

# SOUTHERN PINES

## TOURIST

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### A RED-LETTER DAY

#### Nineteen Persons Join the Congregational Church on Sunday

It has been many years since the First Congregational Church witnessed such a service as that of last Sunday morning, which was enjoyed by a congregation that crowded both auditorium and lecture room and even filled the seats reserved for the candidates. After the usual preliminary services the ordinance of baptism was administered to one young man.

At the close of the baptism the clerk of the church, Mr. L. S. Johnson, read the letters of eighteen persons, who came forward as their names were read. Dr. Foss spoke to them briefly, dwelling upon the fact that among those who were to be received five denominations were represented, and that their reception was as hearty as it was unanimous. He spoke of the growing spirit of Christianity and said that this reception of members would seem to indicate that the First Congregational Church of Southern Pines would be benefiting the community, honoring God and serving itself better by welding many religious elements differing in minor particulars but alike in the essentials of faith into one strong church than, by a narrower policy, compelling the formation of an indefinite number of weak churches to die an early death or to live at a poor dying rate.

The Gospel is broad enough to allow all who agree in the great fundamental truths of the Bible, who believe that Jesus Christ was manifest in the flesh and who can honestly subscribe to the same creed, to live together happily and work in harmony for the extension of the Kingdom of God on earth.

At the close of the pastor's brief address he conducted the simple but impressive service by which one was received on profession of faith and eighteen by letter, at the conclusion of which Dr. Foss and Deacons Tarbell, Eastman and Johnson gave the right hand of fellowship to the new members, forming a line which extended more than across the church. The morning's service was brought to a most impressive close by the administration of the Holy Communion by the pastor, assisted by the deacons.

After the benediction had been pronounced, it seemed as if the whole church pressed forward to grasp the hands of the new members and to emphasize the official welcome of the pastor.

One of the most prominent winter residents of Southern Pines was heard to remark to the pastor that twenty years ago such a scene would have been impossible, and that it was a proof of an ever-increasing Christian brotherhood.

### Board of Trade Meets

The Board of Trade met Tuesday evening at Dr. Swett's office, with Dr. Swett in the chair.

An informal discussion of many interesting topics preceded the formal meeting, which was occupied largely in completing

or continuing matters of importance already acted upon.

Several important projects were discussed, but are not yet ready for public announcement.

The Board of Trade may be of great service to Southern Pines if only the business men and public-spirited citizens will take hold of it with a little more energy. A good many people are very ready to reap the fruits of such work, but are not so willing to help sow the seed. No man or body of men have any claim on the results of movements they are too indifferent to further, but since the world began men have been "reaping where they have not sown and gathering where they have not scattered."

### The Tourist Says "Thank You"

The new Tourist is pleased with the reception accorded its initial appearance. Numberless kind expressions of appreciation and expectation have been uttered and are gratefully acknowledged.

Among the more substantial tokens of appreciation is the fact that the usual supply of news at the News Depot were sold out on the first morning after the publication, and that during the week we have closed long tracts with six or eight business firms that were not represented in the columns of the Tourist last week.

Many papers do job work while you wait—a good long while.

The new Tourist will do your job work so promptly that you won't have to wait. You leave your order one day and get your work the next—sometimes the same day.

### First Layman's Address

After an Endeavor meeting at 7 o'clock, which overflowed the lecture room, a good congregation gathered at 8 in the church to enjoy the first of the layman's addresses arranged for the Sunday evenings in January. Dr. Foss presided and Miss Sadelson led the singing at the piano.

The speaker was Mr. W. H. Goldsmith, of Newark, N. J., whose subject was "Are You Really Living?"

The TOURIST would be glad to reproduce this excellent address in full, but lack of space forbids.

Mr. Goldsmith spoke with great earnestness and eminent good sense and many appreciative remarks were heard at the close of the meeting.

### May Not Build

It is probable that Chaplain Kane will not build on his fine Page-street lot, but may dispose of the land. We regret the Chaplain's decision, but trust an equally desirable citizen of Southern Pines will be secured. The genial Chaplain may run down from New York for a short visit a little later in the season.

Dainty is the only word that seems rightly to describe Mr. Leon St. John's new house on the corner of New Hampshire avenue and Ashe street. It is not large or pretentious, but if what the ladies will call a "dear." Its lines are graceful; there is nothing commonplace about it and it is to be unique without being an architectural freak—and it fits its location.

### LETTERS FROM AN "EXILE"

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., Jan. —, 1906.

