

GOLF

(By A. W. C.)

Wicks did it. After floating around in the doldrums all summer, he came into his game at exactly the psychological moment and proceeded to glue the Indian sign on Irv. Armstrong in the first round of match play for the club championship. According to all the rules of Hoyle, the betting odds should have been about five to one the other way, especially after Armstrong's brilliant golf of the day before, when he made a 37 and a 39 in succession.

Armstrong was over-confident. There is no question of that, and he showed it during the first round in his careless play. He pressed his drives, with the result that his ball found the rough often, while Wicks, playing carefully and almost hopelessly, put his gutty straight down the course most of the time.

The game was remarkable in more ways than its result. Wicks' medal score for the first 9 holes was 47 and Armstrong's was 48, but Wicks was 2 up. Armstrong did not begin to show his true form until he was almost hopelessly beaten. He was four down at the 13th hole. Then with a 5-3-5-3- he took four holes in succession, squaring the match. That's where Wicks should have gone to pieces and lost the match. But he didn't. He ran down a fairly long putt for a four and won it, on the home green.

It was predicted in this column that there would be more than one upset before the tournament was concluded, but the writer must confess he did not look for this one, and no disparagement of Eddie Wicks' play is intended. That the other scratch men will have an exceedingly rocky road to the finals goes without saying. All of which is good for the game and full of joy for the handicap men.

Billy Igleheart and Wicks, Hampton and Steiner play the semi-final for the September

leg of the Directors' cup this week, and the match between the winners will decide the last of the four who will play for possession of the cup during the latter part of October. There has been some pretty play for this trophy, and the games to decide the ownership should be as interesting as the club championship, for they are handicap affairs, and as the handicaps now run, will probably be very close.

In the September play for the women's handicap cup, Mrs. Pearsall and Mrs. Worthington will play, the winner to meet Mrs. Savage, who won by default.

Championship play will be somewhat delayed for several reasons. Walker Sallabury and Frank Judge are up in Idaho and will not be back before the 28th, and as it is a club affair, defaults will not be made unless the delay is too long. Then there is that Butte trip, which will take the crowd away one week end. Besides that, the Jackling cup, the big handsome trophy which is to remain perpetually in possession of the club, with the names of the championship winners inscribed thereon, will not reach here before the 15th of next month. That cup must be baptized at the conclusion of the tournament. The baptismal ceremonies have been partially arranged. They will be wet, very wet.

Thomas Sherman of Utica, son of the Republican vice presidential candidate, was walloped by that swarthy old veteran, Walter J. Travis, in the third round of match play for the national championship this week. Now if some ringer, with a Bryan button would only beguile Mister Taft into a game and hand him one, what loud screams of joy would go up from Jack Royle, and Billy Igleheart, and Bob Sloan, and other leading admirers of the gleaming white arms of Democracy. Great hunch on the election result, what?

The thin woman, at least, can always make her presence svelte.

The State Board of Horse Commissioners hereby issues a call for a meeting, in Salt Lake City, during State Fair week, of all men interested in the horse industry.

The purpose of the meeting will be to organize a Utah Horse Breeders' association and to discuss all subjects pertaining to the horse business.

The time and place of the meeting will be announced later.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

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clation must deal—and that fact once known, who so rash as to try to stop the stampede of the brewers, the manufacturers, the wholesalers, the jobbers, the retailers, the bartenders, etc., etc., into the Republican party?

And so it has come to pass that the prohibition seed thus sown took root, and in the high-ways and byways up and down the state the little flower of prohibition has been blooming and nodding in the wind and for a time it threatened to become as popular as the sego lily. Several counties took notice of this modest, early spring bloomer and in divers county platforms its beauties were recommended to the consideration of the state convention. Then the fickle Hessian began to trifle with its former love, and soon it was cast aside and thrown into the scrap heap. The Mouth was strong for prohibition so long as prohibition did not seem to prohibit the Utah Liquor Dealers' association from voting the Republican ticket. Now, if the said U. L. D. A. votes the Republican ticket and the ticket is elected, does anybody know how many beans make five? If so, can the wise one understand why the platform of the late lamented church Republican state convention fails to recognize that there is such a thing as a prohibition question in Utah? Quien Sabe?

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