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## On the Fairways

(By SANDY McNIBLICK)

THIS was, is, and ought to be a golf week full of heart-interest, for it marks the St. Valentine's golf fete here. There is surely no mortal who has never heard of St. Valentine. He's the bird to whom all his friends whisper, "have a heart."

There have been many notable golfing arrivals at this Dixie club lately, Mrs. Ronald H. Barlow, woman's golf champion of Philadelphia, for instance. She has been eastern champion many times, and has done many notable feats on the links. Tom Kerrigan, the noted pro, is with us, and Samuel J. Graham, noted metropolitan golf amateur, is with us, recovering from a bad knee injury.

The past week marked some notable doings on the links, and off, partly off. There was some weather for three days rather unfavorable to the jolly game of golf. Meantime some of the entries in the St. Valentine's tourney for men sat around the 19th hole, and Harold Rolls, Buffalo golf expert, started the oratory with a brilliant piece about the day he made a hole in one golf stroke.

"I used to have a mid-iron which was my favorite golf stick," quoth he. "It was a pip and I thought I could make any old golf shot with it. I was trying a weird one, one day, when the shaft busted."

"I hustled to the pro shop and turned the club in for repairs, but when I went back the next day, the pro was all disturbed. The club had disappeared, he knew not where."

"I went over his exhibits but none of his stock mid-irons seemed to suit me. Finally I found one on his bench. It looked and felt like mine, but he said not. It seems a fellow had brought the club in the day before for a trade, because he didn't like it.

"But this mid-iron suited me so well, I asked permission to give it a fling, which the pro granted. I came to a short hole that afternoon and decided to use the club for the first time, I'd just gotten. Believe it or not, I made the hole in one, the only hole I ever made in one shot."

The gang cheered but Rolls was not through.

"That afternoon I met the bird whose mid-iron I'd used to get the hole in one stroke, and was telling him about it. 'Pshaw,' quoth he, 'I got a new mid-iron today and the first time I used it was on the hole where you made your swell shot. The funny part is that I had a hole-in-one with my new club on the same hole where you made yours. Beat that.'"

A. D. Knittle, Pottsville, Pa., had something plainly on his chest he had been wishing to spill and burst forth with it, hardly had Rolls ceased firing.

"I'm a lawyer," chanted Knittle, "and I once won an important case with a hole-in-one."

"Can't be done," murmured the gallery.

"Ah, yes," continued Knittle. "A man was found dead with a bullet in his brain. The insurance company said it was suicide but the relatives claimed it was murder, and so did I, as I was their lawyer."

"After I'd spilled plenty to the jury I told of the bird who was playing a 206-yard golf hole. His tee shot sliced, hit a tree, ran up the bark, hopped off a limb right on the green, and ran into the hole for a one, after starting on the well-known out-of-bounds path."

"I made a hit with the crowd but not with the opposing lawyer. He panned me lustily for five minutes on account of that story and then asked how I expected a jury to believe such a weird tale of imagination. 'You forgot to say who the man was who made,' ridiculed he, 'the weird shot you were telling us about.'"

"How careless of me," I replied, "but it gives me pleasure to give his name, and moreover he's right here to testify to the truth of my story. It was His Honor, the Judge his self."