

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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THE MAKING OF PINEHURST.

A Beautiful Village for Health and Rest

In the Heart of the Long-Leaf Pine Region of North Carolina.

Pinehurst began in June, 1895, with the driving of a pine stake into the ground. The spot marked was to be the centre of the future town. A stone just in front of the Holly Inn has since replaced the pine stake.

The centre of the town was also the centre of a tract of pine land centrally located in Moore county, which lies not far from the middle of North Carolina. A glance at your atlas, if you happen to have one, will show you that North Carolina occupies a position about midway in the tier of states stretching along our Atlantic coast.

Here in the Land of the Golden Mean, at a point about equally distant from the cold fogs of the Atlantic, on the east, and the bitter winds that sweep down over the crests of the Alleghanies, on the west, Mr. James W. Tufts of Boston purchased six thousand acres and began to make a city of refuge for the oppressed. Pinehurst was to be a place to which men and women might flee from cold, from weariness, from worry—an abode of peace and rest, where there should be all things to delight the eye, and to comfort the body, and to refresh the soul. The stake which he drove down into the deep sand on that June day was to be the hub of a little universe of health.

And the location could not have been better chosen. The whole region is one of gently rolling sand hills. These are covered with long-leaf pines and abundantly watered by pure springs. The sand is anywhere from ten to ninety feet deep; consequently mud is an impossibility. The heaviest rain leaves no standing pools, for the water disappears almost immediately in the porous soil. Where there is such perfect natural drainage malaria does not come, and there can be typhoid fever and diseases of that order only as the result of ignorance or gross carelessness. The great pines, too, are preservers and restorers of health. Their resinous breath is a powerful curative agency in diseases of the throat and lungs. Everywhere the pine tree is a healer, but the long-leaf pine is the best of all. There is the highest authority for the statement that no case of pulmonary consumption was ever known to originate in this section.

The village of Pinehurst stands at an altitude of six hundred and fifty feet above sea-level. It covers an area of one hundred and twenty-five acres. In the

making of this pleasant refuge Mr. Tufts has left nothing to the careless stewardship of chance. In the first place it was beautifully laid out by the eminent landscape architects, Olmsted, Olmsted & Elliot. There are gently curving streets, of ample width, bordered with trees, shrubs, flowering plants. Near the centre lies the charming Village Green.



VIEW FROM THE HOLLY INN.

From that it is but a short distance to a pleasant grove of pines lying just on the edge of the town site. A portion of this is set aside as the home of a family of deer, good looking, gentle mannered, always ready to receive visitors.

Being a man of faith as well as good works, the proprietor of Pinehurst built twenty houses, large and small, a casino,

purest of water was supplied to all the houses in the village from nine deep tubular wells. From these wells it is pumped into a huge central tank and thence distributed in pipes to the houses and the street hydrants. From the front porch to the back woodshed every house was completely lighted by electricity. An electric railway, seven miles long,

with open and closed cars, was built to connect Pinehurst with the Seaboard Air Line railroad at Southern Pines. By such wise and generous works did Mr. Tufts justify his faith that the new village would be sought by many as soon as its merits were made known. And the way in which guests have come pouring in ever since the houses were made



STORE AND OFFICES.

and a large hotel the first season. The houses were of great variety in architecture, tasteful, well-built, thoroughly furnished, supplied with running water, and lighted by electricity. The Holly Inn was handsome, commodious, equipped with every device for comfort and convenience. A complete sewerage system was provided, the two main pipes of which empty in running water on opposite sides of the town a mile away. The

ready for them has amply justified both the faith and the works. Twice has the Holly Inn had to be enlarged since the first season, on account of constantly increasing demand for rooms. Twelve new cottages had to be built the second season, and several large houses to be let in suites. Every year enlarged accommodation is called for at this restful village among the pines, where guests with thin pocket-books are welcomed just

as heartily as those with fat purses.

In addition to all these buildings which directly serve the comfort and convenience of guests there are several others which promote the social, moral and religious life of the village. From the beginning these higher interests have been constantly kept in mind by Mr. Tufts, and every season sees some new and effective means provided for carrying them forward in the best way. A village hall which will accommodate three hundred was built last year, and used for union religious services on Sundays and for entertainments and meetings of every sort during the week. The village school is handsomely housed in a convenient building of its own just south of the green. Next to the Holly Inn in size among the buildings of the village is the fine new department store. This has a hundred feet frontage and contains, besides the different departments of the store, the postoffice, the offices of Mr. Tufts and of the resident manager of the village, and a photographic studio. Last, but not least, is the commodious office of THE OUTLOOK, well equipped with modern type and machinery and electric power, located in the OUTLOOK building.

The American Railroad Hog.

To know the American you must see all sides of him. On a train between Jersey City and Paterson, a poorly dressed woman carrying a baby in her arms, walked through two cars and was unable to find a seat. The railroad hog was there. In a dozen cases he had a whole seat to himself and his bundles, and he meant to keep it. The woman finally took a seat in the smoking car. Soon after the hog went forward to enjoy a cigar, and found her crying.

"What's the matter?"

"Baby is very ill, sir."

"Where are you going?"

"To my sister's. My husband is dead and I have no home."

"Leave you any money?"

"Not a dollar, sir."

"Umph! Sorry for you. Let me hand you this."

The hog had been robbed of his bristles. Woman's tears had melted him. He returned to his car, gathered the other hogs about him and said:

"Come down! Poor widow—sick baby—no home. Come down."

The hogs went down for their wallets, and in ten minutes a handsome sum was put into the woman's hand, and the boss hog observed:

"There—there—it's all right—not a word! Now come back here!"

She followed him into the next car, and a dozen hogs rose and insisted that she take their seats.

The railroad hog can't be crowded, but he can be melted.

Without disparaging the hog, we think it better to be a gentleman than a hog.—*Our Dumb Animals.*