



Men's Four-Piece Golf Suits

Carmoor-London Colors
in Scottish Woolen Weaves

65.⁰⁰

A four-piece golf suit, tailored in genuine SCOTTISH WOOLENS, with the new English lounge type of golf coat. It gives you a combination bench and bunker suit which can be supplemented with other appropriate garments and accessories from our four Men's Shops which are fully equipped to furnish all your needs.



*Genuine Scotch Woollens.
Made by the members of the
Scottish Woollen Association*



Men's Shops—West 38th and 37th Sts.—New York

On the Fairways

(By SANDY McNIBLICK)

The past week was a trifle dull in the way of golf. Many of the links folk enjoyed the old game, but they played it. To the conversationalist the week was a trifle haggard.

But wait. You haven't heard, maybe, about the hit it made with "Bill" Kelly, Trenton, N. J., and his old links pal, "Dave" Edwards, brother of Senator Edwards.

They are golfers from the word go and the main trouble betwixt them and the dark night is that it is tough to play golf at night.

The other night in The Carolina, they were fretting, and we joined the party. What is a mere night to us?

It was the eve of the Costume Recital at the hotel and the party edged towards the door of the dance floor where the carryings on were to take place. They didn't smoke in there but, as we'd just finished a cigarette, and "Dave" insisted we take a seat with him in there, we went. Especially as "Bill" had just lit a fresh cigarette. The music went over big, especially with "Bill" out there in the hall. He couldn't hear it. "Dave" left the hall after two songs had been sung, as he said the singers couldn't be good golfers. They came in, said he, but didn't go out.

"Bill" and "Dave" were much perturbed when the songsters passed the hat for a collection, but the light soon dawned.

"Do you need a caddy tomorrow?" asked the main operatic gazabo, when he saw "Bill."

"Now you're talking sense," answered "Bill." "I sure do? Know anyone?"

"How about me?" asked the operatic hero. "That's what Ah works at in de daytime."

"Oh," answered "Bill." But he was a little dubious about the man's ability to carry a golf bag and follow the ball. He'd heard him sing.

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It was a great week for golf with the employees at The Carolina last week.

Head-waiter Jimmy Maher and the head-waiter of the upstairs crew, represented the dining room of the hotel against a couple of birds from the golf shop at the Country Club. The latter pair was Ed Coon, not as dark as his name, and Paul Nevens.

Maher had a 39-40-79, and his partner a 40-41-81, but Nevens had a 39-35-74. They played on No. 1, and Nevens and Coon won the match, one up.

As the result of the good golf scores of the waiters the hotel management is now over-run with pleas from the golf guests there. They all seem to want to become waiters.

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An accident is an accident. We know that. Even if it does take more than a motor truck to make us hole out.

But there was nearly a calamity on the golf links here the other day. E. D. Marsh, New York, was out there golfing and he's a good one.

He teed off at the third hole of No. 1 course and got a pippin. His second shot wasn't too good while his third on that long hole, wound up behind a tuft of grass more than a foot high. Marsh had the sole idea of getting the ball thence. He drew a mashie and hit the ball a belt. He was 130 yards from the green, but wasn't thinking about the green just then—wanted to get out of that bum lie.

Just then his caddy had the look of those things when they're about to pass out.

"What's the matter?" asked Marsh, registering grave concern at once for the bag-toter.

"Your ball," gasped the dorky.