Ye Caddie!

Who, at the golfer's soft behest,
Comes running with a short lived zest?
Ye caddie!
Who startech out with good intents
And seizeth bag and implements
Because he scenteth fifteen cents?
Ye caddie!

Who, at the start, keeps watchful eye,
And knoweth where the ball doth lie?
Ye caddie!
Who goeth soon into a trance
Ye caddie!
Nor at the flying sphere doth glance,
But with our putter slayeth ants?
Ye caddie!

Who, not content with being blind,
Drags leisurely along behind?
Ye caddie!
And while the golfer at the tee
Waits for his driver angrily,
Who sleepeth on yon hill, care-free?
Ye caddie!

Who ne'er with flag in hand is seen
Till all are waiting on the green?
Ye caddie!
Who telleth us the mode of play,
And grinneth if we go astray,
Until we long his hide to flay?
Ye caddie!

Who, when we wildly, vainly try
To leave a bunker's sand, doth guy?
Ye caddie!
Who doth the rival balls confuse,
And with our clubs himself amuse,
And our new balls for marbles use?
Ye caddie!

Who with suggestions bold doth teem
And maketh life a hideous dream?
Ye caddie!
Who loses three balls every day,
Yet waits, persistent, for his pay?
Whom do we often long to slay?
Ye caddie!

—Colorado Springs Gazette.

DEARTH OF HAPPENINGS

Local Sporting Matters at a Dead Stop, Except in Preparations for Regatta Week.

Beyond a few games of tennis and a little bowling, there has been absolutely nothing locally in the way of sports during the past week, and clubmen and athletes have been compelled to amuse themselves by figuring on the future and what it has in store for them.

Astoria's annual regatta is the main event, and "the City by the Sea" will be the center of sporting interest during the next two weeks. The athletic entertainment will open with the Jost-Purtell fight, and will wind up with a grand field day, in which athletes from all over the Pacific Coast will take part. In this connection it may be mentioned that an effort is on foot to organize a three-cornered baseball league for the regatta week and another for the Elks' Carnival, in Portland, the leagues to be made up of well-known amateur teams. This would be a great drawing card for the regatta and carnival, respectively. At Astoria the games would be so arranged that they would fill in all the time that is now open.

Local yachtmen are now en route for Astoria, to take part in the regatta. Several of them left yesterday, and a few will start this morning. The anchorage of the Oregon Yacht Club is practically deserted. Among the oarsmen, Goss and Ball are the only men who are doing anything, and they will be about the only members of the Portland Rowing Club who will compete in the rowing events at Astoria.

Astoria Field Meet.

Seattle athletes will not compete at the Astoria games, under the auspices of the Seattle Athletic Club. Late last week that organization decided not to send a team to Astoria during regatta week. This will, in a measure, detract from the interest in the games. There is considerable rivalry between the Seattle and Multnomah men, and it is unfortunate that they are not to come together down the Columbia. However, Paris, the Seattle runner, will go to Astoria on his own account, and will enter in the track events. He is anxious to go against some of the crack men from the Olympic Club, of San Francisco, who will be up for the Astoria games. Blumenthal, of Multnomah, will go down for another trial at the sprinter from the Sound City.

Conspicuous among the men who will come from California is Arthur S. Henley, of the Ukiah High School, who is one of the most remarkable athletes on the Pacific Coast. He has made 6 feet 1 inch in the high jump; 22 feet 4½ inches in the broad jump, and has vaulted 10 feet 7½ inches. Henley is a boy and has only been on the field for a short time. He came to the front with a single stride, at the interscholastic game in Oakland, Cal., last Spring. His high jump is within an inch of the Coast record, held by Kerrigan, of the Multnomah Club, and Patterson, of the Olympic Club. He is still 2⅛ inches behind the Coast record in the broad jump, but he is trying hard to beat that out.

Kerrigan will probably beat Henley in the high jump, and will push him hard in the broad event. Heater is likely to take the pole vault away from the California boy. Beyond these events, it is hard to prognosticate upon the outcome of the Astoria games. The team that will be sent by the Olympic Club is a strong one in every particular, and the Californians will take away a good share of the prizes offered.

