

## PLEASING IMPRESSIONS.

D. Allen Willey's Interesting Description of  
North Carolina Resorts.

## COSMOPOLITAN POPULATION.

One of the most interesting articles that ever appeared in the columns of THE OUTLOOK is the following by Mr. D. Allen Willey, which was originally written for *Salmagundi*, nearly two years ago; it is reprinted for OUTLOOK readers in the confident belief that it will be of interest to all who are interested in Pinehurst:

It is about this time of year (in early December) that many a good New England family begins to receive letters bearing a Southern postmark. They come from towns with all sorts of names, but not a few have the word "Pine" worked into the title somewhere. When you come to think of it this little word has an attractive sound. It falls pleasantly on the ear. It makes one think of the pine trees, with their health and rest-giving properties—the tall, straight giants of the forests, from whose gracefully waving branches comes an element that rests the tired brain, checks the cough of the consumptive and brings to the invalid in general permanent relief.

Away back in the past, the grandfather will tell you how he took some compound of the pine tree for the complaints so prevalent during the long New England winter (for the medicinal products of this wonderful species are innumerable); but down in the Southern forests nature has formed a great sanitarium where relief comes to the sufferer in the most attractive form. Here and there throughout the South are scattered resorts where one can get the benefit of the piney woods and be supplied with all the comfort and luxury desired. Yearly the tide of tourist travel includes these places, and this fact accounts for the many letters postmarked as we have described.

Two of the most popular, Southern Pines and Pinehurst, N. C., are especially interesting to New Englanders for the reason that they were founded by the hardy descendants of Puritans and sires of Plymouth Rock, and the good old customs of the "mother country" are carefully preserved here in the midst of the sunny Southland.

Southern Pines, the oldest settlement, has been in existence only about ten years, yet in that time it has drawn a population which includes people from every State east of the Hudson river, as well as New York and Pennsylvania. Pinehurst owes its existence to the enterprise, public spirit and broad philanthropy of one man—Mr. James W. Tufts, of Boston. We might tell the story of its origin right here. Mr. Tufts, who is a millionaire, while traveling in the South a few years ago, stopped at Southern Pines. He saw what his countrymen had accomplished to make this a model community socially and morally, and how the climate, character of the soil and other conditions formed a happy combination for the cure of pulmonary and nervous diseases. Mr. Tufts became interested. He walked over the vine-

yards and orchards. He studied the methods of life. He figured the expense of living here. Then he rode around the country and picked out a spot for a new town.

After he had returned to his Boston home came the announcement that Mr. Tufts had bought several thousand acres of land in the big pine forest, and would have a settlement of his own.

Suppose you decided to make a trip to these communities in Dixie land. You can reach them from Boston in twenty-four hours over a through route that is direct, with its Northern connections.

A journey to the South is usually thought of with discomfort, as it is generally supposed one must spend at least two or three days to reach a place which is "frost-proof"; but this is an error. Located in central North Carolina about seventy miles west of Raleigh, Southern Pines and Pinehurst are really among the most Northern winter resorts in the country, being twelve hours or a whole half day's ride nearer Boston than Florida and the Gulf States. The all-rail route, too, is interesting and historic, the train passing through Washington

game of croquet played in January anywhere north of Florida; yet this is one of the winter amusements at the Pines, as well as lawn tennis and other outdoor sports. On the porches sit invalids taking in the bright sunshine, imbibing health and strength with the air they breathe. In fact, you notice a dryness and ozone in the air as soon as you arrive. Perhaps you cannot explain the difference, but you know there is a difference. Somehow you feel as if a new life were being infused throughout your system, and as long as you remain beneath those pine trees the feeling increases. Medical authorities say it is due to the pine forests, to the altitude of the range of hills on which these pines are located, to the dryness of the atmosphere, caused by the perfect drainage, to the absence of any malarial elements and to the continuation of clear weather, the sky seldom being clouded in the winter. While a fair amount of rain falls in this section of the South during the year, it is immediately absorbed by the sandy soil which is several feet deep, keeping the air as dry as in Colorado, but not having the injurious effect due to the very high ele-



and Richmond, as well as Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. At Weldon, near the border of North Carolina and Virginia, the train starts for its destination direct, hauled by a massive locomotive at the rate of forty to fifty miles an hour; quite in contrast to the "slow-going" Southern methods, as they are so often miscalled in the North. After what seems a very short ride the train stops and you are at Southern Pines.

