St. Valentine's Tournament

.. O tell me truly, Connor, O tell me, Connor Black, Now will it rain, you think, again. Or will the clouds roll back?"

.. Oh! man, I canna tell ye, I surely canna tell; But if it doesna rain again We'll have a long dry spell."

Thus replied the well-known sage to our tearful and poetic entreaties. Unexpectedly, he made no mention of St. Valentine, or St. Swithin, or the ground hog, or the moon, or the present administration. He contented himself with the delphic utterance above.

Therefore, O Golfers, we cannot give you the encouragement we had hoped. When Connor goes back on us there is something wrong in the State of Pinehurst.

We have to report merely that the Sixteenth Annual St. Valentine's Tournament got under way on Monday last, but at the present writing has come to a standstill. Old J. Pluvius is on the job. Owing to the delay in consequence a double-header may be run on Friday in order to complete the program.

The entries this year are not so large as last. One hundred and forty-seven have entered the fray. No doubt many of the brethren are compelled to remain at home, and possibly in bed, with the prevailing indisposition.

Monday morning on the links proved to be a sort of a freeze-out to all except James Barber. He appeared at the Club House with the pockets of his sweater bulging mysteriously. Investigation by baked potatoes tucked away in each pocket. Mr. Barber explained that these potatoes would keep warm all around the links and were most admirably adapted for keeping his hands warm and his courage high. 'Twas not in days gone by of resorting to such a nut." base expedient and substitute!

For what they are worth, we append did not enjoy. below the best scores made Monday in the Qualifying Round. It is amazing condition?" he asked. to note in this list the absence of such well-known names as R. C. Shannon,

AT THE CAROLINA

Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. T. E., Newark,

Homans, Mr. Sheppard, Sr., New York, N. Y.

Houston, Mr. Buchanan, New York, N. Υ.

Kimball, Mrs. F. H., Bath, Maine. Kimball, Miss Priscilla, Bath, Maine. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. F. E., Montpelier,

Vt. Mattheys, Mr. J., New York, N. Y. McGregory, Mr. Malcolm, Detroit, Mich. Milam, Miss Blanche, Washington, D.

Conn.

Runebough, Mrs. H. T., Cleveland, Ohio. Salm, Count Otto, New York, N. Y.

Jock Bowker and Donald Parson. It was the chilly weather, no doubt.

40	39	79	2
44	41	85	
41	44	85	
41	44	85	
42	46	88	
43	45	88	
43	45	88	
43	46	89	2
45	44	89	
43	47	90	
44	46	90	
43	47	90	2
48	43	97	
46	45	91	
45	46	91	2
43	48	91	2
47	45	92	2
47	45	92	2
45	47	92	2
44	48	92	2
44	49	93	
48	45	93	2
45	48	93	
45	49	94	2
49	45	94	
44	50	94	2
46	49	95	2
49	46	95	2
47	48		2
47	48	95	2
48	47	95	2
	44 41 42 43 43 43 44 43 44 45 47 47 45 44 44 48 45 49 47 47	44 41 41 44 42 46 43 45 43 45 43 46 45 44 43 47 48 43 46 45 45 46 43 48 47 45 47 45 47 45 47 45 47 45 48 44 49 46 49 46 49 46 47 48 47 48 47 48	44 41 85 41 44 85 41 44 85 42 46 88 43 45 88 43 45 88 43 46 89 45 44 89 43 47 90 44 46 90 43 47 90 48 43 97 46 45 91 45 46 91 45 46 91 47 45 92 47 45 92 47 45 92 47 45 92 47 45 92 47 45 92 47 45 92 47 45 92 47 48 95 49 46 95 49 46 95 47 48 95 47 48 95

Unless otherwise noted the score was made on Course Number 3.

THE SAD GOLF NUT

The golf bug has a sad face. He is plainly out of sorts. Something is the revenue agents disclosed two nice hot matter with him. He has just come from the doctor's office where he has undergone a thorough physical examination. He is sore and depressed, but not from what the doctor found, but from what he refused to find.

"You are all right," said the learned ever thus! Who would have thought physician. "You are as sound as a

That was a little joke the golf bug

"Are you sure that I am in first-class

"Absolutely."

"Is my blood pressure normal?"

"Perfect."

"Heart regular ""

"Heart O. K."

"Lungs clear?"

"As a bell."

"Liver in good working order?" "Splendid."

"Kidneys functioning properly ""

"Yes."

"No trace of neuritis?"

"Not a bit."

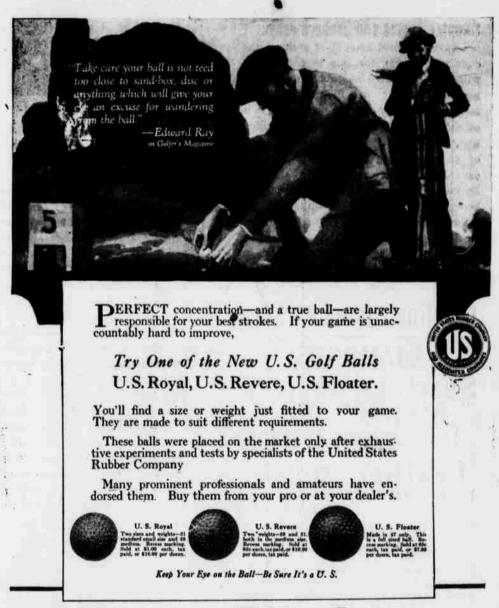
"Am I not bordering on a nervous breakdown?"

"See no indication of it."

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry, man, what for?"

"I thought sure you'd dig up some Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. L. H., Meriden, good excuse for me to go south for the winter. Now I'll have to be honest and Pratt, Mr. Geo. H., Jr., Hartford, Conn. say that I'm going to Pinehurst, N. C. simply because I want to play golf."-Edgar Guest in The Detroit Free Press.

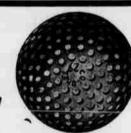


United States Rubber Company



Non Floater

THE COLONEL **SAYS:**



Medium Sia Non Fleater

"The most copular ball at Pinehurst is the Colonel, because its superior finish and paint stand the peculiar soil conditions and sand greens of Pinehurst better than any other ball !"

