

SOUTHERN PINES TOURIST

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SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1906.

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FROM SEASHORE TO SANDHILLS

BY HELEN MAR D'AUBY ADAMS

From fierce wild wind that pierces
And howls in wrath and might,
To soft sweet breezes, crooning
Like voices of the night;
From gleam of white-sailed commerce
O'er blue waves, passing by,
To glittering pine tops, tossing
Sun lighted 'gainst the sky.

For the wide blue that stretches,
Like to God's patient love,
To meet the deep on deep of blue
That bends serene above;
The sweet encircling fragrance
Of forest, hill and mead,
The tender whisper of the leaf,
The drop of nut or seed.

From silver sea gull, poising
With breast and wing of snow,
To black, majestic buzzard,
Alert eyes circling low,
Afar o'er tossing brine,
The lakelet boat with mirrored oars
Adding and ashine

From roar of rocky cavern
And moan of surf-worn sea
To the soft-silence of the fields
And the mocking birds agree
From cradle lined with shell tints,
Where infant day is born,
All dimpled from his ocean bed,
To greet the fresh made morn.
To half grown kisses of the sun,
Through pine tops o'er the hill,
Aglint with shadows, where the stream
Is playing with the will,
Ahl who shall dare to utter
A prayer for purer bliss
In other far off mystic world,
Than may be had in this?

Who dares to hope for brighter heaven
Than in this world below,
Had never caught its meaning,
Has never learned to know,
The violet from the cowslip;
Has never learned to read
The beauty of the brookside fern
Or of the wayside weed.

All Nature sings its anthem
A love song, long and clear,
And he who will but listen
Shall surely know and hear.
Each pebble has its secret,
Each grain of sand its lore,
Each pine-encircled hill slope,
Each kiss of the shore.

New Subscribers

Among the week's new subscribers
Mrs. L. C. Smiley, of South Paris,
Maine, who will be remembered as
passing two or more winters in
Southern Pines. She is still in-
terested in the people here and wishes
to keep in touch with them. Other

subscribers during the week are Dr.
O. E. McCarty, of Niagara Falls,
N. Y., who, with his family is
occupying the Stryker cottage, Mrs.
Daniel Howe, of Hillcrest cottage,
and Miss Mary Schwarberg, who is
teaching in the public schools. New
subscribers are being constantly
enrolled, a large portion of them for
one year, which it is hoped may
mean permanent readers, instead of
for three or six months which may
cover the time of one's sojourn.
Another noticeable thing is that
none of these subscriptions has
been solicited—all have been vol-
untary. Later the Tourist hopes to
send an agent out to secure new
subscribers but as yet has not been
able to spare any one from the office
and has not even had time to look
up just the right person. But do
not wait. Step into the Tourist
office, drop a line, or call up phone
number 3.

Boston Clergyman Here

Among recent arrivals in South-
ern Pines are Rev. Mr. Frederick M.
Gardner and Mrs. Gardner, of
Boston, who are occupying apart-
ments in Mr. Burleigh's house on
May street for the present season.
Mr. Gardner is a graduate of
Colby College, Maine, and Newton
Theological Seminary, and has
served churches in Winthrop, Law-
rence and Boston, being at present,
as for eight years past, pastor of
the South Baptist Church in the
New England metropolis. Mrs.
Gardner, who is a niece of Mrs. E.
T. Underhill, is suffering from a
nervous affection and comes South
in the hope of gaining benefit from
its climate. For troubles of this
kind it would be hard to find a more
favorable combination of conditions
than Southern Pines offers.

Compensation for a Slip

A alight but rather ludicrous slip
in the gender of a noun was allowed
to slip into one of the long articles
in last week's Tourist and may have
been noted by many but so far has
been mentioned by but one person—
a somewhat sedate, erudite, elderly
gentleman who might not be ex-
pected to read such light and frivo-
lous articles. To be assured that
the paper is read by thoughtful
people is full payment for such an
incident now and then.