Baseball.

The effort which is being made by the managers of the Astoria games to form a baseball league, contemplates the securing of Multnomah, Chemawa and Astoria teams. A series of games between those nines would prove a leading feature of the sports of regatta week. The teams which it is in contemplation to get to enter a three-cornered league, which shall play a series of games here during the Elks' Carnival and Street Fair, are the Torpedoes, Chemawa and Multnomahs.

...mes between these nines would prove more interesting than any baseball that has been played here this season.

Each organization is a strong one. At present the Torpedoes are the champions, having won everything in sight so far this season. The Chemawa Indians had a long list of victories until the team went against the Torpedoes, at Gladstone Park, July 21. They then lowered their colors to the "ironworkers," after a hard game. Two weeks ago the Torpedoes and the Multnomahs played the hottest game of the season on Multnomah Field. The clubmen got the short end of the score, but they demonstrated their ability to play ball.

Turf Events.

Next month the admirers of good horses will have an opportunity to witness some of the best harness and running events that have ever been pulled off in this city. Entries will close August 21 for all harness events except the stakes, which closed some time ago. From present indications the number of animals will be the largest at any race meeting ever held in Portland.

Manager Willis has taken the matter of pools and mutuals under his direct supervision, and he is authority for the statement that everything will be strictly "on the square." Pool selling is a matter that has been attracting the attention of racing men all over the country this year. The managers of the Boise race meeting have written to Mr. Willis apprising him of the fact that all pool selling at their track will be by auction only, and that the management would exercise control over the sales at all times.

Syndicate bookmaking at the Sacramento track has been knocked out. Public sentiment was too strong against it, and it was ruled off. To show to what extent jobbery is possible in book betting, an Eastern bookmaking firm offered $30,000 for the privilege of selling at the Sacramento races.

A number of novel events will be arranged for the Fall meeting at Irvington. A race will be arranged for horses owned by commercial travelers and one for nags of longshoremen. Both classes of men have some good horses, and they are anxious to test their respective merits. The conditions that will be imposed are that each man shall drive his own animal, and that the rules of the M. T. A. shall govern.

Tennis.

Local players are contenting themselves with an occasional game while they are waiting for the Fall tournament. In all sections of the country tennis tournaments are now in progress, and the results are watched with interest by all local players. The championship of the Pacific Northwest was played off in Tacoma yesterday.

During the past week a number of interesting matches have been played on Multnomah Field. Leiter beat C. D. Lewis, and as a result he moved up from the third to the second class. Men in the sixth class have been after Thielsen. Zan was beaten by him, but H. Wickersham won from him and thereby moved up to the fifth class.

WILLIE ATKINS.

HOW TO GIVE MEDICINE TO DOGS.

Good Advice to Owners by One Who Understands It.

"In all treatment of a sick dog remember you are dealing with a highly sensitive and nervous patient," says Dr. Charles H. Lane, in "All About Dogs." "Be very gentle, avoid roughness, or anything likely to alarm him. In giving him any liquid medicine do not open his mouth, but, placing him between your knees, with his face looking in the same direction as your own, gently raise his jaw, and, pulling his lips away from his teeth on one side of his mouth, to form a cup or funnel, very slowly pour from bottle or spoon the quantity he is to have into it.

"Keep his head raised for a minute or two, and if he does not swallow the dose, insert a spoon between his front teeth. This will have the effect of drawing off his attention from the medicine, and he will usually swallow at once. If the dose is a pill, bolus, or anything solid, hold his head the same way as before mentioned, but with the left hand under lower jaw, press firmly on each side with thumb and finger at the junction of upper and lower jaws. This will usually cause him to open his mouth, when the dose should be put into the mouth as far back as possible over the tongue (or he will spit it out) and close the jaws somewhat sharply, and in most cases the deed is done.

"If any trouble arises with the action of his front paws this may be got over by wrapping him around with a shawl or coarse apron. When once you have got into the way of it, you will be surprised how simple it is. I am quite sure a practiced owner or kennelsman would dose a dozen dogs while a novice was making a bungle over one."

