

How Best to Enjoy Golf

(By Harry Tate, in the Glasgow Daily Mail.)
I suppose of all holiday pastimes golfing today is, perhaps, the most popular in the world among civilized nations, though, I understand, that the Ojibway Indians have not yet taken kindly to the sport. Everyone else has, however, and, therefore, I approach the subject with all seriousness. In the first place let us analyze the word golf. What is golf? Golf is the game Scotsmen knock "I" out of other definitions of this pastime. The following are perhaps the best:
The pursuit of the rubber-cord by the blime speaking to the ridiculous.
A tee fight with clubs.
A combination of contemplation, excavations and exclamations.
Red coats, white balls, and blue language.
The game where the language is less chaste (cheated) than the ball.
A boulder, a stick, and a re-bouncer.
Following a ball and bawling at a follower.
A curious ceremony, comically contested by cranks with crooked clubs.
Peripathetic tiddleywinks.
A game indefinable, with a ball off un-fundable.
Hitting a ball in the morning and looking for it all the rest of the day.
A game with the bunkers, both for old men and youngers.
The pursuit of flying cores by lying bores.
A country dance, after the ball.
The idle man's business; the busy man's idleness.
The language producer, and the liver reducer.
Pill-punching by bilious blighters.
Fagged for flogging the furze.
The mighty in pursuit of the atom.
"Besity" in pursuit of blasphemy.
Futility relieved by profanity.
The chastisement of erratic india-rubber with unmanageable weapons and impaired temper.
A pleasant walk spoilt.
A mixture of the heights of idiocy with the depth of profanity.
Polo on Shank's mare.
The triumph of Hope over Experience.
A cross between hockey and language.
The misuse of land and language.
A game in which the ball usually lies badly, and the player well.
I have merely given you these few definitions of the great and glorious game so that if perchance, while discussing at dinner during your holidays this royal pastime with some member of the opposite sex, maybe, who has not yet been bitten by the craze, you may be able to define golf in several ways. After you have reached the eleventh explanation I make no doubt that your interlocutor will imagine that you suddenly been attacked by an epigrammatic golf blizzard. But no matter, when you go for a holiday it's just as well to take as much with you as you possibly can—besides, definitions don't weigh anything, so that you will not have to pay extra on your luggage for overweight.
One thing in particular I would impress upon golfers, and that is the advisability of invariably taking with them a supply of extra balls in case of accidents, for you never know when you may require a spare golf ball or two to enable you to have a game. Scotsmen, in particular, are adepts at having games, and I remember a case once when two canny golfers started out to play for ten pounds a side. After the ninth hole, however, they agreed that it would be purely waste of time to finish the round as each player invariably did each hole in one stroke. This is quite easy when you have a spare golf ball in your pocket—and I commend the method to all golfers who have important wagers on a match. If they will

