

ATLANTIC CITY



HOTEL 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.

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 contributions. 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 statement on request. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Pinehurst, Moore, County, North Carolina.

Saturday, January 1, 1916

The Immortal Motor

“Journeys end in lovers meeting
Every wise man’s son doth know.”

Since history dawned on the divine fabrications of Odysseus, the first great exponent of the Strenuous Life, the human race has never seen a golden age of romance to compare with this amazing era, unfolding before our very eyes.

Nothing Cervantes or Marco Polo could even imagine can be compared with it. More adventure is concentrated in a week’s time in Chicago than is contained in all the chronicles of Bagdad (and quite as scandalous). Every newsboy on the train has seen more strange and wonderful characters than Peter the Hermit ever dreamed of.

Do you doubt? Let us see. Suppose you opened the morning *World* and found these headlines:

“*Italian Gentleman Sails Across the Atlantic in a Caravel.*”

Well, you’d say, what of it. I’ve done it myself, on a steamer, and Blondin did it in a catamaran on nuts and barley water.

“*Hannibal Crosses the Alps with 10,000 Men.*”

This you would assume was a police drill and belonged in the municipal column.

“*Iccarus flies two miles and falls into the Sea.*”

If you didn’t skip it entirely in search of Mutt’s adventures you’d doubtless say this flying business isn’t perfected yet.

“*Jeanne d’Arc on the Rampage.*”

You’d look over your specs and inform your gentle partner that there is no limit to this feminine foolishness.

If De Quincey were to drop in and begin his epic about the Flight of a Tartar Tribe you would sigh and write a small check for the Polish relief fund. Guy Fawkes would languish in obscurity and die of envy, these days. Cleopatra would go into vaudeville, swan boats take parties of children sightseeing on the Styx, Dragons be lassoed by gentlemen cowboys

from the Harvard Club to make a scenario and Charybdis dammed to run a dynamo in Scranton, Pa. Caesar Borgia would be fined \$1,000 and costs. Every Sunday supplement would have half tones of Daniel Boon snooping through the wilderness.

I repeat, this is the age of miracles, of adventure, of chivalry. It is so romantic and miraculous that we think no more of wonders than a princess does of pearls.

And that is the reason, my friend, that you finish your breakfast and ask, “what is there to do?”

I answer, consider the automobile. It is to you what the Dromedary was to the Bedouin, the fiery steed to the crusader, the jin-riekshaw to the Mandarin, his elephant to the Rajah. The one great partner in all enterprise.

Take it and go forth with an open mind. There are five roads, broad and dry and firm, the pride of our hearts, each one the Appian Way. And on each one Sir Walter Raleigh would have found the Great Adventure.

For him the beauty lay in *not* knowing what to expect, or where he was going, or who was there. But if you are made on another plan and want your voyages charted and a prospectus of your surprises, you will find a partial list of object points described on another page. (Assuming the printer can get it into this issue. If not, you can look forward to its appearance with keen anticipation).

The Christmas Dance

Even if you were not one of the gay dancers which throng the ball room at the Carolina on Christmas night you doubtless managed to get a look at the joyous proceedings over the shoulders of the assemblage gathered at the entrance; and it seems rather superfluous for us to emphasize at this late date the fact that the dance was a success of the most decided variety. Just outside, in the corridor, stood a punch bowl of generous dimensions and contents, completely surrounded by human and thirsty beings. That punch bowl was also voted a great success, quite unanimously and frequently. The dance ended late, as is the habit of jolly and successful affairs—we cannot conscientiously state just when it came to an end for we weren’t there at the time. However, it was all over when we came down to breakfast. An attempt to compile a list of even the most consistent dancers ended in ignominious failure, but here and there we managed to identify one of the whirling couples and to note their names for this Immortal Chronicle, as follows:

Miss Gertrude Kerckhoff, Miss Marion Kerckhoff, Miss Judith Jenks, Mr. Jenks, Mr. Andrews and Miss Helen M. Andrews, Miss Lillian Gillette, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Waters, Miss Lucy Priest, Mrs. A. S. Newcomb, Mrs. George Lead, Mr. C. Maxwell Peterson, the Dana brothers, Mr. Charles P. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkerson, Mr. and Mrs. Sternfeld, Miss Esther Tufts, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Spindler, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Monsey, Mr. J. C. Skinner, Mr. Melville Brown, and numerous others too active for identification.

Send the PINEHURST OUTLOOK to your friends. It will save letter writing.



**SHOOT
DU PONT
POWDERS**

DUPONT BALLISTITE SCHULTZE

Endorsed by Generations of Sportsmen and Made and Guaranteed by the Pioneer Powder Makers of America

Loaded by the leading ammunition companies in the popular loads for field and trapshooting.

Look for DUPONT, BALLISTITE or SCHULTZE on the shell box.

Insist on getting these loads—the choice of 80 per cent. of the sportsmen of America.

FOR POWDER BOOKLET GIVING GAME LOADS AND LOADING INSTRUCTIONS. WRITE SPORTING POWDER DIVISION.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. WILMINGTON, DEL.



The Jewelry Shop
Large and Varied Stock of
Diamonds, Jewelry
Silverware and Notions

From the Best Manufacturers Only
Repairing of Jewelry and Engraving of All Kinds, All in Our Own Shop by Skilled Workmen

MAY WE SERVE YOU?

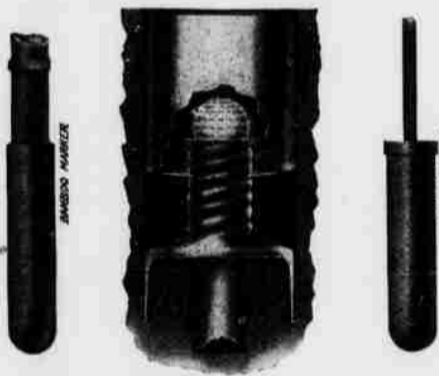
THE PINE CREST INN

A recent delightful addition to Pinehurst’s Hotels
MODERN THROUGHOUT.
Mrs. E. C. Bliss.

Dr. Ernest W. Bush
OSTEOPATH
Southern Pines, North Carolina

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 L Sts. N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

The most comfortable and homelike hotel for tourists in the Capitol. American and European 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 particular 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.

Telephone or write

FRED C. PAGE, Aberdeen, N. C.
Builder and Contractor

JACKSON SPRINGS HOTEL
New Management
OPEN NOVEMBER TO MAY