



**Results You Want  
Sutton's Seeds Give Them**

**T**AKING the words of one of our live American advertisers, let us say that "what Sutton's seeds have done for others, they will do for you."

What have they done for others you ask?

We might print here "testimonials," but do you really want such proof?

Isn't the strongest claim factor in Sutton's seeds, that of their extensive use on the British Isles' famed courses, for half a century and more?

Of course, we have a rare list of results in the United States and Canada. Do you want that additional bit of evidence? If so, you are heartily welcome to it.

You are welcome to a copy of our Red Book on Golf Course Construction.

*Sutton's Seeds*

Royal Seed Establishment  
READING, ENGLAND

The Sherman T. Blake Co.,

**WINTER, SON & COMPANY**

66-G Wall Street, NEW YORK  
Sole Agents East of the Rocky Mountains.

(With whom is associated Mr. H. S. Colt, the famous Golf Course Architect).

Sole Agents west of the Rocky Mountains  
431-G Sacramento St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**Pinehurst School**

A Day and Boarding School for Boys, two miles from Pinehurst, on an eminence overlooking the Long Leaf Pine Plateau.

Boys remain at the school throughout the day under the constant supervision of masters.

Classes from 8.30 until 1.00. Elementary and secondary school subjects.

During the afternoon recreation period there are numerous out-of-door, extra-curricular activities emphasizing education by doing.

Bus leaves Pinehurst at 8.20 and returning from the School arrives at Pinehurst at 5.00.

ERIC PARSON (Harvard A. B. 1910)  
Headmaster

Address: PINEHURST SCHOOL,  
(September 1 to June 1).

PINEHURST SCHOOL CAMP,  
Upper Saranac P. O., N. Y.,  
(June 1 to September 1).

**Pinehurst School Camp**

Located on Big Fish Pond, eight miles from Saranac Inn and twenty miles from Lake Placid.

**In the Heart of the Adirondacks**

Boys over ten years of age may be enrolled.

Out-of-door life from June 1 to September 1.

Canoeing trip of 100 miles in August; nature study; wood craft; tent life in rough camp. Skilled guides and supervisors.

Mr. H. H. BLAGDEN  
Mr. ERIC PARSON, Headmaster Pinehurst School

Address: PINEHURST SCHOOL,  
(September 1 to June 1).

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(June 1 to September 1).

**"LIFT THE LATCH"**

Teas, Luncheons and Suppers

The Misses Little

PINE BLUFF, NORTH CAROLINA

**A. MONTESANTI**

Tailor and Dress Maker

Riding Habits and Sporting Apparel  
French Dry Cleaning

Pennsylvania Ave., Southern Pines, N. C.

**Grass Seed**

OF KNOWN QUALITY

GUARANTEED for PURITY and GERMINATION

**Stump & Walter Co.**

30-32 Barclay St. NEW YORK

**THE PINE CREST INN**

A recent delightful addition to  
Pinehurst's Hotels

MODERN THROUGHOUT.

Mrs. E. C. Bliss.

Hurd won't let up, and by God's grace Headlong they take a fall.  
On speed the others like the wind  
With Wanamaker still behind  
Between the multitude that lined  
The finish of the run  
More like he Empire State Express  
Than mortal animals they press  
Into the stretch—a length or less?  
It's Bachelor that's won.

JOHN GILKIN.

