

GOLF.

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A Utah lawyer of fame,
(No, Percy, I won't tell his name),
Once tried to play golf,
But his form was 'way off,
And his stance and his grip were to blame.

He was great at addressing the ball;
His eloquence never would pall;
But when E. B. tried
A brief stroke, 't went wide;
"Man-dam-us," he said; that was all

"Are you now playing even?" asked Mac,
E. B. tried one more futile whack;
Then he looked at his score,
("Twas at least eighty-four),
"Aw, I'm not even playing," came back.

Initial play for one of the big trophies of the year, the Directors' cup, is scheduled for Saturday, the 18-hole qualifying round being down for that date. This cup will be played for four times, in June, July, August, and September, the winner of one leg being ineligible for further play. Early in October, about the time the club championship is being settled, the four winners will play off for possession of the cup. This is the main handicap affair of the season at the Country club. June 20th the first round at match play will take place, and the following week the semi-finals and finals will be played.

Frank Judge, winner of the spring handicap cup, has given another cup for the June handicap, and play for this will take place the last Saturday of June, under playing conditions similar to those ruling the spring cup play. These two events will keep the regulars pretty busy, and the scratch men will have to do better than 43 to get within sight of either cup.

A. W. C.

READY FOR CONVENTION.

If ever a city was in shape to make a howling success of a convention, Salt Lake is ready for the U. C. T. boys.

The three days of hilarity, parades, floats, red lemonade, hiccoughs and good times opens Thursday.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week are the days. Salt Lake is making every effort to show the inter-mountain and western country what a real convention city looks like. Decorations are going up all over town, lights have been strung on each side of Main street and cross streets until, when the juice is turned on Thursday night, the down-town section of the city should be one blaze of light.

It will probably be the biggest and most successful convention the city has ever experienced. The U. C. T. men are as fine a lot of chaps as could be brought together at one time, and the low railroad rates will unquestionably attract thousands of other out-of-town visitors.

RESORTS.

A few of the nerviest have stuck their dainty stockinged toes into the briny ripples at the lake only to jerk them out and take a sun bath for awhile—the motor fends at the Salt Palace track are trying twice a week to divide the atmosphere into chunks and at Wandamere and the Lagoon the season is on in full swing.

The resort managers look almost human again.

If the rain had kept up for another week most of them would have been ripe for Matteawan.

The various places had practically to close down last week after opening a week ago Monday, so continuously inclement was the weather. The current week, however, has been suitable for getting the crowds out.

Strobel's airship at the beach is a wonder and is about the best attraction the Saltair management has ever had.

The Bamberger road is through to Ogden now and trains will be running on regular schedule by the 20th. This means happy days for the Lagoon, with its new fresh water bathing pond and other features.

Wandamere is running along strong, getting its share of the pleasure seekers. With another week of sunshine everything will be wide open and the resort managers will be singing, "Get the Habit."

CHELLING.

By May Harris.

(A Story of Dubious Impulse.)

My Dear Katherine: I went down to Waybridge Thursday with Chelling, and we talked of you. Not a strange thing, of course, for us to do, but that I should be writing you of will, I dare say, surprise you. Chelling is my excuse as he is my theme, and he deserves, I assure you, the half-hour's consideration you will give this letter.

Chelling and I hadn't met in some time—no since we were all in France three years ago, and you and I, you remember, were foolish enough to be amused by him.

To find that he's the same Chelling, in spite of all the changes—changes in our point of view, not in him—is like a prospector's discovery that the soil he didn't even suspect of a vein of silver, is really a gold mine. All that old sincerity of his we used to think so crude is still there, but its been superimposed by a fine distinction that mirrors other people as clearly to themselves as we once thought his crudity mirrored him. In effect, I am proven a fool for having been short-sighted enough once to fancy him one. He sees things with a simplicity, but—with a clarity!

That is your mistake in your judgment of him—the weak spot in your scheme for the future—not allowing for his clearness of vision. He won't search for flaws, but his directness will probe if it has the suggestion.

Two or three things came into my mind as Chelling and I talked, and the principal thing reiterates itself. If you really loved him, it would be all right for you to marry him, just as it would be natural, in my idea of your philosophy, for you to kill him if you hated him. Knowing you as I do, I expect you to be your normal self—which is, to please yourself! I understand you so thoroughly that I could forgive you for being a devil—if you were one—because of the way you'd make it charming.

But Chelling, who doesn't understand you in the least, sees you as the ideal woman and tricks you with the investiture of one. I didn't think for a moment that you've posed as a saint to him—though I do you full justice in imagining you capable of sustaining the idea if you chose. His regard for you is a reflex of himself, and that's why I'm writing you—a plea for Chelling.

You haven't, as I see it, the right to marry a man like Chelling. Like me, yes; but in his case, the weapons are unequal. You see, you'd be killing in the end, not his love for you, but his own soul—and to kill a soul is worse, isn't it, than to spoil a life?

You could spoil my life, if I'd choose to let you, and you cared to try; I put it brutally, but that's about the way it seems to me, and we don't need disguises. And as for a soul, mine hasn't been of a weight to myself or others that con-



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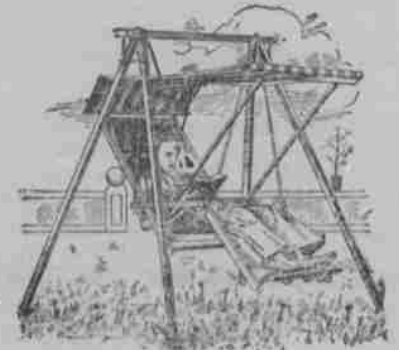
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