

## FACTS, FABLES, STATISTICS

(Continued from page one)

blame for the signal success of the meeting where it rightly belonged, upon the ladies. He wondered down the fair fields of philosophy and into the dangerous abysses of humor, and came through unscathed.

R. L. Whitten, president of the league's Summer frolic at Hot Springs, sounded the tocsin for that mighty event, and extended an urgent summons for all to attend. He was followed by Grantland Rice, trophy lifter, whose rejoicing took the form of sweet poetry, in the following fashion:

"When Cleopatra, wise old girl,  
Got gay one night and drank a pearl  
All frugal folks cried out, "for shame"  
But marvelled at her just the same.  
And she was right—and she was wise—  
To thus get in and advertise.

—W. Irwin.

Lou Hamilton said "Holy Smoke,  
My golf game is an awful joke!  
I'm 97 yards off line,  
I could not break a ninety-nine."  
Whereat his rival said "poor loon,  
You get six strokes this afternoon."  
And Lou was right—and Lou was wise—  
To thus get in and advertise.  
Said Hi Green as he shed a tear,  
"My game is terrible this year.  
Each shot from drive to putt I muss—  
All I can do in par is cuss."  
Whereat the genial committee  
Doubled his handicap in pity.  
And Hi was right—and Hi was wise—  
To thus get in and advertise.

## OUT OF THE TRENCHES

Oh, fellow dubs, I bring glad news  
To you who've missed your shots—and  
booze,  
Good old Hank Ford has kept his word  
And fitted up an Oscar Third.  
The good ship now looms up the glen  
Where Pinehurst gets its peace again  
For he has gone down in his jeans  
To stop the war of lifted beans,  
To get the boys here, in their blight,  
Out of the trenches Saturday night.

## BALLAD OF GOLFERS

Upon the tee in stern array  
Pop Freeman swung a mighty blow,  
And then I saw his body sway,  
And then I watched the golf ball go,  
Just where it went I do not know.  
"Oh Hell," I heard him loudly call  
But cheer up Pop and cease thy woe,  
Into the trap go one and all.  
George Hammesfahr I watched today,  
A stalwart knight with face aglow,  
But when he swung I turned away,  
I could not see him suffer so.  
He spoke as one might to a foe,  
"Say, Caddie, where is that damned  
ball?"  
The Caddie answered—languid, slow—  
"Into the trap with one and all."  
Don Parker's hair is turning gray,  
Hi Mallinson's dull heart-aches grow  
And Roy Barnhill, him once so gay,  
Now sadly counts his vanished dough.  
For these life once had April's glow  
But now the winds of Pinehurst call.  
Whether they pitch 'em high or low  
Into the traps went one and all.  
So fellow players, as you go,

Shoot clean and straight, for in the thrall  
Of golf, or life, at each bum blow  
Into the traps go one and all.

## THE DOLEFUL DOMINIE

And now your orator, faithful to the last, transcribing for a grateful posterity the minutes of this immortal meeting, is grossly at fault. His sin being an unfamiliarity with Scotch as she is spok, either by the Bonnie Bonnie Heather or in Pinehurst, this pleasant State of North Carolina. Were that not the case you should be given a treat as rare and as amusing as that sustained by the Winter Golf League when Marshall Whitlock proceeded to recount the divers experiences of certain friends of his in the Highlands. Even shorn of its frame and its color, told in the sad English of the streets, one of these stories may still serve to adorn a tale.

It appears the Dominie and the Judge were put up at a little inn for the night. And next morning the Dominie addressed the ball in such manner as to lead to the conclusion that he had something heavy upon his mind. Pressed for an explanation he inquired if the judge had observed the very fetching damsel who served about the place. He had. Well, a most distressing thing had occurred. Indeed, nothing less than that this forward beauty had volunteered to kiss him, a parson. Of course he had rebuffed her severely, but it had weighed on his mind. "And what would you have done, judge, under such circumstances?"

"Just what you did, Dominie, but I would not have lied about it."

He also retailed a dream he had. He died. And was amazed to find a great concourse of people crowdin around a golf course of the Beyond, in great excitement. He approached Donald Rosss, who seemed a leader in the place, and inquired the cause of all this commotion.

"Oh," says Donald, "it is the usual thing—the Advertising Golfers, and there are 73 ties for low scores."

## POP FREEMAN'S VALEDICTORY

Leonard Tufts, host of the evening, expressed the welcome with which the village always heralded the coming of the league, and the gratitude felt towards them by Pinehurst for their influence and association.

Pop Freeman wound up this pleasantest of all evenings with a stout and spirited defence of a hard year's work, and a story of a helping hand. Glory be.

## THE VILLAGE GOSSIP

(Continued from page three)

New York, Rodman Wannamaker and the neighboring gentry; the village belle and the Fuller girls, and the Duke of Samarcand, June the Magnificent and King Henry 2d. The favors were of solid ivory, and the dancing three days out of date.

C. G. Loring, the Boston architect, is down here superintending the building of Walter H. Page's new residence just outside of town. The girls have gone back to college after the holidays.

If I'm to stay you'll have to hurry back.  
Yours, etc.,  
DUKE OF ABERDEEN

P. S.—Priscilla Beall has arrived. No hurry about coming back.



### A Timely Word of Caution About the Use of Humus On Your Garden and Lawn

ADMITTEDLY, humus is the very backbone of any soil's fertility; without it the ground is sterile.

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