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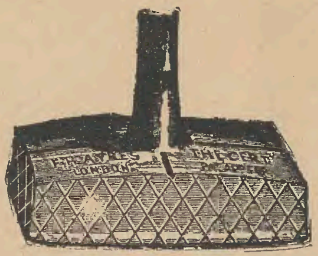

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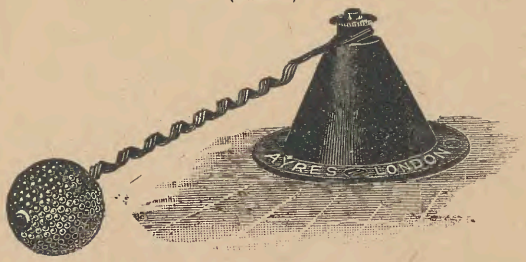

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GOLF FOR BUSY MEN.

By SIR HENRY SETON-KARR, C.M.G.

The rush and hurry of modern life necessitate appropriate pastimes, as preventives of nerve exhaustion, or as healthy outlets for surplus physical and nervous energy. Taking our national pastimes and outdoor sports all round, perhaps golf is the game which claims the largest and most varied assortment of devotees at the present day. What our English ancestors did in their leisure hours before golf was invented is a conundrum I fell unable to solve, but their descendants must now be thankful that, amongst other numerous benefits received from Bonnie Scotland since the Union, a knowledge of the game of golf is by no means the least. This inestimable blessing, so conferred, should even go far —I here write as a Scotchman—to soften

and ameliorate in English minds the memories of Bannockburn.

A UNIVERSAL TONIC.

Golf clubs have sprung up all over England, Wales and even Ireland. New courses, both inland and seaside, are contantly being opened. Our lengthy, sand-strewn, grass-benty, indented coast-line, or our inland chalky downs give large opportunities for the laying out of 18-hole golf courses (why always 18 holes, by the bye, is another little problem I will not tackle), where young and old, idle and busy, athletic, obese and ascetic, can all foregather in their leisure moments to play golf, enjoy fresh air and social intercourse, exercise their muscles and discipline their tempers. As a more prosaic feature of this modern spread of golf, many thousands of boys and men earn their livelihood as caddies, learning much of certain varieties of the English unorthodox vernacular in the process, as well as something of human nature and character, if they are moderately observant.

It is certain that golf is one of the most popular and widely practised outdoor games of modern times. This being so it is worth while to examine a little more closely into the reasons of its fascinations, which hold sway over so large a number of all sorts and conditions of our fellow countrymen—and country-women also. There must be some good sense in the noble army of golfers—taken in the bulk. Benefits must accrue to them in their pursuit of the game. Some pleasure—in spite of foozled tee-shots and missed putts—must remain. Above all, the busy man, leading the strenuous existence, enduring the strain and stress of life's battle in populous town or city, must certainly find in golf some mental as well as physical antidote to the cares of life, or he would not be so largely represented in the membership of British golf clubs.

NO TIME FOR WORRY.

First then, golf is a good game because its spirit is one of healthy, strenuous rivalry. It is not so much a question of putting a

little white ball into 18 consecutive holes —made with much care in the centre (more or less) of carefully-mown grass-greens at varied distances apart—in so many strokes, as of doing so in fewer strokes than one's chosen comrade (and opponent) of the day. Sometimes the opponent is imaginary, and takes the form of Colonel "Bogey." Here the direct personal element is lacking, but still the rivalry is there.

A ride on a high-stepping cob, a morning's run or row, an Alpine ascent, a long bicycle ride, etc., would all involve more real hard exercise, and in some cases more athletic skill, than a game of golf; but in none of these pursuits or pastimes is there the same mental excitement as in a closely-contested golf-match. To the sceptic on this point we can only say, try it, and find out for yourself.

Jones may ride in the Park of a morning in order to shake up his anatomy and keep his nerves in order, nevertheless his business, like black care, may accompany him all the way. His busy brain may all the time

be still thinking of the price of stocks, the terms of the contemplated contract, the details of the forthcoming big political meeting, the wisdom of some particular action or investment in contemplation, or whatever else may be his particular trouble or worry at the time. But Jones, the golfer, taking the line of the last putt on the 18th green, and playing "the like" when his opponent stands "dormy one," will have no other thought in his mind but this, "I must hole this putt and halve the match."

The rivalry then, of the pleasant friendly "single," when the skill of hand and eye is pitted against that of one's social friend and antagonist in driving the little white ball round the golf course in something under 100 strokes—the rivalry, I say, is the essence and spirit of the game.

SKILL NOT ESSENTIAL FOR ENJOYMENT.

