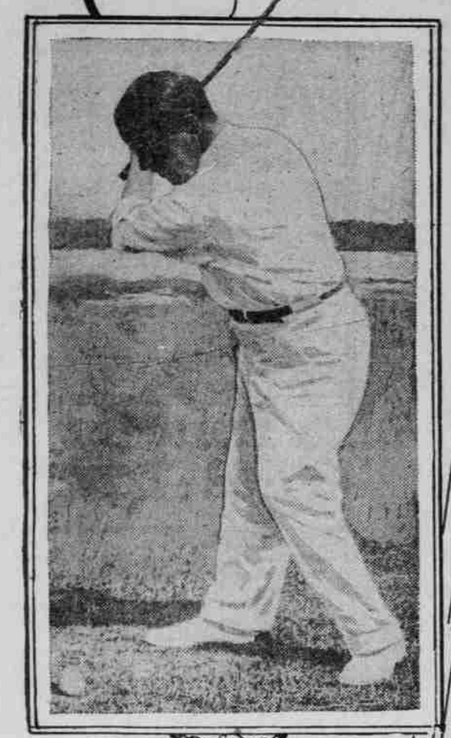
HOW TO PLAY GOLF

JOHN J. KEENAN IN SECOND LESSON GIVES SOUND ADVISE TO WOMEN BEGINNERS.



Top of Three-Quarter Mashie Stroke
Photos by Stefano

Top of Half Stroke Mashie Shot

Showing Three Quarter Iron Stroke Top of Swing

Position for Full Iron Shot

Showing Top of Full Mashie Stroke

HERE is where a teacher is in his element, having the pleasure and companionship of the beautiful. There is only one fault that I can see, and that is not knowing enough nice things to say to ladies. Of course, all of them like to have you say nice, complimentary words to them. Ladies are very keen on golf and they take it very seriously, more so than a man. Their object is to play well and it is necessary at times to tell them a funny story, just enough to distract their minds for a moment from what they are doing. You can't teach them fast enough, they are so anxious, and they try so hard that I always take more interest in them and teach them as soon as possible. During my experience I think I have taught four ladies to one man, and I am willing to continue, because every lady you help says a good word for you, and it is pleasing to know you are successful. I will dwell a moment on what this success will do for you. I will take a young lady, teach her to play quite a good game. Her lady friend comes to me and I teach her the same. Now, here is where I tell some inside information. One of these young ladies will come to me on the quiet and say, "Can't you make me beat my friend?" And, as if both of them thought of the same thing at once, the other one came and said the same thing. Now, what could I do in a case of this kind? I help them both, each thinking the other is not wise. It is very amusing at times to listen to and answer some of the questions they ask of you. The first one naturally is, "Will I get thin?" Another is, "Shall I wear a veil? Can you tell me what is good for freckles? I believe my waist is getting smaller. What is the best way to walk? What is the proper way to carry a golf stick? What is bogey? Do you think I play as well as Miss So-and-So? She told me she played around 60. I don't believe her." "Your time is up, madam." "What!" surprised, "I did not know it was so late." Was her attention on her playing? I should say not; bogey has nothing on her.

In the last two years the ladies are coming forward very fast, and if the men don't get a move on them our fair ones will be taking the honors away from them. I have in my time coached some fine lady players that would, I am sure, make as good a showing as many of the men playing in competition today. The trouble with the ladies in golf is trying to do too much. They will hardly ever be able to play like a man, so it is just as well to tell them at the start to forget it, and let their minds dwell on their own game. Be content and not try to get 200 yards in your drive. Develop your own game by putting your mind on a fixed point. To accomplish this you will have all you can attend to. You have many qualities, ladies, that will aid you that are lacking in the man's game. The first is, you are more serious, and when you are serious you are bound to become proficient, but you must do it gradually, not with a rush. Forget how well your friends play, keep strictly to seriousness, and you shall and will improve in an unknown way. This unknown way, ladies, is natural, that comes to all who play a smooth, easy game, not thinking of distance but sticking to the principle. Let my game develop in itself. This is your aim, ladies, not to use force. This will come to you surely if you continue as you are.

