

a special mixture of seed suitable to the soil and local conditions and cover with a quarter-inch dressing of prepared compost or humus, supplemented with a complete artificial fertilizer. Work the seed and covering soil into the existing turf with birch brooms or the backs of rakes and then roll down. On large areas after tooth-harrowing the ground, it is much better to mix the seed and compost together and apply them at the same time. On heavy soils, include a large percentage of sand and organic matter and on light sandy or gravelly soils, apply dressings rich in humus or organic matter.

The last of September or some time in October, during wet weather, lime any sour parts on the fair greens, tees, etc., and dress the putting greens with sand and pulverized charcoal, using from 200 to 300 pounds of charcoal per green mixed with three or four times its own bulk of sharp sand. Work same into the turf with birch brooms or the backs of rakes.

Then before the cold weather arrives, give the greens another quarter-inch dressing of prepared compost, but do not use any quick acting fertilizers. This will serve as a covering for the young grass from the Autumn sowing and the writer has never favored covering the greens with any straw or other material for the Winter, unless it is put on very thinly, so that the turf can be seen through. Grass does not suffer from the cold weather as it does from the hot weather; winter-killing taking place in the early Spring when the surface drainage is not correct and water is lying in the low spots alternately freezing and thawing.

Order your seed and fertilizer requirements early. If you are planning to sow down any new ground—sow the putting greens at the rate of two ounces of seed per square yard and the fair green at the rate of at least eight bushels or 200 pounds per acre. In renovating existing turf use about half these rates.

A-DREAMING

As jewels are like unto cinders;
As gold may be traded for lead;
So my very worst golf may be likened
To the dream shots I play in my bed.

For everything then is like chaos,
And nothing goes right, so it seems;
May kind heaven defend and preserve
me
From the golf that I shoot in my
dreams!

I'm driving sometimes round a corner,
Through narrow town-streets, with
the flag
At the end of some twisting, dark alley;
And the cup in a "Bull Durham" bag.

But often a million spectators
Line a fairway—width, only one
yard;
And the driver-shaft, hinged in the
middle,
I've got to keep straight, but it's
hard.

Invisible hands check my swinging
While two extra thumbs spoil my
grip;
And my snow-shoes get snarled when
I'm putting,
But in full-shots my roller-skates
slip.

My caddies are gnomes, sometimes
ogres;
They make me play just as they
will—
Maybe putt a balloon with a razor,
Or try a base-viol on a pill.

The bunkers? By Gad, they are awful!
When in one I give up all hope,
For, you see, all I have to get out with
Is an anvil attached to a rope!

And so I play on to the morning,
With fozzle and swipe, all through
Hell;
But why waste all these words to
describe it?—
For I guess you have been there, as
well.
A. W. T.