

GOLF SWING, WITHOUT CLUB,

IDEAL EXERCISE FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

MISS MONICA DUNN ON GOLF.

This is what young Miss Monica Dunn has to say about golf, which tends to prove that what she advocates is perfectly feasible, especially as regards children:

"I learned to play golf when I was 5 years old at St. Andrew's, in Scotland.

"I had a little club of my own. I soon learned to play, as it is very easy.

"I played on the beach when the tide was out. I am 9 years old now. I like golf very much.

"I wish more children played here. I have a set of clubs and a little caddy bag.

"I once won a box of candies from a grown-up man. I beat him. He was very much surprised, and he said, 'It is because you learned golf when you were young.'

BY MRS. GOURLAY DUNN-WEBB.

It cannot be denied that physical exercise for growing children is extremely beneficial. Most of the principal schools have gymnasiums. The children go through various kinds of exercises.

I would like to suggest a new exercise, and that is the movement of the golf swing.

In these articles I have shown that the golf swing can be dissected into parts, and that each movement can be so well mastered that it becomes a mechanical habit. The piecing together of the movements produce the natural golf swing. As no club is required to begin with, it would be an excellent opportunity for children to copy the correct movements as exercises while at school.

I mentioned in a previous article that the best players of the day are natural players. They hold the open championships. All children have not the same opportunities as others of copying the game while young. Therefore, I suggest that the golf swing be taught in schools. This would produce more natural players in the future and so advance the game among amateurs.

A thing learned in childhood is very seldom forgotten. This applies to all sports. Children who learn to ride horseback while young never forget it. The same applies to skating. Every one knows how easily a child learns to skate. There are many grown-ups who have tried it for the first time and found it very difficult.

It is much more difficult to learn any sport late in life. There is lack of confidence, and the imagination makes things appear difficult when really they are not so. A child does not stop to think. I will give you an instance of what imagination will do.

How Teaches Skating.

I once persuaded a grown friend of mine to go skating with me. She said she could not skate and "knew" she never would. However, I got her



Finish of Drive. A Good Follow Through.



Address for Putting. Notice the Right Elbow Close Against the Body, Both Thumbs Down.



Swing Back for Mashie Shot. Right Elbow Down.

to try. We were skating on a private pond near a farm. Well, things, I must say, seemed very hopeless. There was a great deal of bumping and floundering about and expressions of despair. I suggested we try to skate to the other side of the pond, a remark which was met with a very emphatic refusal to even try to do so. Suddenly, to my amazement, my friend screamed and skated away down the pond. I followed and asked what on earth was wrong.

She gasped out, "Didn't you see that cow coming on to the pond?"

"Well," I said, "I don't care about the cow, but I never saw any one skate so quickly in all my life!"

I am afraid you will think I am drifting away from golf, but little incidents like this make one think deeper of the will power of human beings. It can be cultivated and used in every action of our daily life. And now to return to golf.

I have given careful thought and study on how to impart the knowl-

edge of the golf swing to others in the simplest possible way. I am more than content with the many letters I have had sent to me. I am very glad that through my articles I have been the means of starting so many women to take up golf. A woman, naturally, understands a woman.

The first and principal thing you will notice after taking up the game is the improvement in your health. Your body will become supple. The outdoor exercise which you would not otherwise take will make you slender. Remember that nearly every muscle in the body is used in golf. It is a physical exercise taken under ideal conditions and beautiful surroundings, a fascinating, companionable game, gentle and not overexhausting.

Golf is very popular in Great Britain among the Members of Parliament. They know the relaxation to body and brain which the game gives. Those women who are troubled with nervous ailments I advise to take up golf. It is the best cure in the world for sleep-

lessness. Many women suffer from this and become nervous wrecks. What does anything matter if one has no health?

Artificial enjoyment, such as playing cards or dancing, is not a satisfying relaxation. Both excite and unsettle the nerves, whereas, at the end of a day's golf, there is a natural tiredness which comes to body and brain.

