

# The Pinehurst Outlook.

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## UNEQUALLED ADVANTAGES.

### Winter Resident's Tale of Pinehurst in a Northern Paper.

#### A Good Description of Our Pretty Village and Its Surroundings.

Some two years ago an article appeared in one of the magazines relating to Pinehurst, a new village among the long-leaf pines in North Carolina, and from that time we have had a desire to see the place for ourselves. So at noon on one bleak winter day we took the train in Boston and at nightfall on the following day reached Southern Pines, where an electric car took us six miles across the country to Pinehurst. Here we found delightful quarters awaiting us at the Holly Inn. We came by the Seaboard Air Line, through Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond and Raleigh, which is one of several routes one may take.

The novel project of the village of Pinehurst was conceived by Mr. James W. Tufts of Boston. For years his attention has been called to people of delicate constitution, who suffered from the rigor of the northern winters, and who were unable to pay the high price necessary for any degree of comfort in any of the southern health resorts. He had had a large experience in charity and in philanthropic work and had come in contact with many teachers, clergymen and others, whose lives might be prolonged by a temporary residence in a milder climate, and for some years he had been considering how these people of small means might find such a home.

After looking over the country with this thought in mind he came in the summer of 1895 to the village of Southern Pines in North Carolina. Some years before Professor Kerr, the state geologist, had made a most careful investigation in this state and in others with the view of finding a spot which should combine all the qualities of a natural sanitarium. The location he selected is on the culmination of an immense sandy ridge. Locally this is known as Shaw's Ridge, the name coming from a prominent family long resident here. The waters falling upon the roof of the old Shaw homestead divide and find their way to the Little and Pee Dee rivers, each about fifteen miles away. This ridge and all adjacent country for many miles is practically covered with the long-leaf pine, which constitutes the chief growth of the region. A physician, the first to make a home in this region, was directed by the state geologist to this dry elevated ridge, as it met the happy medium in climate, being exactly in the centre of

the temperate zone and the highest and driest section in the whole long leaf pine region. The residents of this region are exempt from the rigors of the North and West, and are also free from the enervating influence of locations in the more southern and warmer latitudes.

The State Board of Agriculture, impressed by the report of the state geologist, and by correspondence with eminent physicians, developed the plan of Southern Pines. Since then the region has been repeatedly investigated by medical specialists and many are the testimonials to its qualifications as a natural sanitarium. Many also are the testimonials of those who have come to this locality invalids, unable to live in a colder climate, to have either recovered entirely so that they experience no difficulty in the changeable New England climate, or who have made homes here and enjoy what they never can in the old home—the priceless blessing of health.

This was the region that Mr. Tufts, with his heart full of his philanthropic scheme, came to examine for himself. Little did the proprietor of the Ozone at Southern Pines realize that in the quiet unassuming man, who signed the hotel register with the name James W. Tufts, and whom he drove about the country, was one who was to evoke out of this southern forest, what no inhabitant of the old North State had ever dreamed to see, a Yankee village, with all the modern improvements and luxuries which wealth and science have at their command.

The problem which Mr. Tufts has undertaken to solve is the making of an ideal home for people needing rest and recuperation in a mild climate, where the rich may have every luxury and the poorer every comfort. After thorough examination of the country, Mr. Tufts purchased in July, 1895, six thousand acres on this dry elevated land six miles from the railroad station at Southern Pines. The location is in Moore county, a little south of the centre of the state. The soil is almost pure sand. Let it rain ever so hard and almost as soon as it stops raining the ground is perfectly dry. In many respects the climate is very much more agreeable to northerners than that of most of the resorts further south.

Mr. Tufts enclosed one hundred acres within a wire fence. The town was laid out under the direction of Frederick Law Olmsted of Olmsted, Olmsted & Elliot, the eminent firm of landscape architects. Many thousand shrubs and plants were set out. Mr. Tufts that first summer built a hotel, casino and forty houses of different size and architecture. As by a magician's wand the village arose. A perfect system of drainage was laid out. A large power house was built and thoroughly equipped, so that every avenue and every room in every cottage is lighted by electricity. Mr. Tufts has also built an electric road to the railroad station at Southern Pines. The water

for drinking is absolutely pure. It is forced up by steam from three deep bored wells and there is a very abundant supply. We think it is the best water we have ever found in any resort in the world, and it has been proven that its use is very beneficial in cases of rheumatism, weak digestion and kidney trouble. Mr. Tufts employed the best architects and engineers, etc., to carry out his plans, sparing no expense, and giving his own attention to the minutest detail. Nowhere else in the South have we found arrangement for the comfort of guests so perfect, whether in the high priced rooms of the Holly Inn or in the smallest of the cottages. The whole air of the place is light and brightness itself. Every one notes the unusual number of windows, not only in the hotel and large houses, but in all the cottages, and the electric light has been distributed with the same lavish hand.

