

tee it was plain to be seen that he had lost confidence in his wooden club. Any golfer knows what it means to lose confidence in his wood, and Windy had reason to doubt his driver. His tee shots had been fearfully off direction, and here was one that *had* to go straight.

He teed his ball, swung his club a couple of times, and shook his head. Then he yelled at his caddie.

“Oh, boy! Bring me my cleek!”

Now, a cleek is a wonderful club if a man knows how to use one, but it produces a low tee shot, as a general thing. It produced one for Windy—a screamer, flying with the speed of a rifle bullet. I thought at first that it was barely going to clear the top of the hill, but I misjudged it. Three feet higher and the ball would have been over, but it struck the ground and kicked abruptly to the right, disappearing in the direction of the Devil’s Kitchen. We heard a crashing noise. It was Windy splintering his cleek shaft over the tee box.

“Both down!” ejaculated Cupid. “Suffering St. Andrew, what a finish!”

We arrived on the rim of the Kitchen and peered into that wild amphitheatre. Kitts had already found his ball, and was staring at it with an expression of dumb anguish on his face. It was lying underneath a tangle of sturdy oak roots, as safely protected as if an octopus was trying to hatch something out of it.

Windy was combing the weeds which grew on