

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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UNION HOME SCHOOL EXHIBIT.

Prof. J. E. Kelly Visits Pinehurst with the Art and Industrial Exhibit of His School.

On Thursday afternoon of last week Prof. John E. Kelly of the Union Home school, arrived in our village with the art and industrial exhibit of his school. Thursday evening the exhibit was displayed in the Village Hall, after which it was removed to the music room at Holly Inn, where it was viewed by a large number of our villagers on Friday and Saturday.

The Union Home school is situated in the town of Victor, about fourteen miles northeast of Pinehurst. It is in the centre of a tract of land comprising 1,200 acres, containing nearly every variety of soil found in this state, upon which grows nearly every kind of timber found in this region. The institution is a co-educational college, preparatory and finishing, for whites, with art, music, and manual training or industrial departments.

The exhibit consists principally of paintings in different media, etchings, embroidery, and wood carving, of local plants, flowers, fruits, birds, fish, animals, etc., from nature. There is a great variety of wood turnings, plain and face plate work, mallets, gavels, goblets, boxes, bats, dumb-bells, cake plates, darners, etc., from many kinds of beautiful hard woods, showing great skill in the art, though executed on lathes improvised on the grounds from the ruins of burnt saw, shingle and planing mills.

A special feature of the exhibit is a three-panel screen manufactured by the school from eighteen kinds of timber cut on the grounds. The left panel consists of an oil painting 18x38 inches of the cotton plant, set in a frame of black walnut, with a panel of catalpa wood 5x18 inches hand carved to represent a branch, three leaves and two bolls of cotton. The centre panel is an oil painting of the same size representing the opossum in the persimmon tree, showing fruit and foliage. This is set in a frame of quartered oak, with a panel of cedar above hand carved to represent the fruit and foliage of the persimmon. The right panel is an oil painting of the tobacco plant and thorn-apple, showing bloom and foliage, set in a frame of wild cherry, with a panel of mulberry hand carved to represent the different styles of manufactured tobacco—the hand, twist, plug and cigar. Above the panels is an open work containing spindles of a great variety of woods, the entire screen presenting a harmony of colors and finish decidedly pleasing. It has "the blue ribbon" certificate of the highest premium awarded at the late State fair at Raleigh.

There is a beautiful oil painting from nature, of a branch of the orange tree with fruit and foliage, framed in cedar; also a Cape Fear shad on a cedar board—an excellent piece of art. There is a water color painting of a fox—"Victim

of the Steel Trap"—from nature, framed with cedar, hand carved to represent wall ivy. This also bears the blue ribbon, having received the highest premium at two fairs. There are water colors of a bunch of gray squirrels, a water melon, musk melon, and other fruits, framed in black walnut, quartered oak and holly; also fish and game in crayon. There is nothing in the exhibit copied except an oil painting 2x4 feet, representing the battle of Manila, copied from a magazine cut, and framed in quartered oak with a border of holly.

All the frames, turnings, hand carvings, etc., were cut from wood grown on the school grounds and manufactured at the school. Quite a number of articles, including paper knives of holly and cedar, were purchased by our villagers, and copies of several of the paintings have been ordered.



"THE CEDARS," PINEHURST.

The exhibit is a fine one and was viewed with interest by our Northern guests. For originality of design and execution and its tendency to develop local talent and resources it is indeed *sui generis* and has been pronounced by competent judges one of rare excellence. The school is doing a great and good work and should receive all possible aid and encouragement. The exhibit received a handsome diploma from the North Carolina Agricultural society for "best display of art work by school."

Nye Knew North Carolina.

While standing on top of Lookout mountain a few days ago, says W. L. Visscher in the *Chicago Times-Herald*, I was carried back to the memories of dear old Bill Nye, for we had stood upon that same spot some years before, and a guide told us that we could see seven states from that point of view; namely, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

"Where's North Carolina?" Nye inquired.

The man pointed to a place in the horizon to which distance gave a purple hue.

"What makes you think that is North Carolina?" Nye asked.

"Oh, we know by the direction and the conformation of the mountains there," the man replied.

"Well, I know that's not North Carolina," Nye declared, with some vehemence. "And you'd know it, too, if you would stop to think. Here is a map of the United States, and you can see that North Carolina is pink. Besides, I know it is pink. I live in that state considerably, and I have helped to paint it red, but of course I go away sometimes, and it fades a little, leaving it pink. No, sir; you can't stuff me. The place you are pointing at a color-blind man could see is purple."

Nye said those things so seriously that

the game became so warm that he was invited to stay for the evening meal in order that the exciting contest might be carried to a finish. Word was telephoned to his wife, who agreed to come in the evening.

"I know why he stayed," she began as soon as they were seated for a four-handed game. "O, you needn't kick me," as she looked laughingly at her husband. "I'm going to tell on you. We had nothing but oyster soup at noon and he was so put out about it that he thought he would stay here in order to get a good square meal. I'm glad he did."

The husband was blushing and the host and hostess were laughing inordinately. "What in the world is the matter with you people?" she inquired, with a puzzled expression.

"O, nothing, nothing at all," from the host, between explosions. "We didn't have a thing this evening but oyster soup, not a thing."

Then there was a long and animated discussion as to whom the joke was on. —*Kennebec Journal*.

500 Ways of Cooking Eggs.

A certain man made a display of dense ignorance the other day when he went into a restaurant and asked the waiter if he had any eggs. "Yes," said the waiter, "we have." "Well, bring me some." "How do you want them cooked?" "O, any old way." "My dear man," said the waiter, "that order will hardly do. We have over five hundred different ways of cooking eggs, and you will be pleased to make a suggestion or mention a choice."

This astonishing fact had the effect of paralyzing the customer's tongue for awhile, but he finally recovered enough to whisper in awe: "Scramble 'em." "Yes sir," replied the astute waiter still lingering, "which way?" "O, any old way." "Sir," said the waiter in a determined voice, "I must insist you will make a choice—there are seventy different ways of scrambling eggs in this establishment." "Well, then, fry them for me." "Which way?—we have forty ways of frying eggs here." "All right," said the customer slowly as he reached for his hat and arose, "you have one way here that I can find myself, and that is straight out of that door. Good day." —*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Whoever is collecting examples of queer typographical errors is invited to record the fact that in the proof of the notice of the Episcopal church entertainment, sent in from the *News* composition-room Monday night, the Second West Virginia Band was announced as having on its program Mozart's "Twelfth Massachusetts." We are so military here now that no compositor could be expected to consider "Twelfth Mass" as meaning anything but "Twelfth Massachusetts." —*Greenville News*.

the man was almost dazed. He gave Nye a puzzled look, and then went on pointing out other sister states in the late confederacy.

Sick of Oyster Soup.

It was the head of the household doing the talking in the direct manner that men have with their wives. "I like oyster soup well enough. It's satisfying for the time, and I suppose that it's healthy, but I'm opposed to making an entire meal of it, as I was required to do for lunch. Milk and butter and salt and pepper and oysters may constitute a variety, but when you mingle them all in one concoction, and then have crackers for a side dish, my imagination is not equal to maintaining the fiction of variety."

His wife placidly informed him that he would be lucky if he never made a meal on anything worse than stewed oysters, and incidentally asserted that she did not allow any interference in her sole management of the culinary department.

That afternoon he called on a friend to have a friendly game of cribbage, and