

The Pinehurst Outlook

VOL. IV., NO. 19.

PINEHURST, N. C., MAR. 15, 1901.

PRICE THREE CENTS

IN MEMORY OF MRS. MAY COOK SHARP.

Spirits of Music hear and bless!
Unite her with the heavenly choir
And soothe her with your softest lyre;
For she was music's votress,

And could at touch our spirits heal,
Of all life's joys aware and glad,
Or with a note now sweetly sad
Her own heart stirrings make us feel.

Spirit of song calm his distress!
To him she left her heart unite
With love now made more infinite
And with a larger power to bless.

Mrs. May Cook Sharp.

It is with feelings of deep regret we have to report the sudden calling away of Pinehurst's favorite musician, Mrs. May Cook Sharp, which took place on Thursday evening, March 7th, 1901.

She was a woman greatly loved by all who knew her, and the sad event cast a deep gloom over all, and for a time was the absorbing topic of conversation. Her loss to Pinehurst is a very severe one. She will be very much missed by her very large circle of friends to whom, by her kindness and affability, she was very dear.

Heartfelt sympathy is felt for Mr. Sharp in this the deepest hour of trial in a man's life. The condolence of his many friends is hereby offered him.

Mrs. May Cook Sharp was born at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1870. She studied with her father, Prof. E. Cook, the leading music teacher of Portland, Oregon, until the year 1890. From 1890 to 1894 she was in Berlin at Prof. Carl Klindworth's, the director of the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory of Music. Since that time until last season she has been playing in California and the west and last year here. She was married to Director Sharp on April 21st, 1895.

Prophets of Evil.

Of all the afflictions that a merciful heaven has sent to this sorrowing world the most inscrutable is the man or woman who has carefully prepared himself each day to welcome the most disagreeable things that could possibly happen.

If a friend is indisposed, this prophet of evil, having clairvoyant glimpses into the future, reports his conviction that the illness, to his mind, is most serious, that family friends should prepare themselves for the worst. If the day is inclement, he announces that it is the fore-runner of the stormiest season of years. If the sun shines merrily, it bodes a change. In his calendar spring is ever belated, evil has the mastery and misfortune is the daily companion of mankind. He feels himself divinely commissioned to reduce the enthusiasm of the over-sanguine, to shrivel hope and happiness with gloomy predictions. He is usually successful; for in his presence there is a visible drop in the temperature.

It is time for society to rebel against the wanton cruelty of such people and

make it as much an offence against good manners as profanity or drunkenness are. If we are generous, we may forgive the occasional spleen of those suffering from bad digestion, or disappointed hopes. But no condonation can be given to those who love to carp and criticise; who rather pride themselves on never having their expectations fulfilled; to whom every weight is short and every balance wanting; who think they show their superiority to the common mind by nice discriminations against people, places, political parties, creeds—in a word, by their assiduously cultivated dissatisfaction with the universe. What was at first prompted by vanity soon becomes chronic, and they enjoy running counter to accepted opinions as a swimmer loves to breast a current.

But retribution stands at the door; for

landscape, to see a pall deliberately stretched over our sky, to have emphasis laid upon the unpleasant or painful things we are trying to blink—it is intolerable.

Brave and sweet was that soul who wrote: "Since I arrived at years of reflection I have never allowed myself to speak to others of my private griefs, my forebodings of the future or my bodily ailments lest I should unwittingly grieve some heart that had perhaps already as heavy a burden of sorrow as it could bear." L. O. S.

Benefits of a Season at Pinehurst.

First of all the benefits of a Pinehurst season must be named the escape from the inclemencies of a northern winter. Health and strength are preserved and increased, and guests return to their

come from your neighborhood, who know your friends and you theirs. But for this we need not travel a thousand miles. If this is all we come for or find most agreeable, it were just as well to have remained at home. It is better not only to change our skies, but our whole outlook, if possible, even ourselves and our little world of whimsies and parish opinions, and for once live a larger, freer and more cosmopolitan life. Let us welcome the man from a distance, who has never so much as heard of our village or its great men, and who can tell us of new things, new manners, and just as like as not, give us a new idea. ***

Earthquakes.

There was a small earthquake last week in Manchester, N. H., which shook not the foundations of the city but the crockery cupboards and parlor mantles and tables so that much bric-a-brac tumbled to the floor. Good for the earthquake say we, and we wish it would come again and stay longer. For if there is anything that now cumbers the earth with its worthless presence and needs destruction more than so-called bric-a-brac we do not know where to find it. When one goes into an elegant city house and sees the rubbish which crowds all the rooms and which the occupants suppose to be works of art merely from their cost he does not care so much, knowing such people have money to spend foolishly and that they might as well spend it in that way as another. But to see this waste of good money in the homes of laborers and people of moderate means is a sad and depressing spectacle, not more for the worthlessness of the ornaments themselves than for the extravagance and uneducated taste which they so glaringly exhibit. Let the earthquakes quake and shake until no bric-a-brac are left in all the earth. ***

The Right of Suffrage.

In last week's OUTLOOK a *** star article in relation to the suffrage question in states where the negro is a large factor in the population, advances some curious ideas. Education, according to the writer, would almost seem to be a bar to the right of suffrage. "Plain people," whatever that may mean—are the safest rulers. The writer leaves us to infer that the negro, with centuries of barbarism behind him, stands on the same plane as the white race in an intelligent comprehension of the duties of citizenship.

Booker T. Washington and W. H. Thomas both recognize the mistake made in giving unlimited suffrage to the blacks because of its injurious effects upon them. Qualified suffrage would have been a stimulus. They would have been much further advanced in all that goes to make good citizens had the right of suffrage been conferred as a reward of intelli-



A BED-ROOM IN THE CAROLINA.

the offender is by common consent cut off from all that constitutes the poetry of life—from sharing in the fresh enthusiasm, the quick sympathy and nobler utterances of his associates as truly as if he were deaf and dumb. For who will expose his ideals to a rebuff or suffer his aspirations to be cheapened? In the presence of prophets of evil conversation soon descends to common-places if it has not already been trapped into futile controversy.

But the wrong is far beyond a temporary chilling of expression; it often darkens the whole day and wounds the heart of sensitive people. Human life is not so sweet, so full of joy that we can carry needless burdens jauntily. Most of us are hiding private sorrows that are all but unbearable. It takes whatever courage and strength that we can summon to meet each day bravely and serenely. We need every possible help and every ray of sunshine to see our way clearly; and to have the color strained out of the

homes with a store of energy and spirits to take up afresh the burdens of business and the common duties of life. We notice among most guests a certain spirit of cheerfulness, due in part no doubt to freedom from cares; that will be a good thing to take home and distribute among our too serious or anxious friends.

"Your merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

We think no one stays in Pinehurst without picking up some new facts and observations in regard to the conditions of life in the south as seen among both the white and colored people, and no one can fail to carry away some sympathy and a much better understanding of the difficulties under which they labor—difficulties of education, want of capital and poor soil. Every such enlargement of our outlook is a gain; and to this may be added the broadening of the mind by contact with persons from all parts of the country. It is certainly pleasant to meet those who chance to