

### RHYMES FOR THE SEASON.

#### Football.

Behold that yeasty, seething mass,—  
Legs, arms, all in a clump!  
The reason why it seethes is plain:  
Two 'levens are in the lump.

—Boston Post.

#### A Dreadful Moment.

When autumn days grow bright and cold,  
And garnered is the fruit,  
The prudent man puts on his old,  
His well-saved winter suit.  
Then rides to town without a care  
To vex his peaceful breast,  
Until he finds, when asked for fare,  
No dimes in last year's vest.

—Boston Post.

#### In Breezy November.

When the air is nipping, nipping,  
And the grip is gripping, gripping,  
And you run ah-choo, ah-chooing,  
There is little joy in viewing  
What your lively hat is doing,  
O'er the pavement, skipping, prancing,  
As behind it you go dancing.  
No! The rapture's in the capture,  
Not at all in the pursuing.

—Boston Post.

### BATTLE WITH THE ELEMENTS.

#### Efforts of the State of Massachusetts to Reclaim Cape Cod from the Encroachment of the Sand.

Boston, Nov. 7, 1898.

Far out on the tip end of Cape Cod, beyond the little town of Provincetown, which is the last town in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; beyond everything in fact but the broad Atlantic, lies a barren, wind-blown tract of sand dunes, where is going on one of the most remarkable battles between man's ingenuity and the will of the elements that has ever been undertaken on this continent. This tract of mobile sand, driven by the strong northerly winds that prevail in winter, is gradually moving southward toward Provincetown, and to keep it from burying the town and filling in the harbor is the work that the Harbor and Land Commission of Massachusetts has set itself to do. To one who knows the place and the resistless fury of the winds that sweep across it the work would at first glance seem well-nigh hopeless, but a foothold against the inroads of the sand has already been secured, and the commissioners are confident that in time, not only can the advance of the sand be checked, but the whole outside of the cape reclaimed, and changed again to what it originally was, a wooded tract of wonderful fertility.

The lands on which this work is being done are known as the province lands, for the reason that they have always been province or state property. They were originally purchased from the Indians by the colony of New Plymouth, and came into the possession of the province of Massachusetts Bay in 1692 with the other lands and possessions of Plymouth colony, the possession of course continuing to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts when the province became a state. They include three thousand acres lying on the outside end of the Cape, which are generally spoken of as the province lands, and also about seven hundred lying along the shores of Provincetown harbor, on a part of which tract the town is built. In this section the dwellers are really nothing more than squatters, holding a sort of temporary title from the Harbor and Land Commissioners, but except in the case of some

flagrant abuse, there is no likelihood of these titles ever being revoked. On the province lands proper however, the case is different. There no titles are given, and the few squatters are likely to be removed at any time, as the commissioners can afford to have no interference with the work that they are doing.

To appreciate this work a short description of the place is necessary. The province lands may be divided into two well-defined parts; one a belt of woodland covered with a thick growth of hardy trees, and lying next to the town, and the other the expanse of sand before mentioned. This belt of sand is continually widening and spreading to the southward, eating into and smothering out the wooded belt, and moving on toward the town. Its movement is in character exactly like the wave motion of water, and its appearance is that of a sea of sand across which are sweeping three gigantic tidal waves. The first of these is well out toward the sea, the second about half-way to the belt of woodland and the third close in on the edge of the woods. The strong winds cut into the exposed northerly sides of these waves, or dunes, clearing them of all vegetation, and sweep the sand over onto the southerly side, so that the dunes are all the time moving to the southward. At present, as has been said, there are but three dunes, but when these have moved far enough, a fourth will be formed, and then a fifth, and when the three have become six the foremost will have covered the town of Provincetown, passed over it, and be pouring over into the harbor.

To anyone unfamiliar to the locality this danger might seem to be exaggerated, but it is in fact very real and imminent. Even on a moderately still day in mid-summer there are not wanting to an observant eye signs of the steady advance of the sand.

All along the upper edges of the dunes may be seen a little fine spray of sand, working steadily over to the southward, and if one goes over to the landward side of the first dune he can see it pouring into the woods there, killing out and burying the vegetation. Half-way up the slope, twigs may be seen sticking out. They are from the topmost limbs of tall trees, buried under the sand. Dig down far enough on the windward slope of this same dune and there you will find fragments of trees long ago killed and crushed to pieces in the same way. On every hand the track of the insidious enemy is plain.

