

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY GIRL.

Rowena fair, in centuries gone by,  
Gazed on the tournament with downcast eye  
And swooned when there her true knight chanced  
to die.

Priscilla made neat housewifery her search,  
And walked twelve miles through snowy woods  
to church,  
And godless, idle swains left in the lurch.

Coy Arabella, of our grandsires' time,  
Seemed built but for some languorous, sheltered  
clime,  
And deemed all healthful exercise a crime.

But Twentieth Century Margaret claims the  
crown,  
She swats the golf ball in brief-skirted gown;  
And wins from the whole bunch—yes, wins  
hands down.

—H. T. Smith, in *New York World*.

## MISLEADING SUPERLATIVES.

The Tendency of Advertisers to Exaggerate  
Facts and Disregard Truth.

## SOME HONEST ADVERTISING.

Modern advertisers in all lines incline decidedly toward the use of superlatives; every jeweler's goods are the *finest*, every department store offers the *lowest* prices, every newspaper has the *largest* circulation, every patent medicine is the *best* on the market, etc. In their desire to impress upon the minds of their readers the superlative excellence of their subjects, some advertisers are not satisfied with the literal meaning of some of the strongest English adjectives, but speak of "the *most perfect* typewriter ever invented" and even of "the *most absolutely* reliable dictionary ever printed." Superlatives have come into use to such an extent that plain, matter-of-fact statement of truth is apt to fail of making an impression and the subject of an honest, unexaggeratedly-advertising article is likely to appear to disadvantage when compared with the flowery, superlative-exhausting advertisements of its co-equals and its inferiors.

This matter of the use of superlatives particularly applies to resort advertising. In no branch of advertising, perhaps, is the literal truth more ruthlessly disregarded; every game-barren spot in the mountains is an *ideal* hunting ground; every "open-Sunday" Babylon of rowdiness is a "*most select* seashore resort; every malaria-breeding spot within a hundred miles of the Everglades is a "*most delightful*" health resort. Popular prejudice, credulity and every phase of human susceptibility are appealed to, and not without effect, in this style of resort advertising.

But it has never been the policy of the owner of Pinehurst to resort to these methods. "Truth is mighty and will prevail," has ever been the central idea in advertising this resort. Mr. Tufts' only desire has been to make the *truth* regarding the advantages of Pinehurst generally known. To those who know the place, no word of advertising is necessary; its innate excellence, its long list of modern improvements and conveniences, its unexcelled climatic advantages speak for themselves in a way that is convincing beyond all question or argument. The best evidence of the

truth of this statement is the fact that more than seventy-five per cent of the sojourners in Pinehurst during the past two seasons had passed previous seasons, or parts of seasons, in this same place and returned to take up their winter residence here after having satisfied themselves as to its desirability; and, also, that there are more people settled here at present for the season than ever before at this time of the year.

These statements are facts, plain, unexaggerated truth, and are presented to OUTLOOK readers for consideration at their actual value, without amplification and without superlative comment.

## A Pleasing Transition.

To the visitor who leaves the New England States at this season of the year, bound for Pinehurst, the various changes of conditions must be very interesting. Every sense is appealed to. The eye exchanges the sight of snow-clad hills and ice-bound water courses for green gardens of groves of the long-leaf pine; the ear is assailed, not by the



sound of sleigh bells or the crunch of ice-creeper but these are exchanged for the sweet notes of the mocking bird as he trills from his perch on the highest apex of some cottage; instead of breathing dust-laden air that comes from the frozen sidewalks, he inhales the ozone-charged and pine-scented, balmy atmosphere of the sand-hills. Is this not a combination to impress even the most unobservant?

## Religious Services.

Union—Rev. D. W. Fox conducted union services at the Village Hall Sunday morning, Nov. 24th, at 11 a. m. The services were well attended, and the discourse was pleasing. Mr. Fox's text was from Genesis 8, 20-33. A Bible class has been formed and will be a feature on future Sundays.

Episcopal—Rev. H. T. Gregory held Episcopal services at the Village Hall, Sunday, Nov. 24th, at 4 p. m. All members of the Episcopal church in Pinehurst, as well as members of other denominations, were in attendance. Rev. Gregory's text was from St. John 6.

## Announcement.

Regular union services will be held at the Village Hall, Sunday, December 1st., at 11 a. m. Bible class and Sunday school at 12 M., Rev. D. W. Fox, pastor.

## THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

A Postal Inspector Whose Views Coincide  
With Those of Max O'Rell.

## STAMP CRAZY QUILTS.

"No, I am not a female suffragist; I am a sufferer," said Mr. Jere Connolly, jestingly, who is one of Uncle Sam's post-office inspectors and, incidentally, a guest at the Berkshire. Mr. Connolly's duty necessitates his visiting every postoffice in his district, eastern North Carolina, about once a year, taking a complete inventory of the government property in the postmaster's hands, such as stamps, envelopes, postal cards, fixtures, etc., correcting all abuses and violations of the department code, investigating complaints and making recommendations to the department regarding changes, additions, etc.

and I am compelled to count the single stamps in each one separately as though it were a Chinese puzzle. Then frequently, the single stamps torn from the sheets are put up in packages secured by rubber bands. I am often confronted with dozens of these packages and gravely informed that each one contains just 25 or 50 stamps, as the case may be; but experience has taught me not to depend on this information and on counting the single stamps in these packages, as I find it necessary to do, I usually find that almost every package contains one or two more or less than it is supposed to contain. Tedious! well, I should say so.

"Then there are the stamped envelopes; perhaps there will be only a few on hand, say 6 or 7, or an odd number, for instance, 119; I have just finished computing the value of these at the regular rate per thousand, when the dear postmistress will hand me anywhere from 13 to 47 more, saying she overlooked them. Then the cash account is another charming feature; our postmistress usually delights in pennies and carries a good supply of them; in one office recently I counted twenty-nine dollars and sixty-seven cents in pennies alone and four dollars and eighty-five cents in other currency. The cash or stamp drawer in the smaller postoffices is sometimes a receptacle for articles of all descriptions, spools of thread, thimbles, fancy work, official correspondence and sometimes for other correspondence. It is a common occurrence to run across a letter in the middle of a package of official correspondence beginning with 'My Own Dearest Little Tootsy-Wootsy,' or similar address; this is somewhat embarrassing. It is also rather unpleasant, in picking the loose stamps out of a drawer, to have one's fingers come into collision with a needle or a paper of pins—yes, unpleasant but not at all unusual. But the ladies don't mind these little things, so what's the difference after all?"

Mr. Connolly is an earnest advocate of the rural free mail delivery system and says that it will be a great factor in promoting industrial, commercial and educational advancement and has even now become self-supporting. He emphasizes the excellent point that the primary purpose of the postoffice department is to furnish the best of mail facilities to all citizens, regardless of their geographical location, and that a self-supporting stage of attainment is a secondary desideratum.

## Golf Playing Begins.

The golf links is once again in commission and a number of guests now play over the course regularly twice each day. One day of rain recently served to lay the dust occasioned by a long continued season of dry weather and the links is now in good condition for play and will be even better after two or three week's of thorough rolling. The caddy master and his force are now busy rolling the greens and generally perfecting the condition of the course. Among the players who opened the season on the links were: Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ketcham, Mr. J. Monroe and Mr. Richard Sharpe.

"Wife, where are those new handkerchiefs I bought?"  
"Why, Edgar, you already have so many that I put them away to give you on your birthday."—*Detroit Free Press*.