

LETTER FROM F. A. O.

The holiday of February 22d was delightfully spent in a visit to Southern Pines and Pinehurst, those oases in the piney-woods sand hills of south-central North Carolina; a visit full of profit as well. On the way to Southern Pines from Raleigh there were many evidences of the great revival of the lumber trade, which a few years ago appeared to have hopelessly declined. All timber that can possibly be used is eagerly sought. All is fish which comes to the lumberman's net now. Great is the havoc in the forests. Tramways ramify in all directions like feelers reaching after timber belts. Three destroyers are steadily at work: the lumberman, the fire and the hog. The former picks the best and leaves the woods all a-scramble with the tops of once stately pines; the fire sweeps along and leaves blackened ruins, the ghastly blackness of charred timber and stumps, while the hog, the true piney-woods rooter, performing well his part in the great work of destruction, applies himself to the task of rooting up the little pines and eating the tap root, which to his half-starved stomach, is a choice morsel. Mile after mile the Seaboard Air Line whirls the traveler through a county made half desolate by these three agencies.

The Cumcock Mines are near the route, and their output is now 145 tons a day, taken by the Seaboard Air Line mainly. The cotton mill is beginning to make its appearance and by and by perhaps one will be at nearly every station as on the North Carolina Railroad between Raleigh and Charlotte.

The Seaboard Air Line track-straightening has been completed and the sharp curves taken out. Watched from the rear platform of the train the work done shows up well. It is all preparatory to the running of the fast "Florida and West India special" trains next season.

Southern Pines grows. It seems but a little while since only a turpentine distillery marked the place. In those days, Aberdeen, now a lumber centre, was merely a siding. First, the Prospect House was built, at Southern Pines, then came cottages and more hotels, culminating in the Piney Woods Inn, and now the place is known everywhere. Mr. Charles St. John, who lately bought the Inn, says he will this year increase its size 50 per cent. He finds a steady improvement in its chantage. There is a sanitarium for white consumptives in the town and several places there which these unfortunates frequent. The negro consumptives' sanitarium is a mile from the town and its three buildings make a neat appearance. It is something entirely new.

This whole sand hill country is but at the beginning of its career as a health resort. It takes capital and time to develop, and if such a thing be possible, to actually improve on nature herself. Four years ago the writer made his first visit to Pinehurst and to revisit it was delightful indeed. Then Mr. James W. Tufts, its owner, had proved such a wonder-worker that he was termed the "Aladdin of the Pines." He has all the while kept up his wizard-work and Pinehurst is a model.

The way there is like a sandy ocean, on whose billows the electric car careers. On its way it passes through the Van Lindley peach orchard, yet the largest in

the state, though more than half shorn of its glory. Sixty thousand trees showed the fatal blight of the San Jose scale. Van Lindley applied the axe voluntarily and leveled \$60,000 worth of trees. Now it is said a discovery has been made by which he could have saved them. Forty thousand trees remain, in the young orchard. They are perhaps four and one-half feet high and perfectly proportioned; the tops so trimmed as to be flat and admit of the hand-picking of the fruit. It is said the part from which the

opened that will indeed be a house-warming.

A North Carolinian, Mr. Bain of Greensboro, has the contract for doing the work and there are 225 men employed. It is odd, but true, that though there is an endless supply of oak in this state, that used comes from Atlanta, and that while there is a vast supply of cypress here, the cypress for the 1,100 doors was sent from Florida to Boston, made up there and then shipped to the hotel.

There are no sick people at Pinehurst,



VARDON on 5th Tee, Pinehurst, N.C.

trees were cut will be replanted in pear trees.

The state horticultural experiment farm adjoins that of Van Lindley, and on it tests are made of the effect on sandy soils of various fertilizers on various crops.

The trolley car ride to Pinehurst is a delight, and this is made complete when the car slips through Mr. Tufts woven

as those with lung trouble are barred. Upon Mr. Charles D. Benbow falls the sad task of telling such people that they are unwelcome. Pinehurst is a resort for the well, the pleasure-seekers, and is kept inviolate.

All the Pinehurst world plays golf. The links are among the very finest in the country. Nature provided only the sand and the roll of the land. Mr. Tufts



3rd TEE, Links of PINEHURST, N.C.

wire fence and into a "Piney Paradise." There is a day's sight-seeing. The Holly Inn is more than doubled in capacity; there are two smaller hotels, half a score of flats or apartment houses and 76 cottages, all models within and without. And biggest and most beautiful of all is the new hotel, with the proud name of Carolina, with its 325 rooms, its porches 16 feet wide and five-eighths of a mile around; its 108 private baths; its quarter-sawn oak finishing on the first floor which alone cost \$18,000; its 1,100 doors; its 5,000 electric light, etc. When it is

did the rest. The North Carolinian, as a rule, laughs at golf. To him it is a fad, perhaps more of an one than lawn tennis or that by-gone game croquet. But anyway he laughs. But to the golfer, and to the Northerner (his or her name is legion) it is the only game. The links have 18 holes, and it is four miles around. It is considered good form to go around twice a day. The 18 holes have been made in 81 strokes by a professional, 87 by an amateur.

Mr. Tufts is a delightful companion. He is a multi-millionaire, but has given



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many people a great deal of pleasure. He intends to keep up that sort of work. He has from time to time fancied that Pinehurst was completed, but takes a fresh hold and the development is steady. People by the dozen are turned away daily. He will open a wing of the big hotel to give room for some.

His experiments of getting a turf on the unlovely ground are quite successful, as the Village Green and the links show. So are his experiments in the planting of baby pines. A few years ago these were in a sort of incubator. Now they are coming along bravely.

Mr. Tufts has the "world in a ring fence." He is a benefactor, since he makes a great many blades of grass grow where none ever grew before. He tells me it was Mr. T. K. Bruner, secretary to the board of agriculture, who induced him to come to this state and to choose Pinehurst. He has a warm spot in his kindly heart for Mr. Bruner.

A trip to Pinehurst will be a revelation to almost any native. Good ideas are to be gathered there; of home-building and keeping, of that cleanliness and neatness which are declared to be akin to godliness, and a visitor once will certainly repeat that experience.—F. A. O. in *Charlotte Observer*.

Sunday Evening Concert.

The regular Sunday evening concert last Sunday was one of the most enjoyable of the season. The numbers on the program were chosen with excellent taste and all were beautifully rendered, the violin solo by Miss Carpenter and the cornet solo by Mr. Barker being especially pleasing. The balmy atmosphere tempted a large portion of the audience to remain on the piazza, where they could enjoy the cooling breezes and still hear the music as well as those inside. The program was as follows:

March—From "The Singing Girl"	Herbert
Overture—"Stradella"	Flotow
Adagio—From the "Sonata Pathétique"	Beethoven
Selection—"Stabat Mater"	Rossini
Cornet Solo—"Recitativo, Arietta, Etc."	Wadsworth
Claude Barker.	
Morceau Characteristic—"The Butterfly"	Theo. Bendix
Violin Solo {a "Liebes-scene"} {b "Canzonetta"} Miss Carpenter.	Victor Herbert
Finale—"Caprice Gallienne"	Langley
Hymn—"God be with you," by the audience.	