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For booklet and information address

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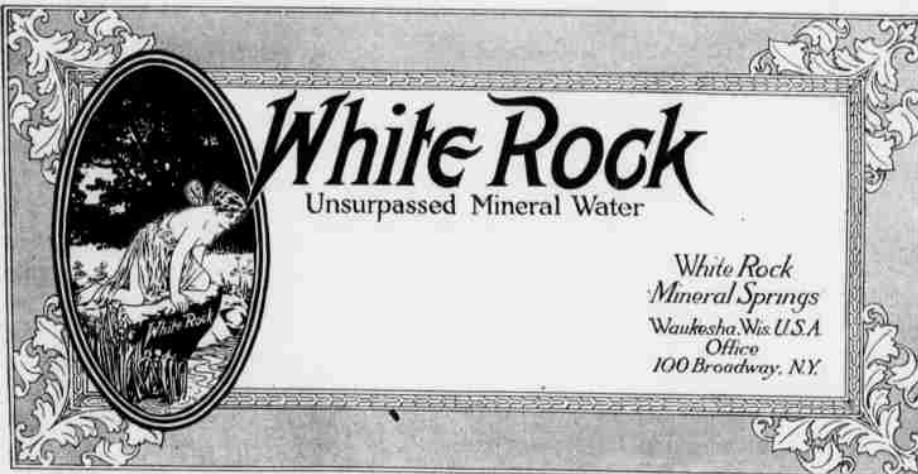
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aged to build a sand clay road that connected the two towns, and then the race was started. It spread like an epidemic of chicken pox in the country school. The townships commenced to vote bonds for improved roads, and some of them forgot to get a majority. That compelled another vote, for there is always some kicker, who is not satisfied with the results and he has to raise a fuss until another vote is taken. I guess it is probably true that the road question is never finally settled until you get a good road. So the business of making roads extended, and every Hill Billie in the south half of the country put up a clamor for a road to his farm. After the first spasm of protest at the cost the people commenced to understand that it does not cost as much to have good roads as to have the punky old roads we used to tolerate, roads that had just the one virtue of serving as a guide to the traveler from one town to another. When the farmer saw that on the new clay road he could haul as much in one load, and go about twice as many times in a day to town, he caught on to the fact that one day with his team would do three or four times as much as it would on the old sand road. He saved his annual share of the road cost in just about one day's travel. Then he went home and kicked himself around the farm for putting up with a sand road all his life, and called in his friends and neighbors from the next townships and showed them the horrible example which was himself.

IN LINE WITH CAESAR

That spread the good roads infection, and now to find a community immune to good roads you have to go out to the back country, or travel miles and miles and may be then not catch up with any of them. When we could boast that around Pinehurst were two or three hundred miles of good roads we felt about like old Mr. Caesar felt when he had been out and mopped up the peninsula with the Greeks or Thracians or some of those light weights from the bush league belt and had come back to Rome to see what the sporting editors were writing about him. Then we put another two or three hundred miles on the record, and gave that to the papers, and the clipping bureaus began to offer to send us collections of what the papers were saying about the sand clay roads of the Sandhill country. It makes a fellow feel right chesty to read about his neighborhood in the papers every day or two, and we all commenced to think the Sandhills good as gum, and fine as patent flour until we got to the thousand mile record, and Westgard started to put us on the automobile maps, and Deaton compiled road maps of the country, and from that on things have been piling up faster than the official scorer can keep tab. I reckon by this time a hundred thousand miles of good road lead out from Pinehurst, for we are on the National highway from Washington to Atlanta, and that road catches up with other roads that go from Dan to Bersheba, and we are on roads that run all over the South, and in all the counties of everywhere, and nobody knows any more how many miles of good road there are anywhere.

EVERYBODY'S NEIGHBOR

The good road is about as good a

neighbor as a barrel of flour and a piece of side meat. It is just like this. If you are going to do anything it is a chance you will want to hit up a trade with some one in the next township, and you must either go there afoot or on wheels. The foot business is played out for anything like long journeys or big loads. That leaves the wheel in command of the job. The wheel has opinions of its own, and it is a partisan of good roads. As the wheel has the last word the good road had to come. The railroads are the interlopers of good roads in America. They came just in time to take the heavy job away from the wagon road, and it was a long time until the automobile arrived to show the haughty railroad its proper place. The railroad is all right. It has stood close to the red back spelling book in making this the greatest country on earth, and in making this earth the best known and most popular place of residence so far as we know among all the members of the solar system. The railroad has done more to equalize the hunger strike, and to mitigate its severity than all else. The railroad is a pretty good feller even if it does stir up trouble once in a while because the commerce commission cannot see the need of five per cent increase in rates. But the sand clay road is a different individual. The sand clay road puts neighbors in reach of each other and of town and of all the things that are worth while having. When I first came down this way it was a day's journey to go to Fayetteville, and a lot more besides the journey. Now if you are in Fayetteville along in the afternoon you look at your watch about five or half past and you threaten that you must pull out for home pretty soon or you will be late for supper. Of course the automobile is one of the agents in this easier way of getting back and forth, and with all their confounded insolent ways I think the world of the automobile. Yet what would an automobile do any more than the old haymobile on the roads we had ten years ago?

HAIL THE BENZINE BUGGY

The automobile stimulated the good roads as sure as your name is John Doe, and you may be sure it is John Doe with the proper alias, or else you have never been pulled for running too fast through the presumptuous little town of Hooppole Center, and that is one of the abominations of the good roads. Too many of these little jay burgs stand around with their dignity in the middle of the road where it can be trampled on and run over. For trampled dignity you pay the fine, and go away and cuss internally twice as much as would take a similar fine if internal cussing could be made amenable to law. But I notice here and there that the wise old Rube who has been pulling the fellow whose speedometer shows more than a mile and a half an hour, is catching onto one of these Saxons or a Ford, or a seventh-hand Maxwell of 1904, and that mystic fellowship that comes from the smell of gas on your whiskers makes the old Greek more tolerant and Christianlike.

THE PUBLIC INTRODUCER

This country is full of automobiles and it has a curious influence in extend-

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