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night, but did not get away until after two. And then our train from Bologna should have left at six, but it was an hour and half late. We had to stand up in this also and it lost two hours more in getting into Milan. Never in my life had I been so worn out as when I arrived. Coal is very scarce down here, so they are running just as few trains as possible, the traffic on these few is terrific.

You ought to see the place where we are quartered here. It is a wonderful villa, a whale of an establishment, with electric lights, running water and all the conveniences of home—but no heat and believe me it sure is ungodly cold. The stone and cement floors that they insist in putting in those houses are not at all conducive to heat.

Yesterday was Christmas. And it surely was a mighty funny Christmas for all of us. I think the less said about it the better. We tried to have us a sort of dinner, but it was not all it might have been.

MONEY MAKING MONKEYS

**Novel Golf Draws Record Crowd
and Provides \$800 to Red Cross**

Last week C. F. Lancaster had an inspiration that added eight hundred needful dollars to the coffers of the insatiable Red Cross, and a screaming commodity of humor to the gaiety of Nations. He turned the staid golf course into the scene of a travelling circus, and provided the biggest audience yet gathered in these parts this year with an itinerant side show in the golfing line that left them weak with laughter and penniless with contributory appreciation.

Any casual observer, not hardened by the conventions of the links, would at once perceive that the weapons of this game of golf are essentially and irresistibly comical. And that the real sport is not provided by the mechanical genius who always hits the ball into the horizon, but by his normal brother who fails to hit it altogether, or hitting it splits the quadrant, and sails the skies to a woodland haven.

Perceiving these fundamental truths Lancaster took steps to delight the congress assembled. He arms him three teams of famous golfing heroes, drafted for the occasion, each man with just one implement. They were all real golfing tools, however, and it is not true, as reported by the New York Sun that M. B. Johnson sallied forth provided only with his trusty puttees. Seven in a team they lined up, marshaled by the victorious veterans of ten thousand courses—Alexander Ross of the fancy drive, Willie Wilson of York Harbor fame and John Peacock, the St. Andrews Pro. These three were frozen to their precious driver for the day, and sentenced to dig and approach and putt and execute all the manoeuvres of the course with it alone. And in each team there was one brassie, and one mashie, and one nibbie and one midie and one spoon and one

putter, each held and exclusively operated by one champion, and by him alone.

And the sport of it was this. That they played in turn, each of the seven, and they played the joker they held in their hands. And they played to a chorus of advice and encouragement from a hundred voices that should have developed a better score. Strange the discomfort of Milliken and Nicholson and Johnson, and diabolical the delight of the cruel world, when they stepped upon the fourth tee, putter in hand to lean upon a ten yard drive. And it was equally amazing to behold Parson pay his entrance fee of ten cents, enter a yawning pit, and whale him out a recovery with a wooden bludgeon for two hundred yards. This spectacle so delighted the audience that over \$800 was subscribed and paid in for the Great War Association on the spot.

The critics of the club spoke in serious and high praise of the score made on this occasion, in the fact of such levitous and outrageous misappropriation of the sacred implements of the game. The match was played on the Three point system. But since there was no certified public accountant on hand to explain this to our reporter, who has never taken integral calculus, we will confine ourselves to reporting that Wilson's squad came off hilariously victorious with 22 points to Peacock's 18 and Ross' melancholy 14. More to the point we perceived that Wilson's gang made the round—nine holes—with 57 strokes. This entitles the whole line up to be placed in the role of honor, in this wise

Played on First Nine Holes, No. 3 Course.

Alex Ross' Team—R. C. Shannon, II, W. H. Gregg, Jr., W. L. Milliken, P. S. McLaughlin, H. W. Ormsbee, H. T. McClearn, Jr.

Willie Wilson's Team—L. D. Pierce, Donald Parson, J. G. Nicholson, J. H. Turner, James Barber, A. C. Nason.

John Peacock's Team—L. A. Hamilton, S. O. Miller, M. B. Johnson, Dr. M. W. Marr, J. T. Bishop, J. A. Taylor. The Medal Score

Peacock's Team 6 7 7 7 5 5 8 5 8—58
Wilson's Team 5 7 6 7 5 7 9 5 6—57
Ross' Team 6 8 6 5 6 7 8 8 7—61

Conservation Calendar

Monday we will say is our heatless day,
One cinder, one flicker, one coal.
Tuesday, well this is our meatless day,
One oyster, one herring, one sole.
Wednesday is our wheatless day,
One corncake, one dodger, one pone.
Thursday we have sweetless day,
One pickle, one lemon, one bone.
Friday will make a good eatless day,
One cheerful, one glorious fast.
Saturday, we'll call it a treatless day,
For treating is a thing of the past.
Sunday, may Hoover forgive us,
If we should happen to feel,
A little more hungry and eat a square meal.

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