There is so much fascination in the game that it holds your thoughts and helps to crowd out worries. At the end of the day you find yourself drowsily thinking of the putts you holed and missed, of the long drives you made. You promise yourself to drive round the bunker next time and not try to carry it, and with all these thoughts you "doze off" into dreamland. You are still in the glorious, peaceful country, driving over hill and dale, going through beautiful woods, the soft, restful green of the turf all around.

breathed in is like long draughts of crystal water—you were so thirsty for it! The joy of living is yours at last! You awaken in the morning refreshed. You feel that you have taken a new lease of life.

There are many of us who would not think of walking three miles, and yet if you play 18 holes that is the distance you will have walked. You do not notice it because the fascination of the game is upon you.

I make special appeal to parents to encourage their children in golf. It is not only the game, but the environment. There is a great deal more golf played among children in Scotland than anywhere. Clubs can be made for children, or discarded clubs of parents or friends can be easily shortened. I especially appeal for the girls. I like to see good girl golfers. Let them learn while they are young.

They are shown how to ride and swim in their youth, but very seldom

I say exciting I mean it. It was the scoring that always caused the trouble. No one ever really won a game. Both sides were far too certain of the right scoring for that.

Children Become Good Players.

We played round six times for an 18 hole match. It was great fun, even if it did end in tears or a "free fight" on the last green over who were the winners.

When we played in proper competitions we had markers. There were competitions given for children, managed by the club.

Parents may think there is one drawback to golf for children, and that is the space for them to play it in. If golf clubs have women's courses attached, children should be allowed to play on them. They very quickly become good players. Children who live in the country near meadows can make a few holes for themselves. Home exercises can be taken with a captive ball, such as I described in a previous article.

I have seen a captive ball which registers the distance of the drive you make. This is more interesting. Everyone likes to know how far she has driven.

And now I hope I have shown what a simple, pleasurable pastime golf is. Leave the theory to those who like it.

In my next article I will tell you of two beginners' first attempt on a golf course. It will give an idea of what should or should not be done.

Mortgages on Folks Yet Unborn.

Philadelphia Ledger.

England's war bill has now reached \$1,000,000 for every hour of the day and night. By next March that nation's total debt will be \$11,000,000,000. Imposition of taxes unimagined for ages in these times will still leave the British people borrowing two-thirds of the money needed to carry on the struggle. An extra and heavy tax is to be laid upon the dinner table, while the income tax is to reach down to all who earn \$50 a year. Profits on business, more postage on letters, bigger death taxes on estates and heavy import duties on nearly all commodities are some of the details of the British plan to meet the largest daily expenditure ever made by any country.

Other warring nations do not let the outside world know so fully what they are suffering, but their debts are mounting with almost equal swiftness. When the war began estimates of \$49,000,000 for daily expenses of all countries seemed excessive, but the actual figures today must be nearly double that. All business in Germany and Austria is done on a paper-money basis. Gold everywhere is at a big premium. Taxes all over Europe will increase enormously, while productivity is dwindling at a startling rate. All the belligerents are eating up their future and mortgaging every available resource. This generation must bear the blood and bone burden of the war. To living people come the deaths, the sorrows and the pain; but persons who will not be born for another full generation will go through life with these war debts on their backs.



For the Young People



JOE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD Joe Meadows happened upon a remarkable adventure while with a hunting party in the great Okefenokee Swamp of Southern Georgia. He and his little brother, Tim, had been allowed to go as far as the first island, reached by a narrow strip of land from the mainland, and it was understood that they were to remain in care of the cook at the permanent camp, confining their excursions to the high and dry area of the immediate neighborhood.

But Joe was an adventurous boy, and one day he determined to make a circuit of the entire island in the hope of getting a shot at a deer. He reluctantly consented for little Tim to accompany him and, unknown to the cook, set forth on the extensive excursion.

To follow the rim of the island, as proposed, was no easy task, the course being extremely difficult. It was often necessary to advance higher up the slope or descend almost into the flooded swamp in order to avoid tangled masses of brambles, dense clumps of fan-palmettos and bogs or marshes.

