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ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LeRoy, N. Y.

the colony, which is now as full as a merry-go-round. Sibley is on the Y. M. C. A. staff at Camp Dix and is on his way to inspect the Southern cantonments.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hornblower have arrived to christen their new chateau on Society Hill. This, I am informed, fills the town up exactly.

This and the coming of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Thomas of Rome, New York. All Winter their string of fast and beautiful horses have been the delight of the Track and the Show, but they have not been here to enjoy the triumphs. They have moved into the Currituck, one of the new and fancy creations of the Building Company's up on the hill near the Bishops and the Noyes and Mrs. Springs new house.

Newcomb says that the folks are still buying lots and fixing to drive the contractors crazy, as hitherto. The latest acquisition to the colony is J. Ebb Wier, of Brooklyn, who has separated S. J. Stutts of his lot near John R. Towles of Brooklyn and the Magoon place, where he intends to make him a home this coming summer for occupancy next fall.

If I began to retail to you the goings on in this hamlet I would get the writer's cramp. Of course being Spring Tournament week the place is quite mad. There are two or three hundred of these golfing fans, filling the whole mortal landscape with caroming balls, and the whole welkin with their inevitable laments that they are not on their game, and almost made a spread eagle. But there are compensations. Last Saturday they held a very creditable Horse Show at the Track. Colonel Swigert, who is on to this game, got out a very imposing array of animals, and the colony produced a better line of riders and pretty costumes and high stepping trotters than anyone would have imagined.

I am inclined to agree with Commander Elia, who contended that no judge in his senses would refuse the blue ribbon to the best looking girls, no matter what they rode. But the judges were more painstaking. The experts in the business were all on hand. Jay Hall, Nat Hurd, C. L. Bausher, Col. Swigert, Mrs. Spencer, and J. R. Thomas took careful note of conformation and such immaterial matters, while the stand took note of the riding habits and the ensemble. The honors were carried off by Miss Betty Bicknell, Miss Morton, Miss Chapin, Mrs. Bausher and Mrs. Tufts, and half a dozen men more or less.

The place was jammed with cars. As usual the Franklin gang were in perky evidence. I have remarked before that they are all set up about their rolling stock. And I see that this is not confined to the Sandhills. Here is a clipping I just cut from some New York paper, revealing an epidemic

"Have you noticed the peculiar behavior of owners of Franklin cars? When two or more of them get together they call a meeting to discuss the miraculous qualities of their thrice-blest machine. They salute one another on the road, they have grips and passwords; and, we dare say, they hold lodge meet-

ings and confer degrees. A rum lot."

Well, I am off to hear Captain Fallon give the Huns hell, and to hear Henry Page damn the unpatriotic. This last he does to everyone's satisfaction and the horrification of the pious press.

LORD ABERDEEN.

A FOUR-FOOTED CADDIECanadian Golfer's Version of Bodo's
Famous Performances

Champion Bodo von der Weissenburg, lately of the police force of Stuttgart, Germany, has been brought to Pinehurst by Mr. J. V. Hall, of New York, and was exhibited by his owner at the Sandhill Fair the other day. Bodo does everything that a well-trained police dog can be reasonably expected to attend to. He traces the footsteps of a fleeing "criminal," scents his way unerringly through a crowd, takes a ten foot fence on the way as a matter of course and, overtaking his quarry, pins him to the ground in the most approved fashion.

Bodo had been at Pinehurst only a few days when he succumbed to environment and took up golf. He stands behind his owner at the tee, points the ball in its flight, follows it into the woodlands, announces its speedy discovery by joyful barks and stands guard over it until his master arrives. Mr. Hall says he hasn't lost a hole through losing his ball since Bodo undertook to caddie for him.

One trouble at the outset was that Bodo insisted on picking up the ball of his master's opponent, but after the U. S. G. A. rules had been carefully explained to him and he had been given the scent of both balls in the match, this difficulty ended and he now picks up outsiders' balls only. Bodo found no less than fourteen of these in one round, the other day.

The Steata

I tells 'em to please
Bile a dinner er pease
En set me a table out under de trees,
Den lemme be fed
Wid a pone er corn bread
En ingerns; den lemme lay down on a
bed.

Oh, de skeeter kin sting
En de dirt-dauber sing,
De housefly kin tickle my yur wid 'is
whing;
De chillun kin bawl,
De cuckroach kin crawl
Up my britches, en ganders en peafowls
kin squall;

Oh, the dishes kin break
En de shetters kin shake
But all kin er fusses can't keep me
awake,
'Ca'se it takes more 'n dese
T' onsettle my ease,
When I's et a good dinner er corn-pone
en peas.

(Uncle Remus is not distrubed by any
wheatless—meatless rules)

—John Charles McNeill.

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