Dear Tom:

Well, here I am in the Sunny South, and though the sun doesn't shine all the time, as some people think it should, there is a deal of truth in the appellation for we surely do have a large number of bright days, and it is the sunniest sunshine you can imagine.

To some people sunshine is sunshine, but since coming to Southern Pines "all sunshine doesn't look alike to me," any more than all chocolate taste alike.

I have seen sunshine that was brilliant beyond the power of words to describe, but as cold as it was brilliant. I do not mean a coldness that can be measured by the thermometer, but an indescribable chill that seems to be in the very warp and woof of the sunshine, and while you admire it and wonder that it can be so bright, you somehow don't feel as if you were on friendly terms with it. Now the sunshine down here looks just like the sunshine not so much in the North as in the South. This atmospheric condition is a real and warm as a baby's ps, and as you lie on your back among the pines and look up in the sky you seem to be gazing into the smiling face of an old and loving friend, whose look is restful and whose touch is healing.

Then there are days when the cold blasts sweep down from the North, armed with snowflakes and icicles, and our dear old friend must fight for his life, but we have hardly begun to shiver, when the winds are softened, the clouds rolled back and the sunshine breaks through, and it does not take long for his warm smile to meet the snowflakes that lie strown over the field of battle.

In an analysis of climate it is not easy to separate sunshine and atmosphere. Traveling through different air our sunshine would be quite another thing, and without our sunshine the air would not be the blessed essence of rest and healing that it is.

The air of the Sand Hills cannot be described any more than the sunshine, and having failed in one, I am not going to attempt the other.

I have breathed the air of the Northern woods and lakes, of Colorado and the Rockies, of the far South and of the sea, purifier of the airs that sweep over it, but my lungs have never reveled in such air as they are feasting on down here—air whose roughness has been kissed away by the sunshine, whose moisture has been wrung out by been huge rollers of aseptic sand, and which comes to us with the balsam of ten thousand stately pines and perfumed by a million redolent flowers.

I intended to tell you something about Southern Pines, but got switched off, and my time is up. More next week. Love to you and best wishes to all.

Ever yours, MARY.

P. S.—Was rather tired when I arrived, but am already much improved and filled with hope. M.

### AN APPEAL

L. W. ENNIS

From the land of steady habits,  
With its ancient laws so blue,  
From the rock-ribbed coast where slumbers  
Maine's old man, so grand, so true;

From New Hampshire's snow-capped  
mountains;

From Vermont's, so green and fair;  
From the rock, made sacred, ever,  
By the feet that rested there;

From the Colony, where Williams  
Freedom gave to every creed;  
From the birthplace of a Roosevelt,  
Born to fill a Nation's need;

From the land where Penn, the Quaker,  
Introduced his peaceful reign;  
From the East, the West, the Northland,  
Come Columbia's dames again.

Lo! they come unto the Southland,  
Balmy with the breath of pine,  
Bring to her their weak and weary  
Crave for their odorous breezes,  
That shall make the faces  
On the pines and pallid faces,  
Shedding the wintry snow.

While they sue, will she be gracious,  
And extend the magic wand;  
Will she lift her veil, so misty,  
Give to them the welcome hand?

And the wooing smile, so sunny,  
Her face shall they behold,  
As she brings the strength and healing,  
That she brought to those of old?

While they wait—Columbia's daughters,  
Lo! the portals open wide  
To a fair, commodious mansion,  
And two lovers, side by side,

Beckon to the weary pilgrims  
To come in and rest apart,  
And forget, for one brief hour,  
Each, the pain within her heart.

Happy lovers these! thrice blessed,  
As they, with unstinted hand,  
Scatter sunshine on the pathway  
Of a pilgrim, alien band;

And at last, when the dear Master,  
Hence shall call the pure and good,  
Surely he will these remember,  
Who have done whate'er they could.

### Annual Meeting of Citizen's Bank

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Citizen's Bank and Trust Company was held at their banking house on January 9. Mr. E. M. Fulton was elected chairman. A report was made by the cashier, showing deposits of \$54,640; loans, \$34,891; cash on hand and in banks, \$27,082. The old officers and directors were re-elected for the ensuing year. The stock was well represented locally, among those present were F. A. Ordway, W. H. Scriven, James Boyd and others. Those who are interested in this new banking enterprise will be glad to note the splendid year indicated by the above figures and the altogether satisfactory condition of the institution. It is no surprise, however, considering the men behind it.