

The Pinehurst Outlook.

VOL. II., NO. 11.

PINEHURST, N. C., JAN. 6, 1899.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

PINEHURST HAS A POET.

The Charms of Our Village Set Forth in Verse.

The editor of THE OUTLOOK has received the following tribute to Pinehurst and its founder from the pen of a local poet. The general interest of the subject and the striking qualities of the verses make it imperative that this contribution should find a place in our columns. The OUTLOOK is on the lookout for genius, and will not allow any poet "to blush unseen" amid the pine woods of Moore county, if it can do anything to make his merits known.

ODE TO PINEHURST.

There came a man from Boston—
James W. Tufts by name—
He built that brilliant city,
Pinehurst its honored name.

On the hills he built his city,
Which glitters like a gem;
More brighter than Jerusalem
Or ancient Bethlehem.

A place of more refinement
On earth cannot be found.
It's decked with royal splendor,
From the stars and stripes to ground.

Inside the wire enclosure,
The shovels, rakes and hoes
Begin their work of beauty
Just as the whistle blows.

Pinehurst, bright city of the world,
On thee I will begin.
The world cannot produce a place
So neat as Holly Inn.

The Holly Inn, with her electric lights,
Make Pinehurst look so neat;
But nothing like her charming belles
Which sometimes deck her streets.

Pinehurst is filled with honored guests,
The best that ere was seen;
It's filled with honored guests of fame,
From "Oaks" to Village Green.

Pinehurst, her guests is of the best,
And ladies Oh, how pretty.
No gardening would produce a man
That can compete with Letey.

His deer house built of light-wood knots,
His chimney well curbed pretty;
Pinehurst would lose her charms all
Were it not for Louie Letey.

Come, rally up, my noble boys,
And do not go to fretting;
Turn loose the world and let her drift—
But stick to Louie Letey.

Come live with us, my Northern friends,
From your homes of ice and snow.
If the Holly Inn don't suit you,
Why here's the Casino.

Come on, my Northern friends, come on;
These words can't be disputed;
The Holly Inn is the place for you;
I know you will be suited.

A line of truth for Mayor Tufts—
You all know that it is so—
Tufts cannot run his business right
Without he keeps Ben Bow.

There's an angel bright as kerosene light,
She sells the clubs for golf.
Her mission is to count the cash
And pay the laborers off.

A call to Northern friends away,
As I have said at first;
If you want a heaven here on earth
Come down here to Pinehurst.

No truer words was ever wrote,
As far as truth extends;
The poet T. A. Frye by name
Sure loves my Northern friends.

Oh, bright and glorious city,
Surrounded here by wealth;
The board is cheap, and warm for sleep,
And sure regain your health.

The American flag shall always wave,
Because it is no sin.
It makes me almost shout to see
It o'er the Holly Inn.

I will not say no more just now,
I think I have said enough.
God bless the man that built the city;
God bless James W. Tufts.

T. A. FRYE.

ORANGE FREE STATE.

The last few years, with the discovery of diamonds, of gold and coal, with uprisings and actual warfare, have created considerable interest in the land of the Black Ebony. It is not the intention of these lines to recapitulate the narrative of all these recent exciting political complications or the description of the gold-fields, but I shall content myself with a few of my observations of the life in general there.

The population can properly be divided into two classes—white and colored people. The former being principally composed of British and Dutch, and the latter of numerous tribes of Kaffirs, Zulus and Hottentots. The English are predominant in the Cape Colony which belongs to the English crown. The Boers are the farmers of Dutch descent who after fierce struggles grudgingly retired to Orange Free State and Transvaal, where they still hold sway under the patriarchal rule of Boer presidents. Their customs have hardly changed from those of a hundred years ago in Old Holland, and even the language spoken by them is the ancient Dutch of their forefathers, a Dutch hardly understood now in Holland. The Kaffirs have much the same manners and characteristics of the colored people here in South. The same happy-go-lucky way of taking life, the same irresponsibility, the same superstitious piety and unreliability. They speak their own language yet and are spoken to generally in Dutch. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, and sometimes the boys, as Kaffirs of any age are called, fill responsible positions as business-managers, etc., at very comfortable salaries, but such are exceptions. A Kaffir as a rule will spend his last penny on what he supposes stylish dresses of most brilliant shades. They are worn, of course, on Sunday only, when groups of colored boys and girls occupy the whole width of the street; the sidewalks are not allowed them. Their heart's delight is, however, creaking shoes—the louder the noise, the better and the prouder feels their owner. To preserve them, they only wear them in the town and when the weather is fine. As soon as they go into the country they take them off and carry them over their shoulders. The streets, it might be mentioned, are smoothly paved, while the country-roads are full of pebbles and stones.

