

now and trussed the parcel on my back.

Then Joe, says he, you get some pills, you buy 'em over in that hole, me payin' fifty cents per pill and pealin' ducats from my roll.

"You use your driver, stand like this, you aint a-workin' with a hoe, now smite upon the blinkin' pill and watch just where she starts to go." I stood just how Joe said I should, my legs pried out as fit to bust. I swung my drivin' thing on high and only raised a cloud of dust.

Then Joe he laughed. I knew he would, I wisht he was in far-off France, he started in to talk again about the trouble with my stance. Well next I swung around some more and smote the thing right in the eye, my fifty center sailed away, it must have gone clean to the sky, for Joe he squinted left and right, he couldn't see the thing about, but says as how it's worth a ball to hit the thing one powerful clout.

When we got started down a spell Joe says you take a mid-iron now, me havin' clubs enough along to pick up quite a decent row. And then he goes and lifts a flag a-wavin from a fishin' pole, and hollers, take

a putter now and sink your pill in this here hole."

Well say, I've played at croquet on the lawn and had a spell of shinny too, but bedin' up that pill in there was somethin' I don't seem to do. Joe he kept talkin' to me to cut out talk that sounded rough, six times I whacked the thing too far, six times she wasn't strong enough.

We then went to another spot and did the same thing there likewise, and Joe remarkin' it would take ten years for me to win a prize. Some other chaps was playin' too, some folks what I had never seen, and one he driv his pill at me and smote the thing upon my bean, but Joe he says I was to blame, he says the chap had yelled out "fore," a-meaning if I didn't move he'd lay me on the kitchen floor.

Well Joe and me we walked and whacked, we must have got six miles or more, and I climbed up upon a tree each time I heard some chap yell "fore." I lost four balls on that there trip, but found six others in the wood, so Joe he 'llowed as how my golf was startin' out most powerful good.—Ark.

IN DAYS LANG SYNE

Mr. Andrew Forgan, Tells of the Famous Incident Which Broke Up the Final Match Between the Great Rivals, Old Willie Park and Old Tom Morris

MR. ANDREW FORGAN, who is nearing the 80-year-old mark, the last of the great family of Scottish golfers of that name, now living in Montreal, writes the Editor in reference to the article in a recent issue about the Parks, that he well remembers the match mentioned therein, played at Musselburgh, in which "Old Tam" Morris picked up his ball and refused to continue the contest. Mr. Forgan explains the incident thus:

"Park drove out of bounds. A follower of the match lifted the ball, threw it on the

fairway and said to Park: 'Here, you'll play it better there.' Then the dispute began. Park claimed a lucky rub on the green for him. Old Tom said, 'No, you were out of bounds. The penalty is two strokes.' Neither would yield, so old Tom picked up and walked off. Now who was right? At the time Park was 2 up and 6 to play. The Musselburgh sports who were betting heavily on Park said to Old Tom, 'Yer 2 down and yer afeard ye lose.' Which was not true, as Old Tom had lots of pluck. He and Park never played a single again."

These famous matches were for £100 a side, which was quite a lot of money to wager on a golf match a half century or so ago.

FOLLOWING THROUGH

MANY golfers have a wrong conception of the true meaning of "follow through," declares Robert Stanley Weir, K. C., Montreal, in "Golf Illustrated," New York. Following is an extract from his very interesting article:

"The follow-through by the right hand in its proper orbit over the left shoulder

while the left arm with bending elbow is swiftly retiring to the left side in a much more restricted orbit, sets up a leverage of right against left, which greatly promotes the power of the right as it becomes uppermost and dominant.

To put the matter more technically, the plane of a good ball's flight is perpendicular—'straight out' in common parlance; but the plane of the club's swing is sloping or angular to the other.

The 'straightness' of the ball results, of course, from the face of the club being at right angles to the ball during the brief instant of impact; but after that instant, club and ball, as said, pursue their different orbits. The club, after the impact, I must repeat, does not follow the ball at all, as the current folly about follow-through teaches, but follows its own predestined route, which, if the swing is correct, is toward the left shoulder.

If one tries to make the club follow the ball 'straight out' with both arms and both elbows, as so often mischievously enjoined, it will be speedily found out how unsatisfactory the stroke is; with all sense of leverage lost. On the other hand, if the true line of the club's sloped swing or plane is followed slightly leftwards, with the right hand in command and left elbow bending, what a gratifying sense and realization of power is secured! The danger, of course, is the absence of rectilinearity at the impact, which is chiefly a matter of stance; but that surely, goes without saying.

It follows, from the fact that the correct and most forceful swing follows the line of our imaginary sloping hoop, that the left elbow tends, at and immediately following the impact, and almost of itself, to seek the left side, much as the right elbow does in drawing the club back and up. There is, indeed, a singular and similar alternation of movements between elbows which is well worth noting: First, the rightelbow seeks the right side, then, what is equally important, the left elbow, in its turn seeks the left side momentarily (for here action is at its swiftest), and then may slightly move out clear of the side while the right hand and arm come sweeping through, unobstructed by the left, and with full power. Follow through by all means, but not in the line of the ball! See to it, also, that the left elbow courts the left side; not stiffly, but in easy, natural fashion. This

A. W. TILLINGHAST

**GOLF
COURSE
ARCHITECT**

□

SUITE 836
33 WEST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK

non-rigid keeping back of the left elbow is a marked feature of the true swing. It might almost be said to be the secret of good form in golf; of good action; of perfect balance. It is certainly one of the very first things a golfer should learn, instead of stumbling upon it only after years of play, and perhaps not even then, owing to wrong notions about follow-through."

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