

golfers in the country, did not get his famous long ball into action at all in his match with Dyer. And his usually indifferent putting became so careless that he may be said to have lost the match on this alone. Going out he missed easy putts on the first, fifth and ninth, and coming in he lost the eleventh for failure to negotiate eight feet, and failed to win the twelfth which he had earned by dubbing an easy four foot shot for a four.

Both players started badly, calling for six and five strokes apiece on the first two holes. Dyer took the third by a long shot into the cup for a four, the fifth by reason of Guilford's careless putting, and the eighth by virtue of a stymie. The rest were halved and so Dyer came onto the turn three up.

Guilford's drive on the tenth was a reward to the gallery enticed out by the fame of his long shots. Those who know the water hazard and the long hill will recognize the virtue of a ball only a few feet short of the trap before the green. But he lost at that. Dyer's approach from a further position was a delight to see, and then he holed out for a three. *Guilford four down.* Dyer lost the eleventh by his only careless shot on the greens, halved the twelfth by virtue of Guilford's again making him a present of a short shot for a four, and also divided honors on the thirteenth, both players landing in the sandbank on top of the hill and floundered around in it like children at play. The fourteenth was really the deciding of the contest. Dyer made the 432 yards in two beautiful shots, took his two putts like a professional, and landed four up and dormie while Guilford again made for a bunker and a five.

And here Jesse Guilford, with all the chances against him, made his last stand. The short fifteenth was credited to him with three perfect shots, the sixteenth with four while Dyer rambled into the rough in both cases. And then the end came suddenly, showing that the Intervale champion was not at his best. The seventeenth is a short and ugly hole, but has been the salvation of many a near loser. For it is a possible two for any player nerved to a desperate finish and supported by fate. This was Guilford's chance. Dyer had driven somewhat off the green to the right. A perfect mashie shot such as Carter made under pressure would help the situation. But being his bad day Guilford drove short of the trap, and to his horror and his anxiety dropped the next ball squarely into it, and the third just out again. No need to watch any more. Jesse Guilford, terror of champions, had lost his match.

Pigs

Now that Spring is calling the tardy husbandman back from the bunker to the plow and the wise farmer is again busy in the fields, it would reward you to catch a glimpse of the rewards of the bucolic life as practiced in the Sandhills.

This is easily done by a stroll out beyond the gun club to that haven of lard and ham, the piggery, where yearling shoats in platoons may be seen hungrily preparing themselves for a profitable market.

LADIES' DAY

On the Polo Field. R. W. Pinney
Judges the Horseback Events

Gathered on an improvised grandstand under the trees inside the whitewashed fence, a gay company of spectators witnessed some good riding and a variety of sport horseback in the weekly gymkhana games Monday last. A squad of girls, guests at the Carolina, provided a good exhibition of riding and diversion, in all manner of equestrian contests.

Foremost on the program was what might justly be called an omelette event. One has to be not only in full control of the eager charger, but a steady and even rider to make any speed across the arena escorting an egg in a spoon. The contest was to see who could transport a bowl of eggs one by one in this manner from one side of the field to the other. And great was the catastrophe thereof. Evidence of having competed in this skillful maneuver could long afterward be found on saddle and skirt. Miss Dorothy Hughes of Boston led a large and laughing field home in this culinary stunt.

The entry list of the games included Miss Edna Jenkins of Rochester, Miss Dorothy Barber of Englewood, Miss Rose Briggs of Boston, Miss Mabel Pew and Miss Hensel of Philadelphia and Miss Frederika Kauffman.

Judging the events was Dr. R. W. Pinney of New Haven, Connecticut, on hand to assist those heralds of the course George Leach, M. F. H., and Charlie Piequet, master of ceremonies.

The pony post was duplicated in the following event. Pitted against Master James Tufts, hero of the potato race, and Mrs. George Leach, leader of gymkhanas, Miss Hughes and Miss Briggs, Miss Barber and Miss Kauffman, Miss Hensel and Miss Pew carried away the honors in a furious race. The relay was twice around the course, each rider doing one turn, and delivering the precious pouch to her partner who had to mount after its reception. Not less than speed in riding the distance, a fast mount and quick get away was essential. In this Miss Pew showed better form and more skill than any of the others, eliciting a round of hearty applause by her eagerness to get away, and her dispatch once the mail was in her hands.

The potato race was another contest that called for quite as much patience and skill as speed in the race. Armed with spears, and lined up by their barrels the squadron resembled a cordon of ladies-at-arms, if there ever was such a thing, or modern Joan of Ares, on conquest bent. However their deadly purpose was limited to a pile of potatoes at the end of the lists, and great was the joy of the spectators to see the fair riders rush lance in rest upon the diminutive mark. Back and forth they fared, but in vain attempt to outdistance James Tufts, whose methodical care in spearing his tubers got the better of all enthusiasm and landed him the prize.

The scarf race was a fast and pretty ride in which Miss Barber and Miss Kauffman outdistanced Miss Hensel and Miss Pew.

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