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A DARK HORSE.

IN 9 ROUNDS.

Respectfully dedicated to the Caddies who are and the Caddies who ain't.

BY JACK SHORE.

1st Hole.

The golfer stood in bold relief
 Upon the grassy sward,
 He looked with eyes just filled with grief
 Upon his stymie card.

2nd Hole.

For bogey on that course he knew
 Was exactly three score ten,
 And at the fifth hole where he blew,
 His score was ninety then.

3rd Hole.

His brow was moist with sweat,
 His caddie's nose was red,
 But to the golfer swearing yet,
 This brave lad up and said:

4th Hole.

"How the Dickens can you play?
 Why, you don't look at all.
 Your head is turned the grand-stand way,
 Your eye ain't on the ball.

5th Hole.

"Just let me take your 'driver,' please,
 And watch the stance I get"—
 He hit that ball with the greatest ease,
 And it hasn't dropped down yet.

6th Hole.

And then, to show his skill to you,
 "Suppose you were one up,"
 He drove the next ball, straight and true,
 A mile and in the cup.

7th Hole.

"Why, who are you?" spoke the now dazed
 boob,
 And answered quick the laddie:
 "Why, don't you know, you township rube?
 I'm the lad who put cad in caddie."

8th Hole.

The golfer who couldn't now spoke and
 said:
 "I wish I could do it your way."
 "You can," said the lad, and he tossed his
 head—

"Just listen to what I say:

9th Hole.

"Keep your eye on the ball; don't kill it
 at all;
 Take your time; don't worry or fret.
 Let the 'gallery' stare, just decide you'll
 'get there,'
 And you may be a golfer yet."
 Moral.—There is many a secret concealed
 beneath the shirt of your caddie.