

ATLANTIC CITY



TRAYMORE

A Bold Original Creation
For The Seashore

MAGNITUDE and CHEERFULNESS

It expresses the spirit of America at play
amid the spaciousness of green ocean, blue
sky and radiant sunshine.

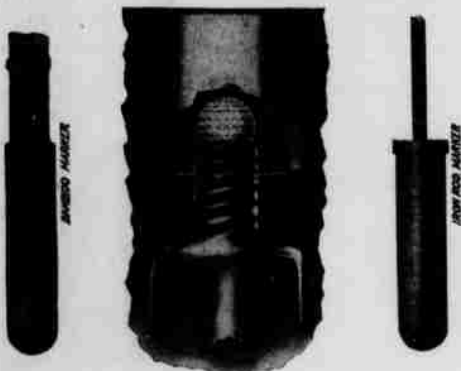
**THE LARGEST FIREPROOF RESORT
HOTEL IN THE WORLD**

Belvedere

Submarine Grill Restaurant Traymore
D. S. White, Pres't. J. W. Mott, Mgr.

Adjustable Hole-Rim or Cup For Putting Greens

Seamless PRESSED STEEL, Galvanized.
Thin and stiff. Holds its shape. No mud
on ball. No water in Cup. Lip of Cup
accurately adjusted up or down, relative
to surface, without removing Cup. No
sharp Marker-Rods, or Bamboo Spikes.



Booklet upon request

Sample sent to any Golf Club in the U. S.
without any charge whatever for.
30 days trial in the ground

THE PUTTING GREEN, 1517 H. St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
THE GOLF SHOP, 75 East Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
ARTHUR L. JOHNSON & CO., 180 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

The Dewey Hotel, 14th and I Sts. N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The most comfortable and homelike hotel for
tourists in the Capitol. American and Euro-
pean Plan. Send for booklet with map of
Washington. Reference—Mr. H. W. Priest.
The Carolina.

G. Q. PATTEE, Proprietor

Dr. Richard T. Taylor Dentist

At Pinehurst from Jan. 1st to April 1st

Are You Going to Build or Paint or Renovate a House?

If you want it done well—with par-
ticular care and finish, with highest grade
of materials and skill, I will do it for you.

Let me advise you concerning the best
available method of construction in this
locality, and its cost.

FRED C. PAGE, Aberdeen, N. C.

Contractor and Builder

Telephone or write

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

Published Every Saturday Morning, During
the Season, November—May, at

Pinehurst, North Carolina
Conducted by **Ralph W. Page**

EDWIN A. DENHAM, BUSINESS MANAGER
11 West 32d Street, New York

One Dollar Annually, Five Cents a Copy
Foreign Subscriptions, Fifty Cents
Additional

The Editor is always glad to consider contribu-
tions. Good photographs are especially desired.

Editorial Rooms over the Department Store.
Hours 9 to 5. In telephoning ask central for
OUTLOOK Office.

Advertising rate card and circulation state-
ment on request.

Entered as second class matter at Post Office
at Pinehurst, Moore County, North Carolina.

Saturday, March 18, 1916

Religious Services

At the Pinehurst Chapel:

Holy Communion 9.30 A. M.
Children's Services 10.00 A. M.
Morning Service and Sermon 11.00 A. M.
Night Service at the Com-
munity House at 8.00 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Early Mass 6.15 A. M.
Second Mass (when visiting
Priest is in Pinehurst...) 8.00 A. M.

Mails

Arrive 8.00 A. M.	Leaves 7.00 A. M.
8.30 A. M.	8.30 A. M.
7.00 P. M.	6.00 P. M.
8.30 P. M.	8.00 P. M.

Trains

NORTH	SOUTH
Leave 9.40 A. M.	Leave 7.10 A. M.
9.00 P. M.	7.35 P. M.
FROM NORTH	FROM SOUTH
Due 8.05 A. M.	Due 10.30 A. M.
8.30 P. M.	9.45 P. M.

