

The Pinehurst Outlook

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PRICE THREE CENTS

A SOUTHERN FOX HUNT!

Graphic Pictures of this Sport of Sports
in the South.

From the Time the Strike Dog Hits
the Trail Until the Death it is a
Mad, Wild Race!

I awoke with a start to find a firm hand on my shoulder and a tall, indistinct form bending over me: "It's 5 o'clock sir!" said a familiar voice which I recognized as that of my Southern host; and then I vaguely remembered that we had planned a fox hunt. "Time to start if we hope to get a fox going," he added, and was gone. I gazed out through the window at the gray dawn, as his footsteps grew fainter in the hallway, and a moment later had bounced out of bed into the cold and was hurriedly dressing. Pulling on my riding boots and buckling on my spurs, I made my way to the dining room. My host stood with his back to the logs, which were crackling in the big fireplace, as I entered and remarked as he stooped down and lifted a smoking coffee pot from the hearth, "Excellent time, sir. Now for a hunter's breakfast and we'll be off." We talked fox hunting while we ate prime old Virginia ham, cold rolls and preserves and sipped the very excellent coffee which my host assured me he had made.

A few minutes later, we were feeding the pack of fifteen wiry, shrilled-voiced hounds, my friend all the while calling, "Whoo-op! Whoo-op!" in a piercing musical voice, apparently unmindful of the fact that the household was fast asleep. "We breed for nose, speed and endurance, sir, first last and always," said my guide, as we made our way to the stables, where we saddled and bridled the hunters, for no darkies were yet astir, and soon we were making our way toward the woods along the road.

The air was damp and cold. A hoary frost lay upon the landscape, which looked strangely weird in the uncertain light of the waning moon and rising sun. The horses champed their bits impatiently and the hounds, trotting along with tails erect, responded to the horn with contented howls.

"I hope your first hunt will be a good one," said my friend, as we left the road and entered the woods. The hounds spread out rapidly in every direction, sniffing here and there eagerly; but there was no response to the encouraging, "Star-r-r there! Star-r-r!" except impatient whines, now and then. Frequently a puppy would dash away on a hare trail, setting my heart going, but the pack showed its disgust by turning in the opposite direction and my friend

seemed not to hear it. Presently a hound opened feebly on the right. The dogs ceased ranging and stood with heads erect. My friend pulled his horse up sharply and sat as immovable as a statue.

A minute later, the hound opened with more confidence and a second later burst forth into a musical "Aou-ooo-ooo—." The waiting hounds started pell mell and my host drove the spurs into his horse and plunged through the cover with a wild: "Har-rk to 'er! Hoorah, Roxy! Hoorah, little dogs!" My heart was in my throat as I gave my horse the rein

must be "going" but my friend kept assuring me that such was not the case. It was a splendid opportunity to watch the dogs work, to see first this one and that catch the scent and give voice; or to see the whole pack plunging along. Suddenly a dog circling to the right dashed away with frantic yelps and head erect. My friend's hurried exclamation, "They've jumped him!" was unnecessary.

One brief moment he drew rein to "hark" the pack, still busy on the trail, and then the mad race began. By George, I can feel that quivering horse



THE 'POSSUM HUNTER

who "doan' des' keah fer Fox Huntin', caize yer cain't aite er fox."

and followed. Ere long I reached my friend's side. "A running trail," he called to me above the music of the pack, "and a mighty good one. They will have him up presently. Just follow me."

The last injunction was unnecessary, for my horse was attending to that part of the program, and I was thanking my stars that I learned to ride in the West. On we dashed, whisking past tree trunks, dodging limbs, and leaping fallen trees, the pack warming to its work superbly as it picked up the trail where it ran through the dense cover. At times the music dulled and at others it burst forth so violently that I was sure Reynard

beneath me now! I can see tree trunks fitting past and hear the frantic cry in my ears! On we dashed, across a yawning ditch, over a low fence through a semi-clearing that a sane man would hate to lead a horse through, unmindful of all save the mad desire to keep up. Then there came a lull. The pack had distanced us and we heard the cry growing fainter and fainter and fainter as it circled to the north.

In a short time, my friend had pulled down a fence and we were galloping away to cut the dogs off, over an open field, past a little cabin, and through a

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IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE!

Visit to Pinehurst Market Garden Discovers of Ancient Proverb.

Under Perfect Conditions Vegetables
Grow Crisper and Quicker than
Out of Doors—Seasons Reversed.

"You can't improve on Nature" is only one of several very ancient proverbs that have not stood the test of time, and if there are unbelievers among THE OUTLOOK's readers, they need only to visit the Pinehurst Market Garden to be convinced.

It will be quite a shock to the uninitiated, to find cucumbers growing on trellises like morning glories, and growing better than they grow on the ground in the best managed gardens; quite a surprise to see great beds of headed lettuce that in beauty and crispness, surpass anything ever seen out of doors; but when the full realization comes that it is all true and not a dream, the observer realizes that the twentieth century has been able to "improve on nature" in at least one particular, and literally, by aid of the greenhouse, turn winter into summer.

Not only are the seasons reversed, but ideal growing conditions are also produced, and the result is that the vegetables grow quicker, crisper and better in every way, all because they are continually in the proper temperature, have plenty of water, the best of soil and protected from the elements.

Great care is necessary for the hot house vegetable is more delicate than its outdoor neighbor, and especial attention must be given to keeping the greenhouse at the right temperature, giving proper ventilation and watering at the right time and in the right quantity. When the weather is cloudy for an extended time, dampness must be guarded against and when the sun's rays are too hot the glass must be whitewashed or covered with cloth, to break the force of the rays; but all this knowledge is a part of the training of the up-to-date market gardener and becomes second nature to him; as easily performed as are the duties of an experienced trained nurse.

The Pinehurst Market Garden, located just to the right of the seventh hole on the golf course, is one of the many important departments in the superb equipment of the Village; meeting a demand which may almost be called a necessity. It has been in operation some years, but this year under the direction of Thomas J. Lyons, of Arlington, Mass., is turning out more practical results than ever

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