The towns and cities are of rather European aspect, only somewhat modified to suit the different climates. Lumber is very rare and expensive, because hardly any forests of importance exist at the Cape. All the houses are built of stone and consist of but one story, without any basement. A top story is found only on public buildings and hotels. The rooms are uncommonly large and lofty, and are located to the right and left of a spacious hall. Most of the houses have a piazza or stoop and are surrounded by gardens filled with semi-tropical plants.

When I came to Pinehurst I was struck with the resemblance to our climate—the same dry, balmy air; the same salubrious conditions for recovery of health and strength. The only objectionable feature is the protracted droughts, during which men and cattle perish, and which always means ruin to many farmers. Our Boers own enormous estates, which during dry weather seem nothing but stone fields on which their uncountable herds of sheep and cattle try to find enough to keep them from actual starvation. One good rain, however, changes everything; brooks, succulent grass and flowers again appear, and instead of the desert everything looks beautiful. Besides their stock the farmers raise enough crops for their own and their cattle's use. Lately quite a number of well-to-do Boers came to ruin by raising ostriches for their valuable feathers. Hardly one found his account on the right side, because the risks and expenses are incredibly high. Fruit trees of every description flourish, and near the coast the vegetation is quite tropical with palms, oranges, vines and—snakes.

The winters, which last from May until August, are similar to those in Pinehurst. We seldom have snow, and only occasionally the puddles in the streets are covered with ice. The summers are quite temperate, and even at Christmas (our dog days) the mercury seldom climbs over 95 degrees. We go shopping with the same ease usually as in London; at least the same latest styles as at the metropolis are at our disposal. All in all, South Africa with its resources, climate and peculiarities, is, or better yet, will be a great country—in fact the country of the future—and it well deserves the eager interest shown it.

A. H.

Brilliant Fox Hunt.

Manager Pritchett of the Pinehurst Department Store procured a wild fox several weeks ago and sent him to friends in Greensboro. The Greensboro Record of Dec. 23d has the following account of a fox hunt in which the Pinehurst animal figured:

"Either the theory that a fox that has been caged a week can't run is all wrong, or the crowd who went out this morning had some everlasting poor dogs.

"A wild fox of great size was caught

near Pinehurst last week and was at once sent up to D. Schenck, Jr., who placed him in a secure coop and kept him in a dark cellar until this morning, when he was taken about a mile north-east of the Finishing Mills and liberated near a strip of woods.

"In exactly sixteen minutes the hunters came up with the dogs, about a dozen in number, and the novices along expected to see a big race, a red-hot time.

"What did the dogs do? They wheeled in the opposite direction and went after a rabbit, and they caught it, too, in short order. Then for an hour the crowd circled about, taking the combined lungs of two or three to keep the dogs from chasing rabbits and smaller game.

"Several times it was thought the dogs were on the right trail, but it was elusive. The crowd kept in very good humor, however, all except one or two old hunters, who could not conceal their disgust that a pack could not trail on so short a time as sixteen minutes.

"But the secret of not being able to get a race was soon discovered. In winding about among the hills and valleys the green crowd, or a part of them, got separated from the experienced crowd. And it seems the green dogs followed them, for in an hour after this episode the fox was discovered and there was a race lasting perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, when he was caught.

"After the green crowd got lost, thinking the older hands had come back home, they followed, but in the meantime they had gone back to the original place of starting, made a detour and then went towards the water works station. Not far from the cemetery the dogs ran across raynard asleep in a sedge field. This was at 12 o'clock. He was turned loose about 7.45, and had abundance of time to get away, but he was careless and concluded to rest.

"In the party were J. E. McKnight, Chas. McKnight and a younger brother, Jas. F. Jordan, S. L. Gilmer, Gus. Voss, D. Schenck, Jr., "Prof." Cunningham, and lastly but not least, Miss Virginia Brown, by far the best rider in the crowd and the most enthusiastic, though she made no big noise about it.

"It might be added that a Record man went along, and has since ordered a gross of goose grease liniment, not having been on a horse for a number of years."

A parrot owned by an Arch street physician gave signs of possessing "almost human intelligence" the other night. A party of young folks were on the lawn, and were spending an hour in guessing riddles. Finally, a young lady asked, "Why does a dog turn around twice before he lies down?" Before anybody could answer, the parrot croaked, "One good turn deserves another."—*Philadelphia Call.*