

ONCE AGAIN THE WINNER

(Concluded from page one)

3; Brown beat Wilkerson, 1 up (19 holes); Hunter beat Allen, 5 and 4.

SECOND ROUND—Phillips beat Becker, 20 holes; Shannon beat Hudson, 1 up; Kelly beat Howard, 2 up; Hunter beat Brown, 5 and 4.

SEMI-FINALS—Phillips beat Shannon, 2 up; Hunter beat Kelly, 3 and 2.

FINALS—Hunter beat Phillips, 6 and 5.

CONSOLATION

FIRST ROUND—Waldron beat Parson, 6 and 5; Russell beat Jones, by default; Hunt beat Bullock, 7 and 6; Allen beat Wilkerson, 1 up (19 holes, close going).

SECOND ROUND—Waldron beat Russell, 6 and 5; Allen beat Hunt, 5 and 3.

FINALS—Allen beat Waldron, 3 and 1.

SECOND DIVISION

FIRST ROUND—Goodall beat Cribb, 5 and 4; Brewer beat Stambaugh, 4 and 3; Barber beat Carpentier, by default; Frank beat Smith, 4 and 2; Statzell beat Scott, 8 and 7; Steese beat Milliken, 1 up; Phillips beat Nicholson, 1 up (21 holes); Hennessee beat Cornelis, 8 and 7.

SECOND ROUND—Goodall beat Brewer, 2 up; Frank beat Barber, 5 and 4; Statzell beat Steese, 9 and 7; Hennessee beat Phillips, 2 and 1.

SEMI-FINALS—Goodall beat Frank; Hennessee beat Statzell.

FINALS—Hennessee beat Goodall 2 and 1.

CONSOLATION

FIRST ROUND—Stambaugh beat Cribb, 1 up (19 holes); Smith beat Carpentier, by default; Milliken beat Scott, 4 and 3; Cornelis beat Nicholson, 1 up.

SEMI-FINALS—Smith beat Stambaugh, 5 and 4; Cornelis beat Milliken, 4 and 3.

FINALS—Cornelis beat Smith, 3 and 1.

School For Girls

Mr. Eric Parson, head master of the Pinehurst school, has opened the complete school course to girls. This course is essentially a college preparatory course, following the same lines that Mr. Parson has for some years developed in his teaching at the Groton school.

It is impossible to emphasize the improvement in equipment, and the opportunity that this presents to our neighborhood. There is no man in the country better prepared to do this work than Mr. Parson. The ladies of the staff will take the girls through from the lowest grades to the final examinations for college. This article is written upon request from a number of guests who were unaware that the school would provide equal facilities for girls as for boys.

Better Architecture Developing

If anyone doubts this let him saunter into the suburbs and see the tabernacles we were wont to attend, then go to West End and rejoice in the real structural comeliness and artistic design of the new Methodist Church. Davis says the pulpit seats, communion service and all furnishings were made right in West End and that they are good enough to go into Notre Dame Cathedral.

THE OUTLOOK is on sale at hotels and pharmacy. Ask for mailing envelopes.

The Hell-Gate of Soissons

(From the London Standard.)

My name is Darino, the poet—you have heard—yes Comedie Francaise.

Perchance it has happened, mon ami, you know of my unworthy lays,

Ah! Then, you must guess how my fingers are itching to talk to a pen;

For I was at Soissons and saw it—the death of twelve Englishmen.

My leg, malheureusement, I left behind on the banks of the Aisne

Regret: I would pay with the other to witness their valor again—

A trifle I assure you to give for the honor to tell

How that handfull of British, undaunted, went into the Gateway of Hell.

Let me draw you a plan of the battle—Here we French and your Engineers stood;

Over there a detachment of German sharpshooters lay hid in the wood.

A mitrailleuse battery planted on top of a well-chosen ridge.

Held the road for the Prussians and covered the direct approach to the bridge.

It was madness to dare the dense murder that spewed from those gastly machines

(Only those who have danced to its music know what a mitrailleuse means)

But the bridge was a menace; our safety demanded its fall!

"Engineers—Volunteers!" In a body, the Royals stood out at the call!

Death at best was the fate of that mission—to their glory not one was dismayed,

A party was chosen and seven survived until the powder was laid;

And they died with fuse unlighted! Another detachment again!

A sortie is made—again vainly—the bridge still commanded the Aisne!

We were fighting two foes—Time and Prussians—the moments were worth more than troops.

We must blow up the bridge! A lone soldier darts out from the Royals and swoops

For the fuse! Fate seems with us! We cheer him; he answers—our hopes are reborn!

A ball rips open his visor—his khaki shows red where another has torn.

