

GOLF CURE-ALLS BEGIN FROM THE WRONG END

FEW WORK OUT, BUT PLAYERS LEARN ONLY BY EXPERIENCE

THE words of Ecclesiastes, "God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions," are as true of golf as of everything else. Nature framed the players to stand up to the ball and hit all the faults of style by which they shaft out over, pull and slice are but the invention of their own feeble will. The cure for these faults is only by practice to bring them back to the confidence and simplicity of their first efforts—albeit with more careful aim and attention better concentrated. The inventions in the way of error which weakness has sought out are by no means to be cured by the seeking out of still more subtle inventions, though many golfers, to their own undoing, imagine that such is the case.

Practically every golfer has tried out some method or other by which this or that fault in his stroke can be cured, according to the claim, but there are few which really work out; still less the cure-all tips that are guaranteed to give immunity from every disease known to mortal player. In a good many cases the cure is doomed to failure from the very beginning, because they tackle the problem from the wrong end. They start from the fault instead of starting from the absence of fault which characterizes the successful stroke.

This absence of fault does not arise from any particular method in the stance or the grip or the swing, though to many it will seem the rankest heresy to say so. But the thing is proved by the fact that indifferent first-class golfers attain the result by means of styles widely divergent while the duffer himself will drive well one day, and the next, repeating, with exactness the methods of his first success will break down utterly and inexplicably. But this last is a thing the possibility of which the true beginner, à la Kipling, can never understand, so that of all the superstitions of the links, there is none which meets with more general acceptance than the fallacious belief that if the golfer who is playing well could but stop and obtain a mental record of the stance, grip, and swing which he is using, so as to preserve them for the future, he would never fall into sin again.

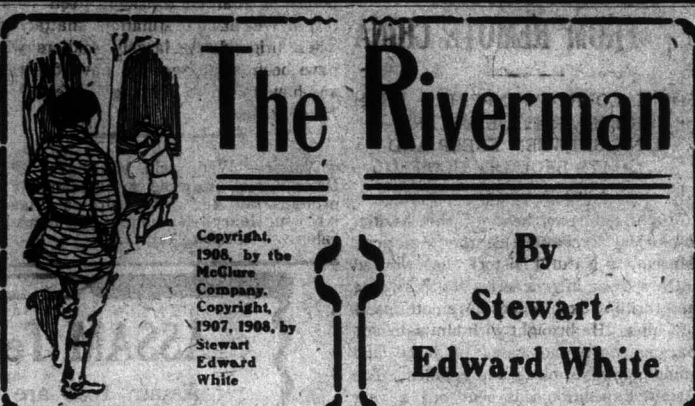
MIDDLE AGES OF GOLF.
There is a book which has come down from the middle ages—that is, the middle ages of the game of golf—which contains a story of an ingenious player who, being one day in excellent form caused a carpenter to construct a wooden framework, a round him that he might always have a record by which to adjust himself at any time to the stance and style which had proved so successful. According to the tale, the man's caddy was instructed to carry this "mould of form" around him, so that the inventor might from time to time test himself for any falling from grace as represented by the original stance.

Men or women who are real devotees of the links will give some thought to the care of their clubs. If they are properly looked after they will last much longer, and be more satisfactory in many ways. Small repairs, such as the renewing of grips and the refastening of bindings, should be seen to at once. Periodically it is wise to revarnish the heads of wooden weapons, as otherwise they are apt to become dry and brittle. After a round in wet weather each club should be taken out separately, dried and oiled, and only replaced in the bag when the latter itself has been thoroughly dried. A waterproof bag with a hood will be found a great protection for the clubs of those who play golf in all kinds of weather.

It is very important to keep the handles dry, otherwise the shaft is likely to turn in the hand when the grip is wet. Although rubber and kid grips are comfortable to hold, and are used by many, they are not satisfactory in a rainstorm, and the ordinary cotton glove is much the most serviceable one for all-round work. It is prudent to carry two or three pairs of gloves if the match is an important one, as a dry pair may make all the difference between success and failure.

THE NEED OF DUPLICATES.
If clubs are not wanted for use for any considerable time, they should be carefully oiled and kept in a dry place. There is a theory that wood implements lose their driving power after some years, and that they should be changed from time to time, but it is always hard to make up one's mind to part with an old favorite which has done good services, especially as it takes some time to get thoroughly accustomed to a new weapon. Those who take part in important matches and companionship should always carry duplicate wooden clubs, as an accident may so very easily happen.

An iron shaft, too, is very liable to snap, so, if possible, and if the player is not in fear of the "Crusade to Caddies Society," a spare iron should also be carried. Another item of golfing paraphernalia is an india-rubber or metal case. It is an excellent plan to have the player's initials stamped on all the clubs. This can be done on payment of a small fee, and it is of the greatest service if by chance the club gets adrift from its owner. It can be identified at once by the initials, and a good deal of worry and trouble saved. A putter especially is liable to get mixed up with other people's clubs, as the player in the excitement of finishing a game often forgets to give it to the caddy and carries it away unconsciously when leaving the green.—*New York Evening Post*, Oct. 11, 1918.



The Riverman
By Stewart Edward White
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When a rough, sturdy, man-maturing lumber driver, boss of the lawless "river jacks," starts out to win the heart and hand of an aristocratic young woman of eastern wealth and fashion, interesting things are apt to happen. They do happen, as readers of this story will agree. Jack Orde is the type of man who has gone into the American wildernesses and reclaimed them from themselves, from lawbreaking and debauchery. The brilliant author's description of the battles between man and nature and between man and man in the lumber fastnesses of the great north-west set one's blood a-tingle. They show that man is superman when courage swells his heart. And the wooing and winning of Carroll Bishop by Jack Orde supply captivating romance that cannot fail to charm.

