



## MEN'S HAND-TAILORED DINNER SUITS

**A**FTER a hard day of topped drives and putts that wouldn't go down, there is genuine exhilaration in a dinner suit. Particularly if it is hand-tailored. Pinehurst is no place for machine-work anyway. Ours are not merely technically hand-tailored, but finely hand-tailored, uniform in every stitch, and finished with that visible regard for detail identified with genuine custom productions.

DINNER SUITS, for Men and Young Men. \$60.00 to \$85.00

DINNER WAISTCOATS, in white or in black. \$9.00 to \$15.00

SILK DRESS MUFFLERS, Carmoor-London. \$12.00

DRESS GLOVES, one button gray pique suede. \$4.50

*No more Luxury Taxes after January 1st 1922.*

**Franklin Simon & Co.**

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Men's Shops—Separate Entrances on West 38th and 37th Sts.

## Showing the Visitors Around

BION H. BUTLER

Once in a while if it feels right my telephone stutters a few jingles and somebody calls up to ask if the flivver has had her shoe mended or her carburetor so adjusted that she can get back home if she gets out of sight of town, and then I know we have a party of sightseers who can be coaxed to go out and look over the surrounding sandhills. So we throw a handful of oatmeal in the radiator, and tie a hay wire on the rear door where it will not latch and sally out and pick up two of the expectants and load them in the back seat and step on her and roll down the road in a procession that presently strings out until it is a string, and then scatters until it is a group of isolated fragments. A few days ago it was a bunch of several score of the Seaboard Railroad officials, and I kind of liked that outfit. I had one from the North and one from the South, and as we hit out the Midlands road it was satisfying to see them look pleasant as the photograph man used to tell us half a century ago when he set a little hayfork up against the back of a fellow's head and proceeded to make a flattering picture of him. To tell the truth I don't have to offer many apologies about that Midlands road, and I like to take the crowd that way. And there is a sort of lousy pleasure in thinking we are all lost as we nose around the roads of Pinehurst and wonder where we are coming out at the next crossing.

Years ago we used to be the cargo in those personally-conducted tours around Niagara Falls, for instance, before the state had taken the concession from the bunch of pirates that owned all avenues of approach to the falls, and it all comes back again when you have in tow a crowd that has never seen much of the remarkable sights you are showing them here in the Sandhills. And even if the bunch is wise men like presidents and vice-presidents and general managers and all that kind of dignitaries you find that they don't know a bit more about the aristocracy of the high-priced Ayrshire cows than you do, and it is somewhat awe-inspiring when you say that cow over there can trace her ancestry back to her grandfather's grandfather, and then as much farther, and never a one of them in jail, or hanged or accused of buying a senatorship for half a million dollars. A railroad man is a mighty big man when he is showing you that the confounded pump you ordered seven months ago from Buffalo has not had time to get here yet, but, brethren, he is not a bit bigger than you or me when you have him out in front of the packing houses at Garran Hill showing him the orchard sweep there and telling him that next summer will probably see about thirty cars of peaches loaded there a day. He is figuring then how to keep the Southern from swiping any of that business, and he is as docile and friendly as a little lamb.

That orchard business impresses him, and the crowds playing golf on four or five or six courses as we pass the various links, and when you tell him that Berkshire hog society at Pinehurst entertained guests last fall from as far away as California, Connecticut, Georgia, and I don't know where all, he is interested. And so it is with everybody else we occasionally shoot out over the Pinehurst belt. None of us run around enough. The good roads make it possible to get out from Pinehurst in all directions, and the interesting journeys need not be the ones where the speedometer shows the chief interest in the ride. It is the out-of-the-way corners and the odd spots that pay the best return and take the least gasoline.

That day we had the Seaboard folks out we met a colored man coming down the road "on his own power," as the railroad man said, and the other one added, "The original transportation system," for he was afoot. And that is the way to see a lot of the points of interest that are on hand in all directions here around Pinehurst. It is hard on the batteries, but it is good for the soul to stop the car here and there and get out and do a bit of leg work in places where the car is not handy about going. Every time I unloaded my railroad friends they knew what to do with their feet as well as Jack Dempsey does, and they had lots of fun in walking about a bit.

What I started out to say was that we ought to have more of these sight-seeing trips, for I find that from railroad magnate in the sight-seeing business down to the most unsophisticated boy from the sticks we all like to run about and see things and here in the Sandhills we have plenty to look at. A man might live a life time and never get out of hearing of the Pinehurst guns at the shooting matches and still find new things every day worth seeing.

### WHEN IS A LOST BALL?

This bit of irony, sarcasm or something appears in the form of a sign on a Scottish golf course: "Members will refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."—*Boston Transcript*.

### THE FLOOR HELD

"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?" asked one man of his friend.

"Sure," was the answer. "Did you think it would go through?"—*Western Christian Advocate*.

### FOUL PLAY

The Scottish bowling team is accompanied by a band of pipers which plays prior to every important match. The general opinion is that this gives a very unfair advantage to the Northerners, who are used to it.—*The Passing Show (London)*.