PRINCETON AND HARVARD TIED.

"Big Four" Baseball Championship Again Undecided.

The intercollegiate baseball championship, or rather the games played by Harvard, Yale, Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania, has once more been left in doubt. Honors appear to be about equally divided between Harvard and Princeton, though the question of supremacy between these two universities could have been settled if the college authorities had permitted an extra game to be played. Harvard won the series from the University of Pennsylvania by defeating the Quakers in both games scheduled—on May 29 by a score of 9 to 5, and on June 10 by 6 to 1. As Princeton and Yale did not play Pennsylvania at all the series with Harvard put the Philadelphians well out of the reckoning.

Harvard shut out the Tigers, 4 to 0, at Princeton on May 26, but the tables were turned on June 13, when Princeton beat the Crimson, 9 to 2, at Cambridge. A third game was an impossibility, because of opposition on the part of the athletic governors, so this series remains a tie. Princeton had an easy time winning from Yale in the first game of that series, the score being 9 to 3 at New Haven, on June 2. But in the second battle at Princeton, on June 10, Yale braced and the Tigers did not carry the day until they rallied at the last moment, the final score being 5 to 4. Of course, a third game was unnecessary.

Yale sprang a surprise at Cambridge on June 21, when Harvard, looked upon as a sure winner, was buried to the tune of 15 to 2. But on June 27 the Crimson nine, at New Haven, whitewashed the Blue, 3 to 0, which called for a deciding game to be played in this city on June 30. Harvard again played fine ball and captured both the game and the series, the score standing 5 to 2.

Princeton had one of the strongest nines that has represented the Tigers in recent years. Perhaps no college battery in the country excelled Hillebrand and Kafer. The former's pitching attracted the attention of several professional managers, the Boston League club making a substantial offer to Hillebrand to finish the season. Harvard also produced a phenomenal twirler in Stillman, the freshman whose work in the box was instrumental in shutting out both Princeton and Yale. As Stillman lacked experience, the critics believe, that in due time he will develop into the greatest of all college pitchers. Yale was weak in the box, just where the Blue was supposed to be strong. It was a particularly disastrous year in baseball for the New Haven nine, by the way.

Outside of the "big four," Georgetown, Brown, Holy Cross, Cornell, Wesleyan and Williams showed up well in the East. Brown scored victories over Harvard, Princeton and Yale. Georgetown and Holy Cross also defeated Harvard.—New York Sun.

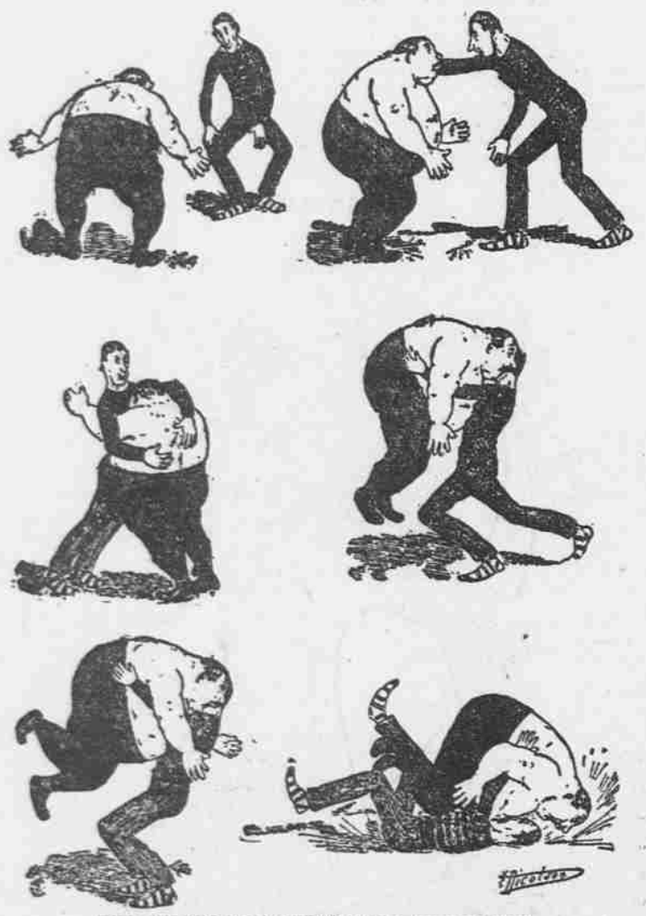
Wheelwomen in Europe.