follow my advice and take a few spare balls with them they will surely return from the links with more money than they started out with.
Personally, I have always thought that the old saying to the effect that "no man is a hero to his valet" is not half as true as the phrase "no golfer is a hero to his caddie," for, with the exception of those champion stick-wagglers and ball-floggers who beat "bogey" every time, few "purple people" pursuing pale pills ever succeed in impressing caddie very much. Moreover, to moderate players, as most of us are, it is never wise to remonstrate with a caddie, for his power of repartee is extraordinarily acute.
Holiday-makers, therefore, please note the sad case of a certain belted knight who had served his country well in foreign parts, and who was accustomed to take a couple of rounds of golf daily. This gentleman, I must tell you, had contracted some trouble which had always made his head shake a bit. Frequently he had had occasion to mildly rebuke his caddie, and one day, as the caddie was worse than usual, he thought he would speak to him very sharply, so he said: "Robert, you're drunk today; it is a disgrace; you are very drunk." "Drunk!" replied the caddie. "I know I am drunk; but I'll be sober tomorrow. You're daft, and you'll never be right." History records the fact that the belted knight in question never remonstrated with his caddie again. The moral of the story, therefore, can be understood by holiday-makers at once without my "rubbing it in."
For hundreds of thousands of years we have been told that a real good hard swear is a fine thing for the temper, and on that account I specially recommend the game to holiday-makers, for it is marvellous how even the most saintly drop into bad habits when they fall into bad play. A certain friend of mine agreed to put a stone into his pocket every time he said an unparliamentary word. He went the round, and his friends noticed his pockets bulged in the most alarming manner.
On his return to the club house he was asked how he had got on. "Well," he said, taking half a dozen stones or so out of his top outside pocket, "these stones are for 'curse it,' these in the right hand side pocket are for some favorite strong expressions of mine. These right hand side pockets are words unsuited for ears polite. And now, gentlemen," he added, addressing every member in the club house, "go outside, and you will see a man with a wheelbarrow that's full of stones, each one of which stands for an implication that should never have been uttered." Oh, yes, if you are too happy on your holidays, and simply cannot work up a good swear anyhow, all you have to do is to go out on the links for an hour or so, and you will soon make up for any deficiencies and omissions in the swearin' line of which you may have been guilty.
And now I must be off to clean my clubs. I trust, however, that I have said enough to prove to you that, on those particular days in your holiday which you devote to golf, you are perfectly entitled to keep your score in any fashion you like, to swear in a manner which would put an East End sailor's parrot to shame, to spend half the day lurching in the club house, and last, but not least, to carry a dozen or so spare golf balls in your pocket in case you may happen to be in sore straits in a money match with a far superior opponent. If, therefore, you bear these hints in mind I can guarantee that you will find golf a perfectly ideal holiday game.
On the other hand, if you take yourself and the game too seriously, you will assuredly return home firm in the belief that golf is the one game in the world which is "the despair of the recording angel."

THE TALLEST TOMB IN ENGLAND

Near the well-known seaport of Southampton, England, there is a remarkable edifice known as Petersen's, singular because it marks the burying-place of a certain John Petersen, a wealthy tea-planter. The man appears to have been rather an eccentric individual, and in order to prove to the world his belief in concrete as a building material, set about the construction of this great tower. The building took many years to complete, but is entirely of concrete, and by the time the final layers had been placed had reached an altitude of more than 300 feet. It is about forty years since the tower was erected, and its present condition is certainly a justification of the faith of the builder. As has been indicated, Petersen left instructions that his body should be placed under the tower, and this was accordingly carried out. Another desire that the chamber at the summit should contain a light was defeated by the firm stand which Trinity House, the lighthouse authority, took on the matter. Such an illumination would have been visible for miles out at sea, and would naturally have proved very misleading to sailors.—Scientific American.

A GOOD CONVERT

Calvin W. Mateer, the missionary, described in a letter from Shangtung a very successful revival. "And the results of this revival," he said, "were lasting. I'll tell you an anecdote of a little Chinese boy converted two years back. The anecdote will show you clearly that this boy understands the spirit of Christianity.
"He attends the mission school, where one of his friends, Ah Sin, was for a long time head of the class. But Ah Sin at last grew careless,

NO LANGUAGE LOVER

Robert Underwood Johnson, poet and editor, declared at the University of New York's commencement that New York as a literary center was ridiculous—that nowhere in this country was poetry more appreciated than in Boston, and nowhere less than in New York.
"In fact," said Mr. Johnson afterward, "New York's love of poetry is about equal to the Earlham College boy's love of languages."
"In my sophomore year at Earlham this lad was visited by his mother.
"Well, my dear," she said to him, "what languages have you decided to take up here?"
"I have decided to take up Pictish," he replied.
"Pictish?" said his puzzled mother. "Why Pictish?"
"Only five words of it remain," said he."

THE MARBLE HEART

Frederick Trevor Hill, the novelist, is the secretary of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and the other day at the Century Club, apropos of charity, Mr. Hill said:
"The best charity at this season is the children's country week movement. To see a pale, gaunt child of the tenements growing rosy and

strong beside the windy sea or in the perfumed air of some old-fashioned garden is a joy, and they who will not help this charity seem to me as stingy as the Sunapee man."
"A Sunapee man was setting off on the Little Weetamoo for a week's holiday in Boston. The township beggar said to him on the pier:
"Japhet, ye might leave me a dime or so to drink success to yer journey."
"Sorry, but I can't do it," Japhet replied.
"All my spare dimes I give to my mother."
"That's strange," sneered the beggar. "Yer mother told me ye never give her nothin'."
"Well," said Japhet coldly, "if I never give my old mother nothin', what sort of a chance do you think you've got?"