Remember, ladies, that distance is not all in golf. Take Walter Travis as a sample. When he first began to play he was not a long driver. Some of the ladies today drive almost as far as he did at that time. But look at him today, one of our greatest players. Why? Because he played his stroke at all times carefully, not for distance but for results, and in getting these results he also got his distance. By force? No, it came to him unknowingly. In playing so well and evenly he was developing snap in his hit without realizing it. The result he has proved for years by playing a consistent game, lacking in our present and leading players of today. I am very much against imitating, but if you allow your game to progress along this line follow the method of Mr. Travis. You will succeed in getting your distance, your ambition.

I will for a moment call your attention to the use of force and its effect in golf. It has been preached by players and teachers from the beginning of the game not to press, but can we resist this temptation? No, our intentions are good, but we just have got to do it because we are told not to. In other words, we are game and will take a chance. You get many chances in the game of golf and two of those in particular you must consider. The first is: Do you want to play golf in the way that is becoming to you, the natural, easy, self-controlled game, taking your physical condition into consideration and playing accordingly? You can judge this condition yourself, and if you feel that you are qualified then you may select this style of play. In selecting your style of play you must continue and practice along this line, never for a moment to think or try to get away from this principle. If you do you know the result. You would not, I am sure, make an attempt to swim for five miles if you felt that you were not able to do it. Look into your golf as you would this swim. Convince yourself first, and you will find it is to your advantage to do what you are able to do and not attempt the impossible. The second is, you may be physically strong, with a great amount of force. You don't feel inclined to take the soft part of anything, but rather employ those physical qualities to their fullest extent. It is natural to employ force when possessed of a condition of this kind. Your style of play is to hit and you can't resist the feeling, as in the first case, to adopt this method of play. It is part of yourself and you must develop along this line. To ask you to play like the one referred to in No. 1 is quite different.

You will call on your physical force at all times according to your condition, and when you adopt the style of play where force is employed you must be careful to bring this force to a standard, not doing more than you are capable of doing, but just enough to satisfy yourself that you are benefited by the force at your command. If you try to get away from this principle your game will develop erratically, going all over the course, and not getting the results expected of you.

To compare both of these styles I would say that neither has the advantage; one will be as good as the other; that is, if they both follow the principle their game will improve gradually, and the lady that plays the softer game will be slowly and surely advancing, because that snap that comes to all has reached her, and repay her with all the good qualities of golf, good long driving and improved strokes in general. The lady with the force will develop in the same way, and in the end I would still say they are even.

While playing with the ladies I will speak to them on form. Many of them think and waste a lot of time on this term in golf. In fact, it is and always will be the impression that golf must be played in kid glove style. I will tell you now, dear ladies, to forget the polish that you see so much of; cut out the posing. It may go in the drawing-room, but you make a big mistake in carrying those unnecessary thoughts with you to the golf links. I know it is not your fault, because our teachers are impressing it on you, and also the majority of the players that you see are doing the same thing. I want you to believe me, ladies, and I know what I am talking about. I have watched this style of play now for over twenty years, and today there is more of it than ever. No wonder we are not improving and are discarding the original for display of style. I don't care what anybody says, and I can't put it too strongly, anybody who adds form to his golf will never become a golfer, and I will give you my reasons for saying so. You, or most of you, have played tennis or have seen tennis played. Did you ever notice a brilliant player in an important match make a difficult shot? Did you ever notice his form at that particular moment? Was it graceful? I should say not. His position and form were awkward. Why? Because his mind was on making that particular shot and he had no time to think of form while in this position. You would applaud and say it was a fine stroke. Yes, it was a good stroke, and in all other branches of sport it is the same. And my reasons are that no matter what kind of sport you play, if you play well, it looks good and you play in good form.