The island was about two miles long by about one mile wide, the distance all the way around being fully six

miles, or even more. And so, when they toiled up one side and down another, arriving within perhaps a mile of camp, it was nearing mid-afternoon and little Tim was very tired, as well as ravenously hungry. Joe suffered in the same way, but proudly declined to admit it. He consented, however, to give up the hunt and "cut across" the island to camp. It was then that an accident befell him.

He tripped and fell over a log, striking the side of his head against a sharp snag. He was at first slightly stunned, and his wound bled freely. What was much more serious, he sprained his ankle as he fell and found it impossible to walk without unbearable pain. After trying repeatedly, he became quite faint and was forced to lie down.

"Tim, you'd better run to camp and tell them," he said breathlessly.

"I will if I don't get lost," said the little fellow, fright in his eyes.

"I'll show you how to go and you can't miss it."

Joe raised himself on his arm, gave directions, and then, as his brother started off, he fell back exhausted, closing his eyes. All was quiet except for the sighing of the breeze in the

high pine tops and the panting of the dog squatting near him. As long as he did not move the pain in his ankle was eased and, as the bleeding wound on the side of his head troubled him but a little, he grew drowsy and presently fell asleep.

He was awakened some time later more by a warning sense of danger than by certain slightly disturbing sounds. On opening his eyes, he found the dog standing close to him, the hair on its back erect and its tail between its legs—both signs of fear. His faithful guardian, with low growling that was almost a whine, looked steadily into the rustling foliage of a water-oak some 30 feet away.

At first Joe saw nothing to alarm him, but soon he caught sight of a tall like that of an enormous cat beating back and forth among the leaves in a manner startlingly suggestive of explosive anger. The boy remembered to have heard the hunters say that the tail of a panther was wont to move in that way when the beast was crouching for a spring.

"She smelt my blood and is after me," thought Joe.

Forgetting his sprained ankle, the boy clutched his gun and sprang up, but staggered across only a few feet of ground before he dropped to his knees in an agony of pain. On seeing his master stir, the dog showed more spirit, putting on a bold front and barking wildly.

This seemed to put an end to the suspense, for almost at once the great cat, snarling fiercely, tore through the branches surrounding her and descended toward her prey, striking the earth within a few feet of the dog.

Joe managed to raise his gun and take aim, but before he pulled the trigger the panther had leaped again and engaged the dog at close quarters. To shoot then was to endanger friend as well as foe, and the boy hesitated. Fearing that backshot would not serve anyhow and that the faithful dog was his only protection, the boy crawled further away, looking back over his shoulder to watch the fierce struggle between the two beasts, with never a moment's let-up in such harsh growling and snarling as he had never heard in all his life.

The contending animals, fast in each other's grip, rapidly drew nearer, tearing up grass and brush as they came. The panther was much the stronger of the two as well as armed with great knife-like claws. Apparently her object was to shake off the dog in order to reach the boy, her real intended prey, and the chances were that she could not be held back and would succeed.

Realizing this, Joe again sprang to his feet, but again the pain was unbearable. He tottered, fell in a faint and lay still. When consciousness returned, which was almost at once, the horrid din bombarded his ears as before. As he opened his eyes the panther made a resistless rush in his direction, arriving within perhaps five feet of him, together with the persistent dog, which still refused to be shaken off. Joe thought his days were numbered,

yet, strange to say, his nerves steadied and his head cleared. Rising to his knees, he lifted the gun and watched his chance. The fiercely struggling and snarling beasts came nearer still, now the panther and now the dog turning a back to Joe.

Suddenly, with a coolness that he afterward wondered at, the boy leaned forward and, seizing the opportunity as it came, put the very muzzle of his gun against the neck of his enemy and pulled the trigger.

