

HONOR ON THE LINKS

PROBABLY there is less toleration shown to the man who cheats at golf than at any other game in the world. A story is told of a prominent club in this city who played a fairly good round. He played a tournament, and was paired with a young fellow who had never taken part in a big event before. At one of the holes the young fellow was sure that his opponent had taken no less than six strokes, but the other claimed he had only needed four. The younger, thinking he had counted wrong, put it down as four; but three holes later, the boy distinctly saw his opponent take five strokes to get out of a bunker and two putts, so that his score was eight strokes. The other man said he had only a six, and demanded to know if he thought he was cheating.

A friend of the younger player saw him after the qualifying round was over, and advised him to go to the committee about it. As most of the players were out-of-town men, the committee decided that the best thing to do would be to say nothing, but keep an eye on the chap. The golfer's question was passed with a man who had seen things of a kind that happened until near the end of the round when the suspected player told his opponent that he could not complete the following day, and that, for a certain consideration, he would be perfectly willing to be down for the next three or four holes and let the other man win. He was told where he got off, and his partner reported the occurrence to the committee who promptly posted his match in the next eight as defaulted one. When the cheater turned up the next day he wanted to know why his match was defaulted, and he was told of the two incidents and informed that the committee would rather have his room than his company.

CHEATING ON THE LINKS

All this should have served as a lesson, but it did not, as the man could not play straight golf. A month or two later he took part in a big tournament at one of the local clubs, and a contestant, who knew of the out-of-town incident, asked the man with whom the cheater had played if anything out of the ordinary had happened, and was told of a repetition of the other affair. In this case, the committee immediately barred him from the event, and by this time his own club had heard of the two incidents. It is a pretty serious affair to accuse a man of cheating unless you have the proof, but his home club learned that the facts were as stated, and expelled him. He was indignant and howled about having a public hearing, and was told that he could have all the hearings he wanted, but he evidently thought better of it, for he disappeared without more ado.

Now the golfer who does these things deliberately, who refuses to take the penalty strokes when he knows he should simply inviting trouble for himself. For, sooner or later, no one will play with him and it will effect his business, as the man who cheats at cards or golf will be watching in business matters. If, when playing a medal round, you neglect to take out the standard when your ball is only a foot away and you cannot possibly miss the putt, the ball hits the flagstick there is only one thing to do, and that is take the two-stroke penalty. Of course, it seems absurd, but if you are going the honorable way it is the only one worth while. If you prefer to play the other way you can make up your mind that it is only a question of time when no one will play with you.

PENALTIES IN OTHER SPORTS

No one likes the man who will cheat. In the old days, out West, particularly in Arizona and other States where the bad man used to thrive, nearly every crime in the world was forgiven, but one, and the man who cheated or stole got what was coming to him very quickly. The card cheats who used to infest the ocean liners have been driven off the sea, and there is no quicker way of being forced out of any club than that of being caught cheating. For every mistake you make in any sport you have to pay the penalty. If you are offside in football, it costs your side yards. If you commit a foul in basketball it gives the other five a chance to shoot for a goal. If you drop a fly in baseball in many cases it means a run. If the pitcher makes a balk it means a base, and all the way down the line, for everything you do that you should not do, there is a penalty.

Golf is different from any other game in the world in that it is absolutely individual. The tennis player scores when his opponent drives the ball into the net or out of bounds. The baseball team scores when the other side makes errors, or when the pitcher weakens; and so it goes through all lines of sport; but this is not so in golf. No matter what the other fellow does, you cannot win unless you do better than your opponent. His topped drive does not help you unless you hit your own true. If he misses a two-foot putt for a win, it does not help you unless you can run yours down. And from tee to green it is not so much what the other fellow does that counts as what you do.

If there is a mean streak in the player, golf will bring it out, as there is nothing in the world that brings out the good and bad points as the royal and ancient game. If when playing a match your opponent

has sliced and you have hooked into a bunker, your lie is bad and he cannot see you, there might be a temptation to sole your club or move your ball where it can be easily hit. If there is a streak of yellow in the player, he may do that very thing, but if he is true blue he will treat that lie as if his opponent were standing by him.

