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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

—unanimously disregarded even by this enlightened company the very day following.

The hit of the evening was made by Channing Wells. It was in refutation of innuendos conveyed by the toastmaster, whose introduction hinted at a coming phenomenon, and in definition gave as an example—not a thistle, or a bird, or a cow. No, none of these. But a cow sitting on a thistle singing like a bird. That is a phenomenon.

Mr. Wells:—"That I may address the ball standing on my head—or that I may climb trees in my approach or hoot like an owl may have been maintained by my traducers. But my dearest enemy never went so far as to say that I played golf like a cow singing. Perennial and talented toastmaster, you have joined the forces of the nature fakers. I used to think you were an ardent lover of nature until we started that fateful game on Number 2. I soon understood why you felt like a Missouri breakfast. A Missouri breakfast consists of a quart of whiskey, a beefsteak and a hound dog."

Here James Barber moved the previous question to discover why the hound dog.

"To feed the beefsteak to, of course."

This game progressed with an astonishing array of alibis to the 15th tee. Here friend Boyd's tee shot assumed the aspect of the undulating progress of a lame

grasshopper for a few fitful jumps. Thinking to encourage him I said:

"If I had your tender love for a golf ball I'd chuck that driver and use a feather duster. It would not hurt the ball so much and would get more distance."

From there he went into a pit. He went in with a blemishless character playing three, and came out a moral and physical wreck playing nine. He came out with an odd ambiguous sound like a shipload of monkeys in action. When his words were untangled I found he was simply maligning Donald Ross. Distinguishable were such soothing phrases as "Prince of Butchers. Desecrater of scenery. Skinned the North Carolina landscape alive. Time might come when golfers come no more, but thousands will always flock to see the Grand Canyons of Pinehurst. He cares nothing for art—spends his time searching for nature's veriform appendix."

And all the while the speeches were larded with the chorus of the old songs, gathered en route these many years into the club song book, and led by Barber on the tuneless flute of the salad fork.

The members and guests present inculded:

T. B. Boyd, Henry C. Fownes, Donald Parson, C. B. Hudson, J. M. Thompson, Charles B. Fownes, J. G. Nicholson, Charton L. Becker, Wm. C. Fownes, A. I. Creamer, H. E. Mabbett, R. H. Hunt,

Noyes D. Clark, H. P. Hotchkiss, J. Henry Herring, H. I. Thayer, C. H. Lay, H. H. Rackham, W. L. Milliken, Seward H. Fields, H. W. Ormsbee, F. P. Lee, F. S. Danforth, Geo. T. Dunlap, J. D. C. Rumsey, G. W. Statzell, Dr. J. S. Brown, Wm. H. Thayer, Dr. C. F. Macdonald, Ralph W. Page, B. Graham, J. E. Pushee, A. L. Carr, W. S. L. Hawkins, Chas. W. Chandlee, E. W. Paige, E. G. Chandlee, Edwin Beach, S. D. Wyatt, Oakley Wood, James Barber, J. R. Bowker, A. S. Newcomb, T. A. Kelley, Mr. Tiers, Austin L. Sands, H. S. Houston, A. H. Lane, T. H. Hoggsett, W. E. Wells, M. B. Johnson, Marcus Aborn, E. A. Denham, Channing M. Wells, Walter A. Sanford, F. G. H. Fayen, A. M. Seeley, George A. Magoon, Robert Foote, Dr. C. P. Wilson, T. L. Redfield, D. G. Wing, E. M. Slayton, E. J. Patterson, John P. Stevens, H. W. Priest, F. C. Hall, Geo. D. Buckley, H. H. Buckley, A. S. Higgins, Louis Mertz, Chas. S. Waterhouse, Almon C. Judd, C. R. Corwin, E. H. Wiswell, Alex. Ross, W. E. Truesdell, Donad J. Ross, Leonard Tufts, Rev. T. A. Cheatham.

Official War Pictures

(Concluded from page three)

thetic eye, what a dramatic story you could tell about the frontier children—the adventures and history of the five little girls, let us the shadow of the ruined chapel say, that lived one time under

now a tarket for tons of dynamite on the river Somme.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Linden Smith of Boston will tell the story here in the **Carolina Ball Room, Sunday Evening, March 18th at 8 o'clock.** Joe Smith is a distinguished artist, well known by the whole world not only for his artistic ability, but as a keen observer, and a man of great sympathy and influence and humor. Mrs. Smith is a leader among the women of this country in helpful enterprise. They have given their services to the Franco-American committee for the Protection of the Children of the Frontier, and they are working with the French Government to this end.

Of course they desire to obtain an interest in these waifs in the Sandhills. But there is no charge for the lecture, and no collection made. And their lecture is not a sermon or an appeal. It is the dramatic narrative of events and incidents seen by one of the keenest of living observers at the front, illustrated by the official war photographs of the French Government.

The Carolina

Sunday, March 18th 8.00 p. m.

Record of Number Three

Parker W. Whittemore of Brookline established a record for course three Wednesday. And at that was putting in the most casual fashion. taking three shots on four greens, turning 4s into 5s, and on the 15th taking a four after a six-foot try for a two. His score was:

Out—	4 5 3 4 4 3 3 5 5—36
In —	4 4 3 3 3 4 5 3 4—33—69