

# The Pinehurst Outlook.

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## HEALTH IS FOUND

### In the Sand Hills Where Pinehurst is Located.

No Grippe, Malaria, Fever and Chills, nor Noxious Microbes in Soil or Water.

Plenty of Bright Sunshine and Balmy Air—  
Hope for the Invalid.

That "Fountain of Youth" the Spanish cranks so eagerly sought for still exists only in fabled story, nor is there any Eden (its primitive innocence left out) in North Carolina of which we have any definite knowledge. But something analogous thereto—where the blight of sickness and sorrow finds no native origin—has been located by common consent in what is called the "Sand Hills" in the middle section of the state, which include the towns of Manly, Southern Pines, Pinehurst, Pinebluff and other places as far south as Hamlet, perhaps in many respects equally as desirable. This stretch of apparently barren land that the farmer once passed by with contempt, and in which the orchardist could see nothing of value, possessed the very elements and conditions which have made it one of the most favored sections of country on the globe. It was (and still is to a considerable extent) populated with groves of long-leaved pine which exhale the fragrant ozone so grateful to the impaired tissues of human throats and lungs. Here the porous sand, extending to a depth of fifty to ninety feet, absorbs the rain almost as fast as it falls, leaving no moisture on the earth's surface, nor humus in the atmosphere after a shower. Here are no extremes of heat and cold, the temperature being uniformly mild and even. In the summer the ocean breezes (filtered through the pine forests in their westward course) cool the air; in winter the influences of the gulf stream soften and subdue its rigors. It has proved the ideal region for invalids suffering from bronchial and lung maladies and on the advice of physicians who have studied the country they have flocked hither and found that immediate and permanent relief they had vainly sought in Colorado, Florida, on the Pacific slope, and in other parts of the United States.

#### THE PLACE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

It is a noteworthy fact that of late the tide of migration has changed and is changing from California and Colorado (where the atmosphere is surcharged at times with an excess of moisture, and the winds are chilly if not sharply cold), to

the sand hills of North Carolina, where the tendency of soil and climate is to soothe and heal rather than aggravate the susceptible lungs and throats of those who are suffering from consumption in its first stages. "I know of few things more pitiful," (says David Starr Jordan, in the *Atlantic Monthly*), "than the annual migration of consumptives to Los Angeles, Pasadena and San Diego. The Pullman cars in the winter are full of sick people, banished from the east by physicians who do not know what else to do with their hopeless patients. They go to the large hotels of Los Angeles or Pasadena, and pay a rate they cannot afford. They shiver in half warmed rooms, take cold after cold, their symptoms grow alarming, their money wastes away, and finally in utter despair they are hurried back homeward, perhaps to die on board the train. Or it may be that they choose cheap lodging houses, at prices more nearly within their reach. Here, again, they suffer for want of home food, home comforts and home warmth, and the end is just the same."

What is said of the places above referred to cannot be truthfully spoken of any of the towns in the high and dry "Sand Hill" region. A large majority of those visiting or residing here (if they have not reached the hopeless stage), recover from their ailments. The cases of fatality almost invariably occur where the invalid is so far restored that he deems it safe to return north before a permanent cure is effected. Then he is liable to a relapse, and succumbs to the inevitable, or hastens back when it is too late. Numberless instances of this kind can be cited.

#### A GLIMPSE AT PINEHURST.

A brisk fifteen minutes' ride on the trolley car from the Seaboard Air Line depot at Southern Pines, spanning a distance of six miles through forest openings, pine groves and the famous Van Lindlay peach orchard, is not an unwelcome experience. Pinehurst, with its isolated cottages, intervening lawns and ornamental grounds, its village green, its tennis courts, its wealth of green shrubbery and occasional flowers in bloom, presents a picture as beautiful and alluring as ever. Chief among its architectural gems is the Holly Inn, which has been considerably enlarged, and, as to its interior accommodations, greatly improved. Mr. Tufts, the originator and proprietor of this marvel of up-to-date civilization in what was until recently a lonely looking, unconverted wilderness, intermits the expenditure of no money and effort in the development of his grand scheme of improvement. Within the past year an addition of thirty-two rooms has been made to the Holly Inn, the village hall, roomy department store, the little red school house, the Berkshire hotel, the four handsome apartment houses (the Dartmouth, Marlboro, Beacon and Tre-

mont), with steam laundry, besides seven workmen's cottages just outside the town limits, have been completed. They are fine specimens of the builder's skill. All the cottages are filled, or engaged by parties who at this writing have not arrived, while the Inn has its usual complement of guests.