Wheelwomen in Europe meet with many difficulties. In Russia everything is managed "by order of the Czar," and cycling is no exception to the rule. Before a woman can possess a wheel she must obtain royal consent, and as this is granted quite sparingly, there are but few wheelwomen in Russia.

France recognizes the right of the husband to be boss, and before madame can join the Touring Club, she must first obtain a signed declaration from her spouse granting her the privilege.

In Florence women cyclists must carry two bells to warn pedestrians of the machine's approach. Men are only required to have one bell.

NOT WHAT WAS BARGAINED FOR.



THE STRONG MAN MEETS WITH MISFORTUNE.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TROTTING POSSIBILITIES

RECORDS MAY BE CLIPPED TO A TWO-MINUTE MILE.

In View of Record Performances on New York's Speedway, Horsemen Look for That Result.

Now that a second survey of the Harlem River driveway has proved beyond doubt that the quarter-mile posts along the road were planted in the right places by the original engineer, expert horsemen have been forced to look about for a new explanation of the almost incredible flights of speed shown by some of the crack trotters and pacers there. So many marvelously fast quarters, halves and miles have been reported from time to time that the majority of horsemen long ago made up their minds there must be something radically wrong somewhere, and most of them jumped to the conclusion that the quarter posts were not a quarter of a mile apart.

More than a year ago the question was raised as to how fast Cobwebs, 2:12, could trot a quarter of a mile down the level stretch from the bend to the end of the stone wall north of Washington bridge. One day, when the chestnut horse was feeling particularly chipper and the wind was nor-no'west, Nathan Straus sent him scudding before the breeze with all sails set over this stretch of road. An experienced horseman stood on the sidewalk exactly opposite the quarter post, and snapped the split-second chronograph in response to the drop of a handkerchief up the road as Cobwebs passed the starting point. As the horse rushed past the post at the end of the quarter the timer snapped his watch again. The hands had stopped at 29¼ seconds—a 1:57 gait.

He Was Laughed At.

The man who held the watch was laughed at and accused of intentionally favoring the horse. Nobody believed for a moment Cobwebs had actually shown anything like a 2:00 gait with a road wagon behind him. Several days later he was timed again in the same way, with two horsemen holding their watches on him. This time one watch indicated 0:29¼ and the other watch indicated 0:29 flat. Afterward he was timed a half-mile in 1:03⅛, and quarters in 0:30. David B. was timed a half in 1:03¼, and Dariel in 1:03. Bumps stopped the hands at 0:29 for the quarter, his driver taking the time by starting and stopping his watch as the horse passed the posts.

So many fast performances caused the wise ones to change their tune, and they began to question the accuracy of the measurements in setting the posts. Then came the performance of R. S. Crawford's trotting mare, Alice Dorman, 2:15½. Drawing two men in a pneumatic road wagon, she was started one evening at the first post south of High Bridge and was driven a mile northward, finishing at the post just below the bend in the road near Dyckman street. A strong wind was blowing in the direction she trotted, and, though the road was uphill and down a good part of the distance, she covered the mile in the incredible time of 2:12, according to the watch held by a horseman of 40 years' experience who sat beside her driver.

The publication of the story brought ridicule on the timer, and not one man in a thousand gave credence to the report. It was pointed out that the best time ever made by a trotter to wagon with only the driver aboard was 2:09½, and the trotter that made the record had a mark of 2:08 to sulky. The man who drove Alice Dorman to her record of 2:15½ said she couldn't trot a mile to sulky in 2:12 on the fastest track in the world, and all the trainers who knew her scouted the idea that she had pulled two men in a wagon a mile in 2:11 over the Speedway.

Other Fast Performances.