There is the man who wonders why so many of the players he used to make the round of the links with, have engagements when he seeks a game with them. If his eyes should fall on this, here is the reason. He usually plays in a four-ball match. Many times when the balls are on the green his ball will be in the way of the other players. Rather than put out he has got into the habit of placing a small coin where his ball lies, and after the others have putted he will replace the ball. All of which is right and proper. But those who formerly played with him began to notice several things. First, that when he lifted up his ball he would sweep his hand across the spot where the ball lay and then put his coin down, but, strangely enough, the coin never went down where the sphere was originally, but always an inch or so ahead. Then when it is time for him to putt he would pick up the coin, sweep the green again, and then would place his ball not where the coin lay, but still nearer the hole. Every time he did it he would gain several inches.

Then here is another little trick. There is a rule that mud on a ball does not make it unplayable, and that you cannot remove the mud from the ball while it is in play. After you have holed out you may clean the rubber core, but not before. Several times it was noticed

that when his ball landed on the green there was mud on it, but after he had picked up and put the coin down to mark it and it had come his turn to play, there was no mud on the ball. Then they noticed that when he picked up the sphere either the little finger or some part of his clothing would come in contact with the ball, and every time the mud would be missing when it came his time to play. These two little tricks did not occur once, but scores of times, so the fellows who played with him just decided that they did not care for that sort of a companion on the links. He is still wondering why they have engagements when he asks them to play.—*New York Evening Post.*

FATAL FAILING

"This applicant, gentlemen," began the chairman of the education committee, who was considering the appointment of a new head master, "states that he is a splendid disciplinarian, can converse fluently in five languages, has won upward of a hundred medals and certificates, and has been praised by several Government inspectors as an ideal schoolmaster. There is, however, one drawback to his application. Our rules require that the children should be taught singing, and he admits that he does not know one note of music from another."

A vigorous discussion followed, some favoring the application and others going against it, but the argument was finally brought to a close by the quietest member of the committee, who dryly interposed: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: Do not let us deprive ourselves of the services of this paragon for a trifling obstacle. If he cannot teach the boys to sing, let him

teach them to play the trumpet. He blows his own remarkably well."

After this bit of sarcasm the paragon was passed over in favor of a more modest applicant.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

He (explaining about stocks)—"You know what margin is, don't you?" "Sh—"

"Oh, yes. That's the money you put up and lose."—*Boston Transcript.*

"They say his wife has money." "Well that isn't his fault. They've only been married a short time."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Is it hot enough for you?" "I don't mind it at all, but judging from your fool question, the heat seems to have affected your head."—*Detroit Free Press.*

She—"Tell me about your early struggles." He—"There's not much to tell. The more I struggled, the more the old man laid it on."—*Boston Transcript.*

"How was it that physician made such a hit with Cholly?" "Told him he was sure he had something on his mind."—*Baltimore American.*

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Yours, etc.,
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Prop. of Grand Central Hotel,
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Dear Mary—

You'll just have to run over soon and see my new rugs. I'm so tickled!

I was passing Buchanan & Co's window and the exquisite designs stopped me. I went straight in and bought three new rugs and told my husband about it afterwards. When he saw them on the floor he, too, was pleased.

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Your Pal—HDLEN.

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THE SLUGGARD

"The voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain."

"You've waked me too soon, I must slumber again!"

As the door on its hinges, so he, on his bed,

Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber!"

Thus he waxes half his days, and his hours without number;

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,

Or walks about sauntering, or trifling, he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,

The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;

The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,

And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find

That he took better care for improving his mind;

He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;

But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

ISSAC WATTS,
(Born July 17, 1674; died November 25, 1748.)

CONSCRIPTION VOTE AT A GLANCE

	For	Against	Maj. Against
Barrette amendment.....	9	165	156
Laurier amendment.....	62	111	49
Copp amendment.....	46	115	69
Second reading.....	118	55	63

The members present from the various provinces lined up as follows on the vote on the second reading:

	Conservatives For.	Conservatives Agst.	Liberals For.	Liberals Agst.	Total For.	Total Agst.
Ontario.....	57	0	10	2	67	2
Quebec.....	9	9	0	37	9	46
Nova Scotia.....	4	0	2	2	6	2
New Brunswick.....	3	0	3	2	6	2
Manitoba.....	7	0	2	1	9	1
Alberta.....	1	0	4	1	5	1
Saskatchewan.....	1	0	5	0	6	0
British Columbia.....	7	0	0	0	7	0
Prince Edward Island.....	2	0	0	1	2	1
Yukon.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
Canada.....	92	9	26	46	118	55

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