But these are only signs, and to see the work of destruction itself, one should be on the dunes when the wild northeaster is whooping down the coast and the great breakers are roaring on the outside of the Cape. The man does not live who can raise his head and look to windward in that blast, for the driving sand would cut the eyes out of his head in a very few seconds. The only men ever found on the dunes in a storm are the members of the life-saving patrol, and to them the driving sand is one of the worst hardships of their rough and perilous existence. They all grow heavy beards, and in a storm wear heavy mufflers or knitted helmets that cover the face all but the eyes, but in spite of these precautions it is no uncommon thing for them to have their faces cut by the sand until they are of the consistency of raw

beef. At the life-saving stations it is continually necessary to replace the glass in the windows, as the sand grinds the surface in a short time, so that it is nearly impervious to light. A man caught out on the dunes in a storm, who does not know them as he knows the interior of his own house, is irretrievably lost for a few minutes of storm entirely wipes out the rough roads that cross the waste, and it is impossible to see more than a few yards in any direction.

With these conditions realized it is evident that the work of reclaiming this section is not an easy one, and yet it has been demonstrated that it can be done. A good sized area has already been practically reclaimed, and this area is being rapidly extended. The way in which this is done is by holding the sand down by covering it with vegetation. To the casual visitor to the province lands this might seem an impossible thing, as sand is generally considered a synonym for sterility, and the province lands are nothing but sand, there being in the whole three thousand acres not a stone as large as a pea. As a matter of fact however the tract is one of remarkable fertility, as is shown by the growth on the wooded belt lying next to the town. Here the conditions are precisely the same, the only difference being that on top of the sand there is a layer a few inches deep of a light fibrous loam, deposited by the plants and trees that cover the whole tract. The vegetable growth here is as varied and interesting as in any place in the state of Massachusetts. There is a strong thick growth of black oak, pitch pine, beech and many other trees, and underneath them there is a heavy tangled thicket of wild rose privet, bayberry and thousands of other plants, many of them of the greatest interest to botanists on account of their rarity. These all have their roots in the sand and it is from the sand that they draw their sustenance. In fact the outside belt was at one time covered with the same heavy growth, but the townspeople, by cutting trees and stripping the sod gave the wind a hold, and the process of destruction has steadily gone on ever since. Beside being very rich, the sand has an unending supply of moisture. Five minutes after the heaviest rain the surface is perfectly dry, but on the crest of the highest dune, moisture may always be found by turning up a few inches of sand on the surface.

The first step in the reclamation is to plant beach grass on the windward side of the outermost dune, and the grass that is used for this outermost barrier has been transplanted, being taken from sheltered places along the inner side of the tract. The experience of three years has shown that with careful watching this grass will secure a foothold, and there is but little doubt that the sand could be held in place by this means alone, but it would require continual supervision, as the wind frequently makes cuts through the vegetation, which if not filled in would widen; and things would soon be in as bad a condition as ever. In order to prevent this the spaces between the bunches of beach grass are filled in with hardy, fibrous plants, the two that have been found the best for the purpose being Scotch broom and tamarix. These two plants are of a tough and wiry nature, and have an immense growth of roots, which in a short

## THE PINEHURST NURSERIES,

O. KATZENSTEIN, SUPT.,

PINEHURST, N. C.

Offer their large collection of

**Broad-Leaved Evergreens, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Vines**

—AND OF—

**North Carolina  
Woody  
and  
Herbaceous  
Plants and Seeds.**

Stock under regular control by N. C. State Entomologist and is free of any scale or disease.

**Moderate Prices. Thrifty Plants.**

**Catalogue Free.**

**CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.**

**Do You Want**

**FINE  
JOB  
PRINTING?**

Our office is well equipped with

**New Modern Type**

**First Class Presses**

**Electric Power**

**Competent Workmen**

Prices Reasonable. Give us a Call.

**THE OUTLOOK,**

**Pinehurst, N. C.**

**HOME MADE BREAD**

Can be obtained at the store.

**Cooked Meats and Pastry** should be

Ordered the day before needed.