Would you make this stroke if you stopped to place yourself in a graceful position? I would say no. It goes to show you that the thoughts of form are forgotten while making this stroke. Why did you forget this form? Because you could not overcome the natural. Your instinct compelled you to play this stroke in the natural way. It is the same in golf; to make a good stroke you forget your form. You can't think of it, because your mind is set on making this shot and everything else is forgotten. Now, why should you devote your time to form when you forget to live up to it? You find it is not necessary, and if a thing is not necessary we have no use for it. I think my reasons are fully explained on this subject. Of course, I expect many not to agree with me, but I am to give you the facts just as they are, and I can prove to you the statements I am making are straight. I can refer you to a fact of this kind that happened in Aiken, S. C., last winter that will bear me out in my statements. I was teaching a prominent New York lady who was there on a visit. This lady had never played golf before, and, after showing her the first principles of the game, she developed a beautiful swing—a natural one—as this is one of my principles, to always teach them on their own stroke. In less than a week that lady was driving 150 yards off the tee. I never mentioned one word to her of form, and the gracefulness of her swing was convincing to me that form develops itself. Her whole game was beautiful to watch. The lady whom she was visiting I believe had been playing golf for some years, but during this time she devoted almost all of her practice to form. There was a match arranged between them. The lady I was teaching came to me and asked my advice on how she should play. I told her to go out and play in her own way, not to make a display to show her friend just how far she could drive. I also asked her not to notice the play of her friend, but to keep her mind on what she was doing. She followed my instructions, and, after she had beaten her friend six out of nine holes, I was happy to prove once more that my assertions were correct. The lady who was defeated came to me afterward and said: "Mr. Keenan, I understand you don't teach form in golf." I said: "No, I do not." She told me that for years she had done nothing else but play for form. She wanted every stroke played just so, and you see the result, convinced by a golfer of less than six days. I afterward had this lady, and it was just like starting a new pupil. It took some time to work all this display out of her, but I succeeded in doing so, and it would not be pleasant for any one to speak of golf form in her presence.

Keenan Illustrates Some Important Golf Strokes for Students.

TOP OF HALF OF MASHIE STROKE.

THIS shot requires great control and the last little slackening on your part, the turning of the wrists in any way, will have an effect on the hitting of the ball. Don't let the club fall back near your shoulder; keep wrists rigid at all times. Don't stop at the top, but come down at once with speed instead of force. Give the ball a sharp, quick hit. Let the club continue on the ground, following an imaginary line drawn ten inches behind the ball to a point where the ball is before the hit and ten inches in front of the original position of the ball after hitting. I would advise the same grip for this stroke as you use on all full shots, only a little more firmness on the irons, and be sure to go back slowly. In beginning this stroke play it as near like the drive as explained.

Top of Full Mashie Stroke.

This is a very important stroke and considerable time should be spent in practicing it. It is very pleasing to a player who plays this stroke properly. I think it is one of the most enticing strokes in golf. The sound of the hit, the feeling it gives, the satisfaction in knowing you have made the club perform properly the work which you wanted and the exact result all tend to send a thrill of delight through one's senses. The hit in this stroke is the same as the hit in the full mashie stroke, although the club is brought to only half the distance back. You may grip the club firmly with both hands, keeping the wrist rigid at the top, as described in full swing. The right arm will be close to the body, the left arm just far enough away to allow the freedom of swing. At the top of the stroke the weight will be slightly on the right foot, which is flat on the ground. The body turns gently, the left heel slightly raised, with the left knee bending and turning as if to follow the stroke back. I would give the ball a sharp, quick hit, with the firmness still in the hit until after the ball is away. The body at this time should be at the finish of the stroke in the exact way as at the top of the stroke, with the position just reversed; the left foot is flat on the ground, the knee slightly bent, the right knee taking the position that the left knee took at the top of the swing. Use the same hit as described in other strokes—go back slowly, come down fast, a quick, sharp hit with a firm hold of the club at all times.

