

The Pinehurst Outlook.

VOL. I., NO. 27.

PINEHURST, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1898.

PRICE THREE CENTS

NORTH CAROLINA DELIGHTS

As Witnessed at Pinehurst by Pottsville Health Seekers.

March 30th, 1898. A rainy day, genuinely rainy, misting, falling thick and fast, infinitesimally small drops and many, the first rainy day in the three weeks of our sojourn in Pinehurst, North Carolina. How we revel in wood fires, piney wood, crackling and blazing, shedding warmth and cheer, and developing by its impartial liberality all the sociality of the many gathering about its cheery light. Where else is there such a place so unique as this enclosure? It is not a town, it is not a village. It is a place, a home place where every occupant of a cottage, every guest of Holly Inn, every sojourner feels himself a part of the unity which makes up the "four hundred" of Pinehurst. Imagine walks and roads, private roads of course, over which no traffic is carried save for the supplies of the place, winding and curving everywhere with symmetrical beauty, white as the sand upon the seashore, with irregular beds of flowers outlined in graceful curves and surrounded by lovely green sward. This wonderful sandy soil, and this wonderful climate, how they do develop vegetation, producing blossoms on the minutest shrub and causing perfection of flower and fruit. One can hardly realize that within twenty-five hours' journey from home, Pottsville, one could count thirty-eight different varieties of flowers blossoming in the open air, and this has been our experience here. The last to show its pretty face, the North Carolina Cherokee rose, so fair in its petals, so brilliant in its stamens and pistils, so queenly and lovely in itself. One of the most effective peculiarities we experienced upon our arrival was the apparent nearness of the vaulted sky. One felt as if the very clouds, fleecy and white, sailing in the blue expanse, were almost within touch of the outstretched hand, and this seeming nearness produces a very pleasant sensation in the stranger—a sheltering love seems to be overspread to guard and keep and bless all beneath.

Describe the place? It seems no words can adequately express the freedom, the cheer, the welcome each received, and none can participate in the pleasures of the place without heartily giving thanks to one whose inspiration has made this piney knoll blossom as the rose, and with the rose. Mr. James W. Tufts of Boston, Mass., the owner of the place, is here, and with his bland and hearty earnestness welcomes the guests with that genuine whole-souled spirit which characterizes every true philanthropist. He has done more for the convalescent and the weary than can ever be estimated, and his continual presence and hearty handshake are truly inspiring and assuring.

Sixty acres of golf ground slightly undulating afford great delight and recreation to the devotee of this popular pas-

time. There are walks innumerable under tall, waving pines, rustic seats beneath their branches, where one can sit hour after hour, and with but slight effort imagine, as the sighing of the winds amidst the high boughs of the trees falls upon the listening ear, the swashing and roaring of the breakers on the seashore.

Trailing arbutus and dainty moss, pinks, pitcher plant and blue eyed grass welcome the searcher after nature's wild flowers, while cornell and embryo maple leaves, red and tender, with yellow oak leaflets overhead add to the list of wonders; yet, still more remarkable is the long-leaved pine. How long? Well, some needles fourteen inches in length, blossoming in the centre of mammoth plumes, a wondrous cluster of purple cone-like flowers to develop later into cones immense and beautiful.

The Deer Park is a pleasant place to visit, where Harry and Clarence and Beatrice and two gentle fawns greet one at the wire fence with expectant eagerness, glad for acorns or biscuit or sugar, just as it may be, and even the gay peacocks, displaying in their pride all the gorgeously of their plumage, will seek the visitor for what they may pick up. Mr. Owl, in his rustic cage, is not so wide awake when the call is made upon him, but he looks very stately and very wise.

If one is gayly inclined, a ride in the donkey cart with "Pompey" is capital fun, and a visit to McKinzie's mill or the water wheel or the nursery will furnish rare pleasure. Even the most staid may be satisfied to take a drive with measured tread and stupid slowness in an "ox team," a typical North Carolina team, or stranger still, can mount into a "schooner," so many of which come in on market days, as it were, and bring provisions for our delectation. Horseback riding is a daily amusement, and driving is continually enjoyed. The roads, outside the enclosure, are not macadamized. O, no! A stump of a tree here, bunchy roots of last year's grass there, loose sand feet deep, take all monotony from the skill of driving.

Imagine a peach orchard containing about sixty-three thousand trees, most of them radiant with bloom on the 17th of March, St. Patrick's day, pink so pink that the view through the branches and over the tree tops is almost intoxicating. Over 650 acres mostly all under cultivation, thousands of apricot trees and pear trees and plum trees, immense graperies, and blackberry bushes innumerable, and amidst all this prodigality of bloom to ride in an easy-going electric car through the very gayest part three times to Southern Pines, and three times back again. This we have enjoyed, never, never to be forgotten.

