

The Pinehurst Outlook

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MESSAGE OF THE WINDS.

Why weep ye thus, tempestuous winds,
Over the sins of earth?
Tell us the burden of your sighs,
The cause which gave them birth.

Above the health-restoring pines,
In loud lament, I hear
Your wild reverberating cries
In protestations drear.

The merry song of birds are hushed,
Made silent by the fear
That vanquished winter's icy face
Returning, may appear.

Spring's perfumed flowers have drooped their
heads,
Reluctant to unfold
All tremblingly they shrink away
From such embraces cold.

Is Nature doomed before her time
To premature decay?
Tell us ye wandering winds,
Speak ere ye soar away!

The listening winds made answer thus:
We echo from on high,
Earth's conflicts, her increasing woes—
Man's follies we decry.

"But while O mortal, we lament,
With such impetuous roar,
The hidden future we are told,
Hath brighter days in store.

"Bid then the multitude prepare;—
Their King's return is nigh,
He shall descend victorious
From out the vaulted sky.

"Warn them to rouse from drowsy sloth—
Time's sickle soon shall reap
A harvest fair of waiting souls,
O'er sleeping ones we weep."

ANNA HUBBARD MERCUR.

TRYING THE TRAVEL CURE.

Frank D. Hatfield's Quest for an Ideal Resort.

After vainly trying for two months to "get shut of" my grip under medical advice and by the use of all the various drug "specifics" for that dread disease, I concluded to fall back on my old infallible treatment for every ordinary ailment—the "travel cure," and so last week I packed up and started south, heading first for that newly discovered resort which is just now attracting the special attention of northern health seekers—Pinehurst, in central North Carolina.

It was a bleak and blizzard day when I boarded a "Royal Blue Line" train at Jersey City, bound Washingtonward, and as I disposed myself snugly in an easy seat, and began to feel at home amid the modern comforts of a Pullman parlor coach, I mentally paraphrased a well known couplet of Byron, as follows:

"Once more upon the railroad, yet once more,
And the car bounds beneath me as a steed that
knows its rider."

Ah! there is something peculiarly exhilarating to one's spirits and decidedly helpful to one's digestion in the pleasant jar and motion of a rapidly moving train, as one sits by a car window and sees and feels oneself being whirled along at a mile a minute speed "from lands of snow to lands of sun," or, in more practical phraseology, from the cold, inclement

climate where one has contracted the grip, or some similar malady, to the piney woods of the sunny South, where Nature's own breath is the sure healing balm for all ills of the lungs or throat. I am in my native element, as it were, amid the jar and motion aforesaid, and I have derived so much pleasure and benefit from these important factors in the travel cure treatment that I have come to rank their tonic effects upon mind and body as far above the artificial stimulation of drugs, as horse-back riding is superior to indoor gymnasium work in promoting good health. Politically, at least, all roads in this country lead to Washington, and the various highways from our section—New York and New England—leading thereto, are all first class in every respect; but personally I prefer that "Royal" road with its indigo-hued appellation, because it seems more direct, and is certainly the

to its unique and unusual advantages.

No one au fait in the latest fads of travel is omitting Pinehurst this season from his or her itinerary, and this brings me direct to the question: Where and what is Pinehurst, and why is it attracting so much discussion and patronage at present? In answering this compound query, let me first go back to my early Asheville letters, written nearly twenty years ago, and quote therefrom as follows: "This western North Carolina climate is, as a rule, an ideal one for a winter resort, but it is somewhat capricious, and Asheville being a mountain town, about 2,500 feet above sea level, is of course subject to an occasional stress of really cold weather in December, January or February, a fact which seriously impairs its status as a true Arcadia for invalids during the months just mentioned; hence I am inclined to commend it simply as a fall and spring resort, and



cleanest (only anthracite coal is used by R. B. engines) and quietest (no crowding or hurrying of passengers on the "Royal Blue," as is the discomforting feature of travel on some other lines) route between New York and the national capital. Five fleeting hours of entrancing and luxurious travel, punctuated by an excellent meal, on either the American or European plan, as you choose, in the train's superb dining car, passes most pleasantly as one is wafted, so to speak, from New York to Washington on the "Royal Blue limited express."

Down through the lovely Piedmont valley of Virginia the traveler bound for Richmond proceeds after leaving Washington, and then out and on he swiftly glides across the Carolina border and into the central portion of the Old North State, until at last his brief 12-hour journey is finished and he alights at the portals of that new Elysium among the sand hills of the land of the pines and and piney products, which is just now drawing the world's admiring attention

continue my search for that perfect mid-winter Eldorado which I have so long been looking for.

"Somewhere down in central North Carolina among the piney woods, at an elevation of not over 1,000 feet, I am convinced there is a spot which fills all requirements of climate and healthfulness to make a thoroughly ideal winter resort for invalids and pleasure seekers." Whether or not James W. Tufts of Boston ever saw my aforequoted statements I am unable to say, but it seems that about six years ago that estimable and enterprising gentleman, either prompted by my above expression of opinion or his own intuition, took up the quest for a modern "Elysian fields" in the long-leaf pine region of North Carolina, and coming upon the spot which is now Pinehurst, exclaimed "Eureka!" and "here will I rest and locate my modern Mecca for the faithful, who shall pilgrimage to this shrine from all the world to find health and happiness."

This new Moses has indeed discovered

"the promised land," just where I predicted it was to be found, but unlike his Biblical predecessor, he was not then content to die. On the contrary, he took up the effort of his life then and there, secured by purchase some 6,000 acres of the consecrated ground and commenced a work of development which as completed to-day stands as the most remarkable, and even marvelous, metamorphosis of a crude wilderness into a finished paradise on record. Within the past five years Mr. Tufts by the exercise of a personal genius for directing such an undertaking, and by the lavish expenditure of money, has transformed a rough tract of North Carolina piney woods into a beautifully laid out and built up village, patterned after the best New England type of small town, with model stores, a fine village hall, and all the usual accessories of an up-to-date Massachusetts hamlet, with the added attractions of numerous small, and three large first class hotels.

Of these latter, "the Carolina" is, I am bound to say, a revelation, even to me, veteran traveler as I am, of luxurious appointments and general elegance. This vast and magnificent structure is larger and grander than our own famous hostelry, the Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point; and when I have said that, I certainly could give Trojans no better idea of the superlative status of Pinehurst in the matter of its hotels, nor of the almost incredible audacity and public spirit of its founder in providing the place with what is probably as well equipped and ably managed a caravansary as there is at any summer or winter resort in the world.

Pinehurst has one hotel superior to anything of its class in America, two other hotels fully up to the standard of any resort inns in the country, besides first class boarding houses, and fifty finely constructed and well furnished cottages, which are for rent at varying prices proportioned to their size, etc., and all this aggregated accommodation for guests provided, owned and controlled by one private individual.

Hotels, cottages, stores, public buildings, and all structures of every sort so ever at Pinehurst, as well as every square foot of its 6,000 acres of land, with all the improvements thereon, are the sole property of James W. Tufts, and the creation of his own unaided skill and courage. Grasping this momentous fact the reader will, I repeat, have some adequate conception, perhaps, of what one man has accomplished here, and of his personal pluck and resources in bringing this undertaking to a successful consummation.

Pinehurst, N. C., is in Moore county, seventy miles southeast of Raleigh, and 125 miles from the coast. It is about 700 feet above sea level, and is located in the heart of the far-famed sand belt of the long-leaf pine region of central North Carolina. Beside the hotels, halls, etc., above mentioned, it has a club house,