

The World's
Greatest
Hotel



The Spirit of Good Service
and Unequalled Facilities for its Accomplishment

Add to these an Unrivalled Location—consider that

THE McALPIN

is the Largest and Safest Hotel Structure in

NEW YORK CITY

and you will understand why it is the

Most Talked About and Most Popular Hotel
in America Today

Prices Notably Moderate

Broadway at 34th Street

(One Block from Pennsylvania Station)

L. M. BOOMER, Managing Director

That no one could beat him at reaching
the pump.

The deacon's own daughter stood watch-
ing all that
With a smile in her eye and a flower on
her hat.
And as she beheld him excel the whole lot
Her heart fairly fluttered and choked her
somewhat.

Next day the parading went round in a
ring.
The deacon's own daughter, sweet lovely
young thing,
Was riding a float where Young Locke
cast his view,
Her eyes shot a glance and Dan Cupid
shot two,
Such shooting was new to this dashing
young body
And it went through his pulse like an
apple jack toddy.

All day they went round like two flowers
in an eddy.

When the deacon said "homeward," the
maid was not ready.

The deacon then scolded. The youth took
her part.

The deacon turned livid and out of his
cart

A hickory cudgel he drew. Then alack!

Young Locke thought of nothing but
"balling the Jack."

A word to the maid, and a dash to the
rear,
A twist to his Ford which, thank heaven,
stood near,
A sound like the wrecking a train load
of tin,
He's out to the maid, and the maiden
is in!

They're off—over wire grass and heather
and scar!
"That mule will ne'er catch us," quoth
young Locke McVarr.

They went out of sight in the dusk of
the vale
The deacon pursuing and waving his flail.
The wagon bounced high, and the dog
ran behind,
And the last that we saw they were
splitting the wind.
But how it all ended and where they
now be,
Just ask whom you wish to—BUT DO
NOT ASK ME.

Send THE OUTLOOK to your friends.
It saves letter writing. Ask for mailing
envelopes.

A SCIENTIFIC GAME

(Concluded from page one)

fering an easy course. It starts and ends
at the Club, a considerable advantage
for anyone wishing to play only nine
holes. It has no bunkers or pitfalls to
discourage the novice or interfere with
the progress of instruction.

A MASTERPIECE

The masterpiece of the Summer how-
ever, is not on either of these courses.
It is the execution of the plan for the
remodelling of the eighth hole on num-
ber three course. This long stretch which
used to be the most monotonously uninter-
esting of all on the course now presents
as pretty a problem as any golfer would
wish to tackle. A variable mountain
range has been established beyond a for-
midable array of pits on the left of the
fairway a hundred yards from the tee,
and repeated with greater fury on the
right a hundred yards from the green.
This last set are the most savage attacks
on the natural landscape that I have
ever seen on any links. They not only
lend zest and terror to the game, but
make for Swiss scenic effects en route.
The result is that two 225-yard shots will
reach the green without let or hindrance;
that a cautious man might manage to

sneak by Scylla and Charybdis by dodg-
ing to right and left and gaining safety
at the expense of distance. Other hope
there is none, except for Alpine players,
or miners.

REST HOUSE

A welcome addition to the champion-
ship course is a rustic cabin equipped as
a rest house and for the serving of drinks
and light refreshments. It is near the
ninth hole on top of the hill, and sports
an immense fireplace and plenty of room
for the celebration of making the turn.
A number of shelters have also been put
about on the courses to help out in
case of storm or sudden rain.

Quail

Another ancient saw has gone by the
board. There has been a tradition in the
countryside that a wet Spring was a bad
sign for a quail crop. Well, we had a
Spring this year that could not be dis-
tinguished from a freshet. And yet not
only are the birds not scarce, but the old-
est liar in the country cannot remember
seeing as many as there are this year.
They go off like gatling guns under the
heels of our horses, and trail about the
paths like privileged visitors. The woods
are full of them, challenging the sports-
man, and promising a big year in
the field.



CARTHAGE SCHOOL GIRLS IN A PICTURESQUE COUNTRY DANCE AT PINEHURST FAIR