Fast performances have been numerous this year. Lucille, 2:09¾, was timed in 1:03 for half a mile when she beat Cobwebs recently. Page, 2:09¾, stopped the watches at 0:30½ for a quarter one day not long ago, and on Tuesday last his driver caught him a half in the remarkable time of 1:01⅝. The climax was capped, however, when the pacing mare Dariel, 2:07½, moving with the wind from Dyckman street to the post near the Speedway Inn, between Washington Bridge and High Bridge, covered the mile in 2:06, according to the watch of her driver, and Little Gem, 2:15½, on the same day went over the same ground in 2:11½.

Captain W. H. Boyce, who drove both pacers and timed them as they passed the posts, has timed hundreds of miles accurately in exactly the same way when driving on the track, and neither his skill nor his word is doubted by those who know him. Yet nobody believes that either pacer is capable of making such time on the fastest track in the country, so early in the season.

A second survey last week having shown that the horses traveled the full distance in all cases, and nearly all of the past trials having been timed by competent experts, a growing number of horsemen are coming around to the belief that the true explanation of the seemingly incredible speed lies in the fact that the course is virtually straight, and that a horse may go before the wind from end to end. Until the Harlem River Driveway was opened, an opportunity to test the speed of the modern trotting horse over a straight course never occurred. Some of the earliest trials of speed on record took place over the old Jamaica turnpike on Long Island, but these were in the early part of the century, before there was a horse in the world that could trot in 2:40, or an oval trotting track on which to make the attempt.

Since the first trotting track was built by the New York Trotting Club in 1823, no representative harness horse has, so far as known, trotted or paced a mile on a course without turns. Soon after Salvator ran his mile in 1:35½ on the straight course at Monmouth Park, it was proposed to start one of the great trotters of the day over the same ground, but the trial of speed never took place, and to this day nobody knows the possibilities of such a trial.

Difference in Tracks.

That there is a difference between driving a trotter straightaway and driving him around a turn every horseman knows, for the poise and balance of the animal are more or less disturbed whenever his course varies from a direct line forward. It was the elimination of one turn and the lengthening of the two stretches in the kite-shaped course which enabled horses to trot from one to three seconds faster on such tracks than they were able to trot on the ordinary oval tracks. The introduction of small sulky wheels with pneumatic rubber tires has tended to reduce the vibration and the disturbance of equilibrium, however, and kite tracks are now deemed to be but little faster than the old-style courses.

The chief superiority of a straight course like the Speedway undoubtedly lies in the possibility which it affords for taking advantage of the wind and eliminating the atmospheric resistance which every horse has to encounter at some stage of the journey on any style of track, where the start and the finish are at the same point. Speaking of this phase of the matter a prominent trainer said the other day:

"Not one man in a hundred, even among professional drivers, seems to appreciate the importance of taking advantage of the wind. I have studied it for years, and many's the time it has been worth dollars and cents to me in driving a race or in showing a horse to a buyer under the watch.

"Not long ago a man came here to see a mare in my stable with a view to buying if she could show a quarter in 35 seconds. The wind happened to be blowing good and strong from the west, so I said to him as I took the mare out on the track for the trial: 'I'll just move her out through the homestretch here so you can see her way of going, and when I get around the turn I'll step her fast up the backstretch.'

"Well, it wasn't any trick at all for her to go that quarter with the wind in 33 seconds. Mr. Buyer never tumbled, and I got my price for the mare. Now, if I had tried to show the fast quarter down the homestretch, going against the wind, she couldn't have trotted it in 0:38.

At Independence.

"I learned to take advantage of the wind when I used to drive races on the kite track at Independence, Ia.," continued the trainer. "I remember one time I had a little soft-hearted mare that couldn't go the last end of a mile to save her neck, and she was entered in a race against some game horses of greater speed. One of those prairie winds was sweeping over the kite almost in the faces of the horses as they went away. I happened to get off right behind two of the good ones. They were fighting for the lead, and trotting together like a team.