The Wrist Stroke.

There is no illustration for this short approach, known as the wrist stroke. The club is gripped the same as in the half stroke, and I will say that if you follow the same principles of the half stroke in playing this shot you will get the same results. My idea is to have ONE HIT in golf, from beginning to end. I feel one hit on all strokes will get the best results, and I am confident of this being so. This can be proved by many whom I have come in contact with—people who have tried and mastered the same. The swing in this stroke is quite short. I would say keep the wrists and arms firm—in fact almost stiff; the body may move a trifle from the waist and the knees may move very little, the same as in the half stroke. Both feet are flat on the ground during this shot. There is another point I wish to speak of on the stroke. You are more apt to look up on this stroke than on any other. Give this stroke all your attention; it is one which proves the most important of the lot at times, although it looks the easier. When you play this shot well you save a stroke or two on the putting green. Don't be careless; keep the head down until the ball is away.

DO YOU WANT TO LIVE FOR 100 YEARS?

(Continued From Page 5.)

He was a United States Senator from 1871 to 1883. As candidate for Vice President he made the race with Alton B. Parker.

Colonel Robert T. Van Horn was a United States Congressman, a journalist, known intimately through the Southwest and having much to do with its development, both as newspaper owner and politician. Colonel Van Horn began the Kansas City Journal in the '50s, when things were pretty wild in Western Missouri.

He is a humorist as well as a spiritualist. At the celebration of his last birthday one of the newspaper boys said in leaving:

"I hope, Colonel, to see you again your next birthday."

"If I am not here," Colonel Van Horn answered, "I will leave a card telling where you can find me."

The oldest person with whom Dr. Davis obtained an interview was Mrs. Nancy Brock, 115 years old, Pratt City, near Birmingham, Ala. She is a very small woman, never having weighed more than 120 pounds. She never had the usual youthful diseases. She never took medicine.

Her hearing began to fail at 90, sight at 100, memory at 108, used glasses at 80. Always energetic, very deliberate. No pie or cake. One cup coffee a day last 20 years. Drinks milk. Never drank liquor. Drinks water with meals. Stopped walking at 100. Farmer. To bed early; up early. Greatest ambition was to be poor. She is. Favorite reading is the Bible. Great out-of-doors person. She says the following is what has kept her alive so long:

"I never lived in a sealed house. Plain food always was my portion. I never wore a corset. I never ate much meat. I always read the Bible and lived up to its teachings."

Many of the old persons have been parents of many children. It appears that childbirth helped many of the women. Mrs. Malinda Warder, 614 North Wall street, Joplin, Mo., 93 years old, has been the mother of 16 children. She was married at 16 and all were born of one father before the mother was 40 years old. All the children have been healthy. She was raised on a farm. She weighed 118 at 20 and 175 at 80 years.

Joseph Parks, 81 years old, Pineville, N. C., has been the father of 23 children, all born of one wife. Conrad Huffman, 103 years, Big Flat, Ark., also has been the father of 23 children, having had two wives.

Robert Bates, 99 years old, Letcher County, Kentucky, was the father of a boy at 100. William Miller 101 years, Joplin, Mo., married recently a woman of 60 years. It was his third marriage. He is a gardener.

Mrs. Electa Kennedy, 105 years, Healdsburg, Cal., was an anemic when young. Here is a remarkable case. She weighed only 106 at 20 years. She was always a hearty eater and had many children's diseases. She had a high temper. She ate a great deal of sugar, candy and sweets. She ate much cake. She still walks. She did housework until 101 years. She says the reason she has lived so long is:

"I have always lived in the country, eaten what I liked, had regular habits, an active mind and always interested in current events."

George Niper, Sr., Stanhope, N. J., 107 years old, had a father who lived to 103 and a mother who died at 97 years. He has always been a hearty eater. Says he has eaten all he could get the last 20 years. He has chewed tobacco since 12 years. He is a great honey eater and milk drinker.