BLIND OBEDIENCE TO DYING MAN'S WISH

The simplicity of two wealthy Italian ladies, mother and daughter, who strictly obeyed the injunction of a dying parent never to sign their names, has led them into an extraordinary situation.
Signora Maria Zeni, aged sixty-five, and her daughter Emma are wealthy ladies of Ferrara, having inherited between £60,000 and £80,000 from the father of the elder and the grandfather of the younger. The testator, feeling that his end was near, summoned his daughter and granddaughter to his bedside, told them that they would inherit all his property, gave them his blessing, and added the admonition, with an emphatic gesture, "Remember, confide in nobody, trust nobody, and never sign your names, never, never, never!" Then he died.
The two women who remained to enjoy his fortune adopted his last words as the guiding maxims of their lives. They trusted nobody, and, therefore, employed no servants, their modest meals being sent in to them daily from a neighboring inn. Part of their money was invested in mortgages, some of their property was leased, but in all their transactions they steadfastly refused to put their names to a piece of paper of any kind.
In the savings bank they had a deposit of £4,000, which on one occasion they required to draw out. Glad to get rid of his troublesome clients, the chief officer made the payment in the presence of four witnesses, and dispensed with the customary signed receipt.
Recently, says the Milan correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, a mortgagor obtained a decree authorizing him to pay £1,200 in redemption of a mortgage, and in this case the two ladies were burdened with the costs of the action. But they would neither receive the £1,200 nor pay the £20 due to the public treasury.
However, the treasury is an inexorable creditor, and soon a bailiff appeared at the ladies' house in the Via Volte, and requested them to open the door that he might distract upon their goods. At the first word of the functionary the doors were barred and bolted and the windows were closed. Carbiners were summoned to enforce the decree of the laws. Still no response.
Firemen came on the scene, and, hose in hand, prepared to take the house by assault. Two of them scaled the gate of the courtyard, the hose was put through a window, but the birds had flown to another part of the house. At last, while the door was being attacked with axes, a window was thrown open, and the terrified women thrust out their heads.
"Open the door," said the bailiff, "we will do you no harm."
"Go away," replied the ladies, "or we will throw ourselves out of the window."
A jet of water caused them to withdraw from the window. Finally the door was beaten down and the besiegers entered the citadel. The ladies, however, had vanished through a back door, and were seen rushing towards the police-station to demand assistance against "burglars." Then they went to a church, and, throwing themselves before a statue of the Madonna, implored her aid.
Meanwhile the bailiff had carried out his task and left the building. The ladies returned unobserved, bolted and locked themselves in the house, and prepared to withstand another siege, as they were convinced by this time that the authorities were protecting a gang of malefactors who were trying to deprive them of their substance.
Here the story ends for the time being.

JEWES GOING BACK TO PALESTINE

To the series of excellent volumes embodying the results of inquiries carried out by special commissioners into the conditions and prospects of British trade in various parts of the world, the Advisory Committee to the Board of Trade upon Commercial Intelligence has now added a new volume on Syria from the pen of r. Ernest Weakly. A small but interesting section of the volume is devoted to the question of Jewish immigration into Palestine. The Jews, as Mr. Weakly points out, have been steadily coming into the country in increasing numbers since 1882, driven away from Russia and Poland by persecutions. From a total of about 500 Jews resident in Palestine a century ago, their numbers grew to about 6,000 in Jerusalem alone in 1861, out of a total town population of 13,000. In 1897 it was computed that the population of the city was about 45,000, of which 28,000 were Jews. The population in 1900 was about 60,000, the Jewish element being close upon 30,000, and today Jerusalem has about 84,000 inhabitants, of whom no fewer than 55,000 to 60,000 are Jews. At Jaffa the Jewish population has also increased from about 1,000 souls ten years ago to about 15,000, out of a total population of 40,000. Mr. Weakly points out that large numbers of these refugees are each now dependent on charitable contributions from abroad, and that distress

