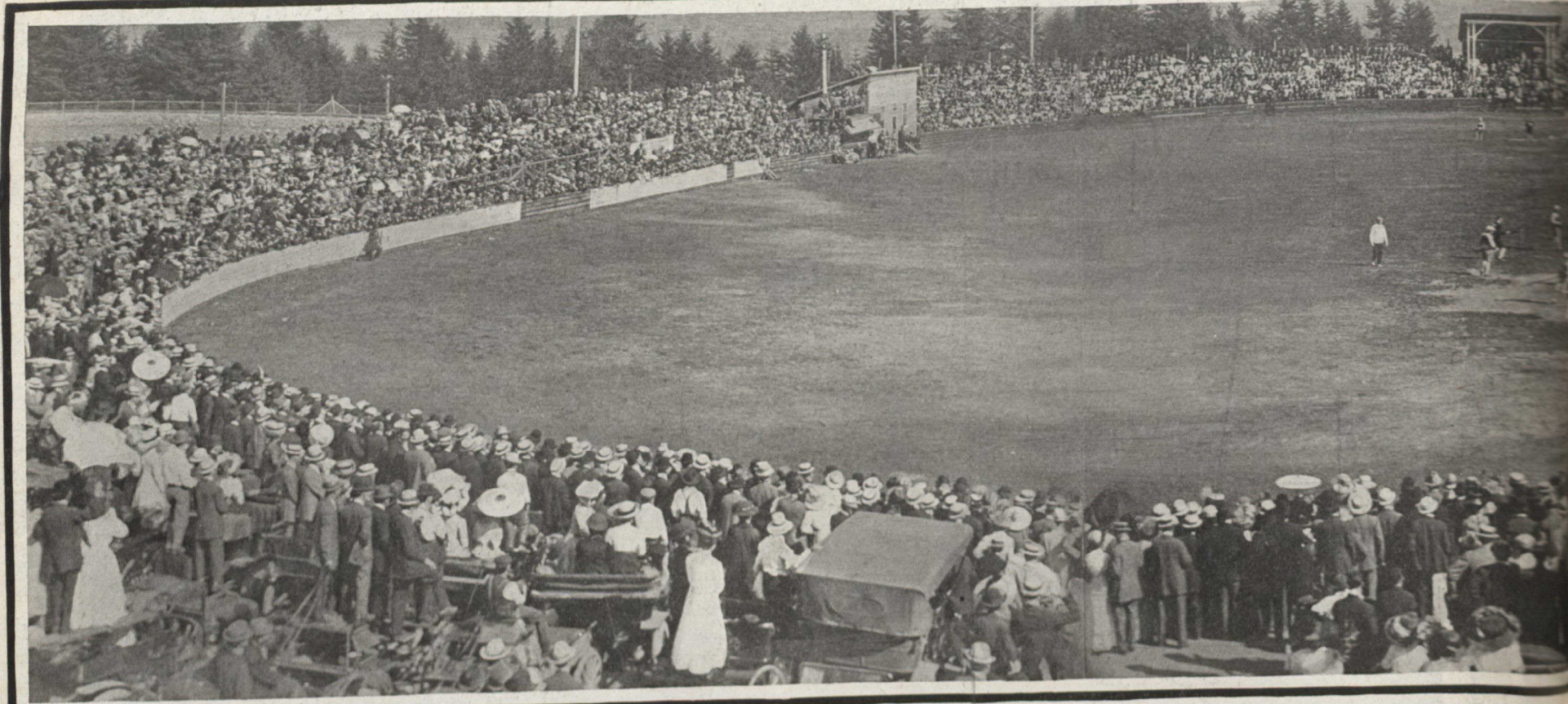


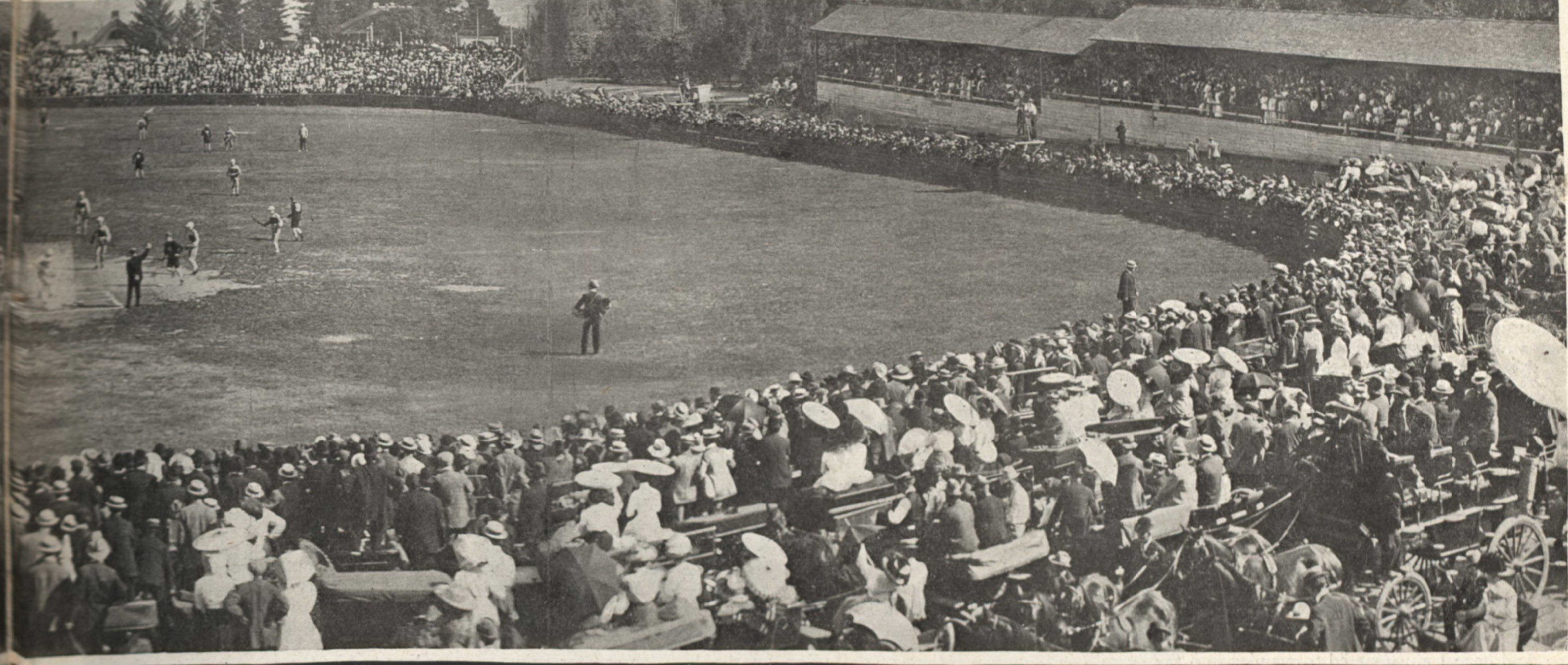
A VAST OVAL OF HUMANITY FROM MOUNTAIN AND SEA-COAST; WATCHING CANADA'S NATIONAL GAME

Twelve thousand people at Queen's Park, New Westminster, B.C., saw the first struggle between the "Salmon Bellies" and the Montreal team; the finest sporting spectacle ever seen in Canada



Nowhere else in the world but in Canada has a lacrosse team ever travelled 3,000 miles to lift a trophy. The games for the Minto Cup were a series of spectacles. From the Gulf of Georgia to the Rockies, Pacific Coasters were at fever heat. New Westminster and Vancouver had a series of half-holidays. It was East against West;

the ancient stronghold of the Indian game against the new centre of lacrosse in the land of the salmon and the Siwash. The slogan was Imperial—"What we have we hold." Montreal was beaten two straight games; total score 23-11. Twenty-four reporters from Canada and the United States wrote up the games. The story was read from



Alberni, B.C., on the north coast, clear down to San Francisco; and from Victoria to Halifax. Montreal carried back over \$5,000 of gate receipts—but not the Minto Cup. The style of the New Westminster playing was altogether different from that of the Montreals. The matches were by no means gentle. Yet they are said to have been

"pink tea" affairs compared to other slugging contests that have been witnessed on that Pacific oval. The spectacle, however, was magnificent. As a crowd picture it was to the Pacific coast what a grandstand concourse is to the Canadian National Exhibition or a bull-fight to Mexico.

