



When you drive
 approach or putt, a firm and sure grip will help to insure direction. Hard, coarse leather gets slippery, hurts the hands and weakens your game. Rub in a little

Golfix
 FOR HANDS AND LEATHER

and in its softening effects you'll find the confidence and comfort that make the game worth while. Prevents blisters, soothes, and heals tender or chapped hands and makes the use of gloves unnecessary. Softens and waterproofs shoes. For sale by Wanamaker, Wright & Ditson, Arthur L. Johnson Co., Marshall Field & Co., and other stores. If your dealer does not carry Golfix we will gladly send a large size tube postpaid for fifty cents. Address Dept. R.

North Star Chemical Works, Inc.
 LAWRENCE, MASS.

Golf Instruction by Mail

Any Golfer who wants to improve his game can do so by taking advantage of our method of instruction by mail. There is no reason why he should stay in the "dub" class if he will send for our course of ten illustrated lessons and study them. They show every stroke in golf, and the explanations tell how a player can correct his faults and study his play. The lessons cover—

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| 1—The Grip | 6—The Driving Iron |
| 2—The Stance | 7—The Midiron |
| 3—The Driver | 8—The Mashie |
| 4—The Brassie | 9—The Niblick |
| 5—The Cleek | 10—The Putter |

Ten Complete Illustrated Lessons for \$5.00
 or

Three Lessons on Any One Club for \$2.00

If you have difficulty with any department of your game, tell us your troubles and we will send comment and complete instructions with illuminating illustrations, for \$3.00. Makes Golf simple. With the secret of Golf explained you can learn to play a good game in 30 days. These lessons are also suitable for women.

**Practical Correspondence
 School of Golf**

58-60 West Washington Street

CHICAGO

Transformation of the Sand Hills

BION H. BUTLER

I was in Carthage the other day and I met R. L. Burns, the attorney, on the street. In response to my inquiry, "How are you?" he answered, "I am like the man I met out along the Sandhill roads one day some twenty-five years ago, and undertook to sympathize with because he lived on a poor looking bit of land. He looked at me a minute and then told me that he was not so poor off as it looked, 'for brother, I don't own this land here.' And Mr. Burns continued, 'I am not so poor off as it looks, either. Things in this country are coming.'"

Then a day or so later I made the trip between Pinehurst and Southern Pines, going out the one road and coming back the other. I thought of the story John Buchan told me some time ago of a Sandhills man who traded some land for a pair of oxen. A neighbor told him he had been done up in the trade, but the foxy old Scotch trader winked. "I throwed in on him five acres that he didn't know about," he said.

This country gained more or less of its reputation from its pines. But the pines still left from the older days are the tragic survivors of the day that has gone. The big scarred turpentine trees are the flotsam of a period in which they were of a limited service, but not valuable enough to be gathered as the lumberman came to harvest his crop. So they stand today, a picturesque memento of their incapacity, a suggestion of what the pine forests were, yet only a shadow of the real magnificence that has been sacrificed.

Yet as I rode the lane that runs from Pinehurst to Southern Pines I could see how Nature is doing her best to restore the ancient glory of this pine country. I have seen the magnificent pine forest of North Carolina where the turpentine man and the lumberman have not committed their sacrilege. I have wandered in the endless pine forests of Western Pennsylvania where for fifty miles not a house would be encountered and I can see what is about to happen to these roads that lead out of Pinehurst, for already it is happening. Young pines that are growing up on both sides of both roads, and for that matter on both sides of miles and miles of these Sandhills roads, are contributing to this neighborhood a new forest growth that in half a dozen more years will be a dream worth going a long journey to see. In thinking about pine forests we do not always remember that a forest of mature trees is the result of the development of a forest of small trees. The forest of big trees has gone. Pitiful as it is to see the straggling members of the pine woods that have gone, it is refreshing to realize and know that the growth coming on is the beginning of a fine new forest that will be more suitable for home surroundings and neighborhood adornment than the grown up timber trees that have gone.

The man who appreciates a country drive can find unbounded pleasure in almost any run out of Pinehurst these

days. But he must forget all about his eagerness to pound along as though he was driving the fire apparatus and hurrying to a fire. He must loiter along his route, letting the engine idle down as slow as it can and maintain its forward movement. For you can't see the beauties of any thing when you have to hang on to the seat to keep from being thrown out as you go around the curves. Jog along lazily and look at the jungles of little pines that are high as your head and from that up to as high as your house. Look at the dogwoods that are sprinkling the spaces between the pines and imagine what all that is to be in another three or four years. Look at some of the knobs that are completely hidden by the miniature forests, just about big enough to offer a shield for your house if you should happen to build one at one of the charming spots you happen to see, just enough to shut you out from the dust and glare of everything running by and think what a place a hundred of these pine forests are going to make as they are livened by the touch of the architect and the builder and made human by the contact of mankind.

Between crops of the pine tree the Sandhills looked like the land that a quarter of a century ago the man assured the lawyer he did not own. Now that the new crop is coming it is easy to see that while tobacco or peaches or something of that sort may bring a crop that is worth a million dollars, the pine tree along all the highways is bringing something that offers companionship for the people, a setting for the community, an everlasting thanksgiving for the richness of Nature, for in all the forest creation nothing in the world goes ahead of the evergreen of the pine forest. And when that pine forest is enlivened by the white bloom of the dogwoods in the springtime and the lavish riot of the red foliage and berries of the dogwood in the falltime, it is plain enough that while other crops may have a cash value the value of the pine forest is measured by no unit of value that the mind of men has ever conceived of.

When you go out the road again, any road in the Sandhills, mind you, look at the pine forests. When you comprehend what they are now picture to yourself what they will be in three or four years more. Then you will begin to see why the future of the Sandhills will be alluring.

The man who forges ahead is not the fellow who does only what he is told has to be done; he is the fellow who sees what should be done. Initiative counts. Initiative, originality, progress, ideas, do not come from the top down but from the bottom up.