

rived come on the train that stops. If you want to do any more traveling the walking is good, and the horse and buggy or the automobile can take you any place any reasonable person desires to go.

No, Pine Bluff is not a supersaturated gathering of the highbrows. It is a clever Village of clever people who know what they want when they want to get away from the absurd high pressure of life at the North and let themselves down to reasonable speed. It is a Community where people know each other and where they have innumerable little gatherings that dispense with formality, and a limited number that have formality enough to remember that such a word is still in the dictionary. At stated times the population can go out to the post-office, and at irregular intervals it is en regle to make a tour to the grocery, but beyond that not much else disturbs the poise of the neighborhood except at such times as Dickey Brown is summoned down from Southern Pines to thaw a frozen water pipe or a new resident decides to buy a lot and build a new house. For a time the wise people out in the self-satisfied world refused to take Pine Bluff seriously, but that did not disturb the feelings of the town or the people who had located on the reservation. They kept along the even tenor of their way, and occasionally a visitor looked the place over and saw like the various stages of creation as narrated in Genesis, that it was good. That meant an increase in population. Boarding houses found out that some people were hunting just such a spot as Pine Bluff and the boarding house folks at length told of their houses and their Community, and that seemed to appeal to people and more came. So the town continues to add to its inhabitants and it has finally passed the stage where it has to wait until people are done laughing before it says its little say. Pine Bluff wins in this way—it is strictly Pine Bluff, and there are mighty few of the kind on earth. It is not a little place trying to get a part of the business that the other towns are fishing for. Pine Bluff is drawing a certain type of people that would not be much interested in any town in the South except Pine Bluff, and it is drawing more of that type every year, for it has the advantages they want. It is close enough to the other towns to let its people out if they want out to anything and it is far enough away from the other towns to be completely separate if it wants to be separate. It has all the modern conveniences; electric lights, running water, telephones, schools and churches and good roads to all the four quarters of the earth. Possibly good roads have done as much for Pine Bluff as any other one thing for the roads that lead out from Pine Bluff are interesting roads. The main route down by the Drowning Creek bridge is about as typical of the South as you can get on any road you travel in the vicinity. The Keyser road takes you to a really Southern village which is worth while.

Out a little way beyond Keyser is the Buchan farm on Drowning Creek. That is a real North Carolina plantation. Might as well go and see it. A few years ago J. E. Buchan had a saw mill out there. He cut the lumber from the two thousand acre lot, and then tried to sell the land. Nobody wanted Sandhill land

in those days, but Buchan finally found a man who would give two thousand dollars for the place and the deal was welcomed. But the buyer demanded two cows that were on the place, and because they belonged to his wife and she insisted on keeping them, that deal was spoiled. Buchan recovered from his gloom some time later when he sold four thousand dollars' worth of lumber from the place, and then he made a farm. He got the farm to where he could sell eight or ten thousand dollars' worth of cotton a year from the portion of it that he tilled, and then he decided to make the farm right. Last year three hundred and sixty acres of new ground was cleared, and that farm today could not be bought for fifty thousand dollars I reckon. A few years from now it will be turning off a crop worth fifty thousand a year if it keeps on as it is going. So the wife did not lose much when by refusing to let the cows go she broke up a sale that involved two thousand dollars.

Pine Bluff is a neighborly little place. You can take a jaunt down that way assured that if you happen to arrive at a time when you have a tooth that wants to bite something that something can be found. The stranger can lounge in at any time and find Pine Bluff at home and ready to show him where to hang his hat, and the road to the gasoline tank. It is not a jay town because it is a little one. It is right popular with enough visitors from several directions to be a pretty good place to pick up somebody you will be glad to find and some new acquaintances you will be glad to know, for they gravitate to Pine Bluff from all the other towns around in reasonable distance. I rather expect Pine Bluff to be a town of considerable growth in the years that are ahead, for it satisfies a want that exists, and as more people discover just what sort of a Community it is they are certain to turn to the place in increasing numbers. It fills an admirable part in the group of towns springing up in the winter homes belt and with the steady enlargement of the population that moves Southward with the arrival of inclement weather in the North, Pine Bluff will find favor with the strangers along with the other towns that offer different attractions. You can make the trip to Pine Bluff by taking the straight road down by Aberdeen, or if you want to see how much gasoline you can burn up on the journey, you have a choice of different routes. You can slip out by West End and Jackson Springs and down through Roger Derby's neighborhood, to Markham's Bridge, and Keyser, and on the way home you can go by Southern Pines. Or if you still feel real savage you can go on up by Niagara and Vass, or down to Raeford and home by Lobelia, or you can stray away and send back for a relief expedition. That is one of the privileges about going to Pine Bluff. You do about what you want to do, and nobody makes much fuss about it.

Some day the opening of farms down in the Drowning Creek valley and on the other side, is likely to make of Pine Bluff something of a village farm center, but it will always be a Pine Bluff variety, and I imagine that it will be a mighty pleasant farm center and the center of a lot of right interested farms, for many of the

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