A Lost Gold Mine

In almost every country in which gold-mining is carried on characteristic traditions abound, and at the present time, when our own Scottish goldfields at Kildonan are so much before the public eye, the narration of one of the most interesting of these legends is peculiarly appropriate. The story is as follows: In an Indian village in the northern district of Mexico there lived, in the old Spanish times, a padre, or priest, a man of simple and retired habits. He was beloved by the simple tribe among whom he was domesticated, and they did not fail to prove their goodwill by frequent presents of such trifles as they found were agreeable to him. They say that he was a great writer, and occasionally received from the Indians of his parish a quantity of finely-colored dust, which he made use of to dry his sermons and letters. Knowing how much the padre loved writing, they seldom returned from the mountains without bringing him some. It happened that once upon a time he had occasion to write to a friend of his living in the capital who was a jeweler, and he did not fail to use his pounce box. In returning an answer his knowing friend, to his great surprise, bantered him with his great riches, seeing that he dried the very ink on his paper with gold dust. This opened the simple padre's eyes. He sent for his Indian friends, and, without divulging his newly-acquired knowledge, begged them to get him more of the fine, bright sand. They nothing doubting, did so. The demon of avarice began to whisper into the old man's ear, and warmed the blood of his heart. He begged for more, and received it, and then more till they had furnished him with several pounds weight, and all entreaty that they should show him the locality where this bright dust was gathered was resented with calmness and steadiness for a long time. At length, wearied out, they told him as they loved him and saw he was disturbed in his mind, they would yield to his desire and show him the spot on the condition that he would submit to be led to and from the place blindfolded. To this he greedily consented, and was in the course of time taken upon their shoulders and carried whither he knew not by many devious ways up and down mountain and baranca for many hours into the recesses of the

Cordilleras, and there in a cave through which a stream issues from the breast of the mountain they set him down and unbound him. There they showed him quantities of gold dust intermingled with large lumps of virgin ore, while their spokesman addressed him, saying, "Father, we have brought you here because you so much desired it and because we love you. Take now what you want to carry away with you. Let it be as much as you can carry, for here you must never hope to come again. You will never persuade us more." The padre seemingly acquiesced, and after disposing as much of the precious metal about his person as he could contrive to carry he submitted to be blindfolded, and was again taken in the arms of the Indians to be transplanted home. The tradition goes on to relate how the good padre, upon whom the lust of gold had now seized, thought to outwit his conductors by untying his rosary and occasionally dropping a bead on the earth. If he flattered himself that any hope existed of his being able to thread this blind maze through which he passed and find the locality, one may imagine his chagrin when once more arrived and set down at his own door the first sight which met us uncovered eyes was the contented face of one of his Indian guides, and an outstretched hand containing in its hollow the greater part of the grains of his rosary, while the guileless tongue expressed his simple joy at having been enabled to restore such a sacred treasure to the dis-comfited padre.
Entreaties and threats were now employed in vain. Gentle as the Indians were, they were not to be bended. Government were apprised of the circumstances, and commissioners were sent down to investigate the affair. The principal inhabitants were seized, and menace being powerless, torture, that last argument of the tyrant, was resorted to—all in vain; not a word could be wrung from them. Many were put to death—still their brethren remained mute, and the village became deserted under the systematic persecution of the oppressors. The most careful researches, repeatedly made from time to time by adventurers in search of the rich deposit, have all resulted in disappointment; and to this day all that is known is that somewhere in the recesses of those mountains lies the gold mine of La Navidad.

FINANCED BY ROTHSCHILD

Among the schemes undertaken to give relief was the establishment of agricultural colonies, and the funds for that purpose were provided by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. As the scheme was originally a purely philanthropic one each "colonist" receiving a fixed sum per month, there was for a long time no inducement to work, and a considerable demoralization set in. In consequence the system of fixed stipends was abolished, and the whole administration was handed over to the Jewish Colonization Association. This proved a better method, and open the era of progress. At present there are no fewer than twenty-six colonies, with an aggregate area of nearly 95,000 acres (including some 22,000 not yet developed) and a population of 7,885 colonists. Orange groves and olive yards have in a number of places supplanted vineyards, almond trees have been planted in large numbers, and industrial enterprises, such as oil and soap-making, have been started. There are schools, doctors, and pharmacies almost everywhere, and in the Petah-Tikwah colony alone the lands, plantations, and buildings are said to be valued at not less than 15,000 francs. Another important colony is Richon Le Zion, which produces a very large quantity of wine, which is exported to Egypt, many towns in Turkey, and to Europe.