A QUESTION OF RULES

By FLORENCE L. HARVEY

Drawings by W. F. Broadhead.

IT was the day of the final, and such a day! It seemed as though Dame Nature herself had put on her brightest garb to add to the success of the great golf tournament. Through the soft blue haze of Indian summer, the maples gleamed red and yellow against the dark green of the sturdy firs, and told of the touch of the fairy artist who had been among them a night or two before. Even the old sun seemed to have forgotten that winter was near and smiled softly on the two boys trudging along the dusty road.

"What do you think of Nan's chances, Fred?" said the taller of the two. "Is she tired after yesterday's game? Cricky! how she played up to Miss Miller after being so badly beaten by her two years ago. I tell you what, old boy, you ought to be proud of that sister of yours! She's plucky alright, and I say! that was bully of her to give her sweater to her caddie that day it was so cold. Didn't she tell you? She is a good sort. You see the crowd went after Miss Miller, penalty of being champion, and Nan and Miss White were away over on another part of the links, when Nan noticed that her caddie was shivering, so asked him where his coat was, and he said he was too poor to buy one, and he had an awful cough, so she took off her sweater and gave it to him. Raymond and I met them at the last hole and Nan was half frozen. Raymond looked as if he wanted to go for her for not wearing something warm, but Miss White told us all about it though Nan tried to stop her."

"What did Raymond say?"

"Nothing! Just sort of smiled, shook hands with her, and made her put his coat on."



your head off to hear him say 'Good boy! There's the club house, and we have half an hour yet.'

"Why, where's the crowd?"

"Hi, boy! Has the match started yet?"

"N' hour ago. Want a caddie?"

"Oh, the dickens! My batty watch has stopped!"

"There they are, Dick! If we cut across here we can catch them at the fourteenth green."

"Miss Armstrong one up and four to play!" shouted the scorer as the two breathless boys reached the edge of the crowd.

"Fred, just look at Miss Armstrong's drive. They say she is only sixteen and it's her first tournament."

Nan's third, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss Miller beat her two years ago, and last year Nan sprained her ankle the day of the final. All your might!" he whispered as a well-built girl teed her ball and stood ready to play.

With the well-cut, short skirt, the white shirtwaist with its soft linen stock, the sun catching the ruddy gleam in the ripples of her hair, the hint of muscular forearm and supple wrist as she "addressed" the ball; there she stood in all the glow of her free, strong girlhood, a fitting representative of the brave young land that gave her birth. What wonder that a man in the crowd drew his breath in sharply with a muttered "Thank God for such women!"

A last little "waggle" and the club went back with the steady, free swing they knew so well; down it came with unerring swiftness when crash! a dog dashed from the edge of the wood in mad pursuit of a rabbit. On went the club, but the wrists had jerked and the ball flew off to the right, out of bounds in the trees.

"Hard luck, Miss Herbert!" said the slender, fair-haired girl beside her. "But it doesn't count, does it?"

Nan looked up in amazement as she teed another ball. Did the girl not know

the rules? She smiled gently and took her stance. "Thanks, Miss Armstrong, but it does count," and played a long, low shot up the field.

"I'm so sorry, for it wasn't your fault."

Nan came over and slipped a hand through her opponent's arm. She was a good little sports-woman even if she did not know the rules. How a girl could play so well and not know them was a mystery, but of course it was her first tournament outside of her little country town and perhaps they were not so strict there about matters of golfing rule.

"Miss Herbert's shot," called the scorer, and Nan looked at the bunker a hundred and forty yards away with the green just beyond it. Miss Armstrong easily reached the hole with an iron club from where her ball lay, twenty yards farther on. Would she be a brassie shot? "Miss Herbert plays two more," called the monotonous voice of the scorer. She must risk and the ball flew from the club with the clean, so dear to a golfer's heart. It was a superb shot, at first, then rising slowly with what seemed strange little jerks; gradually the downward curve became more pronounced. Would it clear the bunker? Breathlessly the "gall" leant forward to watch. A few seconds—it seemed an hour. "It's over!"—and then one felt something like a sigh run through the crowd as a tiny putt flew up from the top of the bank and a white object dropped back into the sand below.

