

IMPERFECT GOLF

He tells of holes he made in par,
 Of threes on some that should be four,
 Recounts some cleek shots, low and far,
 Full long enough, but he adds more.
 His score, he says, was ninety-nine,
 But had not fortune on him frowned
 It would have been—he will opine—
 A ninety that his efforts crowned.

Another speaks of eighty-three
 In tones of sad and deep regret;
 Forsooth this player cannot see
 Why he should play in eighties yet.
 He tells of hard luck on the first,
 Where he was putting for a four,
 He drops a tear, then slakes his thirst,
 Begins again to con his score.

A third comes in with doleful face,
 His card has bogey beaten cold,
 But still no pleasure could deface
 The tale that score card to him told.
 "I should have had a sixty-eight,"
 He says in deep sepulchral tones,
 But on him frowned an unkind fate,
 His sighs are deep, almost like groans.

The man who tells of luck's hard knocks
 Forgets when Fortune smiled on him.
 He can recall her rudest shocks,
 But not her helping, gladsome whim.

That shot holed out from in the rough
 Was scientific golf, he thinks:
 But when he tops his drive—that's tough,
 A slice and pull of course are jinx.

A putt of forty feet or more
 That zig-zags o'er a wavy green,
 Is holed to help the maker's score,
 The work of Fortune is not seen
 In plays like this. But when a shot
 Is pulled into a sanded pit,
 It hurts the player quite a lot;
 In fact, he nearly throws a fit.

He rails at luck, then takes a club;
 He shuts both eyes and whales away,
 Although he plays it like a dub,
 The sand around him flies like spray,
 His ball goes straight up to the pin;
 He takes one putt and holes a four,
 And while that ball is trickling in
 He starts in fussing 'bout his score.

MORAL

There never was a game yet played
 Which could not have been better still,
 For nothing perfect can be made,
 And what is more, there never will.

JAMES P. HUGHES.

