

"You asked advice," said Kitts, reading. "A player may not ask for nor willingly receive advice from any one except his own caddie, his partner, or his partner's caddie.' This is not a foursome, so you have no partner. Advice is defined as any suggestion which could influence a player in determining the line of play, in the choice of a club, or in the method of making a stroke. You asked whether you should use a niblick—and you lose the hole."

Windy, knocked speechless for once in his life, looked over at Cupid, and Cupid nodded his head.

"The match is now all square," said Kitts as he started for the third tee.

"And squared by a couple of petty larceny protests!" said Windy. "Hey, Mister Bookworm, wait a minute! I want to tell you something for your own good!"

"Oh, play golf!" said Kitts, over his shoulder.

Windy strode after him and took him by the arm. It wasn't a gentle grasp either.

"That's exactly what I want to say. *You* play golf, Mr. Kitts! Play it with your clubs, and forget that book in your hip pocket. If you pull it on me again, I'll—I'll——"

Adolphus tried to smile, but it was a sickly effort.

"You can't intimidate me," said he.

"Maybe not," said Windy, quite earnestly, "but I can lick you within an inch of your life—