

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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FROM A FORMER RESIDENT.

Henry A. Wheat Writes a Very Interesting Letter on Pinehurst and the South.

The following letter on Pinehurst is clipped from the Geneva, N. Y., *Advertiser* of the 2nd inst. The writer, Mr. Henry A. Wheat, spent several weeks in our village last fall.

PINEHURST, N. C., Dec. 20th, 1899.

FRIEND PARKER:—

In my last letter I proposed to tell you something of this now well known Southern winter resort. Pinehurst lies somewhat south of the center of the state of North Carolina in a rolling upland region, being some 650 feet above sea level. It is entirely surrounded by immense forests of the long-leaf pine. The soil is nearly pure sand, from ten to ninety feet deep, and owing to this fact a pouring rain leaves no standing water, such a thing as mud being unknown. Malaria too is unheard of, and the abundant supply of absolutely pure spring water makes typhoid fever and kindred diseases almost an impossibility. The average summer and winter temperature is said to closely resemble that of Southern France, the mercury occasionally getting down below the freezing mark, but the extreme dryness of the atmosphere entirely does away with that unpleasant chill often so noticeable at a much higher temperature in the far South where the humidity is greater. The air is bracing and invigorating, being charged with an abundant supply of ozone supposedly produced from the turpentine exhaled by the countless thousands of long-leaf pine trees.

Pinehurst is not yet five years old, having been first staked out in 1895 on a tract of 6,000 acres of land purchased by James W. Tufts of Boston, who is still the sole owner of the place, no lots being for sale at any price. The location is remarkably well chosen, being about equally distant from the disagreeable fogs of the Atlantic Ocean on the east and the cold wintry winds that sweep down over the Alleghenies several hundred miles to the west. The village proper covers an area of one hundred and twenty-five acres most beautifully laid out by a well known Boston firm of landscape architects. The gracefully curving streets are bordered with trees, shrubs, and flowering plants, and rows of violets which bloom in the open air throughout the entire winter are miles in extent. One of the numerous attractions is a deer park, and the eighteen-hole golf course covering one hundred and fifty acres is undoubtedly the finest in the South. The town has an excellent water works system, and all sewage is carried more than a mile beyond the village limits. The larger buildings are heated by steam, while the cottages depend upon wood stoves and large open fire places, the average price of oak and

pine being two dollars a cord. Every building, large and small, is lighted brilliantly at night by electricity; the power house, which also runs the trolley line to Southern Pines seven miles distant on the Seaboard Air Line R. R., being located just on the outside of the high woven wire fence which surrounds the village as a protection I suppose from razorback hogs and other animals equally dangerous (when eaten.)

There are four hotels of different sizes, fifty cottages of various styles to rent, a casino, a town hall, the village school house and a department store, in which is included a most attractive little post-office. A restaurant in the Casino furnishes excellent board at a moderate price to those cottagers who prefer taking their meals to attempting housekeeping on their own account. Servants, such

all these obstacles she has rapidly forged ahead along the line of commercial and manufacturing interests. In the old times cotton was king. Then it was believed, and no doubt the idea was somewhat selfishly encouraged by the North, that the South could not with its colored labor successfully conduct manufacturing enterprises. It was not then a grain growing section, and so not only depended upon the eastern states for clothing and most manufactured articles, but upon the western states for bread. Its vast coal fields, the mountains filled with iron ore, the phosphate in the ground, and the ability of her people to adapt themselves to manufacturing industry, all lay dormant and useless. But at last the "New South" awakened to her possibilities and recognized what her destiny was. There was no good reason why she

entire output of pig-iron was less than 400,000 tons. During 1899 it has been 2,510,000, while the sum paid for factory wages is now five times greater. Surely this marvelous gain is a wonderful showing for less than twenty years. Now the iron industry has become an established fact, and Alabama even ships iron to China; and Virginia manufactures and exports locomotives, and is now building the largest steamers ever constructed in this country. Alabama is shipping steel rails to Russia to be used on the great Siberian railroad. In phosphate mining Tennessee, Florida and South Carolina lead the whole country, while Texas exports annually nearly four hundred thousand tons of cotton seed products. Indeed all the states are marked by some special branch of industry by which their progress can be judged, and the South of to-day is not by any means the South as I first knew it twenty years ago, but has become an important part and factor in making the United States the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

Yours very truly,

HENRY A. WHEAT.

A Stay-at-Home Body.

Princeton (Ga.) boasts a woman whose love of home life bears off the palm. Surely no more domestic woman ever lived in this world than this lady. She is the wife of a sturdy mechanic and has by good management and close attention to home affairs blessed his home for many years. Fifty-eight years ago she was born in Clarke County, near the place where she now lives. She has lived in Princeton district all her life and within 200 yards of the Oconee River. Although she can see the Oconee River from her home, she has never crossed that stream during her life, and although she lives within three miles of Athens she has never been to this city. She has never been two miles from her home during her life, yet she is a woman of intelligence and is by no means an invalid. Her home seems to satisfy her completely, and she has no desire to know anything of the world.—*Athens Banner*.

An Efficacious Prayer.

Dean Hole of Rochester, England, tells of a very innocent and gentle curate who went to a Yorkshire parish where the parishioners bred horses and sometimes raced them. He was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On the fourth the clerk told the curate he need not do it any more. "Why," said the curate, "is she dead?" "No," said the clerk, "she's won the steeple-chase." The curate became quite a power in the parish.—*The Argonaut*.



A TURPENTINE DISTILLERY.

as they are, can be had at an average of \$1.50 a week. This is for cooking and general housework; but good cooks are few and far between. Women who work out by the day are paid forty cents, and your washing they will take home, furnish everything and do for twenty-five cents for each person regardless of the number of pieces or the size of the wash.

An attractive and bright little paper, THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK, is published weekly throughout the winter. The Carolina, said to be the largest hotel in the state, is nearly completed and will be open and prepared to accommodate something like five hundred guests on Feb. 1st. The building is four stories high.

Pinehurst is of course, but one of many attractive winter resorts in the Southern states, but the marvelous growth and advance of the entire South during the past few years is indeed wonderful, when you consider the numerous stumbling blocks she has had to encounter in the way of lack of capital and the race question, together with sectional criticism and condemnation. But in spite of

should not spin her own cotton, why her iron should be sent north to be made into manufactured articles and agricultural implements, why she should not can her own fruits and vegetables that grow so abundantly, largely raise her own grain, and the result is that to-day as compared with twenty years ago she spins six times as much cotton, for in 1880 the consumption was 233,889 bales, while the latest statistics show that in 1899 the Southern mills alone have consumed 1,399,000 bales. The quantity of grain raised has nearly doubled, for in 1880 the production was 431,000,000 bushels and in the present year the records show 736,600,000. Manufactured products have increased more than three fold, their value in 1880 being \$457,400,000, and in 1899 it has reached \$1,590,000,000. The quantity of phosphate exported has more than doubled. In 1880 the gross mileage of railroads in the South was 20,600 against 50,350 miles in 1899. Six times as much coal is mined, the amount being 40,000,000 tons as against only a little more than 6,000,000 in 1880. Twenty years ago the