James Mabe, 100 years, Elizabethtown, Ky., is the oldest fox hunter in the United States. He still indulges, riding a horse.

William Muncy, 96 years, Babylon, N. Y., is the oldest twin. His twin brother, Samuel, died last year.

Henry F. Swanback, 100 years, Greenwood, Neb., is the oldest Oddfellow. He was a friend of Bismark.

Dr. James L. Wellington, 97 years, Swansea, Mass., is the oldest living Harvard alumnus. His pastime is reading.

Mrs. Rosamond Emery, 101 years, Portland, Or., said: "In all the years of my life, I have never let a habit govern me; no medicine, wholesome food and two meals a day."

"Huckleberry" B. F. Finn, the original of Mark Twain's "Huck," still lives at the age of 90 in Eugene, Or. He is a hunter and fiddler.

"I have lived to be 100 years old because of much outdoor exercise, association with Nature, hard work and happiness," Mrs. Margaret Jane Jordan Malden, Mass., said.

Dr. Davis sums up this tale concerning remarkable old persons with the following conclusions:

"You can't hurry and worry and attain lasting happiness and 100 years. To him who would achieve a real success and a great age I say:

"'Face every situation without worry and hurry. Hurry means waste and useless strain—don't do it.'

"Eat moderately of a small variety of foods each meal. Chew everything until it is a find liquid, get all the taste out of every bite and drink plenty of water between meals.

"Salt and pepper and other condiments and stimulants are foolers and their best purpose is to wreck human bodies and business.

"Avoid all intemperence in food, tobacco or drink and prolonged fatigue.

"Do not neglect colds, aches, lassitude and other seemingly insignificant ailments—they often lead to something serious.

"Learn the immediate and lasting effects of regular exercise, deep breathing, relaxation and rest.

"Have a large variety of interests and as many genuine friends as possible—and be a friend.

"Strive to give full expression to your entire individuality.

"Get acquainted with the out-of-doors and get its charm, its stimulus and its solace.

"Take time to read, think and grow and adjust to the ever new conditions.

"Think only health, success and good fortune—never disease, fear, failure.

"Remember that every man is master of his own fate and that by a rational control and development of his instincts, faculties and environment he can overcome a bad or unfavorable heredity. Each must learn his mental and physical limitations and push them back as far as possible, but never go beyond them.

"Be systematic, optimistic, initiative, healthy, honest and brave, develop a strong will, think and work, and you will have success and reach 100."

The Crime of Waste.

Atlantic.

Waste is the crime of today and it is especially the great crime of this awful war; waste in human life, in hope, in love, and in the common savings of us all. Millions of dollars' worth of the savings of the people of this earth, all of them our brothers and our sisters, are daily burned up, exploded and wasted in the madness of the nations; and even that is a trifle when we compare it to the great human value of the lives that are lost. It will not make any people rich; and we Americans, rarely fortunate in not being involved in the awful strife, shall find our part of the burden to bear. Some time the war will be over, and then waste must stop; it must stop if we are to advance in humanity and civilization over and beyond the yawning gap made by the lust of blood, pride of race and the vanity of kings. The war has been in progress but a little while and already the cost of it is being borrowed from future generations; extra hard labor and sweat must come from infants now at their mothers' breasts, to make good this debauch of blood and fire. And in the very measure that we waste is the sentence at hard labor upon the rising generation prolonged. We cannot get out of it by being American; the debt is upon us, in unequal measure it is true, but the debt, the obligation to make up the losses, is upon us all.

NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

(Continued From Page 3.)

sir," he urged, his severe spectacles rising, and remaining elevated.

"It will begin coming in at the back door in half an hour," promised Prine, looking at his watch. "It will come in all day, faster than you can pay it out, and I'll stay right here to show myself."

