

# The Pinehurst Outlook

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## A RECKLESS ROMP!

### Guests at The Berkshire Plunge Into Jolly Bean Hunt.

**The Committee on Hiding Feels at First, that it's Work is Good and Then—it Doesn't.**

The guests at The Berkshire, to use a term that is more expressive than elegant, "turned themselves loose, for a "Bean Hunt" Thursday evening, of last week; old and young entering into a merry, reckless, romp with a spirit which made the evening a very pleasant one.

The affair was arranged by Mrs. Montgomery A. Crockett, of Buffalo, N. Y., and was at first announced as a "Peanut Hunt," but the desired article was not obtainable in the village and as a result, large white lima beans were substituted and answered admirably; in spite of the fact, as some one remarked, "that they could not be eaten afterward!"

The hunt was confined to the ladies writing room, the main hall adjoining, the small parlor, office, card and smoking room, and the hall beyond. Throughout this somewhat extended territory beans were hidden in every conceivable place, by a committee appointed by Mrs. Crockett. In the ladies writing room they were concealed among the papers in the desks, the drawers and pigeon holes. They were also hidden under the doilie on the centre table, and in the newspapers on the shelf beneath; under the carpets, behind the pictures, over the windows and on the mouldings. Even the scrap paper basket held a liberal supply and a hat which happened to be hanging carelessly on the back of a desk, was well-filled. Surely they never could be found!

The hall offered exceptional opportunities which were made the most of. Numerous coats and hats were hanging there and among these the beans were judiciously distributed, for the committee felt sure the hunters would not dare to look in the pockets of other peoples coats. Then the newspapers lying on the table, were filled and a goodly supply was stowed away under the door mat, and last but not least, an adjoining porters' closet was brought into play.

In the ladies' parlor the drooping lace curtains seemed to offer an absolutely safe hiding place and so a liberal supply of beans were stowed away in their deceitful, drooping folds. Then a foot stool by the fireside was lifted and placed over another consignment, and as a "blind," beans were put back of the hanging pictures, and finally, as a crowning achievement, a rich reward was hidden about those who sat quietly reading.

In the office a few beans were wisely distributed among newspapers, about the

telephone and letter box; but it was in the smoking and card room that the committee felt it excelled itself. A few beans were left in conspicuous places as a matter of course, and then the four gentlemen who sat quietly playing whist, were approached and asked to lend their pockets to further heighten the mystery. They readily consented and then the committee really felt that its work was good, and was pleased! Surely, it argued, no one will be saucy enough to go through a person's pockets, even though they might feel justified to overhaul a coat hanging in a public hall? The committee was unanimous in this decision, and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that the few remaining beans were deposited in a pair of riding boots, which stood beside the porter's boot-blackening chair, in the rear hall.

With this the committee, feeling a bit "chesty," returned to the parlor and announced the conditions of the hunt. The



"Not all of School is Study"

location of the beans as to rooms, was explained. Ten minutes were to be allowed in which to hunt, and there was a tinge of sarcasm in the manner in which the spokesman said *hunt*, but nobody minded. Then the spokesman counted, "one, two, three, go!" and the fun began. The committee followed on just to see the party hunt in *vain* and to feel further pleased with its work, which it felt had been good!

It might be well to drop the committee at this point, for there are some things which it is not wise to dwell upon at too great length, but the facts necessitate saying that the committee soon began to wish it had remained quietly in the parlor and had not witnessed the mad rush and successful results. It would have been far more enjoyable for the committee, because during the ten minutes of the hunt, it could have gloated over and over on its skill and craft, until it had al-

most convinced itself (if it had not watched the proceeding) that the beans brought in were *purchased* at the store and not *found*!

With the word "Go!" the merry throng was off like a futurity bunch, with the colts well in the lead! Into the ladies' writing room they bounced and how things did fly! In less time than it takes to tell it every bean hidden in a pigeon hole, drawer, alcove, or any part of a desk, was found and half a dozen were scrambling for their possession. In another moment the doilie on the centre table came up and a second later the beans in the paper on the shelf beneath, were disclosed, and all the while beans were fairly rattling from the pictures and window frames, and a youngster was helping himself to the supply in the bottom of the waste paper basket! Just two undiscovered places remained; the beans on the moulding and in the hat which hung carelessly on the back of a

chair, but as the committee gloated over this some one jumped upon the lounge and ran a hand along the moulding and another cautiously shook the hat! It was a clean sweep as far as the writing room was concerned!

Then came the hall and this was the "easiest thing in the lot," as a youth remarked. "Would the hunters think of going through pockets of coats belonging to other people?" the committee had asked. "Oh no! Certainly not!" Well, the hunters evidently didn't think very much about it. It was a time for deeds not reveries, and in a trice they had cleaned the hall of every bean it contained, from the pockets of the coats, the inside of the hats, from under the door mat and papers, and even from the porter's pantry! Yes, the porter's pantry!

The small parlor went down before the

(Continued to second page)

## THE PINEHURST SCHOOL!

### It Is, In Its Methods, Like the Village—Decidedly Unique.

**Each Pupil a Class By Himself, Few Following the Same Courses of Study—All Grades Provided For.**

The Village of Pinehurst takes especial pride in its Private School, mainly because it adds an equipment and dignity which is characteristic of the best New England villages and of which Pinehurst is a most unique example, and secondly, because the "Little Red Schoolhouse" here as elsewhere, is quietly and unostentatiously educating the men and women of tomorrow; silently exerting its influence for good; "the uplifting force of the Republic!"

Not only is the Pinehurst Private School ideal in its way, but it is practical as well, and its presence makes it possible for many to spend the winter here who would otherwise feel that it was impossible or unwise, for the school enables pupils to continue courses of study begun in the North and to rejoin their classes, later, without loss; to spend a winter in this land of sunshine, pure air and health-laden breezes, and to still continue their education uninterrupted.

In scope it provides for all grades through the High School, including the languages required for college examinations, and best of all, it is exceptionally fortunate in its teachers, for Pinehurst's Private School is like the Village, unique.

"Class work" as it is generally known in the school, is impossible here for the pupils represent almost every stage of progress from the first grade through the high school, and for this reason the school is unique; it has adopted a method of its own. Generally speaking, each pupil is a class in himself and the school practically gives private tutoring. Almost every pupil in the school is studying some one branch that no other pupil is studying and the curriculum is in consequence, wide and comprehensive in its scope; admirably meeting the varying demands made upon it.

The building is admirably located, close enough to be easy of access, and yet far enough away to give an abundance of pure air and sunshine. It is roomy, light, airy and attractive, and modern in its equipment.

The school is in charge of Miss Helen K. Spofford, assisted by Mrs. Sarah E. D. Buffington, both of Groveland, Mass. Miss Spofford has enjoyed a wide experience both as a high school teacher and private tutor. She has worked as substitute in all grades of the public schools, and in addition, has spent two years

(Continued to second page)