It is a strange and picturesque scene. As far as the eye can reach are the tall trees which give the name to the place. They stand like sentinels over what appears to be a never ending stretch of sand as white and as clean as that you play with on the seashore. Here and there are fallen trunks of trees, and a closer examination shows many carpets of pine needles, so fragrant and dry that one could sleep on them all night without any apparent injury.

Perhaps it was snowing when you left New England, but there is no snow here. Though the mercury may have been close to the zero point in Boston, you see men walking around without their overcoats, or wearing possibly a light garment, while the ladies have doffed their wraps. It seems strange to see a

vation of Colorado.

If you desire to take a stroll over the gently sloping hills, you will soon come to miles and miles of grape vineyards and orchards stretching away in all directions. Most of them were planted by the thrifty New Englanders, who have found by actual demonstration that this earth will produce abundantly some of the choicest varieties of grapes, berries, peaches, pears and other fruit. It ripens very early in the season, so far ahead of the Northern products that the fruit growers can sell it in Northern cities profitably. It is odd to see a man on a December or January day at work or directing the work of a colored hand in his orchard, while his New England cousin has snow over his farm, perhaps up to the fence-tops. Yet this is just what is to be seen by the visitor to the piney woods of North Carolina at this season of the year.

While the great majority of the people came here on account of their health and had no idea of engaging in horticulture, they found it pleasant exercise and profitable diversion while taking nature's medicine. It is a fact that not a few of the ruddy faced, hearty looking Yankees one sees at Southern Pines came to the

place but a few years ago thin and enfeebled from disease, and in some cases given up as beyond cure by the doctors. When they saw what benefit they were gaining here, they purchased land, sent for their families and decided to make their home in these Carolina pine lands. Every year others follow their example, and thus is this section steadily increasing in population, in addition to being the Mecca of hundreds who come every winter to escape the cold blasts of the Northern season.

Even the trolley car is not lacking. Get on board near the Seaboard Air Line station and you go whizzing through the woods seven miles to Pinehurst. Then you see what Mr. Tufts has accomplished. It is a model town, laid out by an engineer and adorned by an eminent landscape architect with trees, shrubs, vines, etc. Several rows of artistic cottages, finished and furnished with every convenience, as well as beautiful hotels and casino are to be seen, and all filled with guests. The buildings and streets are lighted with electric lamps and have a perfect system of sewerage. A deer park, also recreation grounds, are provided for instruction and amusement, for Pinehurst is intended strictly as a health and pleasure resort. The cottages are rented furnished.

And there is a moral feature to be considered which too often is absent at other resorts. That love of religion, honesty, freedom from profanity and purity of heart and mind handed down through generations of New England families is to be noted everywhere in these communities. They are governed by a set of reasonable laws, which prohibit liquor selling, gambling or viciousness of any sort. At the same time the regulations are not extreme or too severe.

Altogether these colonists of happy people, sheltered by the stately pine, seem like two New England villages transplanted to Carolina. It is pleasant, very pleasant, to stay among them a season and talk over the old days of the North with them, for the stranger receives a hearty welcome from all, whether he come to live and die here or to spend a few weeks for rest and recreation.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Wedding  
of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robinson.

The guests at the Lenox and other friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robinson planned and executed a very happy event in the shape of a reception at the Lenox on the evening of December the 25th, the event being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robinson, the popular hosts of the Lenox. The party, consisting of about forty invited guests, well filled the parlors and dining rooms and the evening was spent in the enjoyment of pleasant conversation, music and singing. Refreshments were served and the whole affair was a joyous one. Mrs. Robinson was the recipient of many handsome gifts of silver, appropriate for the occasion. We join with other friends in wishing many happy returns of the day.

"What is the single tax, mamma?" "I don't know. Don't you worry about it, child. Your papa will find some way to get out of paying it."—*Chicago Tribune*.