

The Pinehurst Outlook

VOL. IV., NO. 24.

PINEHURST, N. C., APRIL 19, 1901.

PRICE THREE CENTS

A CELESTIAL COLLOQUY.

At day-break one morning, the Sun and Moon met,

One ready to rise—the other to set.
The Sun from a cloud-bath, emerged all aglow,
While Luna was pale as the snow-fields below.

Quoth the Sun: My fair lady, you must not forget
That using my moments doth plunge you in debt."
Dian's soft glance grew cold, as she said:
"Behold my last quarter!" and scornfully fled.

ANNA HUBBARD MERCUR.

SUNNY SOUTH.

The local weather recorder reports the last 128 days as follows: Twelve days storm and cloud and 116 of sunshine. This may be an exceptional year and it may be an exceptional place. It is, truly, an exceptional place in some respects. In this crowded village of more than 800 souls there are no liquor saloons nor public bars. There is no drunkenness nor indications that intoxicants are used except it be the exhilaration that comes from pure air, pure water and plenteous exercise. There are no policemen nor lockups nor court machinery that suggest inebriation and crime. Outer doors may be left unbolted with safety at night.

There are no ancient nor embryo politicians seeking the adornments or emoluments of office. Protestant, Catholic and Jew worship in the same hall without thought that the place has been defiled by either. Such are some of the pleasing exceptions we find here.

A Massachusetts man and his wife came here a few days ago and as he could find no quarters at any hotel he became a neighbor to me in the Franklin Flats. After they had got settled he said to me "Every hotel crammed, jammed full and not a bar in either. I don't understand it. I didn't suppose it possible to run a hotel anywhere without a bar." He found here an existing evidence of his error. Mr. Tufts owns and controls this place absolutely and as his friends and associates are not of the bar-bloated, blear-eyed, loud-mouthed order. That class of patrons is conspicuous by its absence.

Besides, Mr. Tufts is a business man and he knows that policemen, courts, houses of correction and with their immense cost and great expense are the inevitable concomitants of the public bar.

About a mile and a half from here is a veritable goat farm. A few days ago a new found friend and I set out to visit it. We were given the general directions of its location but no one could describe to us which of the many lumber roads and toe paths to follow to reach it. Forest fires had been burning for some days and our sight was much limited by the smoke that still hung low among the trees. When we were certain we were a mile and a half from home we began to snuff the air for scent of the fragrant goat but there was either no goats there else the perfume from the burning pines had prevented our sense of smell so that

we were unable to detect them. We zig-zagged about the country for awhile till, at length, we discovered, on a little eminence in the distance, amid the flame and smoke, what appeared to be animal life. We immediately struck a bee line for the spot and when we got there we found a man, a woman and two small children fighting the fires and trying to control them. After a little time we made known to the man the purpose of our tramp and he promptly informed us that that he was the proprietor of the farm and goat-herd of the flock. He said we were half a mile from the farm and, as he could not leave the fire, he would send his little girl, a child of about ten years, to pilot us. We set out, following our little guide, over the burned territory and had not gone more than half the distance when we met "ninety and nine" less nine of those beautiful creatures as variegated and fragrant as a bed of pansies.

resting on the bench while the other was on the ground. On each side or edge of the plank a board six inches wide had been nailed so that there was a guard on each side of the plank two inches high. The upper surface of the plank was very smooth, almost like glass. The little girl went into the yard and turned the plank over when I saw that cleats had been nailed about a foot apart on that upper surface. No sooner had she turned it over than the little kids commenced to run up its steep surface to the top of the bench. When half a dozen of them had gone up she turned the plank or bridge over again when they commenced to slide down the incline head first. They seemed to enjoy the sport almost as much as would their two legged brothers. The performance was repeated with the same results as before. We "tipped" the little girl for her guidance and her show and passed on to the

of goats again assumed its former place of paramount importance. But the goats soon disappeared in the woods and with them went our interest in the subject.

Jackson's spring on a recently built branch railroad about 10 miles from here has long been a summer resort for invalids in the southern part of this State and in South Carolina. The waters of the spring are said to possess medicinal qualities and are good for what ails you. A special free train was run up there from this place to-day and it being a "free" train of course I took it in. When I arrived at the station the coaches were all full and half as many more disappointed looking people were standing on the platform. Mr. Page, one of the owners of the road, was present and he ordered a freight car that was on a siding near by, switched into the train. This done we, later arrivals, were loaded into it. I had no thought when I last wrote the *Journal* I would so soon become freight. We found the spring gushing up through the seams of gneiss ledge close by a running stream and about one foot above its surface. If disagreeable taste and smell make it medicinal I should think it would be good for leprosy and small-pox. On the opposite bank of the stream from the spring is a white painted wooden church and it has a bell. The bell is not attached to the church. It is an entirely separate institution belonging to the church. It is in a belfry set on a pole about ten feet high and looks like a martin house. I don't know what use they have there for a bell in that piney wilderness unless it be to let the Lord know when they are ready to worship. In rear of the church is a well stocked cemetery. I lost faith in the curative properties of that spring when I saw that cemetery. I soon met a young native white man of good appearance, however, and asked him if the waters of that spring possessed any healing or healthful virtues and if so why so many people inhabit that cemetery. He replied that he knew they were all that was claimed for them and that the people referred to had no faith in them and consequently took an early departure. He also told me that he was one of a family of fourteen children; that his father and mother and their parents, all of the fourteen children and thirty-three grand-children were now living and that there had never been a death in either family. I told him as politely as I could that I thought he was prevaricating and that he was in the employ of the Spring Water Company. He somewhat indignantly repelled my insinuations as to his veracity and he being a much larger man than I am I very reluctantly believed him. Near the spring is an Indian mound from which the boys in the surrounding country dig arrow heads and sell to visitors.

When the engine whistle blew we all climbed into the cars again according to our rank, first class, second class and



PRIZES GIVEN BY THE PINEHURST GOLF CLUB.

The little guide said they were not allowed on the fire side of the farm at that time and she set out to reverse their order of march. In a little time she had them travelling farmward and all willingly except one old Billy, evidently the leader of the gang, who manifested a good deal of anger and disappointment. He hung back so doggedly she commenced to chastise him with a small stick which she carried when he suddenly turned to butt her (not the kind you put on bread), but I chanced to be close by and lent him one with my walking stick across the nose which evidently caused him to forget his anger and disappointment for he treated her with marked respect the rest of the journey. When we arrived at the farm-house we found the "less nine" in the barnyard enclosure. They were little fellows, too young to follow the others on their tramps for forage. In the centre of the yard was a bench about six feet by eight and six feet high. One end of a long plank was

house where a young lady of about "sweet sixteen," plump and fair, came out to greet us. She seemed to be unusually intelligent and well informed for one brought up in the woods—indeed richly endowed with many of nature's choicest gifts. She appeared so honest and frank in her replies to our questions and so artless and innocent in her queries that I could not prevent a feeling of sadness and of sorrow that such charms should be wasted in a forest home when she turned her head slightly and ejected a mouthful of tobacco juice as carelessly and as unconcernedly as a masculine tobacco juice extractor would have disposed of his surplus liquid filth. With this exhibition of her accomplishments, this nauseous and disgusting spectacle, all her womanly beauty instantly vanished. I had no desire to know more of her or her family. My cup was full. We, therefore, turned and left her in the enjoyment of her, probably favorite and, possibly, only pastime, and the subject