"One off two," and Miss Armstrong's ball lay foot from the cup.

"Your hole," said Nan as she picked the ball



LACROSSE CHAMPIONS OF CANADA—WHICH MEANS THE WORLD
The New Westminster Team. Second row down Capt. Gifford, next Mgr. Welsh

the grass, eagerly looking up at Nan with tears of disappointment in her eyes.

How quickly one thinks sometimes! Poor Nan, two holes down and only three left to play. If she lost this the match went with it; to get a half was almost as bad; the hole was hers, rightly so, she had played it better; hers, too, by the rules, and yet—there was that child, ignorant of the fact that you must give up the hole if your ball is unplayable, asking her with tears in her eyes, if she could lift it out. They were all alone for the moment, the scorer was fifty yards away having stopped to arrange the rope they used to hold the crowd back, and they were hidden by a large bush, and it was hard luck hitting that stone. "Drop it here in the short grass, without that stone," she said quickly, with a tiny catch in her voice. Quixotic perhaps, but the child's eyes were too

bitiful to resist and no one would ever know. Miss Armstrong's third shot stopped two inches from the hole and Nan's long putt hung on the edge of it. "Halved in four," said the scorer. "Dormie

of the sand, and somehow her opponent did not dare to say "Hard luck" to the girl who walked beside her with her head thrown back and a half smile on her lips.

Two good drives, then Nan put her ball on the green by a beautiful approach with her mid-iron. Miss Armstrong's second shot struck a stone and ran off under the stile at the edge of the course, where they found it absolutely unplayable. "It's alright to lift it out of this, is it not?" said the girl, kneeling on

two. Two holes up and two to play," he added, for the benefit of those not versed in the language of the game, while a man in the "gallery" who had seen the little episode, looked after Nan with a light in his eyes and smiled suddenly to himself.

The next hole went to Miss Herbert after four perfect shots, amid a half suppressed murmur of applause from the crowd. Each drove well at the eighteenth hole and Miss Armstrong approached to the edge of the green. Nan playing her second shot, allowed fully ten yards for the curve of the hill; there the ball dropped, and catching the right run, rolled down the slope to within a yard of the flag. Her opponent's putt was straight, but not being quite strong enough, stopped half way between the other ball and the cup. Nan took her "mashie" slowly from the bag and looked at the two balls as they lay. She was one down and a halved hole would cost her the championship. The great crowd held its breath as she hit the ball a sharp little tap that lifted it over the other and down into the hole.



"All even on eighteen holes. The first extra hole won decides the match."

"Steady, now, steady," whispered Nan to herself, as she stood ready to drive. Was she to win after all; to reach her goal at last? She had played the last two holes as though in a dream, neither hearing nor seeing anyone, and now she was full of a wild desire to hit with all her strength and end the suspense. But what was it Captain Raymond had once said? "Steadiness wins many games."

"Look how she takes her time," said some one in the crowd. "Did you ever see anyone so cool? I don't believe she has a nerve in her body. I'd be wildly excited in her place."

"Silence, please," called the scorer, but Nan heard nothing, standing there wondering if that stupid little ball would ever stop dancing up and down on the tee. It seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion.

"Well, I've got to hit it sometime," she murmured under her breath. "I only hope I shall not shut my eyes."

It was not a very good drive but it was straight. Miss Armstrong tried to get a long shot but the ball flew away off to the left, and she had played two more strokes when they had reached the green. The strain was telling on both and Nan's putt was a yard short, while the other ball lay a couple of inches from the hole. She had one shot for the match, but some one has said, "Many games are won or lost by a three foot putt." She straightened herself before that last shot; the people, trees and even the club-house, were moving round just like her ball. How silly of them, but nothing mattered but that short space of grass. A little shrug of the shoulders—then "Good-bye," she whispered as the ball left the putter. She watched it as it crawled toward the hole. Did it go in? She hardly seemed to care, she was so tired. What was it they were all saying? Then a hot little hand was thrust into hers and Miss Armstrong said breathlessly, "You have won and somehow I am almost glad."

Fred hugged her like a bear, and she heard



CONCLUDED ON PAGE 26.