

# THE PILOT

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## DRIVE OUT THE UNFIT DRIVER

The agitation going on seems to indicate that the unfit driver is to receive a vigorous handling before the coming session of the legislature in this state. With a record of over a thousand persons killed and 35,000 injured it is folly that tolerates such conditions for another day. We have been making the highways comparable with nothing else than the grave battles of the wars, and instead of shrugging a shoulder at the idea of going on the roads to meet such a fate as the records show, the principal attitude toward the slaughter is to the effect that the whole miserable sacrifice is accident, and that the driver who would be safe must look out for himself.

The basis of our indifference to the bloody record is that we have been tolling ourselves along with the belief that liberty involves the privilege of doing anything we choose to do with perfect disregard for the rights of others. The truth is that of the wrecks on the highways probably not one of ten can with reasonable accuracy be called an accident. Nearly every collision or other affair reported can be traced down to carelessness, drunkenness, lack of ordinary skill in driving, or to some other thing that should bar the driver from the road. If the railroads put at the throttle the indiscriminate army of men and women who are allowed to handle an automobile on the highways the first serious accident at the hands of such a driver would arouse the whole nation. But the automobile can go ahead and kill and injure so many people that the accidents on the railroads look like the work of pikers, and nobody turns a hair.

This thing can't go on indefinitely, and that being the case it might as well be stopped at once. There is just one way to stop the bloody record and that is by a rigid examination of drivers, and the elimination from the road of any who cannot pass an honest and comprehensive examination. It is the misfortune of those not fit to drive that they are not capable of driving with safety, but that is no reason why the whole population that travels the roads should be put at the mercy of incompetents. It is not to be expected that we will ever have the drastic and sensible laws of the road that we should have and that are necessary for public safety, but we should get from the next legislature a road law that will cut out a lot of the slaughter and recklessness. The law that is essential is just as necessary to restrain some of the wise ones, who think they know it all and take every chance on the road, as it is to halt some that are just as incompetent and not so conceited. The whole pestiferous gang of killers and mutilators must be cropped of their privileges, and the sooner the start is made the sooner the roads will be safer than they are now, and that will be a great gain.

## THE HIGHLAND PINES INN

The opening of the Highland Pines Inn with a winter prospect that tells of a good business is one of the assuring signs. Since this tavern threw its doors open for the first time some years ago it has been a measure of the progress and the prosperity of the Sandhills, and one of the most decisive agencies in bringing about the broad and popular acquaintance this section has established all over the country from which the winter patronage is drawn. Creamer and Turner have carried on their business in a way that satisfies

and appeals to people, and their personality is of the character that makes friends. Aside from their hotel they are an asset to the community, for their friendly contact is as much as the fare they serve their guests.

Not many people at this day are aware of what the Highland Pines Inn has done in holding the Sandhills on the desired course. When the old Piney Woods Inn was burned Southern Pines felt a sickening discouragement, and for a time the village doubted as to the future. But John Y. Boyd, who has been such a factor in the survival of the fortunes of this section that his name should be remembered indefinitely, with some of the aggressive and hopeful villagers, planned a new hotel on the hill above town, and the Highland Pines Inn arose. It fell into the hands of Creamer and Turner, who have been worth a fortune to every inhabitant of this part of North Carolina, for they made a success of the institution far beyond the anticipation of its backers.

From its start the house has been in the hands of these two been a positive success in every men, and from its start it has way. Its attractions have brought many people this way, and much of the expanding development has had its root there in the tavern on the hill. Much more will follow, for a thing of that kind once started can not quickly lose its weight. And so the Highland Pines starts on another winter, its registers pretty fairly engaged for much of the season, and its patronage continually threatening a need of more room with the attendant overflow to homes that the temporary visitors ultimately make to become permanent winter habitants of the favored region. Out of the Highland Pines again this winter will come another brood to help in the pleasing job of making the Sandhills the pleasant place to live which it is more and more becoming, for the contribution from the Highland Pines is of the class that make the best type of new citizens, the type that is progressive, aggressive and good neighbors in every way.

## THE LIVE AT HOME BUSINESS

How much logic is really in the live at home proposition may be open to discussion, for long experience has shown that it is economy to prosecute commerce as well as manufacture and production. Probably when we undertake to interfere with the flow of trade we interrupt those prosperities that come from the exchange of commodities made where they can be made to the best advantage. It is well known that we can buy automobiles from Henry Ford cheaper than we can build them on the farm. But, on the other hand, we may be able to make some things on the farm cheaper than we can buy them from Kansas or Montana. Meat, for instance.

The farmers are to be encouraged to increase their product of poultry. The present price of chickens seems to be around twenty to twenty-five cents. This makes fairly cheap meat, of a type that is not hard to eat, and within the live at home doctrine. The Produce association is in earnest in undertaking to increase the production of poultry in the county. It is foolish to make a lot of meat here and send it to New York to market, and buy an equivalent lot of meat from the packers of Kansas City or Chicago. Probably no one is going to deliberately change his usual habit of providing his table for the sake of buying his supplies at some particular place or from some particular person, but if we can cultivate the habit of substituting poultry to more or less extent for other types of meat we can have an effect on the condition of agriculture in the county.