"Pretty soon I noticed that while they appeared to be laboring my mare was going easy. For a moment I couldn't understand it. Then it struck me that she was in a position where she was protected from the head wind which the horses in front of her had to breast. I just let her trail until we got around past the turn, where the wind caught us the other way. Then I turned her loose. The good horses were exhausted, and my little soft-hearted mare stepped right away from them in the race home. I've won many a race by those tactics since then.

"By the way, did it ever strike you that the secret of Ed Geers' style of driving a race is right there in the way he has of protecting his horse from the wind? Geers nearly always drops in behind the pole horse, you know, and trails until he strikes the homestretch; sometimes until he is half way down the stretch. I don't know whether he does it intentionally, but he gets his horse in a position where the atmospheric resistance is next to nothing, and there he stays while somebody else breasts the wind. To my mind it accounts for a great deal of Geers' success. Even on a still day a horse trotting a 2:10 gait has to plow through what seems like a strong wind, and a mere gentle breeze seems like a gale when you're going against it."

Atmospheric Resistance.

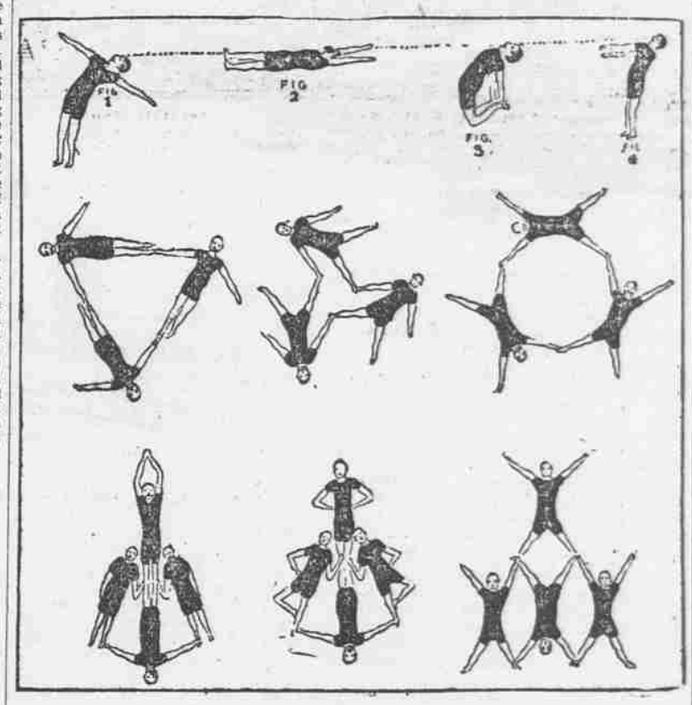
The records of cycling afford about the best line extant on the effect of atmospheric resistance and go far to confirm the views of the trainer above quoted. What is termed "pacing" a rider is done by setting the pace for him by means of a wheel, often a tandem or quadruplet, directly in front of the record-maker. The pacemaker is in reality a windbreaker, and the man who is going against the record runs his wheel in a partial vacuum, so to speak, with little atmospheric resistance to contend against. This advantage would seem to be worth about 10 seconds to the mile, as the professional record, paced, is 1:19, as against 1:55 4-5 unpaced; the amateur records are 1:28 and 2:02 3-5, respectively. The amateur record, unpaced, is almost identical with the best time on record for trotters.

If atmospheric resistance cuts as big a figure in trotting as in cycling, then it would seem to be a fair conclusion that the trotting horse could beat 2:00 quite easily under the conditions which favor the paced bicycle rider. For the first time in the history of the trotter these conditions are open to him on the long stretch of soft earth road at Speedway Park. The course is not level, to be sure, but it is practically straight, so that the retarding current of air which he has to breast on the track at some stage of his contest with Father Time can be turned to his aid on the Speedway—New York Sun.

Alert Now Hoppled-Pacer King.

The changes in the "hoppled pacer record" are so sudden as to remind horsemen of the year that Maud S. was "queen of the turf" one day, and the next day St. Julian was "king," and the day after Maud S. was "queen" again. Coney, the California pacer, was "king" of hoppled pacers two weeks since, with a race record of 2:02¾. The week thereafter Prince Alert stepped to the front in 2:02, beating Anaconda and Indiana. Next!—North Pacific Rural Spirit.

