

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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OPEN LETTER

To the Ubiquitous John Smith, United States of North America.

PINEHURST, N. C., March 15, '98.

DEAR FRIEND:—

I have been thinking of writing to you for a long time. If you had heard of my being here I think you would have waived all ceremony and have asked about a place that has gained so great celebrity as this in so short time. I have no doubt you have been belaboring your brain for reliable assurance of the claims that have been made. Behold now the *Boul-sman*. The undersigned has been here now five weeks and anticipates your questions. Why such a queer name? Pinehurst expresses in one word pine knoll. It is indeed a pretty hamlet and that must mean a precious home, a sort of pet home, where the dear children of the good Lord do love to congregate.

You should understand, John, that the problem for the proprietor to solve was a hard one. What was desired was a warm and salubrious climate, free alike from harsh sea breezes, from extreme cold, from snow and slush, and from that dampness which generates malaria. And again it was very desirable for the over-worked and convalescent people, the rheumatic and nervous and hypochondriac, those who are over-conscious of throats and livers, that everything in the hamlet should be grateful to the eyes and cheering to the heart, and that there should be a variety of recreations. Now, John, I know you like fun as well as we who are sojourning in this pretty place. "Out of the way," do you say? Well granted it is out of the way, in a sense. But that is just what we like about it. Many of us have come expressly to be out of the way of our business, our professional work, our home duties and cares. We have ways that seem to belong to the place, and very good ways, too. Besides, we are not out of the way if you mean we are inaccessible. You, John, who are to be found everywhere else, should be the last to complain that you cannot get here. Why, one of the great through railroads, the Seaboard Air Line, will bring you within six miles of us, and a brand new eight-wheel electric car will land you at our very doors.

Just look in upon us, John, and you will surely be surprised to see how completely Mr. Tufts has solved the great problem. Everybody who comes here is surprised. No place for health could be better, especially at the season of the year in which people come. Pinehurst is in the midst of the long-leaf pine sand hills. You may sigh for mountains and ocean. Well, you can't have them here. Neither, were you in the mountains or by the ocean, could you have the sand hills and these pines. We have no prejudices, John, against the mountains and the ocean. If our money holds out (and our expenses are so moderate here that we think it may) some of us will be going to the mountains or the seaboard next

summer, but we don't wish to go now. You speak just as though you had never been to such a place as this, and I can easily believe it, for there can be few such places; but I could believe it better of anybody else than of you.

You think, do you, that you would like to be where vegetation is more luxuriant. Nothing, I tell you, can be more interesting than to behold what a garden Mr. Manning and Mr. Katzenstein have made of the whole village by choice of plants and careful fertilizing. The lay of the land is favorable and the Olmsted's have well adapted the curves of the streets to the undulating surface. The hotel is

Rogers. There was an amateur performance of "Esmeralda" there last evening. It is to be used for tableaux Thursday, day after tomorrow. Saturday evening there will be a hop. Religious services are held in it every Sunday. I do not know, John, whether you ride horseback or play croquet or golf, or whether you care to swing or teter or climb smooth poles or such sort of things, but you can have your choice if you wish. I know you would like to talk with people from various parts of the country where you have been and are likely to go again.

Now, John, if the whole of you would only come what "nice times" we might



THE WRITING ROOM, HOLLY INN.

capacious and comfortable, with broad veranda and cheerful parlors and dining room. The cottages are pretty and of great variety of architecture, and some are divided into suites of two or more rooms to accommodate couples or families, which are rented for the season. The restaurant, and reading and billiard rooms of the Casino are quite satisfactory. There is a well-appointed school-house.

The Village Hall, John, you would like very much. It is certainly one of the prettiest and best adapted to its purposes I have seen anywhere. The coloring of the walls and of the varnished wood work make it very cheerful and attractive. There is no desire to say of it that it is *couleur de rose*. The effect could hardly be bettered. There is to be a lecture in it this very afternoon by Mr.

have. I don't think you care for intoxicating drinks, but I may as well tell you for the sake of other people to whom you may tell this truthful, though astonishing yarn, that no liquors are sold here. We have a great abundance of good water carried into every building. I ought to tell you that we have electric lights also in every building "without money and without price," not only inside of every building, but on the outside also, giving a cheerful aspect to the whole village.

John, I hope to be here to welcome you till about the middle of May.

With world-wide affection,
HENRY F. BOND.

At times he was at the point of death; at others he was working in the garden.—*Exchange*.

TRIP TO ABERDEEN.

A Pinehurst Party Enjoys One of Lord Powell's Famous Dinners.

Some of us are folk of leisure,
Some of us do delve;
And we are not a baker's dozen,
For we're only twelve.

Passenger list: Messrs. and Mesdames Lawton, Lovering, Berry, Updike and Murphy and Messrs. Spinney and Tobey.

Cleopatra intended no reflection upon her boarding mistress when she dissolved her pearls and drank the solution, and the party whose objective point on Wednesday was Powell's hostelry were not impelled thither by hunger too savage for the Pinehurst larders to satisfy. It was the same old story of "The flesh pots of Egypt" in the shape of quail on toast, wild turkey, barbecued pig, corn pone, etc. When the ship was ready and the wind was fair we set sail under the most favorable conditions. Even a slight accident *en voyage* marred not the pleasure of the journey. An accident by its own derivation is something that happens; and if a thing happens, why, who's to blame for it? Then again we recalled the syllogism of the youth fresh from the study of logic who said "Accidents happen in the best regulated families: we met with an accident at our house; therefore our's is one of the best regulated families."

One may well call the Powell House a harbor, for it is surely a haven of rest. Everybody was ready when the tintinnabulation of bell summoned our party to dinner. What is the use of attempting to describe this feast of good things! Read the records of Pinehurst Outing No. 3 for an unsuccessful effort in this direction. And ye who feasted upon the fat things of that occasion may well be envious when we say that this dinner surpassed that. Even the OUTLOOK editor, who suffers from an embarrassment of riches, left his officé in charge of his tried assistant (the scissors) unable to resist the temptation of another of Brother Powell's dinners. All things must have an end, and we appreciated the story told by one of our ladies of a lad who at the dinner table informed his mother that his morning lesson in physiology had taught him that the stomach was oblong. His young brother who did not sigh for more worlds to conquer but for a place to put them, having had a surfeit without being satisfied said, "The stomach ain't oblong; it is obshort." A brief visit with the ladies, Mrs. Powell and aunt, Mrs. Col. Bennett and aunt and we made ready to return. It was with regret that we parted from Col. Bennett and that genial all-around man, Boniface Powell; but we were partly compensated by the company of Mrs. Bennett and aunt as far as the home of the flowering moss. What a beautiful sight met our eyes! And we were not slow to fill with this dainty beauty the boxes which Mrs. Powell's thoughtfulness had provided. Right here we might as well settle once for all the origin of