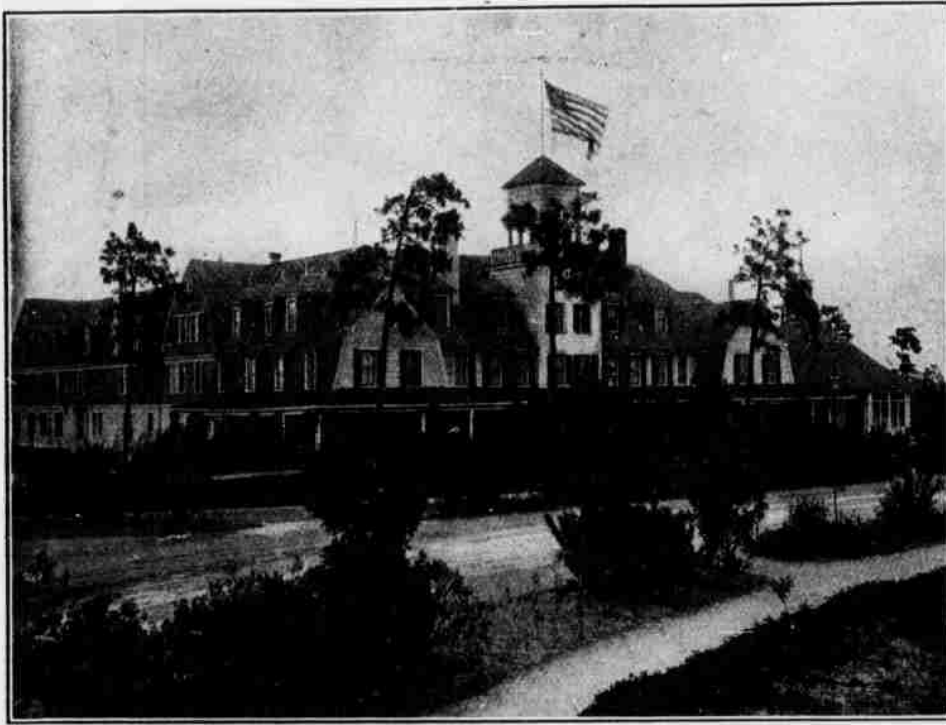


THE HOLLY INN

PINEHURST, N. C.



The Holly Inn is one of the most attractive hotels in the South. Since it was built in 1895 it has been necessary to enlarge it several times to meet the constantly increasing demand. The interior is elegant, cheerful and tasteful. No modern convenience is lacking. There are many suites with private bath, steam heat in all rooms and open fireplaces in foyer and parlors. Music is furnished for concerts and dancing and the Holly Inn ball-room is one of its attractions. The cuisine and service excel. White girls from the North are employed as waitresses. The Holly Inn offers an attractive home to pleasure seekers from November to May.

A. I. CREAMER, Manager.

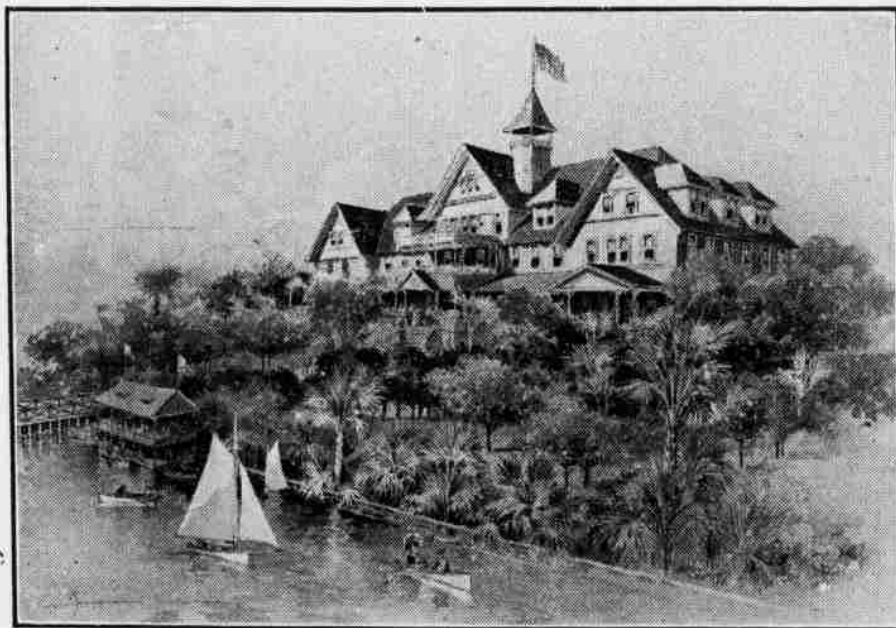


The Harvard,

PINEHURST, N. C.

A homelike hotel, modern in every respect, having electric lights, steam heat and several suites with bath, and with its cottage annex, accommodating seventy-five guests run in connection with The Berkshire.

F. C. ABBE, MANAGER.



HOTEL ROYAL PALM, Fort Myers, Fla.

BOATING, FISHING, SHOOTING, GOLF.

