

He's Gone!

In response to an invitation from the Golf Committee of the Union Trust Company, Chicago, to participate in the annual tournament of officers and directors of the institution, Rufus Chapin, vice-president, accepted with the following letter:

To the Golf Tournament Committee:

Last week I was induced to forsake the peaceful and calm precincts of the bank for the open spaces of the golf links, there to be persuaded to buy a couple of golf balls and an assortment of shinny-sticks, the specific and respective uses of which I knew naught.

I succeeded in completing nine innings in something over four hours. I covered about twelve miles, due to traveling in spirals because of the necessity of personally inspecting each individual dandelion in the enclosure. I passed many pleasant hours on the banks of a muddy creek that meandered ubiquitously athwart my pathway watching a young man, bearing the feminine name of "Caddie," scrutinize his mud-laden toes as he successively hoisted them from the muck, and for which I was paying him an hourly stipend. I also frequently found myself drilling around divers jagged depressions bottomed sand.

I returned to the clubhouse minus the two balls that constituted my original stock, but with three other balls with whose paternity or pedigree I was unfamiliar, but whose annexation was the natural result of the painstaking and microscopic examination that I had made of the traversed area. Being inherently and scrupulously truthful, I reported to the greatly impressed individual, who was writing up on a publicly-exposed board the scores, that I had successfully visited eighteen small holes bearing flags, 128 large holes, sand filled—one omnipresent creek—one bosky copse—one adjacent cornfield and sundry acres of unrestrained grass and that the journey was consummated by the employment of 184 swings—swishes—pokes or jabs of one or another of my implements. Later my efforts were rewarded by a prize consisting of three new balls for the grossest score. However, I shall play at Briergate.

Yours, R. F. CHAPIN.