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Management MERRY & BOOMER

FROM DAN TO BERSHEBA

Or Chicago to Key West, by Way of Pinehurst, is an
Easy Journey Nowadays

Bion H. Butler Tells of Our Far Flung Road Lines, and their Humble Beginnings.



ONE thing to the everlasting credit of Pinehurst. I believe it is responsible for more of the good roads development of the South than any other one factor. When the automobile became fashionable the men who had wheels delighted to get the troublesome machines out into the country where they could find a road the thing would run on. Good roads were not so abundant in the early days of the automobile as they are now. The bicycle had been doing missionary road work, but a bicycle path and an automobile road are different individuals although they have the same ancestry. An automobile can climb a tree now, and lots of people undertake the job with them. It can go almost any place a goat can go. But it does not like to. Yet it could not always slide to second with the same confident assurance, and it was in those days

of little confidence in its ability, and if the truth is told, days of little ability as well, that the automobile needed good roads.

Pinehurst had sufficient clearness of vision to realize that if men could find a place where their gas buggies could accumulate expense accounts for them in Winter that expense business would be attended to promptly, for plenty of men delighted to stand by and watch the tainted money slip down through the hole in the pocket. It is a great game, and makes a man chesty to note the ebb of the kale, and to realize that the efforts made to pile it in faster than it goes out are successful. So in the day when the automobile's chief line of action was to bring home fresh bills people doted on the new way of escaping that thing Carnegie dreads, dying rich. Pinehurst met up with the good roads bug, and this sand clay idea that had been catching some credulous folks in other places got the official goat around

here. A sand clay road was built, and the bloomin' thing inoculated half the township.

THE ABOMINABLE MIXTURE

Talking about those sand clay roads, the first of them were worth going miles to dodge. The first one of them I ever met was over in Southern Pines. It was the night before Christmas, and I reached that town on the night train, after night, sable goddess, had climbed up to her ebon throne that some fellow tells about in the fifth reader, and was stretching her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world. To get a strangle hold on some more poetry, the snow had begun in the gloaming, and it had sifted down on a new sand clay road near the depot about two thicknesses of fluffy white slush that looked as pretty as any Christmas night you ever saw, but it said nothing about the overdose of pasty yellow clay that lay concealed below the soft, misleading snow. I climber down from the car, and started to head down the street toward where my household gods were putting about even mony on whether they wanted to see Santa Claus or daddy first, and the first step in the beautiful snow surprised and pained me. The second coincided. The third led me to move to make it unanimous. Then I looked around to see somebody listen while I put up a good old fashioned Pittsburgh kick. We never saw that kind of snow in Pittsburgh and it occurred to me that when you find anything so everlasting clean and white you can expect a frame up of some sort. I tried to find the sidewalk,

but it had been fixed up with some fresh clay for the benefit of us fellows from the North who were coming down for Christmas, and every time I set my foot down I brought up a mixture of white mushy snow, and sticky yellow clay when I lifted it.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

In a day or two the sun had pushed that smear of snow back and dried the muddy clay, and the road was as solid as it was pretty, and the kids were chipper and I just whirled in and forgave everything, and from that day I commenced to take to the sand clay compound for road surfaces. It is that way always. You don't often guess the combination the first time. I have arried a little slip in my hat band for years to tell me how to get into the postoffice box if the boys happen to push it shut and lock it, but they will open it off hand any day. When Alexander Bell invented the telephone he had a great graft, but the discourteous thing would not work until some Yayhoo invented a little pin point to put under the diaphragm or spleen or some part of its anatomy to make it do some little stunt that it re- After that stimulus Brother Bell had no fused to perform satisfactorily for Alex. more trouble and he proceeded to enlarge his safety deposit box and prepare for an income that is now properly helping to pay the expenses of our glorious country.

THE EPIDEMIC

Pinehurst and Southern Pines man-