it happened till the next morning."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Yes, dear, I met your father, and told him that I wanted to talk with him as one man with another."

"And—"

"Well, that was the kind of talk I got. With all the temper he has, I am sure he would never have used such language in talking to a woman."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

When a boy is on his way to his first party his heart beats so loud as he goes up the front steps that at first he doesn't think it will be at all necessary for him to ring the bell.—*Southern Journal*.