

tions are rather difficult to separate. Tees will cost from \$40 to \$75 each, depending principally on their location.

VII

THE HAZARDS

It is also difficult to place any exact figure on the cost of the hazards owing to the fact that many of them are constructed somewhat incidental to the other work (from the standpoint of cost) and also because a considerable number of them are often left until following seasons so that the ground may have a chance to settle and "find itself." In all, however, the cost of the average number of hazards on the modern eighteen-hole course will run from \$1,000 up to perhaps \$3,000 or \$4,000. This includes excavating, mounds, sodding, draining, etc. The hazards should be drained with particular care in order to prevent water from collecting in them.

(To be continued)

The Devil's Disciple

The Golfer stood in his room at night,
Pitching balls to a padded chair.

He could work his mashie there all
right,

But on the links he was in despair;

'Twas top and scloff,

Till a horse would laugh,

And the best he'd get was a measly half.

"I never shall learn this game," quoth
he.

"And I'd sell my soul for a seventy-
three!"

No sooner said, on this fateful night,
Than the Devil walked in, with a bow
polite,

"Pledge me your soul, my friend," said
he,

"And tomorrow you'll shoot a seventy-
three.

Don't think at all

Of stance or grip;

Just swat the ball

And let her rip.

Leave it to me: I'll turn the trick;

You pin your faith to your Uncle
Nick."

"Done!" said the Golfer—"gladly,
too."

"You're on," said the Devil. "Good-
night to you."

Next day, when "Mac" drove off the
tee

For the first long hole, he was down in
three;

And every other, or near or far,
Was played, somehow, in exactly par.

He sliced, he hooked, he scloffed, he
topped,

But somehow or other he always
copped.

If he hit a bunker he blundered o'er
And rolled to the pin for an easy four.

Over the green, or short, or up,

He trickled the next one to the cup.

Once, when he pulled to a bunker tall,
Which promised to grab and hold his
ball,

A caddie said, as he rubbed his eye,
That a hoof had caromed the pellet by;

But none suspected, who saw it kick,

'Twas the cloven hoof of your Uncle
Nick.

Hole by hole,

To the eighteenth goal,

Walked the man who had sold his soul.

Drive and iron, and pitch and poke,

Till, matching his card, his friends
went broke.

For, adding his score, they found that
he

Had shot the course in a seventy-three!

Whether his bargain he ought to rue
Depends of course on the point of view.

At least "Mac's" happier now by far
Than when he was eighteen over par.

He never worries about the trade,

Or ever gives it a thought at all,

And the only sign of the pact he made
Is a puff of smoke where he hits the

ball.