Will he live? He dies! There a third one! A fourth Still Germans take toll!

A fifth—magnifique! It is magic! How does he escape them—He may.

Yes he does! See the match flares! A rifle rings out from the wood and says "Nay."

Six-seven-eight-nine take their places, six-seven-eight-nine brave their hail.

Six-seven-eight-nine! How we count them! But the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth fail!

A tenth! Sacree nom! But these English are soldiers! They know how to try!

(He fumbles the place where his jaw was—they show too how heroes can die!)

Ten we count—ten who have ventured unquailing—ten there were and ten are no more!

Yet another salutes and surperbly essays where ten failed before

God of Battles, look down and protect him! Lord, his heart is as thine, let him live!

But the mitrailleuse sputters and riddles him into a sieve!

And I thought of my sins and sat waiting the charge that we could not withstand

And I thought of my beautiful Paris and gave a last look at the land

At France, ma belle France, in her glory of blue sky and green fields and wood.

Death with honor, but never surrender! And to die with such men it was good!

They are forming, the bugles are blowing—they will cross in a moment and then—!

When out of the line of the Royals (your island, mon ami, breeds men)

Burst a private, a tawny-haired giant, it was hopeless but still how he ran!

Bon Dieu, please remember the pattern and make many more on his plan!

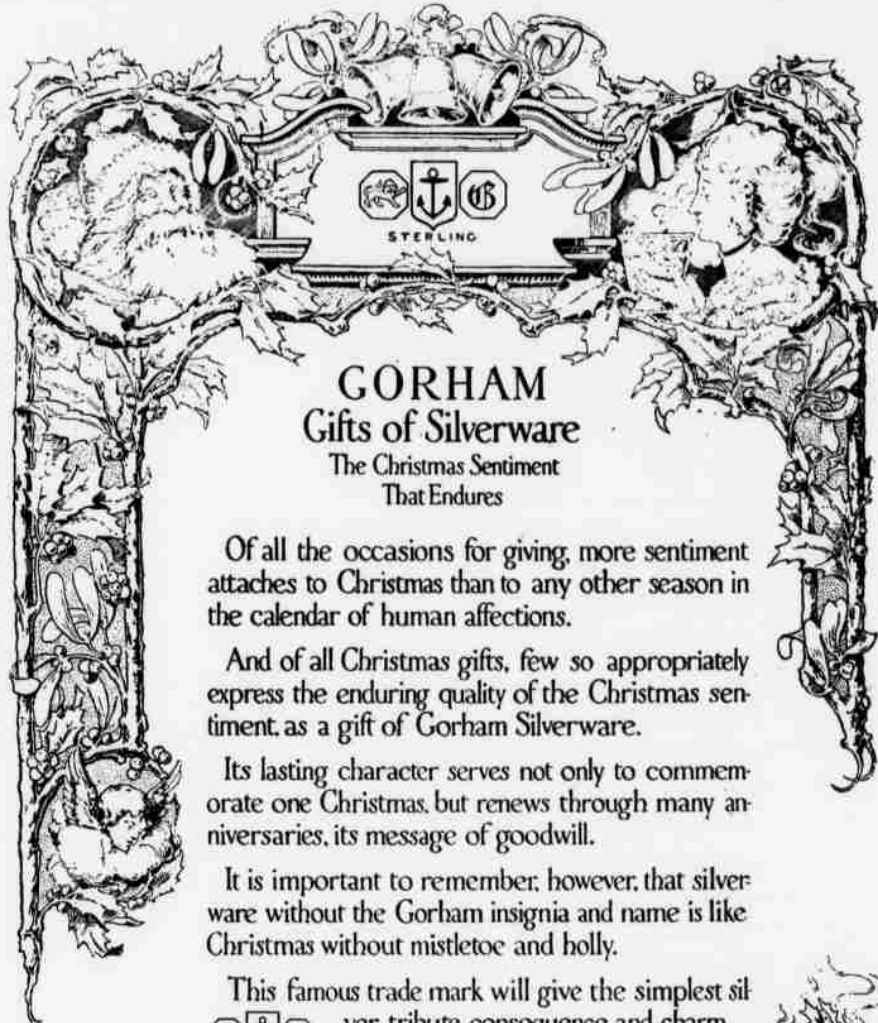
No cheer from the ranks and the Germans—they halted in wonderment too—

See he reaches the bridge—Ah! He lights it; Am I dreaming; it cannot be true.

Screams of rage! Fusillade! They have killed him—too late though, the good work is done!

By the valor of twelve English martyrs—The Hell-gate of Soissons is won.

(Herbert Kaufman—London, Oct., 1914.)



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