# POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING TIMES AND STA. ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1919

## WHERE FRACTIONS OF SECONDS COUNT

Difficult Exploit to Break Real

### SOME SPORTING HISTORY

Annals of Horse Racing Show That It Took a Century to Cut Filteen Seconds Off Mile Record

Readers of the sporting page will have noted that several times in the course of the racing season which still has several

THE PRINCE PREPARING TO FISH AT NIPIGON

AY COURTESY OF C.P. R

the speed marvels with few exceptions left nothing but a few obsolete figures by which they are remembered.

### SOLACE IN SOLITAIRE.

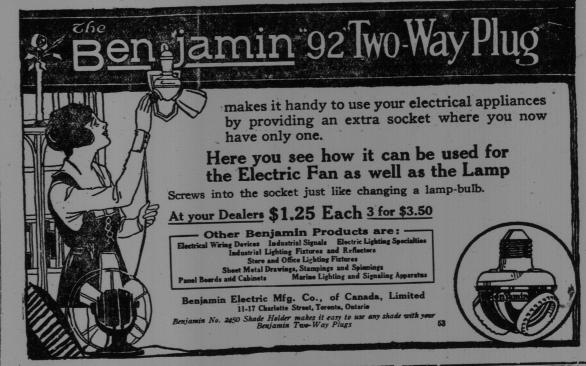
Discovery By a Man Who Couldn't Arrange a Good Whist Game,

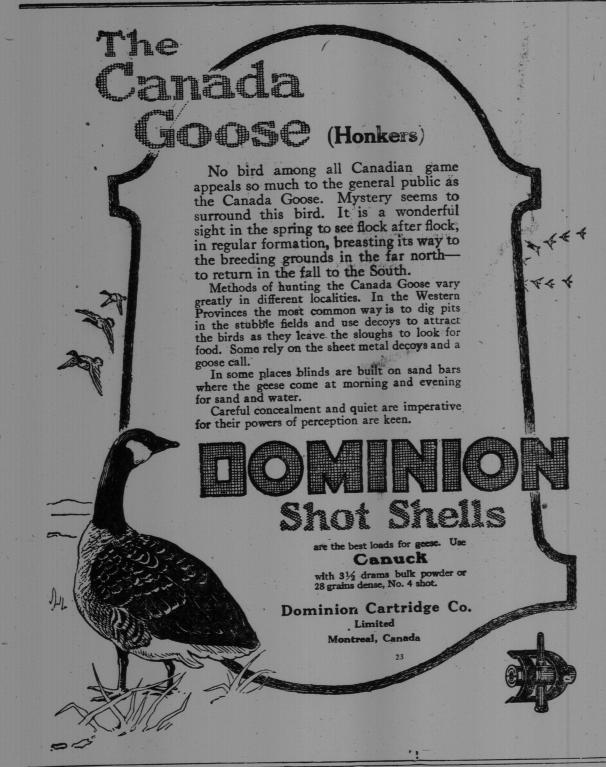
(Hartford Times.) A summer tourist just home after his noliday declared upon his return that he had become in a few weeks an en-

holiday declared upon his return that he had become in a few weeks an enthusiast over card solitaire. Chiefly it was because he found so few people who played cards to his satisfaction. He happens to be a good whist player of the old school—which hints directly that he found a lack in most of the other people who shared the remote, if beautiful, spot in which fortune rather than deliberate choice had established him for the few weeks he had to spend.

He was ready to fish all day, but he wanted his game of whist, not auction, in the evening, and he found the few people who showed any inclination for the game to be amateurs of such an order as to cause him more irritation than pleasure. In his own words: "There wasn't a man or woman in the place who knew the rudiments of a sound game. I watched them, and I even tried to play with them, but it was a good deal worse than nothing, nor did the play of a partner, nor of the other side, make any impression on them as a clue to the possibilities or the dangers of any play they made. But they were perfectly content. Most of them thought they were playing whist."

It was all too dreary and aimless for the man who was accustomed at home to real whist played by real players. Just as he was seriously considering removal to some other place where matters might be better, and could not well be worse, he happened to see a lady playing solitaire, and stood a moment watching the game. She played deliberately and carefully, and seemed to have a peculiar insight—or astonishingly good luck in her ventures. Again and again she made a play that surprised him, and almost always he was a little later how it had improved the situation as more cards were played. It began to down on him that it is possible to foresee some things as probable, or possible, and others as almost certainly too dangerous to be considered. It began to look as if that game might deserve consideration where whist "as is whist" was unattainable, and the result was that he went into it as a last







MUTT AND JEFF—JEFF DOESN'T BELIEVE IN FLIRTING WITH THE UNDERTAKER (COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY H. C. FISHER, TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN CANADA)

By "BUD" FISHER









