

The Pinehurst Outlook

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IN MEMORIAM.

In palaces some men are born,
In humble homes more greet life's morn;
It matters naught in which 't has been,
Henceforth a name each strives to win.

Our friend wrought well, and won a name;
For wealth brings ever power and fame.
But we saw not the millionaire,
But something better, grander, there.

Alike he treated rich and poor:
The man he sought, not the garb he wore.
How pure his life, his heart how true!
The good he did few ever knew.

The song he loved must still remain:
"God be with you 'till we meet again."
And oft we'll feel that he is near;
And sing the song that he loved dear.

And when they raise the marble shaft,
How will they write his epitaph?
I think these best of tongue or pen:
"Here sleeps one of God's noblemen."

—Walter W. Parcells, M. D., Lewistown, Pa.

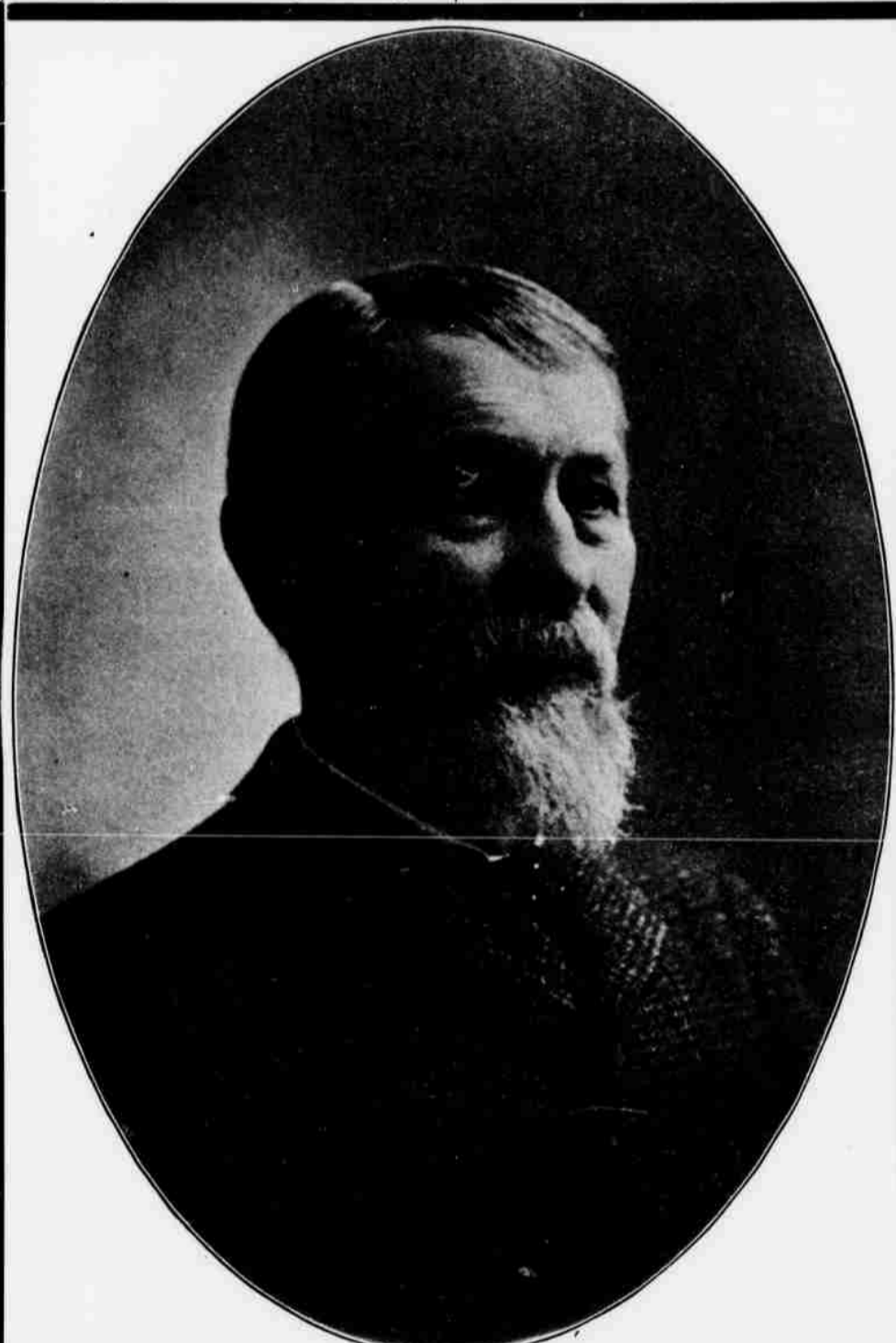
AT REST.