**Bashan Wins Again**

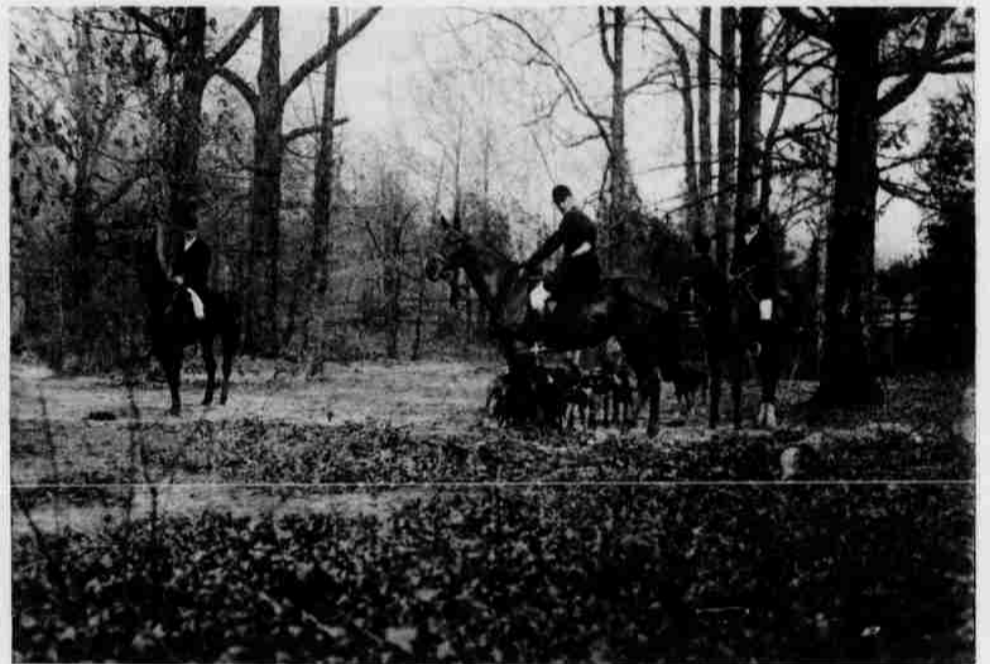
The Pinehurst neighborhood in congress assembled in bright array at the race track Wednesday last were rewarded by the most dramatic running event seen this many a day in the Carolina circuit. The fame of it had gone abroad on the wings of Rumor; Little Boy Black, non plus ultra, was to ride his famous fleet footed Newfoundland Bull, Bashan, pride of the Sandhills, in final encounter against the one and only Shetland Mule in all Christendom, Pegasus, with Romulus up, for high stakes and the championship of Elysian pastures.

Not since Nero, of happy memory, witnessed from his marble box the unequal

Pegasus! Thy time is up. But alas! the unconquered mule is lost among his fellow citizens; all sense of the direction of the goal is gone. He travels with great and amazing speed, but his course is in a circle, useless for trophies. At last the derisive taunts of Little Boy Bue, paddling steadily into the distance, makes clear the route, and the necessity. But Pegasus has lost his art. The majestic pace known to victory has given place to the gait and movement of the fiddler crab. All the world marvels to see such burst of speed sidewise. It is wonderful—for sidewise. And so, waltzing in 2.10 the Shetland Mule loses by a hair to the unbeaten Bull, for the Glory of the Day.

**Rough Riding Games**

George Leach, master of fox hounds, and Mrs. Leach, omnipresent in the saddle, have led forth such ever increasing cavalcades to the games and the hunts, and picnicing under the distant pine groves, that Donald Ross may well look to his laurels, and make smooth his fairways and billiard like his greens, that the multitude may not all leave the links for the bridle paths.



THE SANDHILL HUNT

The Weymouth Drag Hounds. Jack Boyd, whip; James Boyd, master of hounds, and Rodman Wanamaker, II, whip.

contest of spear and shield versus net and trident, or old Brer Mud Turtle pitted his method against the whimsical speed of Mr. Rabbit, has the world seen such diverse and contrary tactics in athletic encounter. This was no mere race, no ordinary banal test of speed. It was a battle of wits, a maneuvering on a check-board, a grand strategem. All the world knew that the Shetland Mule had the legs, but the wise ones put their salary on the guile and cunning of Little Boy Black of many devices.

They are off, the donkey's breed with disdainful pride bounding away into a distant lead. But see the guile of the steady-moving bull. Such speed upsets the mind, and the memory. Once lost to view Romulus forgets the danger of pursuit, his mount scents the new mown hay and the green pastures, and they linger on the wayside in escatic reverie. Meantime the bovine fox trot has eaten up the distance, and at the three-quarter mark a hardened populace greet the dead heat with unfeeling laughter. Awake Romulus, speed on

It were all but superfluous to write of the riding meet on the polo field last Monday. For those who did not do the snake dance horse back themselves were there *en masse* to see, and riders in gay costume were as common a sight as in a cavalry camp. And for hours afterwards people smiled and were pleased to see heralds and maids at arms, coutiers and ladies-in-waiting clad in bright colors and ancient costume riding merrily through the lanes about the town.

H. E. Slayton, Bob Elgart and P. N. Davison were the judges of the events, the first of which was the snake trail, a ride familiar to those living on the Mexican border. In and out in ticklish progress the skillful riders piloted their willing horses, in eager competition to see who least brushed down the stockade. And this feat went to the credit of Miss Grace Crow of Rye with Miss Constance Greening a close second. Twelve in number the fair riders and horsemen essayed the event, a goodly company and picturesque, including Miss Jarecki, who