

"I had a somewhat amusing experience at Sandwich. After the first day or so, 'Benny' Sayers displayed a strong interest in my play, and asked me if I ever went in for training. Now it happened that about a year after I commenced golf I conceived the idea that my game would be improved if I stopped smoking and drinking—not that I consider I do either immoderately—drinking at all events. So a couple of weeks prior to one of the tournaments at Lakewood I cut out both. I found that while it made no difference in my long game, my work on the green was simply childish—I couldn't putt at all.

"So I told 'Benny' of my experience, much to his horror and surprise. His system of training, it appeared, not only tabooed all indulgences of this sort, but also embraced massage treatment—rubbing an embrocation all over. In return for his kindly interest I compromised on the rubbing, and to cement the bargain he loaned me his favorite spoon. I don't know that the perfunctorily performed massage treatment had really any real virtue, but I do know that the spoon was of valuable assistance. Many a time since, 'Benny,' have my grateful thoughts wafted over to you at North Berwick, and also to Taylor, Harry Vardon and Braid, for the keen and sympathetic interest taken in my welfare that week."

DID NOT WIN BY PUTTING ALONE.

To put Travis' victory at Sandwich down to his putting alone is to disregard his ability to carry out his set determination not to attempt very long distance shots, but to be sure and keep on the line, just carrying the hazards. Jack White, who won the open championship at Sandwich just after Travis' victory, lays his success to copying this plan of the American player.

Travis, who had been playing poorly on other courses in Great Britain before reaching Sandwich, writes: "Singularly enough, at Sandwich, with almost the first ball I struck, I realized my game had come back. For the first time since landing I could 'feel' the ball—a sense that was hitherto entirely lacking in every department of the game. Confidence thus reestablished, I played a number of practice rounds with growing improvement. In the St. George's vase competition everything went well except the putting, which was rather ragged. In the effort to get back to form in Scotland I had managed to add considerably to my stock of clubs, and was then using a putting cleft I got at North Berwick.

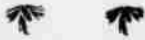
"One of my compatriots suggested my trying his Schenectady putter. I did so and it worked so well that in almost every round during the meeting I ran down two or three unusually long ones—and missed only a few short ones. I recall one of the latter at the Maiden in the final with Mr. Blackwell."

LOSS OF COMPETITIVE SPIRIT.

The closing sentence of Mr. Travis' article is significant and one that he has frequently expressed in private during the last year, but the "feel" of the ball evidently was with Travis recently at Palm Beach when he won the open championship of South Florida against a strong field of professionals, including Alex Herd, Rowland Jones, Andrew Kirkaldy and Peter Barrett, by scoring 65—69—

134. Even without his "thrills" Travis is usually more than a match for amateurs here and with his "thrills" he is liable to accomplish anything. He writes:

"I question very much whether I shall ever indulge myself in the pleasure of participating in another of your (British) championships. For one thing, I am sorry to say, that keenly as I love the game—I believe I am more attached to it than ever—I have lost in a large measure the keen competitive spirit which formerly animated me in big events. Now I no longer have the 'thrills,' that ecstatic feeling which I have found helps so much toward success."



WEIRD TALES FROM SALTON.

Spring of Natural Gin and Invisible City Among Its Wonders.

Weird and wonderful are the stories which have come out of the great Salton desert in California.

It was there, on the lower Colorado river, that "Capt. Smith" found the lame turtle, and so won its gratitude by healing it that it returned in later years and offered its services as an animated ferry when the Captain was on an island threatened with a rising flood.

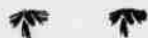
On yonder mesa, sloping upward from Volcano springs, is the "invisible city" where the clangor of street car bells and all the hubbub of a metropolis can be heard, but where only gravelly soil, the dreary mountains, and the scant, dwarfed vegetation can be seen.

Near Superstition mountain is the spring of natural gin, where the coyote, the gray wolf, the fox and the wild fowl are on perpetual debauch; and near by is the hill from which flows natural ink.

In the same vicinity is the mine of crystals which make perfect pens, and the deposit of asbestos where one can tear off sheets of blotting paper ready made.

It was in the Superstition mountains that Otto Schmidt found the invisible serpents with glass cups on the tails that revolved and produced beautiful music.

It was in this desert, too, that an ingenious Yankee found a group of camels, abandoned in early days by the army, and, by syphoning the water from their sacks, was able to irrigate a farm, while the animals plied back and forth between the river and the farm, ever keeping up the water supply. Now the grim valley, rendered wonderfully fertile by irrigation, is the home of 8,000 thriving people. Recently the Colorado river, breaking through its old bounds, began again to run into the valley, which it formerly occupied, but now steel and concrete dams are being built and by May 1 the river will be shut out, except as it is needed for irrigation purposes.



My Little Pussies.

I've some dear little Pussies,
All dressed in gray fur.
Such odd little Pussies,
They never will purr.

Not a tail can they boast of,
And no little soft feet.
They're just Pussy Willows,
But oh! they are sweet.

Louise Jamison.

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