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ITS LIKE NE'ER WAS SEEN

Monkey Tourney will Scintillate in Local Golf History.

Merrymakers Awaken Sleeping Violet and Tempt Curious Bunny from the Woods.

MONKEY tournaments have been numerous here, but the like of Tuesday's contest was ne'er before seen. It goes on record as the jolliest frolic that ever delighted playful golfers, and passing time will only serve to brighten its lustre.

on the eleventh, for Capt. Ross' team, to something above 24, for Capt. Knight's team, on the ninth.

In a general way things went rather smoothly on the holes which lacked mighty difficulties, but the Wind Mill or Pond hole, the ninth, and gay Helen Hunt, the twelfth, laughed in goulsh glee when the company appeared.

Capt. Knight's team started things on the ninth, and when the smoke cleared the surface of the little pond was punched full of holes and laughing merrily.

Capt. Knight saw it all very clearly when his hosts formed for the attack, for Mrs. Knight, with a niblick, was up. He whispered to her to miss, eagerly awaiting an opportunity to "kill the ball" with his brassie, unmindful of the ominous silence of the pond. Mrs. Knight missed—just that far Capt. Knight's plan of attack carried well.



SOUTHERN GOLFERS.

R. H. Thatch, W. P. Ward, Birmingham, Ala; Clarence Angler, Dr. F. Holland, Atlanta, Ga.

Twenty-four players, four teams of six each, participated and they entered into the spirit of the occasion with an abandon and childish joy which awoke the slumbering violet, and brought Bunny Rabbit from the depths of the scrub oak, to see what it all meant.

Of ludicrous features there were no end, and of good natured chaffing, a perfect fusilade. In a word, it was rattle everybody else and keep cool yourself, and the fact that it was alleged to be a contest was forgotten in the joy of the hour.

Sixteen holes were played and, doubtless, the company would be playing yet if the darkness had not mercifully intervened, and the figures in which holes were made ranged all the way from a 3

Then up the ramparts sprang Capt Knight, with determination in his step, confidence in his eye, and "Excelsior" in his bearing. He brushed the tee lovingly, gave the ball a gentle caress, rose, and glanced fearlessly across the pond, up the hillside, and on and on to the point where the sombre brown sank into the azure blue.

The supreme moment has arrived, and Waterbury watches tick loud above heartbeats. Slowly the brassie starts, moves, seems to feel, the thrill of life along its keel; hesitates, descends! There is a dull click, a moment's silence, during which Capt. Knight gazes tragically at the distant horizon, and then a sad and awful awakening as the wayward ball plunges angrily into the waiting pond.