Some Radiant Visitors

We admit with our first breath that we
are not ornithologists. And we know not
the ways of the golf links sandpiper, the
kildee, nor the bass of his wisdom, the
hoot owl, that abides in the hollow oak.
Our amazement is that since we have been
sitting in this sanctum adverting things
mundane and material, narrating con-
tests and fetes and the feats of the field
and the chase, nobody with an eye for
beauty and a knowledge of the woods
and its inhabitants has turned up to
abuse us for having no more soul than
caddie and no perception of the wonders
of the country.

THOREAN WANTED

Is there not in all this multitude a
man or a girl to advise us on the Birds
of Pinehurst? Do the bluebirds that
children in the North delight to find in
pairs, and follow with delight on rare
occasions, pass through here in armies a
thousand strong unobserved and unsung?

His Lordship the Kentucky Cardinal,
more gorgeous than ever your lady has
been in crimson ball gown and ruby tiara,
reigns over every branch and stream in
the section. Cross bills, those funny little
fellows, flicker about the cedar trees
meandering North; the whole nation of
Robins have invaded the Sandhills, and
strut in vain for even a glance of recog-
nition.

The place is alive with annual migra-
tion. It is presided over by the oldest
inhabitants of the woods—radiant with
color and character. Behold the red-
headed woodpecker. His name here about
is legion, and he is overdressed and ill
bred, and makes a noise, and looks sassy.
But he adorns the landscape, and has a
personality, and you can no more fully
live without observing him than you can
be a man alive and remain forgetful of
the sunset, or the Aurora Borealis.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

We have known for a long time that
Bittern and Great Blue Heron, the varie-
gated wall paper Wood Duck and lesser
breeds of swamp fowl shared the recesses
of the swamps with the Great Horned
Owl and Coopers Hawk, bane of the
barnyard. We have seen times innum-
erable the round portals of the Kingfish-
ers residence in the banks of sand above
the ponds at Aberdeen and Jackson
Springs, and listened to the chorus of
the invisible feathered tourists among
the pines.

AN INDIGNANT AUDIENCE

All that was brought to mind the other
day on the links. The question before
the house was whether to tear down the
mound of whiskers that barricaded the
way to a decent putt, or to use a mashie
in the fond hope of flying over the im-
possible thing. I was using a varied and
interesting vocabulary, reminiscent of a
trip to Winslow, Arizona, and the Cor-
bett-Jeffries prize fight, when I became
aware of a myriad audience in a tree
above me, regarding the performance
with unfeigned astonishment and indig-
nation. They might have been spirits,
so silently had they come. And the in-
carnation of all things pleasant and
lovely. They were the most delicate con-
ceivable brown, in blending shades, and a
daughty little crest, and had the witch-
ing eye, and the bland expression suitable
to the satisfied life. And they failed
utterly to understand why man should
be wroth on such a fine day, and all
Nature rejoicing.

I called to my opponent, who attested
the score:

"Say, what gang is this up here?"

"Oh," says he, "They are Cedar Wax-
wings on their way from Aiken to Hot
Springs. You have grounded your niblic,
and it is my hole."

But what is a hole less or more? Right
then it was determined that some toll of
the fiery wings and the brilliant plumage,
the woodland songs and the feathered
hosts should be added to our pages to
delight the eyes and the ears and the souls
of men. Being uneducated in the matter,
we call for volunteers. We would like a
record at the Pinehurst Pine Grove lunch
rooms and warbler hostelries of all the
arrivals, and some little character sketch
of distinguished or unusual visitors to
these parts. For we opine that there are



"Glad to see you—
I've a place in my
squad for you."

YOU ARE WELCOME AT THE TRAPS

YOU'LL find the "glad
hand" and a spirit of
good fellowship wait-
ing for you on your arrival
at any of the

5,000 Gun Clubs

scattered over the country.

Trapshooting is the national gun-
fest,—a sport that appeals to men
and has the approval of women.
The flight of the clays makes
sport for the vacation days. Go
to the shooting club where you
can have fun with your gun.

ASK FOR BOOKLETS,—“THE
SPORT ALLURING” (FOR MEN)
AND “DIANA OF THE TRAPS”

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

Powder Makers Since 1802
WILMINGTON, DEL.

THE

Pinehurst Jewelry Shop



Jewelry Notions and Silverware
Repairing and Engraving

Dr. Ernest W. Bush

OSTEOPATH

Southern Pines, North Carolina