SURFACE SWIMMING AND FIGURE FLOATING.



THINGS WORTH KNOWING HOW TO DO.

Surface ornamental swimming and figure floating always has proved a source of attraction when illustrated by capable exhibitors of the art, but has been looked upon as something too advanced for swimmers generally to attempt, and to be so difficult of attainment that only a comparatively few—specially adapted in some manner by nature—could succeed in mastering it. This erroneous idea is disappearing, and the fact becoming more generally known that, although, as in other branches of natation, all cannot become equally clever, yet all swimmers may learn to float, and to indulge, more or less, in ornamental swimming, the most important thing being to secure a capable teacher.

During the last decade or so considerably more attention has been given to this class of water work, and there are some expert amateurs in various parts of the country.

The specific gravity of the human body—with lungs deflated—being slightly more than water, the natural result is that, unless this be counteracted in some manner, any person would sink in that element. By fully inflating the lungs, however, the displacement of the body can be so much altered that it will float. To put it in a more popular form, if the lungs be deflated the body will sink, yet any one who will learn to utilize his lung power properly may be taught to lie motionless on the surface.

To practice the lungs, stand erect, empty them as much as possible by depressing the abdomen; then breathe deeply, filling the lowest parts as well as the chest; hold the breath a few seconds, and then repeat the actions.

This method of breathing, persistently practiced, will not only develop the lung power, but prove beneficial to the system generally, and the chest measurement will speedily show an increase.

Next to the proper management of the lungs, the head should be considered, and at whatever inclination the body may be in the water, the head should be so regulated that the back—and heaviest portion—will be immersed, and the face horizontal, or on a line with the surface.

This is one of the most essential points for the learner to remember in his attempt to master any floating position, and, at the same time, it seems to be the one most often forgotten—or ignored—by the tyro, no doubt due to the unfamiliar sensation of water covering his ears, and the fear of sinking; the action, however, in time, becomes quite a mechanical one.

Keeping this in mind, then let the swimmer get chin deep in the bath, place his arms so that he forms the letter "T," which will prevent him from turning sideways, slightly hollow his back, but not bend the hip joints, and gently fall backward (see figure 1, above). If done correctly, his feet will glide from underhim, but should he raise his head or bend his hip joints, as in the act of sitting down, he will immediately "go under." If he remains motionless, possibly, in a few seconds, his toes may touch bottom again, but if so, the slightest push of the feet will send him floating on a few feet, and this can be repeated until sufficient confidence is gained to try the following:

From this first position let him carry his arms round slowly—keeping them in the water—until they are straight over his head, at the same time straightening the back. This, together with keeping his lungs well inflated—well down in addition to the chest—will enable him with practice to get his feet to the surface, as these actions alter the center of gravity (see figure 2). The opposite action with the arms, carrying them well forward, has an opposite effect, and will result in the swimmer floating in a vertical position, or nearly so (see figure 4), but this and figure 3 being somewhat difficult they should not be attempted at first. Having, however, mastered the art of floating so far as No. 2 figure, it is simply a question of practice to enable him to vary his position and form figures according to his skill and fancy, always remembering that, in changing from one position to another, it is much the better to move slowly; it looks far more graceful, but, what is more important, some have so little buoyancy to spare in fresh water that quick movements would sufficiently disturb the water to sometime flow over the face, and so interfere with the breathing.

Many pretty surface figures can be formed by two or more swimmers, one of the most easy and at the same time effective, is the diamond cross, which, if done correctly, shows five diamonds. To form this figure, A floats with arms and legs open; B takes hold of A's feet and gently passes his own legs over to the hands of A, and, the one supporting the other, they may lie for any length of time in this manner. Each may also, from time to time, pass his legs from under to the top. Many other positions, as shown in the diagrams, may be learned with practice.—Chicago Tribune.

From the Song of the Canoe.

Dip! Dip!
And I thrill with the start—
For the ripples run and the waters part
At the song the paddle sings.

