

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack.
See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin that slew the fierce rodent
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled
horn

Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibers that involved the grain
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dug who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds in fierce, vindictive scorn
The harrowing hound whose braggart bark and
stir

Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant
fur

Of puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we
saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose lactable hands
Drew albu-lactic bovine wealth from lacteal
glands

Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort to realm ethereal was born
The beast catulean, vexed of the sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands, the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared through many a
rift,

Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied
That dared to vex the insidious muricidae,
Who let the auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace that Jack
had built.

The loud, cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,
To him, who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that
kilt

The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house
that Jack built.

—*Duluth Herald.*

Getting Near It.

Little Mike—How d'yez pronounce
"u-n-i-q-u-e," sor?

McLubberty—"U-ni-quee," av coorse.

Little Mike—Phwot does it mane?

McLubberty—Whoy, a uniquee is a
baste thot has but wan horn.—*Judge.*

A bagful of fleas has been used as an
illustration of extra activity; but it is as
nothing to the puppy dog just released
from a few hours' confinement.—*Ex-
change.*

PINEHURST.

Its Surroundings, and What Makes It a Favorite Winter Resort, as Seen by Northern Editors Last Spring.

Monday, the 24th of April, was a
bright, beautiful day, and everything
seemed to bring new life to us as we
strolled around. About 10 o'clock we
boarded an electric car, and soon found
ourselves passing through a fine section
of country. This road runs through
large fields which had been planted. We
passed through a large vineyard which
was a beautiful sight to look upon. A
little further and we came upon a large
orchard which had been set out to peach-
es, but owing to the blight which had
got among them they had been destroyed
and were drawn together in large piles
ready to be burned. Still a little further
on and a fine orchard of pears of several

people. Suites of rooms can be procured
at a nominal sum when one takes into
consideration the surroundings. A pub-
lic Casino which is free to all, a fine hall
for church services, which are held every
Sunday, and during the week public en-
tertainments. There is the school build-
ing, library, and a very large department
store, also a printing office where THE
PINEHURST OUTLOOK is published every
Friday during the season. Water of the
purest quality from nine wells, 250 feet
deep, which are joined together and
pumped into a large tank that is ele-
vated above the buildings which fur-
nishes water to all the buildings, and is
also used for fire purposes, the village
having a system of water works, hydrants
being placed along the line. An electric
fire alarm system is used in case of fire,
but fortunately no fire has ever visited



IN THE PINE WOODS.

hundred acres are seen; they look very
thrifty and are large enough to bear.
On our arrival at Pinehurst we find it to
be a beautiful village, all owned by one
man—Mr. James W. Tufts of Boston,
who is president of the American Soda
Fountain Co. Mr. Tufts own 6,000 acres
which he purchased at a price something
less than a dollar per acre. The centre
of this tract was located and 500 acres
were enclosed by a high mesh wire
fence, and within this enclosure he has
expended many thousands of dollars in
improvements. A large tract of it is
also fenced off as a deer park.

Here a fine herd of deer can be seen,
they being so tame that one can place
their hands on them. The buildings are
all of the most modern style and include
a large hotel, or as they are termed in
that section, inn, where all the comforts
and conveniences of an ideal home are to
be had. A large number of cottages have
been built and furnished, and are rented
at from \$120 to \$275 a season to desirable

the village. Electric lights are placed in
every room in each building. All of
these conveniences are included in the
rental of the buildings. There is also a
complete sewer system with which the
buildings are connected, the main of
which empties into running water, two
miles below the village. The soil is of
sand, varying in depth from ten to 90
feet, which is being converted into good
ground by a layer of muck brought from
the lowlands. The streets are hardened
with clay, the walks are nicely laid out
bordered with flowering plants and
shrubs of various kinds, which grow pro-
lific. Outside the enclosure is a golf links
of sixty acres which will be enlarged to
double its size during the coming summer.
Mr. Tufts will not allow cats, dogs or
cows to be kept within the enclosure;
neither is there any intoxicating liquors
allowed on the grounds. It is an ideal
place as one can imagine, as the only
avenue of approach is the highway
and the electric line to Southern

Pines, which Mr. Tufts also owns.

Our party had the pleasure to meet one
of the leading men in the large depart-
ment store who conducted us through
the buildings and showed everything of
interest. At the newspaper office it was
our privilege to meet Mr. Tufts, who took
us in charge and conducted us to Holly
Inn where we were royally entertained
by him. After having partaken dinner
with him, which was served in one of the
finest dining rooms we ever saw, we
were obliged to leave, yet it was with a
desire to again at some future time return
to visit this beautiful place.—*Dalton (N.
Y.) Enterprise, May 26, 1899.*

Six miles to the west of Southern
Pines is a small village, Pinehurst, built
and owned by Mr. James W. Tufts of
Boston, president of the American Soda
Fountain Company. Mr. Tufts has in
his possession six thousand acres of land
and has five hundred enclosed. His vil-
lage is owned and controlled by himself.
He says this shall be and it is, or that
shall be and that is. No liquor is per-
mitted sold in the town. He has hotels,
stores, cottages, theatre, church, print-
ing office, electric lights, water system,
and electric railroad in the village and
out to the Seaboard Air Line. He has a
deer park, golf links and a museum, in a
small way. The museum is built of logs
and has the long chimney corner, chim-
ney built of sticks and mud, and in fact
all the characteristics of a typical log
cabin. Our party was royally enter-
tained at dinner by Mr. Tufts, who,
though wealthy, is a most delightful en-
tertainer even though his guests be com-
mon every day country editors.—*Pulaski
(N. Y.) Democrat, May 10, 1899.*

He Didn't Need Any More.

A very subdued looking boy of about
13 years, with a long scratch on his nose
and an air of general dejection came to
his teacher in one of the Boston pub-
lic schools and handed her a note before
taking his seat and becoming deeply ab-
sorbed in his book. The note read as
follows:

"Miss B—: Please excuse James for
not being thare yesterday. He played
trooant, but I guess you don't need to
lick him for it, as the boy he played
trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy
licked him, an' a man they sassed caught
him an' licked him, an' the driver of a
sled they hung on to licked him allso.
Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give
him another one for sassing me for
telling his pa, so you need not lick him
until next time. I guess he thinks he
better keep in school hereafter."—*Har-
per's Bazar.*

Briggs. "Von Kernel has been very
successful in corn lately, hasn't he?"
Griggs. "I believe so. Why?" "His
wife told me he had presented her with a
pair of cobs."—*Brooklyn Life.*