

Comment

The Hotels

GUESTS returning to THE CAROLINA will find this splendid hostelry shining spick and span. The outside walls have been given a new coat of beautiful squash pie yellow and the bright autumn sunshine reflects therefrom in "more than Oriental splendor." The radiance will be sufficient to warm you all over on chilly days. The interior likewise has borne bravely the redeeming lash of the decorator. In the dining room you now toy with your *flet mignon* in a restful haze of pale buffs and browns; in the lobby you knit, or smoke, as the case may be, and listen to the jolly golf liars, in surroundings of virgin white. The desk, behind which the patient clerks beam, has been enlarged, and so hereafter in getting your mail you will not be engaged in a roaring melee of humanity. Mr. Priest has enlarged his private offices; Mr. J. W. Keeland will take the place of Mr. Judkins, who has gone to Belleair. Otherwise the staff remains substantially the same as last year.

Old friends of THE HOLLY INN will rejoice over the improvements there. The lobby and dining room have been entirely redecorated and appear to be a small edition of The Carolina. Upstairs the bedrooms have been refurnished and bathrooms have been installed, and it is hoped, if our crew of paint daubers can find time, to give the Inn a coat of paint outside. This hotel is just naturally determined to keep up with its big brother hotel on the hill. Friends of former years will miss our genial Mr. Abbe who has long been presiding at this old stand. His place this winter will be taken by Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald, of Grill Room fame. All jaded epicures who have lunched at The Country Club will now repair to The Holly Inn, for where Mr. Fitzgerald goes there goes also M. Deschand, his chef.

And now we come to THE BERKSHIRE, last but not least in our affections. Those who visit The Berkshire this season will find many new baths installed—and of course Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. Carpenters and plumbers have wrought many minor improvements in this hotel, all of which tend to raise, if possible, the level of solid, quiet comfort which prevails there. And each year finds old guests returning faithfully, to take their ease at this inn and "let the world wagge."

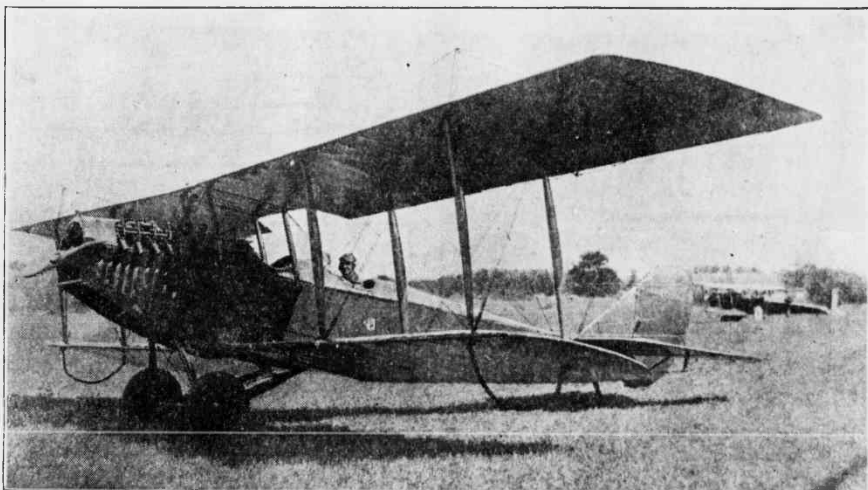
Recent Building Development

OWING to disturbed labor and market conditions the building program in Pinehurst the past summer has not been as extensive as in the years before the war, but there has been, nevertheless, a healthy expansion within moderate limits of time and labor, and the town has more than kept pace with its neighbors or with any town of the same size and character.

The most notable achievement has been the transformation of the old Palm Cottage. Out of the chrysalis of this abandoned

structure, long sunk in degradation and fallen, like Babylon, from an high estate, has emerged a modern butterfly known to the world now as The Clover Leaf. We hold responsible therefor a certain A. S. Newcomb, local dealer in dirt. The old building has been shingled and made fireproof; the interior has been remodelled and contains four charming suites of a sitting room, two bedrooms, bath and kitchenette, with accommodations for servants. The idea of the whole arrangement is to supply a long felt want in Pinehurst—namely—satisfactory accommodations for those who do not care for hotel life and yet do not feel equal to the burden of a large cottage.

Two new residences just completed are those of Mrs. T. T. Watson, of Wayne, Pa., and Mr. G. W. Statzell, of Drexel Hill, Pa. Mrs. Watson's bungalow is on the lot adjoining Mr. J. H. Andrews and it really looks as though it has, like Topsy, just naturally "grew up" in the pine trees without any effort. There is no cottage in Pinehurst which fits so admirably into its surroundings. Mr.