DOCKING HORSES' TAILS

Many horse-lovers and experts, among whom may be mentioned Professor Fleming, the late veterinary surgeon to the army, are among those who object to the docking of horses' tails. To many people, certainly, the appearance of a horse with a stump like a sauceman handle is simply grotesque and hideous. This may be a matter of taste and opinion, but it is bare matter of fact, we are assured by Mr. J. Lee Osborn, in the "Animals' Friend," that the infliction of this mutilation involves cruelty, frequently in performance, always in result. Many horses are so frightened by the shock inflicted in docking, that they are ever afterwards nervous of anyone passing behind them, and a horse's tail is his only protection against stinging flies and gnats, and to deprive him of this in the hot weather is surely cruelty of a very positive character. If anyone doubts this, let him go into a field without a hat on in the summer, and with hands tied behind him. In the South African War the docked horses suffered so badly that the Commander-in-Chief issued an order, at the suggestion of the principal veterinary surgeon of the forces, forbidding the purchase of horses with shortened docks.

HOW AVIATORS MAY STEER

The aviator, of course, needs a compass, and the latest is the balloon compass of Dr. Bestelmeyer. It is supported on a wide aluminum tube swung on gimbals, and this carries between two glass plates a transparent compass card with its needle. A lens in the bottom of the tube throws upon the compass card an inverted image of the landscape. Motion in any horizontal direction causes every portion of

LANDSCAPE TO APPEAR TO MOVE

the landscape to appear to move across the compass card in the same direction, and this direction is determined by noting the passage of a selected point in the landscape from the centre to the circumference of the card. The balloons' horizontal velocity may be determined by means of a stop-watch. The time is noted that a point in the landscape takes to cross one of the centimeter spaces shown in circles on the card, and when other observations have shown the balloon's height, simply consulting a table gives the speed.—Popular Science Sitings.

A JAPANESE DIPLOMAT

A Japanese diplomat, dressed in brocaded silk, was sitting out a dance beside a fountain with a Bar Harbor girl.
"Yes," he admitted, "my dress is pretty, and one queer thing about it is it has no buttons—only knots and knotholes."
He showed her the fastenings of his flame-colored jacket.
"You see," he said, "Short cords, each with a knot at the end, and on the other side a knothole, or, as you would say, a buttonhole. That is simpler than buttons—simpler and easier. Do you wear pajamas? Yes? Then you must know what I say is so."
"On my pajamas," said the girl, laughing a little. "I have buttons and button-holes instead of knots and knotholes."
"How foolish of you," said the diplomat.
"But what I was going to say was that the knots we Japanese employ in place of buttons are of many kinds and they have many names. There are plum blossom and cherry blossom knots for young girls' garments. Such you would wear. There are winter and snow knots for the aged. Soldiers have death knots. The geisha wears knots of a very beautiful and elaborate kind that are called love knots."
"What kind of knots are yours?" the young girl asked.
"Mine?" he replied. "Oh, mine are just the usual married man's knots."
"And what are they called?" she pursued.
"Knots of resignation," he answered with a sigh.

BONES STRONGER THAN SOLID OAK

The wonderful power of bone structure has been tested scientifically to show how that hollow bone bears strain. A very small bone, only one square millimeter (.0155 square inch) in diameter will hold 33 pounds in suspension without breaking, while a piece of the best oak of the same thickness will hold up only 22 pounds. The bone is, therefore, half again as strong as the solid oak; thus showing that nature is economical in the weight given to bones, making them hollow, and at the same time making them stronger than if they were solid and much heavier. This principle has been recognized in mechanics, engineers using hollow steel tubes instead of solid to meet great strain.

CAPT. HARDRESS LLOYD OF THE BRITISH POLICE

Capt. Hardress Lloyd of the British police team described the typical young British officer. "A typical British officer," he said, "was one who, quartered for two years in Cairo, never got out to see the Pyramids.
"You see," he explained, "what with polo and parties and cricket and bridge, I never had, my dear fellow, a minute to myself."