Those wishing to enjoy the most tropical spot in Florida, should visit this winter retreat, beautifully located on the sylvan winding Caloosahatchee twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Hotel Royal Palm is one of the most attractive and palatial hotels in south Florida. Cuisine unsurpassed, yachts, power and house boats, automobiles, livery, golf, and also affords a music room, sun parlor, Dutch room and has one hundred and fifty rooms, mostly with private baths. The Clubhouse is equipped with a swimming pool, sulphur baths and a large number of private baths. Experienced masseuse in attendance. Excellent fishing. Finest Section in the state for shooting.

F. H. ABBOTT, Manager

BIT OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

Smith's Island in Cape Fear River,
One of State's Marvels



THE MOST northerly palmetto trees on the Atlantic coast are found on an island at the mouth of the Cape Fear river, variously known as "Smith's Island" and "Bald Head." The late state geologist, Professor Washington C. Kerr, used to say that by some strange freak of nature this island was a bit of southern Florida, which had gotten adrift, carried northward by the Gulf Stream and stranded on the North Carolina coast. It looks like the home of the palmetto. There are thousands of them, of all sizes, from the little "fans" one sees in Georgia and South Carolina middle country, up to towering fellows, forty and fifty feet high, with magnificent fronds, trunks straight as arrows, and often two feet in diameter. Five miles away is the mainland and yet so great is the difference in climate between this and the island, that a palmetto cannot be induced to live on the latter, for winter finds no resting place in this magical spot.

The island contains about 12,000 acres, much of it wooded with gigantic live-oaks, red cedars, the beautiful palmetto and a wide variety of other trees. On the eastern side the shore is somewhat bold and the forest growth extends almost to the high water mark of the ocean. Here there is a vast stretch of beach, sloping steadily from low water mark to the apex of an enormous dune or sand-hill, four miles in length, the landward slope or pitch of which is very steep, down which the "spill" of sand is incessant. The dune is moving landward, slowly destroying vegetation as it goes.

On the seaward side a mat of verdure extends far inward, with every limb and top of the deciduous trees blown towards the centre of the island, the vegetation being so dense, that from a distance it seems as if one could walk for miles upon it. The beach is a remarkably fine one, and the water as clear as that of mid-ocean. On the river-side of the island the ship channel runs very close to the beach, thus giving deep water at the new wharf which the government recently constructed.

The island is threaded with water-ways, two leading ones being navigable, and a trip up them by boat shows as fine and novel scenery as one can find in Florida, with the exception perhaps of the coconut trees. Botanists have found seventeen trees and plants on this island which will not live on the North Carolina mainland. There is a wide stretch of marsh also and some fine bays, all of which are frequented by great numbers of ducks and shore birds. These creeks or inlets are navigable to steam launches for four or five miles. During the Civil War the Confederates had fortifications extending entirely across the island and these remain very distinct; in fact the tram-way passes through them. The depth of

the soil on the island is remarkable, being the accumulation of unnumbered centuries. Thousands of black rings on the earth mark the places where palmettos once stood. In the way of game there is no limit to the number of squirrels and raccoons, the latter being caught mainly in the day-time, their food being oysters and other shell-fish.

The romances are numerous. It was a rendezvous for pirates as early as 1652. In fact, a fort was built at what is now Southport, to protect the upriver people from the pirates, who were both daring and dangerous. That pirates buried treasure on the island is certain, for some of it has been found; one lot about 1810. Treasure was also buried there during the Civil War. In one case a vessel went ashore there, having a large sum of money on board, all in specie. This was carried by the captain and sailor, the only survivors of the wreck, to some place on the island and buried. The captain was never seen again, but the sailor made his way partly across the island and was found dead near one of the creeks or inlets which make in from the river side. In some way the news got out of the burial of this treasure and searches were made for it by both Confederate and Federal soldiers. Since the war private persons have made several visits to the island for the same purpose; one party from Philadelphia which had among its members a couple of engineers, going some ten years ago and making a regular survey. This party sunk many pits, signs of which remain. Another party with witch-hazel wands spent weeks there, hoping they would "turn down" when above the hidden treasure (many people believing that they will do this for gold and silver as well as for water) but all these seekers have been unsuccessful.

The tram-way across the island carries supplies to the magnificent new lighthouse, which stands in such a position as to mark the great white shoals known as Cape Lookout Shoals, this island forming the solid part of Cape Lookout. Further out there is a light-ship. It is strange that the old lighthouse, built in 1801 and still standing, did not mark the point of the cape at all. Not far from the new lighthouse there is a life-saving station, which has in its time, done good work. On the island are numbers of little marsh ponies, locally known as "banker ponies." The fishing is fine at all seasons.

On the eastern side of the island and standing on a vast stretch of sand, on the beach, are rows of palmettos and at high tide the breakers dash at the foot of these trees, rising in a shining shower far up their glistening trunks and falling back with dull thunder and the white rush of foam.

Near at hand are many historic places. For example there was old Fort Caswell, named after the first Governor of this State under the American administration, and evacuated in January, 1865, after the fall of Fort Fisher. Up to a few years ago it was a grand ruin. Four miles away