Moore county farms are making a right fair quality of poultry now, and all the influences are in the direction of further improvement in quality. More buying of farm produce will tend to further improve the quality and also to broaden the facilities for making poultry which will ultimately enable the farmer to introduce economies in production that will be felt in the prices. It does no harm to get in closer touch with the farmer or his distribution agents, and encourage him to bring to your house more fowls. Chickens probably provide the best meat

at the lowest price that can be had in this section at the present time, so the buyer profits as well as the farmer in buying more poultry.

## From the State Press

### THE SANDHILLS

When the head of the New England family of Tufts stopped off in the barren sand wastes of Moore County about 38 years ago, he saw what others had seen—a sandy land of scrub oaks, stubby grass and pine woods, a forbidding-looking stretch of useless land. But he saw what had not been seen, or rather he felt what had vigorating tinge in the atmosphere and the inspiring warmth of the Winter sun, and he visioned at that spot of a mid-Winter resort for the Nation. He had no difficulty in buying up all the land he wanted at prices ranging from one dollar to four dollars an acre and the land-owners marveled at the big things that had come their way. They laughed at Tufts as easy meat. Mr. Tufts made his way from Southern Pines, the railroad station, a dozen or so miles inland and there laid the foundation for a hotel later to gain fame as the Carolina Inn, meantime laying off the ground roundabout as a residential section and inviting his Northern friends to come along and pass upon his new prospect.

Then it was that the sandhills section was "discovered." The highest type of Northern and New England citizenship began flocking in and building winter homes and soon there was an overflow to other adjacent sections, so that Pinehurst, as Mr. Tufts named his original place is now the center of one of the finest winter colonies in all the country, with the sandhills as well-known to the tourist world as Florida or California—and as well patronized. Pinehurst is a winter city of peculiar charms. The native woods were spared to preservation of a forest of tall pines, and as much attention was paid to landscaping as to architecture, so that every home is a bower of flowers, shrubs, trees and grass, the shrubby effect being of the ornamental kind, privet and box wood trimmed into beautiful forms and shapes. The land that was thought could grow nothing but briars and weeds, proved susceptible to grass carpeting and only the walk-ways through the hedges show the nature of the native soil. All manner of flowering and berry trees were imported to add to the beauty of the landscape and all Pinehurst is a garden of royal beauty. There are no fences—roadways and walks wind in and around to constant revelation of residential beauty.

The municipality of the sandhills has location at Southern Pines and the chief occupation of the Mayor—His Honor Dorsey Stutz—has to do with keeping back of the beautification idea of the locality, rather than with sitting in judgment on common offenders of the law, which few come his way. But the man hauled before him for disregard of the parking laws, or for trash responsibility of any kind, gets a fine to keep him reminded.

The overflow from Pinehurst embraces the strictly residential sections of Weymouth Ridge, a millionaire colony, and the adjacent Southern Pines Country Club, Knollwood, Midland Farms, Lakeview, Aberdeen and Pinebluff, with all in between dotted with magnificent homes, club houses, golf links and lakes, of which there are half a dozen large enough to afford boating. It is a land of sports and outdoor pleasures—golf, as a matter of course, being king—with archery, horse-back riding and polo. Convenient to the hand of every business man enjoying life in the sandhills are telephone and telegraphic connections back home, with daily market reports, so that he can keep in close touch with business, and if there is call for haste, he can take off in an airplane, hurry home, attend to the call and then come back the same day, if at all impatient to get back into the air and sun shine of the pines.

It is the character of the transient hills population of the Sandhills that interests. The patronage comes from people able to pay for what they want, and they have choice of a dozen and more hotels of the finer type, ranking among the standard of the country. But the custom in the Sandhills is not all transient. Many celebrities have built homes there and are numbered among the permanent residents. Among these is James Boyd, famed as author; Struthers Burt, of like fame; Dr. Ernest Poate; Maude Parker Childs and Almet Jenks; Walter Gilkyson and Bernice Kenyon; Hugh Kahler and numbers of writers known to magazine readers all over the country, whose homes are among the most beautiful in the locality. In

addition are painters and artists of National reputation, to establishment in the Sandhills of a citizenship of the highest order.

One gets the impression of the hotel life in the Sandhills that it is a collection of the finest Florida institutions concentrated in the limited space of which Pinehurst is the center. Among the more notable hotels are the Carolina Inn, enlarged from its original proportions, Park View, the Pine Needles Inn, the Berkshire, the Highland Pines, the New Holly, the Pine Crest, the Manor, the Chalfonte, the Berkley, the Southland and others. The dean of hosts is Ed, Fitzgerald, who presides over the Carolina in winter, and over the Graystone in summer, and next to him comes the "Fitzgerald Brother," John, who manages the Mid-Pines Club in winter and the Oysters Harbor Club in summer, with the third Fitzgerald brother, young Fay, coming up out of the golf links to take charge of some other hotel. The Fitzgeralds have made large contribution to the hotel fame of the Sandhills and are regarded as natural-born hotel keepers.