Dip! Dip!
And lo, it brings
The word of a sweet command to me,
And leaping to answer it—I am free!

Water-weeds weaving in vain to stay me.
Fain, fain
Are the reeds arrayed at my prow to delay me—
Vain, vain.
They cast their lure and they bid me bide,
For the paddle swinging along my side—

Dip! Dip!
Hath a dearer bribe than the still things know
And I go, I go!

Glide! Glide!
Across the calm of the evening tide
When the first white stars begin.

Creep! Creep!
Where the lilies sleep—
Stars in a sky as soft, as deep—
The paddle singing me in.

Hush! Hush!
For the tall reeds brush
My side as though they love me.

Rest! Rest!
On the inlet's breast
With the roof of the leaves above me.

—Arthur Ketchum in The Atlantic.

COMEDIAN DALY ON GOLF

Tells His Experience While Learning the Game and Gives Needful Hints to Beginners.

"Do I like to play golf?" writes Comedian Dan Daly in the New York World. "Well, I should throw away my collar button. Do you know, when I get in a game of poker—eh, golf—it is the most difficult thing in the world for me to quit! Sometimes I play two games at once.

"Do you remember that golf speech I had in 'In Gay New York?' Something like this: 'Do you play golf? Great game, golf. You get a bundle of sticks and a small ball. Walk 10 miles till you come to an open field. Place the ball on a small hill. Hit the ball. If you find it the same day, you win.'

"That speech was the germ of mischief that made me a golf fiend. Up to that time I had ever known what the game was. It seemed to be something entirely apart from my existence, something entirely irrelevant to my profession. The fatal day came after we had been playing that piece for about three weeks.

"Different admirers and manufacturers had begun to send me balls, costumes and sticks, and, finally, when I needed nothing but a caddie, some of my fellow-players in the piece suggested that if I were to study the game, I might find enough local color to embellish my work in that part of the performance.

"I forget just who the tempters were, but at any rate I went to New Jersey—and my downfall. Since that day I have been an habitual golfer from the Atlantic Highlands to Cape May.

Studying the Language.

"When I went off on that never-to-be-forgotten trip, I spent several hours in the morning getting what I thought was a general knowledge of the game. It proved to be only a superficial knowledge—oh, so superficial! After the first year it began to dawn upon me that I could never be anything more than a layman till I studied the language, and since that time I have spent many weary hours of the night trying to make myself proficient—no, not proficient, for that is hoping against hope, but simply trying to acquire a working vocabulary.

"Have I any advice to offer beginners? Yes, I have. I have devoted so much of my life to the subject in these past two or three years that I fain would scatter the knowledge that I have acquired only after patient toil. Ah! had there but been some one to feel toward me as I feel toward all who are just beginning to learn.

"About the advice. Trace back your family history and see if insanity has ever cropped out. If it has, stop right where you are, go back to your toil and try to forget that you can never hope to be a golfer, for if there ever has been any insanity golf will bring it out of you. On the other hand, if there has been none, and you are robust in mentality and physique, have an income large enough to encourage you after you have looked at golf goods catalogues, go ahead; yes, go ahead.

Absolute Essentials.

"The average man-about-town beginning to play golf should have, in addition to an inexhaustible supply of golf goods, two caddies, a bartender and a golf dictionary. Now, about the caddies—district messenger boys are to be preferred far more than all the country lads you may pick up. It's an absolute saving. The country boy is apt to replenish his own stock from the goods for which you have given up your hard-earned money, while the messenger boy has such an intense loathing for everything but crabs that you couldn't hire him to appropriate even a caddy-bag.

"What time of the year do I prefer to begin a game of golf in? Well, I should say about July or August. I'm very much against beginning too early in the year, for the simple reason that there is so much in the game to exert one that one should make his final link in one of the cooler months—say December or January.

"And, above all, do not fail to remember all through the game that you are enjoying it."

Paradise Lost.

"Tough luck Rayner had with his new trotter, wasn't it?"

"How's that?"

"Why, he bought the famous trotter, Paradise, and the first jump out of the box Paradise Lost."—Denver Times.