



The Seventh Green, at Ekwanok, Manchester, Vt.
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Stumpp & Walter Co. 30-32 Barclay St.
New York

America and Joan of Arc

She is leading France and England into battle; will her spirit hover over Americans?

"Every man has two countries," said Benjamin Franklin, "his own and France."

Above the din of battle, through the haze of death, the voice and form of Joan of Arc are seen and heard today, urging the brave soldiers to victory. Hers is a household word in France and England. How soon will her name be on every American tongue?

SEE THE GREATEST MOTION PICTURE OF
THE MOMENT—THE STORY OF THE
IMMORTAL MAID OF ORLEANS

Jesse L. Lasky presents

GERALDINE FARRAR

in

"Joan the Woman"

Produced by Cecil B. De Mille

CAROLINA THEATRE Friday, March 23
8.00 p. m.

The Annual Banquet

To describe a club so perfect and so fine,
It's a daisy on the green, sure the finest
ever seen,
And I'm proud to call that putter mine.

I have a story, a bonny, bonny story,
All about the game of Golf I play each
year,
So I just elaborate it, careful not to
overstate it,
'Till it makes a story very good to hear.
When I tell my Golfing brother,
Sure he up and tells another,
And his yarn's a wee bit better one
than mine,
But around the nineteenth hole,
As we sip our modest bowl,
Ain't these Golfing stories mighty fine?

Walter L. Milliken presided over the festivities, adorned, like all the tribe in the plaid colors of a Hieland bonnet. Bye and bye, more in sorrow than in anger, he arose to introduce the toastmaster, remarking that this was the sole function of the executive. Like Mulvaney, who clung to the conviction that he "was a corporal wanse," Milliken reminded the clan that he was a captain once, and only recently reduced to the grade of president. This was by the machinations of Becker, who when time came for presidential election went into private session with a list of members and immersed with the goat. This is known as the merit system, and in the present instance was the result of a hue and cry about the high cost of handicaps, blamed on Milliken. So he was reduced to the sole and bitter task of introducing the perennial toastmaster, T. B. Boyd.

The song of the moment—"That Tufts Ain't Just Such That He Ain't Got no Style," applied in turn to the leaders of the host who in most adept and appropriate manner, with gesture and gait demonstrated the obvious truth of the sentiment, inspired him to exclaim:

"That France is proud of her Napoleon, but Napoleon would resemble a honeybee compared with Colonel Ormsbee. England has her Cromwell, but Pinehurst has her Truesdell—and that Tammany is proud of its boss, but that the Tin Whistles have her Donald Ross.

At this juncture great consternation was aroused by the arrival of a message that a man had been killed on the railroad. It appears that he was tired of life

and had tied himself to the track to await the Florida Limited due in a few minutes,— and had died of starvation.

The Star Spangled Banner was sung standing, and the support of the legion pledged to the flag. And the Leonard Tufts welcomed the return of the Tin Whistles to the village and the courses, which they had done so much to establish, and told the story of a captain of industry whose vain endeavors to make good his boast that anyone could hit a golf ball cost him a double eagle and eventually saved him from the cemetery where lie those myriad who wouldn't play golf.

Dan Casey of New York, the guest of the club, introduced as obviously a Frenchman, delighted the company with endless stories and anecdotes from an apparently inexhaustible supply. He was interrupted by Jock Bowker, who insisted upon the immediate adoption of a resolution in favor of more votes for women. The sages of the assembly, amid a great demonstration, amended this to read, "More clothes for women," to universal satisfaction.

Having masterfully put down this incipient insurrection, the toastmaster recounted a conversation he overheard between two colored brothers of the caddie persuasion:

"Whar you gwine, Mose?"

"I swallowed a nickel and got to see Doctor Marr quick."

"You don't wanta see Dr. Marr. You wanta see Dr. Cheatham."

"Why does I?"

"If Dr. Cheatham can't get money out of a fellow nobody can."

The Reverend T. A. Cheatham responded to this sally. He expressed the ideals of the Tin Whistle Club and the spirit of the game of golf in a manner that should remain among the permanent annals of the community.

Donald Ross, field marshal ex-officio, handicapper extraordinary, delegate at large for the golfing districts of creation, laid down a few simple maxims by which even the most unintelligent man can play perfect golf. The amazing thing is how this advice is universally disregarded