Chapter 1

THE time was the year 1872 and the place a bend in the river above a long pond terminating in a dam. Beyond the dam and on a flat lower than it stood a two-story mill structure. A crew of lumbermen lounged about two fires at the upper end of the pond—idle because of the strong adverse wind and the unexpected weakness of the current, which had arrested the progress of their thousands of logs. Suddenly a solitary figure appeared around a river-bend. His progress was jerky and on an uneven zigzag, according to the logs lay, by leaps, short runs, brief pauses, as a riverman goes. Finally he stopped above just below the camp, stamped his feet vigorously free of water and approached the group around the cooking fire.

The newcomer was a man somewhere about thirty years of age, squarely built, big of bone, compact in bulk. His face was busy, jolly and reddened rather than tanned by long exposure. A pair of twinkling blue eyes and a humorously quirked mouth redeemed his countenance from monotonousness. "Well, boys," he remarked at last in a rollicking big voice, "I'm glad to see the situation hasn't spoiled your appetites."

Tom North, in charge of the lumbermen, rose. He and the newcomer, who was Jack Orde, his principal, countered to the water's edge, where they stood for a minute looking at the logs and the ruffled expanse of water below. "It's a pity that old mossback had to put in a mill," said Orde. "The water was slack enough before, but now there seems to be no current at all."

"Case of wait for the wind," agreed Tom North. "Old Dory will be red-headed. He must be about out of logs at the mill, and I expect Johnson's drive will be down on our rear most any time."

"It's there already. Let's go take a look," suggested Orde. They picked their way around the edge of the pond to the site of the new mill.

"Stuice open all right," commented Orde. Orde walked out on the structure and looked down on the smooth water rushing through. "Ought to make a draw," he reflected. Then he laughed. "Tom, look hood," he called. "Climb down and take a squint at this."

The sluice, instead of bedding at the natural channel of the river, had been built a good six feet above that level; so that, even with the gates wide open, a "head" of six feet was retained in the slack water of the pond. "No wonder we couldn't get a draw," said Orde. "Let's hunt up old Wha's-his-name and have a powwow."

"His name is plain Reed," explained North. "There he comes square," said Orde now. The owner of the dam stepped into view as a link and lengthy white-haired individual dressed in loose, long clothes and wearing atop a battered old plug hat.

"You haven't been square," said Orde. "You aren't letting us get our logs out."

"How so?" snapped the owner, his thin lips tightening.

for a good many who have contracts to fulfill. And no logs means the mills must close. Thousands of men will be thrown out of their jobs, and a good many of them will go hungry. And with the stream full of the old cutting, that means less to do next winter in the woods—more men thrown out! Getting out a season's cut with the flood water is a pretty serious matter to a great many people, and if you insist on holding us up here in this slack water the situation will soon become alarming."

The old man brought to earth the front legs of his chair with a thump. "And if the whole kit and caboodle of ye starved outright," said he, "it would be the fault of the word of the prophet who says: 'So will I send upon you famine and evil beasts, and they shall devour thee, and pestilence and blood shall pass through thee, and I will bring the sword upon thee.' 'The Lord have spoken it! And don't forget Newmark. Ye took make of God's smile! Land waste places and a wilderness by your own folly shall ye perish."

Orde walked on his heel. The young man who sat an interested spectator, arose and joined him. He was a very slender young man, with a shrewd, thin face, steel gray eyes.

"Wait a minute," said the young fellow. "Have you any objections to my hanging around a little to watch the work? My name is Newmark—Joseph Newmark. I'm out in this country a good deal for my health. This thing interests me."

"Sure," replied Orde, puzzled. "Look all you want to. The scenery's free."

"Oh, as far as I'm concerned," agreed Orde heartily, "with one of his contagious chuckles, 'I'm only river boss. You'll have to fix it up with the doctor—the cook, I mean,' he explained, as Newmark looked puzzled. 'You'll find him at camp.'"

In the center of the stream the work had been gradually slowing down to a standstill with the subsidence of the first rush of water after the sluice gate was opened. Tom North, leaning gracefully against the shaft of a peavy, looked up eagerly as Orde approached.

"Is it peace or war?"

"War," replied Orde briefly.

"You and Rafferty have quarrelled."

"We have," replied Mr. Dolan. "Can't you become reconciled and talk it over?"

"I don't think so. Every time we talk it over the conversation leads up to a worse fight than we had before."—*Washington Star*.

"What is your opinion of—?" "Don't go any further," interrupted Senator Dolan. "I have had several opinions which I was obliged to change when I got further information as to the facts in the case. I am not taking any more chances."—*Washington Star*.

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"Is your wire hard to please?" "I don't know, I have never reached that stage," Judge.

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CO-OPERATION IS REQUIRED

MILITARY SERVICE ACT WILL WORK SMOOTHLY WHEN ALL THE PEOPLE REALIZE ITS BENEFITS

Ottawa, Oct. 16.—It is by the co-operation of all concerned that the Military Service Act will be applied most smoothly and with the least possible delay and trouble. This is plain, now that the programme to be carried out has been explained to the country in its broad outlines.

The men to be selected themselves, their parents or near relatives or their employers are being called upon to assist in the business-like operation of the Act, and the kind of response that is made to this appeal will be an interesting indication of good sense and democratic spirit of the Canadian people. Leading authorities here are unanimous in agreeing that, when the people get to understand the ultimate value of the Military Service Act, its fairness and its advantages, it will work so smoothly that the country will hardly notice its application.

"Bobbie, you're very naughty. I heard you tell sister to go to the devil." "Ye needn't worry mother. She never does what I tell her."—*Life*.

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