The unruffled serenity of the scene here, in spite of its many pleasing and varied features, would in time become rather irksome to those enjoying a sound mind in a healthy body. It is no place for business, especially real estate (for Mr. Tufts will not sell a foot of ground he owns), while mercantile, market and even coal and firewood transactions are restricted to the stores and agencies he controls and employs. But the man or woman who is afflicted with nervous prostration or bodily weakness of almost any kind finds here a sense of blissful repose and other conditions favoring a complete recovery of lost vitality and drooping energies, whether the stay is for the season or the year. Rev. Edward Everett Hale very charmingly portrays in a recent characteristic letter the allurements offered by Pinehurst to a certain class of invalids. We make the following extract, and regret we haven't space for the entire letter, which is worth reading many times over:

"My recollection of Pinehurst is of a place where nobody worried me, where I was not afraid of anybody, where I wanted to get out of bed when I woke in the morning, and wanted to go to bed when it came to be half-past nine at night. Is not this, perhaps, the method of the next century? If one were to imagine an ideal home, would he not say that it was a place where the drainage had been arranged first, and the water supply second, and the light for the night third, and the houses fourth, and what you ate and drank last? Would he not say that there was a nice post-office and post mistress, and a nice shop with nice people to keep the shop, and that you bought things cheaper than you ever bought anything in your life before, and that there was a nice room to spend the evening in, with a lecture or a concert or a stereopticon? And would not this describe Pinehurst?"

The Berkshire is the latest addition to Pinehurst hotels. It is a handsome structure, finely furnished and efficiently managed. This hostelry was built to meet the growing demand for nice appointments and home-like surroundings of people of refined tastes but moderate means. It can comfortably accommodate about sixty guests. It is located on the Magnolia road, embracing what were formerly known as the Oaks and the Hanover. It is connected with these two apartment houses, so as to practically make one building. A spacious veranda runs along nearly the whole front, while at the rear the edifice is arranged in three sections, affording to all parts of the connected structure plentiful sun-

shine and pure air. The dining room will seat about one hundred persons. It is a fine, well lighted apartment, with an open brick fireplace at one end, where, on cool days, blazing pine logs diffuse a pleasing warmth. The sides have large windows, while numerous electric lights at evening make a brilliant display. The sleeping rooms are nicely furnished, and fine mattresses and springs provided, several bath rooms being located on each floor. The manager, W. B. Peck, is an experienced hotel man, who also has charge (as proprietor) of the Mt. Everett house in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, where for over twenty-five years he has catered to the wants of summer visitors.—*Salmagundi*.

#### Queen Victoria's Name.

What is the queen's family name? asks T. P. O'Connor. It is a matter of common belief, he says, that in the extremely unlikely event of the entire abolition of all titular distinctions in this country, and the disintegration of the social hierarchy into its primitive elements, her majesty's present royal designation would be reduced to the simple formula of "Mrs. Guelph." This is an entire mistake. The Queen's legal name, were she by some mysterious process to become a simple commoner, would be "Mrs. Wettin," by virtue of her marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whose name, stripped of territorial and other garnishings, was plain "Albert Wettin."

Wettin is the patronymic of King Leopold of Belgium, of King Albert of Saxony, of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, of the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, of the duke of Saxe-Weimar and of the duke of Saxe-Meiningen, as well as of the prince of Wales and his brothers and of Prince Charles of Portugal. Wettin, who died in 1156, was a descendant of one Wittikind, who was a contemporary of the great Charlemagne.

The majority of the reigning princes of Europe claim to be descended from Wittikind, among them being King Christian of Denmark, King George of Greece, Peter, grand duke of Oldenburg, and the czar of Russia. The patronymic of these four rulers is Oldenburg, the emperor of Russia being neither a Romanoff nor yet a Holstein-Gottorp, as has been stated.

The queen prior to her marriage, was entitled to the patronymic of Azon—she was Miss Azon, in fact. Of the same name are the reigning prince of Liechtenstein and the duke of Cumberland, or king of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as he is now.

The founder of the house of Azon died in the year 964, and was margrave or marquis of Este. It is for this reason that the royal house of Great Britain has sometimes made use of the name d'Este, notably in the case of the duke of Sussex, a younger son of King George III, who gave the name of d'Este, after marriage to hismorganatic wife.—*Mainly About People*.