And so, from a barren waste, the Sandhills have developed into a winter resort that is bringing National fame to North Carolina, to a mounting prestige that will not be dimmed by any other resort section in the United States. The vision of the elder Tufts has established a seat of prosperity from which benefits flow to all sections of the State, and one whose chief drawing card is the unmatched beauty of its landscape.

## Grains of Sand

"Jim" Boyd is again to be seen on the streets of Southern Pines in his big fur coat. That coat is the bane of village boosters, but all efforts to get the noted author to shed it have been in vain. The boosters claim it's bad advertising for the Sandhills climate, but Jim says he'd rather be warm than be president, or something like that.

And after all, the bad advertising of the Boyd bearskin is offset by the good of John Bloxham's white trousers. No matter what the temperature, John is out in flannels.

And no one has ever seen Bion Butler in an overcoat.

Overlooked one of our leading writers when listing the famed of the Sandhills in a recent issue. Among those present in Southern Pine is Miss Ruth Burr Sanborn, who has spent several winters here. For more than seven years Miss Sanborn's short stories have been appearing in McCall's Magazine, the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal and Collier's. During the past year she has written exclusively for Collier's. Her latest stories were "Sing a Song of Symptoms," and "The Wagon and the Star."

Apologies to Miss Sanborn for omitting her from our list of writers.

"The Big Trail," now showing at the Carolina in Southern Pines, was photographed near Struthers Burt's ranch in Wyoming. A large number of Mr. Burt's cow ponies appear in the picture, and Mr. Burt himself saw the scenes shot. He says it is a great picture.

Speaking of the photographing of "The Big Trail," Mr. Burt throws a sidelight on the unemployment situation out west. When word spread around that hundreds of extras were needed in the filming of the big scenes, men and boys came from far and near seeking the four dollars a day paid these "background boys." They were pretty hard up and ready to do anything.

"Can you ride a horse?" a director asked them.

"Never have, but we'll try anything once," was the general response.

Whereupon they were ordered to shed their clothing, were sprayed with paint to look like Indians, and assigned cow ponies to ride over the plains. No clothes, no saddles, and never on horses before.

"They haven't been able to get the paint off yet," says Mr. Burt, "but a lot of skin came off before they finished that ride. They earned their four dollars all right."

The Kiwanis Christmas Daddy Committee can use all the old clothes, shoes, foodstuffs, toys, etc. you can spare in its work of seeing that Christmas is made merry for the less fortunate of the community. They can also use money. In looking over that old suit do not ask yourself whether you are going to need it any more, but whether you need it as much as some fellow who is out of a job and down on his heels. Then send it to one of the committee, Frank Buchan, Southern Pines, is chairman.

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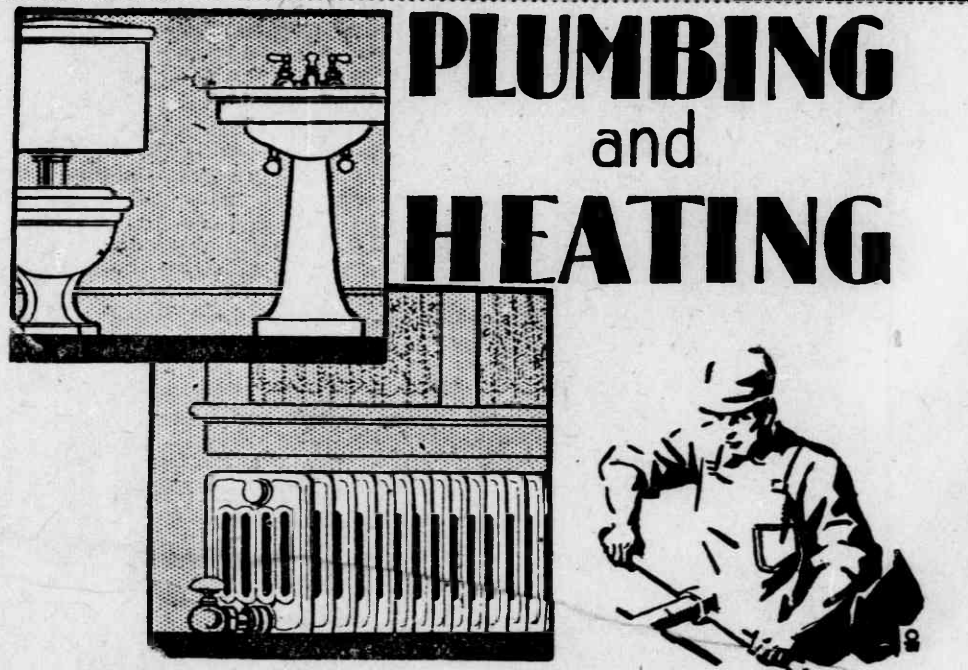
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