TOURIST'S FOURTH BIRTHDAY

Four years ago there was born to
the world at Southern Pines an in-
fant, which was destined to exert
the greatest influence in the develop-
ment and advancement of Southern
Pines in particular and of the Sand
Hill Section of North Carolina in
general. This infant was christen-
ed the Tourist, and now at the
tender age of four it has long since
thrown off its swaddling clothes and
taken its place among the journals
of the State, with a definite purpose
to attain and specific principles to
expound.

I regret that I had not the pleas-
ure of an earlier acquaintance with
this youth, having known him inti-
mately only some fifteen months,
but during that time his generous
magnanimity and candid frankness
have won my respect and esteem.
In these days of yellow journalism,
when two-thirds of what is served
up by the daily press as "news" is
masticated and digested only to be
regurgitated the next day, it is in-
deed a relief to find among one's
mail a paper that does not pretend
to have the largest circulation in
the world and does not depend for
its popularity on "scoops" and
scandal-mongering.

The Tourist, as I have known it,
is not primarily a newspaper, but
while it covers the local news
thoroughly and impartially its chief
purpose is to serve as a mirror to
scatter rays of sunshine and cheer
at home, and to reflect these rays
from the Sand Hills to readers in
the frost bitten North.

In a recent number of the Inde-
pendent the following sentiment was
expressed editorially, and as it is
particularly pertinent, I may be
pardoned for appropriating it ver-
batim: "The inability of the
American people to read books de-
manding a moderate amount of
mental power is commonly attribut-
ed to the influence of our daily press
which, for the most part, avoids
thoroughness and hesitates to print
matter calling for intellectual con-
centration. The newspaper habit
does in many instances disintegrate
the mind. It creates a comfortable
feeling of being informed, when,
in fact, no information whatever
that will stick in the memory for
more than twenty-four hours has

been acquired. It uses up a certain
amount of nervous energy and
leaves its victim without appetite
for more serious application."

While the limited space at hand
prevents the Tourist from treating
some of the subjects touched upon
as exhaustively as might be wished,
it cannot be accused of "hesitating
to print matter calling for intellec-
tual concentration," for its able edi-
torials and its weekly letter by Mr.
Bion Butler are intellectual treats
and their general tone and refine-
ment certainly tend to create an
appetite for serious application.
It would be fortunate for the world
if there were a vastly greater num-
ber of papers like the Tourist, which
does not depend for its subsistence
on the dissemination of sensation
and whose sole purpose is not the
making of money, but which puts
forth its best efforts for the truth
and the best in human nature.

Long live the Tourist!

RUSTICUS.

Lakeview, Nov. 28.

Commissioners' Meeting

The regular meeting of the Board
of Town Commissioners was held at
Firemen's Hall on Wednesday eve-
ning, November 28, with Mayor Fer-
guson in the chair. Commissioners
present—Eastman, Richards and
Sugg.

The minutes of last meeting were
read and approved.

It was voted to renew the con-
tract with the Dorland Advertising
agency for one year.

It was voted to accept the bid of
Alex. Cameron for shrubbing and
grading extension of Broad street.
Twenty cents per cubic yard for
grading and \$18 per acre for clear-
ing and shrubbing.

It was voted to instruct the Tax
Collector to enforce collection of 10
per cent additional on all unpaid
taxes after January 1, 1907.

It was voted to place an order with
the Cheraw Brick Works for 15,000
bricks.

It was voted to instruct the Street
Committee to employ extra help to
repair the sidewalks.

The following bills were read,
audited and ordered to be paid.

| | |
|---|----------|
| The Dorland Advertising Agency | \$118 56 |
| J. W. Scott, wood | 6 83 |
| W. H. Chestnut, engineer | 30 00 |
| William Lee, street work | 26 00 |
| William Munn, street work | 6 00 |
| Southern Pines Publishing Com- pany, advertising | 3 50 |
| M. N. Sugg, wood | 22 43 |
| M. N. Sugg, boarding horse | 10 00 |
| Southern Pines Publishing Com- pany, booklets | 150 00 |
| W. C. Riddick, engineer | 75 00 |

C. L. BLUE, Clerk.