

excuses for ill-success or non-appearance. Therefore, must the athlete watch himself closely if he would retain public regard. People appear to think we are not subject to ailments, or at least should not be, but the high tension at which we are forced to exist tempts the very things we would most avoid. Our systems are sensitive to impurities because of the necessity of purity in our surroundings if we would achieve. Therefore, when we are forced to pause by the wayside, people should not allow uncharitableness to prevail to the extent that I regret to say they are prone to do.

By the way, I have been asked why did I turn professional? Mainly because I love the game and am devoted to it. Man, however, cannot live by love and devotion alone, and so I went into the legitimate gathering in of shekels. Of course I was charged with violations of the amateur rules; pretty well every man who systematically accomplishes anything is—and my liberty was curtailed. On one occasion I was even refused permission to visit Canada as well as South Africa, because, forsooth, the wise-heads could not see where my expenses were coming from. Coming finally to the conclusion that I might as well have the game as the name I came away from the mark. That is why I turned professional.

Several times I have been threatened with overthrow by phenomenals. On one or two occasions it has been whispered around in such way as to reach my ears, that importations have been made and that it was good-bye to Shrubbs. These importations have once or twice materialized. Like deer they would run for a distance and keep me guessing. All of a sudden they would disappear and I, smilingly relieved, would trudge on alone.

I have literally been in shipwreck, hack-wreck and fire. I was on the Union Steamship Company's *Warrimoo* when she took fire, on her way from Australia to New Zealand.