Most delightful and instructive. The Village Hall is the scene of entertainments edifying and profitable. Now, an evening with Longfellow, with most

successful tableaux; again a lecture, replete with fact and fancy, delivered by Mr. Edwin Rogers, of North Adams, Mass., on "Pilgrims, Puritans and Quakers," so instructive, so interesting, so entertaining; again, readings by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston, from his own literary works; and a paper on "The American Voice," a rare literary treat by Miss Currier, so long an instructor of voice culture in Wellesley college; many readings and rich songs and even stories told in the Music Hall of the Inn, given gratuitously for the enjoyment of the guests; these are some of the rare treats that have been enjoyed, not excepting the fine music rendered by an orchestra daily, in the Holly Inn.

Thus with all that nature and climate and physical exercise and delightful intellectual opportunities can supply, we are seeking and gaining health of body, the desideratum which transplanted us from our much loved mountain home with its hills and valleys and all the pleasant associations of a lifetime and our very dear friends, to this level spot with its invigorating ozone, its bright suns, and pure, refreshing water.—S. A. M. in Pottsville Daily Republican.

DR. HALE IS IN THE SOUTH.

He Will Preach Tomorrow, His Seventy-Sixth Birthday, in Hampton, Va.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., will be seventy-six years old tomorrow. He is taking a trip through the South, just at present, and, if wind and weather are favorable to the good man, the benediction of his presence will brighten the students of Hampton, Va., on his birthday.

A characteristic letter from Dr. Hale to his co-laborers in the Lend-a-Hand office here tells of intense enjoyment during his southward way, his rest tour being no more a time of leisure than a denominational undertaking. "We went yesterday," he wrote from Pinehurst, N. C., "to a new Baptist church, near by. It was the day set for the dedication, but the poor man who is to officiate as minister was sick and unable to be there. So we dedicated it; Mr. Tobey conducted the service; our good Mr. Duncan of Clinton read the scriptures and I made the address. It is a nice church; it cost sixty-seven dollars, besides the lumber and the work. The natives gave the lumber, and sawed it for nothing. Then they hired a carpenter for thirty-seven dollars and worked under his directions. Different people have contributed the thirty dollars needed for windows, nails, hinges for the doors, etc. Our congregation consisted of about seventy men and boys (in good butternut suits of home-made cloth) and thirty women and children."

Letters and kindly messages from far and near have been sent to Dr. Hale's home and office today. A year ago, a few of those who know now how near is the Ten Times One society to his heart, conceived the idea of starting an endow-

ment fund that he may see the memorial and realize the fitting monument of the Lend-a-Hand movement.

It seemed a fitting way to celebrate the three-quarters of a century mark of such a busy and useful life, and it will please those who have been interested in the plan to know that already \$5,000 has been contributed. From the widow's mite of ten cents, to the generous check in four figures, all spoke of hearty encouragement and sympathy in this most beautiful fashion of honoring a truly remarkable man during his life-time.—Boston Transcript, April 2.

Picnic at Jackson Springs.

Last Wednesday Jackson Springs was the scene of a very enjoyable basket picnic by about twenty of our northern visitors. Jackson Springs is located about ten miles west of this village and the trip was made in carriages from the livery stable. The water of the mineral spring from which the place takes its name is a sure cure for dyspepsia and kidney troubles. A hotel and a number of cottages have been built near the spring and a church and school house are in the near vicinity, and although the place is surrounded by woods on all sides the scenery is very fine. The party started from the Holly Inn about 10 o'clock a. m. and arrived at the proper time to partake of the contents of the lunch baskets. Landlord Thompson at the hotel prepared our coffee and the entire party gathered in the summer house near the spring, and when their appetites had been appeased the fragments were very few. After a couple of hours spent in roaming through the woods and snapshotting all interesting objects in sight, the start for home was made about 3.30 o'clock, arriving home in time for supper, for which those who rode in the dead axle wagon, at least, had a hearty appetite.

Base Ball Game.

Last Saturday was a great day for our base ball nine and Pinehursters in general. After a defeat the previous week at Southern Pines our home club invited the Southern Pines club to play a return game on our grounds in the rear of the Holly Inn. Shortly after dinner the visiting club arrived, accompanied by a large delegation of rooters. Mr. Ellis, a member of the Holly Inn orchestra, was chosen umpire, and the game was started in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. It seemed that every inhabitant of our village was on the grounds. Great interest was shown in the game and the good points made by each nine were loudly applauded. The pitcher of the home nine was the right man in the place, and largely through his efforts the game resulted in a victory for the Pinehursters by a score of 10 to 5. One of the guests at the Inn remarked that it was the pleasantest afternoon he had spent during the season, and so say we all.