The Holly Inn is the most homelike of luxurious hotels. There are reception rooms, reading rooms, writing rooms, smoking rooms and a large music hall on the first floor, which is surrounded by a spacious veranda. The dining room is one of the pleasantest we have ever seen. The pretty waitresses are from good northern families, and although untrained, show how intelligence tells in the performance of any duty. Some are girls with delicate lungs who are in this way enabled to escape the severe months at the North. The cuisine is all that could be desired. The hotel has this year been enlarged and Mr. Tufts has built a beautiful village hall seating some three hundred. Here entertainments are held as often as once a week. An entertainment committee is formed among the guests the first of the season. On Sunday service is held in the hall. There is also a very pleasant bright school-house at the foot of the village green and a teacher from one of the public schools at Providence is employed to teach the children of guests, that they may keep up with their classes at the North.

Next the Inn is the Casino, a large and pleasant building with reading room, barber shop, billiard room, etc. Here is a large homelike restaurant and a home bakery. There are several large boarding houses kept by experienced northern people. There is a large store where one may find a greater variety and assortment of goods than in many a northern village of twice the size of Pinehurst. There is a farm and nursery in the village. The milk is better than any we have found in the South, a carefully selected herd of cows being kept on the place. Amusements of all kinds are provided—tennis, croquet, and shuffle-boards, and several large golf fields. For children there are swings, and tilts, sand hills and games without number. There is a beautiful deer park also on the estate with a fine herd of deer.

We are always interested in types of people in different localities. A good

place to study them here is the village store early on Saturday evening, when the country people for miles around, black and white, come here to do their trading. Blacks in every shade of color; shining polished faces gleaming from the depths of big sunbonnets, coquettish mulattoes with small sailor hats perched on the top of an abundant crop of wool. Boys in every stage of raggedness and full of monkey tricks. Men in rags, in sweaters and overalls, occasionally an airy fellow in white shirt and brilliant tie, with a stylish if somewhat battered hat set jauntily on the side of his head, others in very comfortable working clothes. Almost always the faces are bright and jolly, occasionally one dark, gloomy and forbidding.

The whites are in the main a poor class of small farmers. The blacks form about one-third of the population of North Carolina. They have always, even in the days of slavery, been better treated than in many parts of the South. Now they have all the rights of citizens, and their rights are secured by the same safeguards of law as are those of the white citizen. The white population of this part of North Carolina are descendants of a large company of Scotch who came here, some voluntarily, but most of them by compulsion, after the disastrous defeat of Culloden in 1746. They still retain in a remarkable degree the national characteristics.

We had a desire to visit the home of a typical North Carolina farmer, so one sunny March morning we chartered a donkey cart, with some misgivings as to the conduct of the donkey to be sure, and having persuaded the gentlemen of the party that a long walk was absolutely indispensable to their well-being, we started, the ladies driving the donkey, the gentlemen walking behind. After passing through the gates of Pinehurst the road lay for a long distance through a great pine forest. The sky was perfect, the air balmy, and the donkey trotted along in the most amiable and accommodating manner.

We soon came to a small lake of beautifully clear water and had to ford a stream as clear as crystal, with a pretty pebbly bottom. We have not often found clear water in the South. The donkey behaved very well in fording the stream, though he required not a little urging to breast the deepest part of the stream; and so we came to McKenzie's mill and farm. We drove into the barnyard where a number of young calves were running about. Almost nothing but white sand could be seen near the ground, but there were peach and apple and pear trees coming into bud and luxuriant rose bushes and honeysuckles.

The family greeted us hospitably, father, mother, ten children and a few older people whose relationship we did not quite make out. We were invited into the best room, with its floor of white

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