

TRAYMORE


ATLANTIC CITY

WORLD'S GREATEST HOTEL SUCCESS

The luxurious center of social life in America—enjoying an international repute for comfort, luxury and happy living. Sea and fresh water baths with every room. Fireproof throughout. Floor plans and detailed information upon request.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS
Traymore guests have full privileges of the beautiful Country Club of Atlantic City, where golf is played the year round. 18-hole Championship course of 6,459 yards.

DANIEL S. WHITE, President **JOSEPH WALTON MOTT, General Manager**



Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading.—Henry VIII.

Crossing the Road

Knollwood Village has moved across. Lot No. 204 is the first to go, and it is as desirable as anything on the hill. It is north of the Midlands road, and west of Crest road, the corner in that cross roads above the club house.

Three more good lots between there and the Carthage road.

A bunch of good lots on the south side of the Midlands road.

These are going now before long.

Mid-Pines is proving all that was expected of it. The golf course is alive with players, the club house is the center of a new activity. Knollwood Village will come fast now. These are ground floor days.

Make a pick from the group of lots on the Midlands road. You know the chance will not last long.

A. S. NEWCOMB & CO.,
Selling Agents **Pinehurst, N. C.**

Satisfied With the Sandhills

BION H. BUTLER

A few days ago I had occasion to go down to New Orleans for a short visit, and from the minute I set out until the end of the return journey I kept an eye on the territory traversed by the train while daylight prevailed. I wanted to compare other sections with ours. I came back satisfied. I had not been in Mississippi and Louisiana for over twenty years, and on my last journey down that way I had little concern in noting the development and prospect. This time I wanted to measure our progress and our prospects by what farther South offers.

The first thing that impressed me was the apparent lack of vigor in the region I pass through in either direction. I saw peach orchards in some of the North Georgia country, and there was visible the same indifference and neglect that I observed in the Fort Valley region last summer. I thought when I saw the grassy rows and the unpruned trees, and the lack of thrifty care, of the difference between that prospect and what I had left in the Moore county sandhills where the rows are clean, thoroughly cultivated, the trees symmetrical and pruned to look almost as if they had all been cut to the same pattern, and everything having an air of positive thrift. That picture told a decisive story. The Sandhills region has a certain vigor and system that the Georgia orchards do not show. Of course that is their affair, but what I was after was to compare other sections with ours and satisfy myself whether we were in the running or simply hanging on to the procession. The signs are that we are ahead of the field. I say this with more or less caution, for I am aware that it is the fashion for people to boast that their own neighborhood is the best spot on earth. We all overdo the thing called patriotism, and overdo it so ridiculously that I like to look at the cards when anything is said about our section or any other. Instead of being too enthusiastic about our own neighborhood I like to examine into conditions and see if we are really warranted in what we believe.

That is why I look out of the car window when I am on the train, and why I ask a lot of questions when I am on the ground. I was particularly interested in that string of winter resorts along the gulf coast between Mobile and New Orleans, which includes Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Bay St. Louis, Biloxi, and the others, and after a glimpse of the collective string I saw enough to satisfy me that the Pinehurst region is in a wholly separate class. The fog was one thing that made no hit with me, and another equally objectionable feature was the air of neglect that showed up all along that line. Want of paint, rubbish in the streets and on the lots, the lack of that trim neatness that is in such sharp contrast with what we are accustomed to see around Pinehurst and the Moore county resort towns told too clearly the difference.

Throughout the trip my idea was to satisfy myself if we are justified in the claim that we really have in the Sandhills a country that has the possibilities we have all believed, and if it fairly compared with other sections of the South. My opinion when I returned home had taken this shape—that Nature has been good to us, and that our natural attractions are the equal of anything in the South, balancing all things, and that in the treatment of natural resources the people of the Sandhills have handled their opportunity better than the people of any section to the southwest. The gulf coast has milder weather in the middle of the winter, but it has fog and lassitude. It has an interesting foliage, but man does not make that foliage what the people of the Sandhills do in the way of landscape and scenic effects. It takes more than a bit of sandy beach or open forest to make an alluring winter resort. With those features must go neat buildings, well-kept yards and streets and village surroundings. Signs of aggressive life must be in evidence. Although the visitor comes to Pinehurst for rest and recreation, I cannot imagine he appreciates a setting of indolence and negligence, and the appearance of the southwest and the feel of the air down that way both suggested that life had no ginger in it.

When I got back to the Sandhills the general setting seemed to intimate that the windows had been washed, the air had a snap in it, and you can imagine in such an atmosphere an impulse to get up on your toes, fill your lungs with air that has life in it, and that keeps you ready for three meals a day and the pillow at night. I think it is a good thing for the folks of this community to get out once in a while and see the rest of the world and then come home and appreciate what we have at home and try to make the best possible use of it.

BUENOS AIRES.—What becomes of the cocktail mixers of yesteryear, the chaps who devoted their youth to perfecting sparkling "Manhattans," "ginn fixes" and the rest of the imposing array that formerly graced the bar lists in the United States?

A tour of the bars of Buenos Aires might reveal the whereabouts of some of these famous persons, for a big percentage of the local cafes are equipped with a cocktail mixer who speaks unmistakable New Yorkese. Nor are the cafes any too modest about it. One has just flaunted a three-column advertisement in an English daily, announcing that the head cocktail mixer of the steamer 'Southern Cross' would favor the restaurant with his presence on such and such a night. It then proceeds to list the artist's former haunts, including three New York and Chicago hotels and the Panama Pacific exposition.