

# The Pinehurst Outlook

VOL. IV., NO. 15.

PINEHURST, N. C., FEB. 15, 1901.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## A VALENTINE.

Here I sit neath a Pinehurst pine  
And I rack my wits for any line  
To rhyme my pretty Valentine,  
My charming Lily,  
Alas! there's neither word nor sign  
Will wholly please this girl of mine—  
She has another Valentine,  
That horrid Billy!

## A Window in Pinehurst.

I was using both feet and eyes last week in a short walk through Pinehurst, when I was interrupted and silenced by the thrilling music of a negro spiritual. There are no long-tailed adjectives fit to describe it. It is more potent than words to awaken the deeper emotions, which, alas, are almost as evanescent as dreams. I walked home musing what this singing of the negroes meant to themselves, for the words were incoherent and meaningless. Did it carry the burden and the pathos of centuries of subjugation and wrong? Were these the source of that doric, minor key which underlies all their apparently happy and careless natures? I cannot tell, and I dismiss the question as I have to do ten others that try to extort a solution every day when I have time for reflection and sauntering. It is a comfort to feel that somebody is somewhere working out the very problems that puzzle you. It is thus that I content myself when I come up against them; it is then I turn away from them and attend to my own simpler business which happens to be this rainy day looking out of my window. You might imagine it an idle and unprofitable occupation, and that like the study of philosophy it bakes no bread. I on the other hand believe it is good for the soul to retire to a window sometimes and look out—perchance to look within also. But this latter undertaking I leave to the reader, and presume he attended to it yesterday which was Sunday. I am myself rather more interested in outward, week-day things—things of the senses. I love to use my eyes, my ears, my nose, if you will. Out of my window I watch the little birds seeking their food, the woodpeckers on the trees, but most of the others on the ground. Their table seems to be always spread and always bountiful. Lucky birds, they do not have to pay ten dollars a week to come to Pinehurst, can come every winter and stay as long as they like. They appear to have taught men when and where to migrate; where to spend the summer and where the winter, and long before the Vanderbilts, they had discovered Newport and Biltmore. An English sparrow is already making her nest in the hole of a jack-oak near my window beneath which I help to keep her table supplied with a few crumbs. The English sparrows have no friends, yet being birds we must have a half-hearted toleration for them. In truth most people do not know what to think of them. If they would learn to sing and cease their Morman propensities

we might think better of them. A friend of mine explains their lack of song, as he does the dearth of poets—they eat too much and flock too much together. It is the solitary birds which seem not to be forever in search of food that are the sweetest singers. A bluebird flits by on a low but even course. I am pretty sure it is a bluebird as he has a piece of heaven's own blue on his back and wings. His flight is never much higher than a fence rail or a bush by which sign he is known, and there is no mistaking his soft, plaintive note. If he has come it is spring; for he knows its omens better than any other bird being himself an omen.

I can hardly look out of my window without seeing the larks which when I first came to Pinehurst I mistook for the quail and expected every moment to see

who are moving about. The rain falls straight down and makes no impression upon the sandy soil. In half an hour after it clears you will not know it has been raining twenty-four hours. The shrubbery and plants, however, will know it and will rejoice for several days. And those plagues of the village gardeners, the moles, will know it also and begin their burrowings again in search of the rootlets made more tender and palatable by the rain. Have you noticed the little ridges of earth they lift up on their backs as they burrow their way just below the surface of the ground? These trifles are in the nearer view from my window. But there is a farther view which takes in a larger space of park-like ground, with woods in the distance. There are some cottages and two hotels included in the outlook.



THE CAROLINA.

a man with a gun. They come in flocks but separate widely when they alight, each one seeking a little plot of ground where he expects to find his breakfast. They are the most industrious of feeders and always look plump and prosperous. They may be scattered over a quarter of an acre of ground and you may not see half a dozen of them, but if startled, almost in an instant they will be gathered together and fly away in a bunch of fifty or more. There are many juncos around my cottage. They are not a very interesting bird. Perhaps this is because I know little about him. I must ask my pretty neighbor across the way. She has all the birds at her fingers' end—but none in her hat. I hear she has made a study of bird songs and knows when they are serenading their mates and when giving a public concert.

From my window this wet day I see few animated objects save birds. Umbrellas and waterproofs hide the few people

One can only speculate as to what is going on within them. But as there are men and women it is not difficult. At this distance it cannot be called gossip. At this distance one can make pictures according to his fancy of the doings and movements of the people confined to-day like myself within four walls. Some are reading; others are writing letters to their friends, telling, as I am trying to do, what Pinehurst is like on a rainy day; some are strolling about the corridors and lobbies and complaining of the weather. It seems to be the general expectation that the sun shall shine every day in Pinehurst. It would but for the storm makers in the north who occasionally send down to us the edge of a cloud just to give us a quiet day in the house and to remind us by way of contrast how pleasant is the Pinehurst climate. But eternal sunshine would be the most wearisome thing in the world. We need a chance to make it

now and then for ourselves. The sunshine makers are the most blessed of mortals. We know them by infallible signs, for the cloud of depression disappears where they enter. I remember some of them as I sit at my window and contemplate the low clouds and dreary landscape, and even the remembrance makes me cheerful; the clouds drift away, the blue appears, the birds begin to sing and spring is in the heart a month before it is due. \*.\*

## Flowers and Trees About Pinehurst.

We have lately read a small pamphlet of eight pages which gives a partial list of the trees, shrubs and plants of Pinehurst. The descriptions are so brief and imperfect as to be of no value to the inquirer; they are merely enumerations and one is left to guess which is which. What is needed is a detailed account of all our local flora and the places where specimens may be found. With this should go a full list and description of the birds which frequent this region. These two natural objects, flowers and birds, are what the great majority of guests here are most interested in and would like to observe and study and thus carry away with them some new and useful information to friends at home as well as souvenirs and memories of a Pinehurst winter.

It is now nearly time to look for the Trailing Arbutus, called in the North the May Flower, and this latter name indicates the difference in climate between New England and North Carolina. Yet this difference is not as great as would appear between the two months, February and May. For the Northern May Flower, or Arbutus, is generally found much earlier than May; always in April and sometimes under the snow in the last of February or early in March. It depends on the weather in the spring months and also on the situations where the plant grows. It is said to have got its name from having been first found in Plymouth, Mass., by the Pilgrims in the month of May. We understand that the arbutus about Pinehurst is remarkable for a double variety. To any one bringing to THE OUTLOOK office the first specimen of arbutus we offer the best prize we have—our thanks and a mention in our largest type. Is it not glory enough to have your name printed in THE OUTLOOK? Lots of people think so. \*.\*

One day, in a town where he was to lecture, Henry Ward Beecher went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, not knowing him, asked him whether he was going to hear Beecher lecture. "I guess so," was the reply. "Well," continued the barber, "if you haven't got a ticket you can't get one. They're all sold, and you'll have to stand." "That's just my luck," said Mr. Beecher. "I always did have to stand when I've heard that man talk."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*