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THE VILLAGE GOSSIP

Gathering of Sportsmen and Advent of Familiar Figures as
Seen by One of the Leisure Class



MY Dear Duchesse:

Positively you will have to leave your uplift work for the time being and come help me hold up my end down here. They will have to go to building more houses, and that's all there is about it. Every place in the town is rented, and the old residents are mostly on hand now. Mr. and Mrs. George T. Dunlap have opened Column Lodge, and Mr. George is already looking with predatory eyes on the inordinate display of Tin Whistle trophies. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler L. Redfield came down from New York with the advertising golfers. This is the liveliest bunch we have seen here yet. About 160 of them descended upon the golf courses and proceeded to play about four tournaments at once, against each other, and time, and bogey, with prizes distributed every few minutes to platoon, brigade, company and squad leaders, everyone taking turns at these positions. The Tin Whistles not to be outdone conducted a swatfest in the middle of this, and no man could wander abroad for careering

golf balls.

They were a very interesting and entertaining lot—authors and publishers and newspaper men, moguls in the magazine world and pleasant fellows. Frang Presbrey was on hand, and E. J. Ridgeway, the dynamic publisher of *Everybody's Magazine*, and Mr. and Mrs. George Dutton from Boston, and Grantland Rice—my dear, you may not know Grantland Rice, but every man in the country able to wield a racket or swing a club or with eyes to read the sporting column does—and I am back in my element. I presume you gather that the dancing is really begun. They have fixed up the ball room something like with fandangles and stuff, and got them an emancipated band that beats anything I ever heard in my life. When it comes to fox trotting, next to the right girl I would prescribe this Ethiopian drummer. He understands it. He doesn't care whether he is playing the drum or the back of a chair, or ringing a bell, or whether he has any music or school keeps or not. He goes after this thing like a deacon getting religion, and whoops it up until there isn't a still foot in the room, and everybody is whirling

around in an ecstasy. I suppose you would like to know just who was there and what kind of crape they wore, and who hadn't any partners. Get a directory. They were all there, and dressed by Paquin, I should say.

This same remarkable symphony plays every afternoon upstairs in the club house. I don't believe anybody knows it, or else they would flock up there for tea. Maybe you will tell them.

Mrs. Joseph Boylan, who is from Roslyn, Long Island, is in the Arlington for the Winter. She is thinking of getting a small estate down here in the neighborhood somewhere, and has been looking around a bit with her son, who is going to Yale next season. Most every afternoon I join a select company at tea with the Fullers in the Concord. You see they understand these things, and I am very particular about my tea. Last week Commodore and Mrs. Newton had a little dinner party for the Pumpellys and Henry Holt, Jr., of New York, visiting at Samareand, who came in by motor.

It is without intention of consuming you with envy and homesickness that I tell you that there was a big bridge party given at Fernleigh last Saturday by Mr. Henry Houston and Mrs. Arthur Newcomb. A great many of the ladies of Pinehurst and Southern Pines were present, among them being Mrs. T. T. Watson, Mrs. J. T. Newton, Mrs. H. W. Priest, Mrs. Walter Sandford, Mrs. Spencer Waters, Mrs. Leonard Tufts, Mrs. George M. Howard, Mrs. George Langdon, Mrs. Charles Hudson, Mrs. Harry G.

Waring and Miss Bogert from Pinehurst;

Mrs. R. E. Wiley, Mrs. John Powell, Mrs. A. L. Drew, Mrs. William Mudgett, Mrs. N. F. Wilson, Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Angie Newcomb, Mrs. Nellie Chadwick, Miss Lydia Chadwick, Mrs. Charles Heywood and Mrs. George Herr from the neighboring metropolis.

The prizes were won by Mrs. Priest, Miss Bogert, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Newton and Miss Newcomb. Seemed to be sort of a Pinehurst freeze out.

Mrs. Walter Sandford of New York had a lunch party at the Carolina Tuesday for Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. Waring, Miss Bogert and Mrs. Newcomb. The luncheon parties are becoming popular. On Friday Mrs. George M. Howard had a large company of ladies to meet Mr. Howard's sister.

A band of humorists have chartered the Harvard for a couple of weeks, and are roaming around the contiguous periphery shooting up Derby's model plantation and kidnapping the loose Ford Automobiles about (which is a blessing) and chasing Jim Boyd's drag hounds, to find out which one wins. They had a party at the club house Wednesday night, successfully credited to the Brunette band and Mrs. Manning. In the words of Lady Warick I might say that I observed there (being at home in my slippers at the time, in Hoboken) Mr. and Mrs. Doodle-day Page, Raymond D. Morris and Mrs. Morris, in bright tulle de Sac and chiffon of pearl, Katharine Loring of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pearson of

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