As the report reverberated through the woods, the panther leaped high in the air, wrestling herself away at last from the grip of the dog's strong teeth. It looked to Joe as if she would descend directly upon him, and as he shrank away, giving himself up for lost, his senses failed him once more and oblivion followed.

When he revived and looked around the panther lay still on one side of him and the dog, cruelly wounded, struggled feebly with a low whining on the other. A large section of the panther's neck had been literally torn out by the discharge of the gun at close quarters and there could be no question that life was extinct. Assured of this and fearing that the dog could not survive, Joe put an arm around his faithful savior's neck and wept, longing to hear the welcome sound of friends coming across the island to his aid.

It was thus that boy and dog were found when little Tim led three of the returned hunters and the cook to the spot.

A brush stretcher was hastily constructed and Joe was placed upon it, but he refused to be borne to camp until the wounded dog had been laid on it also at his side.

"We'd better hunt around this island tomorrow," said one of the astonished hunters aside. "That boy gets more sport right here than we do on our long trips."

It pleased Joe greatly to overhear this, but his satisfaction was not complete until, after a careful examination of the torn dog at camp, he was assured that his faithful friend would recover.

Home From College.

London Standard.

Fond Mother: "Bobbie, come here. I have something awfully nice to tell you."

Bobbie (aged 6): "Aw—I don't care. I know what it is. Big brother's home from college."

Fond Mother: "Why, Bobbie, how could you guess?"

Bobbie: "My bank don't rattle any more."



Solution for Ground Hog Puzzle.

A Methuselah Doll



"What would you say if I told you that I saw a doll that was over two thousand years old?" asked the aunt.

"I LOVE my dolly even if it is old," said Polly to her aunt, to whom she was showing off. "You see my grandmother gave it to me ages and ages ago, when I was hardly born, and I have played with it ever since."

"And how old are you now?" asked her aunt.

"Seven on my next birthday. Then mamma is going to get me a new one that is made of bisque, and can open and shut its eyes."

"Let me look at your dolly again," said the aunt. "I would not call it very old. Six years is a short time. Don't you think so, dear?"

"Laura Stokes had her doll just a week when she broke it, and Mary, her cousin's doll, lost an eye and a leg before the month was over. I'm considered a careful little mother," said Polly, with pride in her voice.

"What would you say if I told you that I saw a doll that was over 2999 years old?" asked the aunt.

Polly didn't say anything, she just gasped.

The aunt went on: "Yes, it was at least as old as that, and it came all the way from Egypt."

"Where did you see it?" asked Polly.

"In the British Museum in London. The last time I visited that wonderful place I saw it nestling in one of the glass cases. It was made of wood, and was a cute little piece of carving."

"Tell me more about it, please," begged Polly, always eager for a real story.

"I asked the guide all about it," said the aunt smiling, "for I knew a certain little lady would want to know all about this Methuselah dolly. It

Groundhog Day

WEDNESDAY, February 2, is Groundhog day.

The story of the groundhog seeing his shadow on February 2 comes to us from a very old superstition. It is believed the Scandinavians first gave thought to it on their church holiday Candlemas, when the hedgehog was supposed to wake up from his long winter's nap. He would crawl out of his hiding place and look around. If the sun cast his shadow on the ground he would get scared and run back to his hole and sleep on for six more weeks, but if he did not see his shadow he would smile right then and there.

GROUND HOG PUZZLE.

READ this properly: There is a lady in the land With twenty nails on each hand. Five and twenty on hands and feet: This is true without deceit. (Now place a comma after the words Nails and Five and read again).

A HIDDEN KING.

First in the path of Duty. First in the field of Art. Foremost in every virtue. Leading in Immortality. Apt ever ready for Devotion.

PIED SENTENCE.

LAL HTA TILGTERS SI TON DGLLO.

Answers: A Hidden King: David. Pied sentence: All is not gold that glitters.

GROUND HOG PUZZLE.



The ground hog is coming out of his hole to view his shadow. See if you can find his shadow by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.



The Contending Animals, Fast in Each Other's Grip, Rapidly Drew Nearer.