

THE SANDHILL ESTATES

Samarcand, an Independent Duchy 12 Miles from Pinehurst.

How a Citizen of the World Found His Household Gods



TAKE your machine some day and run up into the country towards the foothills. In about half an hour you will come into a plantation of expansive fields and clustered houses with innumerable pigs grazing on the lingering green and catch a glimpse of a chateau with a white pergola and tiled roof, suggestive of California and the patio. If you were not bred to the bucolic life you will ask the chauffeur what the two great cylindrical towers are, looming upon the left. If he is a prosaic man he will say they are silos, providing endless table d'hote for the lowing kine.

On one side bales of cotton piled high, the bare boards of a typical tobacco warehouse and an unsightly boiler making steam under a shed are an inheritance from the lumberman's school of landscape design. On the other a rustic log house, a hedge row along an old fence, a lawn framed in violets and rose bushes, with a stone balustrade and a retaining wall, tile covered,—flower garden and vine-clad Doric columns suggest the permanent seat of some retired artist.

Viewing all this, and with the further fact considered that five years ago it was an impassible sandy road from Pinehurst to Greensboro, anyone that can read character from landscape as a palmist does from the hand, could reconstruct an adventure and the character of the ad-



APPROACH TO THE PUMPELLY HOUSE AT SAMARCAND

If he is not he will state the important truth and say they are observation towers, and suggest you add to your memories a picture conceived in Asia Minor by a practical poet.

A PASTORAL SCENE

There is a broad stair leading towards heaven which you can ascend with ease to the highest point in the Sandhills. And there you get a full view of the Duchy of the Duke of Samarcand. A more charming outlook would be hard to find. Well tilled corn lands stretch into the dim distance, brown herds of Jersey cattle fill a foreground that would have delighted Millet, and human endeavor will be there represented by six great horses pulling a gang of plows, cutting the field in two. Underneath is a dairy barn of concrete with stanchions for 50 cows; and across the way a gigantic corn crib facing the stable, where 40 horses and mules are kept. The bank of pines across the way protects the residence of Mr. T. B. Cotter. The whole is cut into squares by the red roadways flanked by newly planted walnut and poplar trees. It is a picture curiously mingling the practical and the artis-

venturer who willed it all into existence.

THE DUKE OF SAMARCAND

I do not suppose the whole world could produce another such. Raphael Pumpelly was by profession a mining engineer, following in the footsteps of his father, one of the greatest geologists of his time. He is one of the few pupils of Nathaniel Shaylor who can detach himself sufficiently from the threads of existence to consider the earth merely as a cooling cinder. Or as a great laboratory marvelously and wonderfully stocked with elements, and human vagaries, and waste places, and poetry, and ancient customs, and lost memories; a kind of enchanted play ground where one minute a fellow would be riding a yak in search of the Garden of Eden, the next courting a Caucasian princess, or at the bottom of a shaft in Wisconsin delighted to contemplate the rich treasures of the earth.

Dublin, Newport, Georgia, the smiling Isle of Capri—these were all home. The world was home. With a caravan into the heart of Asia—in a sloop on the coast of Alaska—packing a gun across Mexico—at a dance at Sherry's—occasionally an

interested spectator of the strange self-conscious students at Harvard (I believe officially he is still at Harvard. He went there as I go to the information bureau at odd times for desirable facts). He was to be found most anywhere.

THE PUMPELLY TRADITION

It was an easy guess that he would never stay in an office overlooking the street, or commute daily from Englewood every morning. The inevitable occurred. When he came to settle down in one spot he went out into the world as if he owned it, and selected from this vast dominion wherever he happened to find it a territory big enough to live in, and rule over, and proceeded to make it after his own fashion, to stay to the end of time.

There is no hurry in the Pumpelly philosophy. His father bought timber and iron in primeval countries at what was considered the end of the earth in the '70s. He has them yet. It takes time to make an estate. That is why we have so few of them, and why England has so many. Other people have farms. The Pumpellys have an estate.

SOIL CONSERVATION

And this is the key to the really remarkable results shown on his farm lands this year. Today, as far as yields of cotton and corn and peanuts and peas and wheat and rye and the crops planted are concerned he holds the palm alone in the district. Every cent spent there is for permanent improvement. He cares ten times as much for the lasting betterment of his soil as he does for any one yield any one year. Tons and tons of tobacco stems go on his field every year, regardless of the times or the market, or the success of the season. Four hundred hogs are grazing on his peanuts and chufus this minute. To be sure it is a profitable business in itself. But the hogs are there primarily because they lend a permanent increase to acres.

PHILOSOPHY OF COUNTRY LIFE

Samarcand proves one thing. That any man with a will can make himself a home and a profitable retreat in the country, and master the mysteries of the soil. He knew no more about it than I do when he went there. I doubt if he knew a cotton boll from a pumpkin. Yet he is now his own farm manager, and runs thirty plows—planted 150 acres in cotton that would be a credit to any planter in the South, old or new school, runs a successful modern dairy, which is a delicate business in itself; plants, tends, cures, packs and sells carloads of tobacco, breeds championship Berkshire hogs, feeds hundreds of others; raises more corn than he can use, and more hay; conducts a country store and cotton gin, and still has time to entertain his neighbors, and develop the philosophy of Country Life in the United States on the principality plan.

Rats

H. D. Swarts of Scranton, Pa., has invented a Rat Catcher that caught over 100 rats in one month in one establishment. This diabolical contrivance has the rat habit, and sufficient intelligence to reset itself after getting each victim, according to information received direct from the inventor himself.

PINEHURST SCHOOL

PINEHURST School was constructed during the spring and summer of the present year, on a site one mile south of Pinehurst.

The school receives both day and boarding scholars. In the day school the curriculum is composed of both elementary and college preparatory courses.

Arrangements have been made to convey to and from school boys who live in Pinehurst during the winter and who desire to enroll in the day school department.

The School Calendar

FIRST TERM BEGINS

Thursday, October 14, 1915

FIRST TERM ENDS

Wednesday, December 22, 1915

CHRISTMAS VACATION

SECOND TERM BEGINS

Wednesday, January 5, 1916

SECOND TERM ENDS

Monday, March 13, 1916

THIRD TERM BEGINS

Tuesday, March 14, 1916

THIRD TERM ENDS

Thursday, May 18, 1916

For additional information address

ERIC PARSON

(Headmaster)

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