Pinehurst mourns. Its founder sleeps. James W. Tufts is dead. He was good. He was great. He was a man among men. He was superior to most men. "He was a man; take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

To the vast majority of OUTLOOK readers, James W. Tufts is a familiar name; many of them were personally acquainted with the gentle, quiet, unassuming man of power and genius for whom we now mourn. And to all who were, the news of his sudden and most unexpected death comes as a shock; and but few of these there are who will not feel it as a personal loss. Mr. Tufts, accompanied by Mrs. Tufts, came from his Medford home to Pinehurst about four weeks ago, intending to remain throughout the winter, as has been his custom for several years past. He was apparently in excellent health, and immediately took up actively the details of his work here, devoting most of his time to close attention to business and spending a few hours of each day at his favorite game on the golf links.

He was vigorous, energetic and, as usual, very active up until within less than an hour of his death, and indeed, only fifteen minutes before he died he was chatting cheerfully with the attending physician, Dr. George W. McGregor, and Mrs. Tufts, in his own apartments at the Carolina hotel. A slight distress and pain in the stomach which he had felt earlier in the evening was quite relieved and he expressed himself as feeling very comfortable. Dr. McGregor left the room for the purpose of visiting a patient in another part of the hotel but had scarcely reached there when he received a message from Mrs. Tufts asking him to hurry back. He returned immediately, went into Mr. Tufts room

and found him dead. He broke the news to Mrs. Tufts, who did not realize what had happened, and when she had regained her composure after the shock she stated to Dr. McGregor that Mr. Tufts, while apparently resting comfortably, turned over on his side, then suddenly started, gave an involuntary gasp of pain and fell back. Although she did not realize it, it was at this moment that the ever gentle, kind and good compan-



THE LATE JAMES W. TUFTS.

ion of her life had passed away. Dr. McGregor says that Mr. Tufts' death, which occurred on last Sunday evening, February 2, at 9 o'clock, was due, in the language of the layman, to heart failure, superinduced by a severe attack of acute indigestion.

The news spread rapidly, and expressions of incredulity, surprise, regret and sorrow were heard on every hand. Telegrams of inquiry and sympathy came from all points and it seemed to be hard for any one to realize that James W. Tufts was indeed dead. In the mean-

time preparations for the funeral were in progress, and on Monday evening at 7 o'clock all that was mortal of its founder was carried from Pinehurst on its way to Medford, Mass., the family home. The funeral party, which consisted of Mrs. Tufts and one or two intimate friends, was conducted as far as Washington, D. C., by Mr. H. W. Priest, manager of the Carolina, who has been for several years a close friend

Hall in Pinehurst. All stores and places of business were closed for the afternoon, and all work, even to the operation of the trolley road, was suspended during the hour of service. An effort was made to make every one feel that he or she would be welcome at this service regardless of race, color or condition of servitude, and as a result the hall was filled to its capacity with the rich and the poor, the guest and the employee, the white and the black—one section of the hall having been reserved for the colored people, to hundreds of whom Mr. Tufts had been a kind and generous friend. The following order of exercises was observed:

Selection - - - By the Orchestra
Prayer and Invocation Rev. Mr. Gregory
Psalm 23 - - - All Repeating
Rev. Mr. Gregory, Leading.

PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee,"

- - - - - Sung by all
Scripture - - - - - Rev. Mr. Fox
Poem - - - - - Read by Mrs. Spence
Address - - - - - Rev. Mr. Dickinson
Our Lord's Prayer - Offered by all
Rev. Mr. Emery, leading.

Hymn,
"God be With You 'till we Meet Again"
(One of Mr. Tufts' favorite hymns.)
Benediction - - - Rev. Mr. Fox

The services were touching and impressive. There was an element of deep and sincere feeling, a certain genuineness of sorrow, born of the real affection which so many of those present had felt for him who had passed away. The Carolina and Holly Inn orchestra combined, under the direction of Mr. Trev Sharp, rendered "The Angelus," by Massenet, and "At Eventide," by Herfurth, in a most impressive manner. Mrs. A. D. Spence prefaced the reading of the poem, "The Red Days Far Exceed the Black," by stating that it was a particular favorite of Mr. Tufts, that he always carried a copy of it in his note book, and that on reading it to him at his request, several years ago, she found him, when the poem was finished, with tears streaming down his face. Mrs. Spence read the poem most impressively, and it touched the hearts of many.

The address by the Rev. E. H. Dick-

and trusted business associate of the deceased.

At Washington the party was met by Mr. Leonard Tufts, of Boston, who conducted it to Medford, where funeral services were held at 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, after which the body was interred in the family plot in Oak Grove Cemetery.

Services in Pinehurst.

At the same hour at which services were being held in Medford, a memorial service was being conducted in Village