Four very cheerful parties sat in the parlor of the hotel, and three of them peered over Wallingford's shoulder while he scratched from a little book the fourth name in the list of those who had assisted in robbing the Warden orphans of their father's fortune. The fourth name was that of President Prine!

"Just even, ladies," chuckled J. Rufus, mighty proud of himself. "A hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the penny."

"Oh, we forgot!" suddenly exclaimed Violet. "We didn't collect anything for the expense fund. We always—"

"Great Jehosophat!" Blackie Daw had jumped from his chair as the door opened, and, with a pale, drawn face, had thrown up a window. "Get out of here!" he yelled, while Wallingford and the girls rushed to the other window and poked out their heads.

"Where'll I go?" asked Toad Jessup calmly, closing the door and leaning against it. "They put me off the street car, and I had to walk clear back from the country. There's a man out there has a skunk farm."

"Get upstairs into the bathroom," ordered Wallingford, gasping for breath. "Put your clothes in a suitcase and have it sunk in the canal. Blackie, get a machine. We'll all go for a ride."

The girls were still giggling when, as they drove swiftly through the cool, evening air, J. Rufus began to chuckle.

"That expense fund," he exclaimed. "We'll drive straight back to town. I want to find that real estate fellow."

The town awoke unusually early next morning, gasping for breath. There was in the air a pungent something which spurred into instant activity every revulsion possible to the human system. The town moaned, and uttered one agonized word.

"Skunk!"

Never in all the history of civilization had there been such an overwhelming, persistent, devastating odor as that which permeated and saturated the sweet breeze of the morning. There was no escape from it; there was no hiding; there was no relief. The town might as well have been one-armed that morning, for every citizen, irrespective of age, sex or color, was compelled to use one hand to close his or her olfactory organ. For a time the disaster was so bewildering that its source could only be conjectured, but at nine-fifteen Wallingford's telephone bell rang.

"Hello!" responded the faint nasal voice of J. Rufus.

"Is that you, Wallingford?" was the nasal reply. "Well, this is Pine. What do you mean by filling that shanty next to my store with skunks?"

"They're necessary to my business," twanged Wallingford. "I'm collecting them as fast as I can. The Keebo Chemical Company is to manufacture the strongest disinfectant in the world, and skunks—"

"What!" The tone was as explosive as possible to a man who was holding his nose tightly shut. "Well, you can't do that."

"Why can't I? It's my lot. Bought a hundred-dollar option on it last night, and I'm going to start building my factory tomorrow."

A choking, gasping silence. Then:

"You internal grafter!" Another silence. "Well how much for your option?"

"Ten thousand dollars and send it over in currency."

Half an hour later the five strangers hurried out to the bus, their expense money added to the restitution fund. The hotel attendants were holding their noses; the passers-by on the street were holding their noses; the motormen on the street cars were holding their noses; old men and young men little children, and women were at the same involuntary obedience to nature's first law. It was a city of left elbows held at right-angles to the face.

The president of the reformed People's Bank rushed out of Prine's Emporium as the bus started.

"Wait a minute!" he choked, changing hands to get at his handkerchief. He saw the Warden orphans in the bus with Blackie and Wallingford and Toad Jessup and his eyes fell while a bewildered expression came into his face.

Were these girls at the bottom of his misfortunes! Just then the wind shifted, and he shook his unengaged fist.

"What are you going to do with these skunks?"

J. Rufus leaned out of the bus window, and holding his nose firmly with his right hand beamed genially on the sufferer.

"Oh those Keebo skunks," he considered. "They go with the property, Mr. Prine."

(To be Continued.)

Woman Pays Bill 25 Years Old.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 27.—William Eckhardt, a Belleville grocer, is convinced that there are honest people in this world. An aged woman went to Eckhardt's store and told him she wanted to pay a balance of $9.50 which she owed on a debt of $19.50 contracted in 1880. Eckhardt did not know the woman and said he had no knowledge of the debt. She insisted, and Eckhardt went into the cellar and got out his books for 1880. He found the item, and the woman paid.