

The Pinehurst Outlook

VOL. IV., NO. 8.

PINEHURST, N. C., DEC. 28, 1900.

PRICE THREE CENTS

1901.

We offer to the readers of THE OUTLOOK our hearty, best wishes for the New Year and the New Century. Like little boys and girls in their first arithmetic lesson we begin to write the figure one. How many more figures we shall have to write before the twentieth century ends for us, who can say? Few now living will arrive at the lesson when three nines end it, and they are dismissed and graduated from this earthly school. Slowly we learn, slowly gain the wisdom of this world and an insight of another life. The years tell us how long we have lived and only slightly remind us how many more are our appointed lot. We live as if we were to live forever. And this is best; it is an unconscious evidence that our activities can have no conclusion, only a change such as we experience in all the years and sometimes days of our life.

All these years, centuries and every other division of time, are merely for convenience. There is actually no such division. However much we may forecast the future or recall the past, time and action are in a moment which we call *now*, and we can be certain of nothing more. Night and day and the seasons are the only obvious boundaries that nature has marked with a definite finger. As we know not when the world began to be we have no real point to date from, and so our modern world agrees upon various arbitrary first years. With us it is from the advent of Christianity; with other people from the reign of some king or signal event in their history. But we like to think for our individual selves that we began really to live when we fell in love, or were married, or a first child was born. To others life began when their eyes were opened by religious experiences, by some new truth, or some outward accident or event suddenly surprised them into new thoughts and a new manner of life. The New Year's advent is a good time to remember our past and make confession to ourselves and our dearest friends of the influences which have been the corner stones and turning points in our careers. And we will set the example. Our first great day which has made all subsequent days valuable was when in an aimless and unprofitable youth we chanced to read one of Emerson's books. Now that good fortune has been the primary cause of all the important steps, all the opportunities, all the most treasured personal attachments in a life now past the middle age. Perhaps it was not more the book that wrought all this than the time, the circumstances, the susceptible boy. No matter what the cause so long as the effects turn out a benefit. Much slighter things than a book have had momentous results, as anyone can recall who knows the history of men and nations or has been entrusted with personal confidences. Many of our

readers from the north have probably heard of the "experience meetings," rather more common among the Methodists than other sects. At those meetings each one so disposed would relate his experience, usually of course, of a religious sort. We know an old New Hampshire veteran who always attended the meeting of the Methodists for watching the old year out and the new year in and invariably ended his experience with a confession of his backsliding and a promise "to do better to-forwards than he had to-backwards." It is a quaint phrase yet we can translate it into our own terms as a resolution for 1901. We can think of no more entertaining way of celebrating New Year's Eve than for a party of friends to gather together in a private manner, with no spectators, and each one frankly and simply to relate the

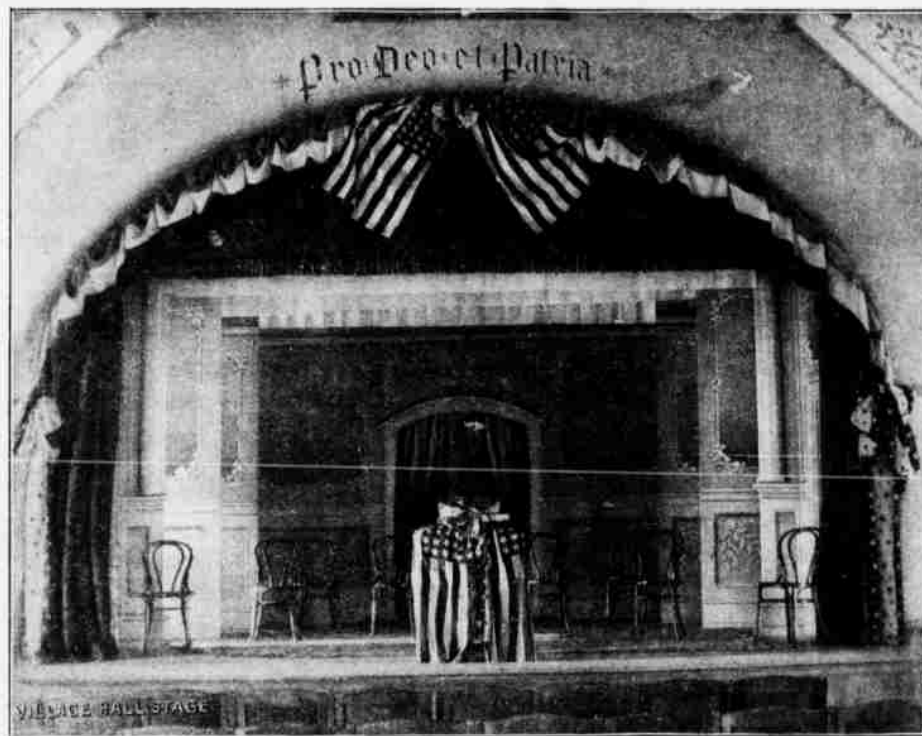
when he states that it is his belief that science has contributed as much to the physical comfort and convenience of man as is necessary for his well being and that henceforth the high office of science will be to interpret the spiritual truths of which all modern discoveries and applications are but symbols. Millions cannot buy this; no machinery can make it; no swiftest railroad can reach it on time, nor any Congress legislate it into being. Beyond and above all this there are diviner issues to be grasped by the human mind before the century now in front of us can bear the fruits of which we may be justly proud. Great things are not to be reckoned by size or number. The old adage says one is sometimes a majority with God. Twenty yards of a velvet or brocade court train are not as fine or attractive as the dress