LIEUT. MITCHELL MAINTAINS REGULAR PASSENGER SERVICE BETWEEN PINEHURST AND NEW YORK

Statzell's cottage, around the corner from Mr. Houston's, has likewise called forth much favorable comment. It is surprising to find how much room Mr. Statzell has secured within the modest dimensions of four brown shingle walls. Mrs. John D. Chapman, of Greenwich, Conn., has remodelled The Beech to meet her requirements. Casement windows, a hand-rived, cypress shingle roof and an arched doorway give a decided air of distinction to this cottage.

Airplane Service to Pinehurst

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed for a passenger carrying airplane service between Pinehurst, Richmond, Washington and New York, and all who care to fly to Pinehurst and risk their necks with Lieut. Mitchell instead of the old Seaboard, are invited to do so. Particulars concerning this service will be furnished by the Pinehurst General Office.

Lieut. J. A. Mitchell comes from Montpelier, Vt. He entered the Royal Flying Corps in June 1917 and after

training at Toronto went over seas and remained in service a year and a half; he has an enviable reputation as a skillful pilot; no passenger has ever been injured in his machine and we are indeed fortunate in securing his services. The coming of Lieut. Mitchell not only makes it possible for one to drop into Pinehurst for a game of golf and a cup of tea and return to the office next morning, but it also adds to the already varied list of amusements and recreations offered at Pinehurst. And further. It is a forerunner of the day when our guests will possess their own sky-wagons and will descend upon us from the sky in flocks like robins migrating South. Truly, birds of passage!

The New Fourteen Points

1. THAT the name of Brandywine, N. Y., be changed to Coldwater, N. Y.
2. That "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" be made the National Anthem.
3. That all mention of the Bourbon Kings be expunged from school books.

4. That on account of being suggestive, rye bread be withdrawn from sale by all bakeries.
5. That no part of a ship be referred to as the saloon, for the reason that such reference might raise false hopes.
6. That all bars be removed from harbor entrances or be designated by some other name.
7. That the word "port" be expunged from navigation charts and references.
8. That the use of alcohol lamps be forbidden by law.
9. That the useless 9,000,000 white jackets and aprons in this country be sent to the starving Bolsheviki.
10. That the word "still" be expunged from the American language and all dictionaries, and the word "quiet" substituted.
11. That all mint be ploughed under and vanilla beans planted.
12. That any barber tantalizing a customer by using bay rum on his hair be given ten years.
13. That men with the "foot-rail limp" shall not be allowed to march in any public parades.

14. That all pretzels shall be made straight, instead of bent in the old familiar style, to avoid reminiscences. —Los Angeles paper.

The Sandhill Fair

ON another page we have devoted considerable space to The Sandhill Fair and have attempted to outline what a visitor may expect to find at this famous Moore County Frolic. The Fair really deserves its allotted space—and more, if more space could be conceded. To the casual reader, to the occasional visitor to Pinehurst and to those unfamiliar with Pinehurst in any other aspect than that presented by The Carolina Hotel and The Country Club, it may seem unusual to dwell at length on a subject so trivial and common as a Country Fair; but in these days when certain excited groups of coal miners, railway workers, and policemen deem themselves possessed of more power than the Government and imagine they hold the population of the United States in the hollow of their hand, it is pleasant to contemplate another and dissimilar section of the proletariat *en fete*—the farming bourgeoisie of a southern county, untamed and independent, Americans untarnished, and under no delusion whatever as to the imminence of a promised Utopia. Moore County farmers are not yet tainted with teachings of false prophets, nor do they bow down at the altar of Lenin or Trotsky. In fact, it is the vast, inert, unwieldy bulk of the country folk of the nation (whose power cannot be measured and whose voice certainly cannot be heard in the uproar of the present soviet symphony) that constitutes a hopeful element and an abiding refuge in the midst of economic distress. Perhaps, moreover, because we do not have enough Country Fairs and because the rural elements of society lack effective organization, we are not yet fully conscious of the fact that there is latent in the countryside a tremendous corrective and stabilizing power, which if properly led and made articulate, could combat successfully the elements which are leading us away from sober thinking down the doubtful paths that lead to anarchy and confusion.

This may be a rather formal statement, or analysis, of the feelings evoked in the hearts and minds of those who attend the County Fair. To put it another way. We all must agree that a County Fair is a refreshing sight nowadays. To enter within the gates of the fairgrounds is to leave behind for a moment the nightmare of industrial strife. But, after all, the Fair is something more than a narcotic and a balm for the weary. It ought to bring home to everyone the thrilling truth that if we were all working along the lines of the Fair, if the nation as a whole felt the spirit of orderly industry, kindly co-operation, hopeful patience, gradual improvement, homely economy and a right standard of living, as evidenced at the Fair, many difficulties now confronting us would dissolve like dew before the dawn.