balmy air such as few winter resorts have. A few thin clouds flecked the sky, but as the day wore on they sailed away on a southerly wind to visit our friends in the north. When Christmas Eve approached the children's eyes began to see visions of Santa Claus with his pack and his great tree twenty feet high blossoming with all the gifts they most wished to possess. The evening sky was filled with long shafts of filmy, translucent clouds, shaped like scarfs and feathered arrows extending from one horizon to the other in a northeast line to the southwest. These were the festive decorations which the bright new moon had selected from her immense wardrobe of stars, clouds and celestial colors wherewith to celebrate with old and young the joyous evening advent of Christmas.

Santa Claus seems to have remembered everybody, as the local reporter's graphic pen will relate in detail to our readers. The first mail of the day consisted of four big bags bulging with letters and packages of all sorts, sizes and shapes. Two other mails of the day were almost equally crowded. In addition the express matter filled the baggage end of the electric car, and our little Clarence, whom we are always so glad to see approaching with his colored boy and great receipt book, was almost buried in the pile of boxes and bundles as they were discharged from the car and seemed as happy as if they were all for himself. This is what came in, and an equal or greater amount of mail and express went out from the Pinehurst guests, for both had been loaded down for a week before Christmas day. Santa Claus has a wonderful way of being in two places at once, and although he seemed to be right here in Pinehurst; his short, fat legs had travelled thousands of miles in a twinkling, and his copious hands had distributed greetings and gifts to hundreds of friends separated from us for a brief season. By his aid and the dear love of our friends at home as well as the kindness of the community in which we find ourselves. Christmas in this pleasant winter retreat was made entirely happy and memorable. *.*

Green Pinehurst.

The Pinehurst winters are more or less green from the abundance of its shrubbery which never loses its foliage. The leaves of the rose bushes fall but slowly, if at all, and some are even still in bloom. These with the pinks, violets and pansies always in bloom scare old winter from the place. Added to this natural greenery and the flowers this Christmas week has seen every house festooned with holly, pine, the bamboo vine and mistletoe. Parties have been made up to explore the woods for them, and many boxes of these and other native green growth have been forwarded to friends in the North as souvenirs of Pinehurst and tokens of affection. Here the streets



VILLAGE HALL STAGE.

experience, the event, the book or the person that has had the most influence over his life and that has made an epoch in his intellectual or spiritual tendencies.

Much will be printed as the New Year opens in review of the nineteenth century. Its achievements and progress will be recounted, and we may be sure of being promised that the twentieth century will beat the record of the last. We fear we shall hear of little but material and scientific movements. There will be short memories and little space for art and literature and the finer influences which in the end shape and over-rule the destinies of mankind. Expect much brag over the past. There will also be speculations and prophesies of the things which the new century will see accomplished. All the while let us not forget that our civilization, our freedom and wealth have not yet brought to our doors the chief good without which they avail nothing. Huxley intimates this

of Indian muslin which can be drawn through a wedding ring.

So, for our part, we will not boast of the past nor indulge in extravagant expectations for the coming century, but free from care in the pleasant repose of Pinehurst, greet the New Year with friendly hopes and invite all the readers of THE OUTLOOK, to begin the year with the resolution to make it happier and more profitable than any that have preceded it. Thus shall we help on the good time which may the end of the twentieth century see fulfilled. No convention, political party, committee, club, nor legislature can bring it to pass; but each person working in his own sphere will at last find himself unconsciously united with an invincible army. *.*

Christmas.

Christmas in Pinehurst began on Monday and was ushered in by a soft and