Another important factor that particularly appeals to busy men, possibly out of athletic form, is that the science of the

handicap can always make a game of golf interesting between players of even greatly varied skill, age and condition. This can also be well accomplished in the variations of the game known as " foursome, " three-ball " or " four-ball " matches ; and in a manner impossible in such games as cricket, racquets, or tennis, where the players take each other's strokes or play a ball set in motion by another. It is this inherent feature of the game that enables it to be so widely played. It is not restricted to the expert class. The hard worked individual with no time for constant practice can make a game with the amateur champion—if need be—given a concession of adequate odds.

It takes twenty-two men and at least one whole day—intermittently occupied—to play a cricket match. But two men in two hours can play a round of golf, busily engaged the whole time in the fortunes of their respective balls, their cares and worries for the time being completely forgotten, their whole minds and energies devoted unreservedly to the game.

What a boon to fagged brain and hard-wrought nerves is this.

Here is a healthy outdoor occupation, in which nothing is being hunted or shot; in which no living wild animal is necessarily being interfered with or injured as a part of the game; which is a game not of sheer strength or brute force, but of nerve and skill; which can be played by any ordinary man, woman or child with more or less success and pleasure without much previous training; yet withal a game that in its highest development, involves and requires an exquisite amount of skill and accuracy, coupled with the most perfect control, under all imaginable circumstances, of nerve and temper.

A WIDE CHOICE OF GAMES.

We have alluded to the "threesome," the "foursome" and the "four-ball" matches. Choose your comrades wisely, pleasant, cheery, kindly mortals with some sense of humour, and knowledge of the world and its ways, and no better pastime,

particularly for after-luncheon purposes on a fine spring day, exists ; no pleasanter forms of golf can be indulged in. In a "foursome," each couple play the same ball alternate strokes—this for the benefit of the uninitiated—and the match, as the name implies, is between two couples, each in respective partnership. The "threesome" can be three separate single matches by three players (each against each playing his own ball) : for example, A, B, and C play a round together ; A plays against B, B against C, and A against C. This involves a slight extra strain on the memory, as each player has to keep two scores, and the sense of comradeship is not complete when there are no partners. The better form, to my way of thinking, of the "three-ball" game is that A (for example) should play the best ball of B and C. Thus two inferior players can tackle a greatly superior performer with a fair chance of success. The best ball of the partnership counts at every hole. Thus, if some intelligence is thrown into the performance, the hole where B

foozles, is just the particular hole where C pulls out his finest shot, or holes his extra long putt. By thus working in alternate "gangs" the two partners can put up an exceedingly strong combined game, much better than either of them could ever hope to accomplish singly.

THE WILY PARTNER.

Talking of golf partnership and its ways, one is reminded of the old story (no doubt a 'chestnut,' but worth repeating) of the indifferent amateur and the wily old "pro." in an historic "foursome" at St. Andrews, who were matched (for heavy stakes) against a similar couple. It came to the last hole over the burn, and the game stood "all even and one to play." It was the turn of the aforesaid amateur to drive, and it was a moral certainty that he would top his shot into the burn. The opposing amateur having the honour, had already achieved this disaster. As our friend addressed himself—in obvious nervousness—to the ball, knowing well that the fate

of the game practically hung on that particular stroke, to him hoarsely whispered his skilled and intelligent partner, "Man, miss the baa'." The amateur was quick-witted, and instantaneously tumbled to the wily suggestion. The next moment, with a mighty swing, his club-head whistled at least three inches clear over the teed ball, which remained undisturbed. Then advanced the professional partner, one of the longest drivers on St. Andrews links, and with a "bonnie lick" sent the ball far beyond the burn, over the road, and within a short iron approach of the home green. His professional opponent dropped his ball to play the odd over the burn with a dour look. The success of the stratagem was apparent. It had practically gained a stroke, and in effect it won the hole and the match.

Truly in golf is timely wisdom justified of her children; though we will not here discuss the ethics of the golf problem thus presented, and whether or no the stratagem was in entire accordance with the true spirit of the game.

THE POPULAR FOUR-BALL MATCH.

Lastly there is the "four-ball" match, in which four players, each playing his own ball, play, two against two, the best ball of each couple. There are short-sighted and misguided individuals who rail against four-ball matches. Possibly it has been their fate to play behind a match, in which the players or some of them were high-handicap men, with no sense of decency, or of the proprieties and etiquette of the game. Hence they made no effort to avoid delay, talked much, walked slowly, played each stroke out to the bitter end, whether necessary or not, at every hole, and generally kept everybody behind them waiting, when perhaps the weather was cold and a bitter east wind was blowing. These kind of men, with no regard for players behind them, should not, of course, be allowed even to exist, except on a desert island, and among men of their own kidney.

It was from some far-away, newly-made links where such men, possibly, hail from,

that the story must have come of the player just in from a round who was asked by a friendly visitor how he was playing. "I did the first in eleven," was the reply, "and the second in nine, and then—a most extraordinary thing—*went clean off my game.*" The "bogey" score of the two holes in question being four and five.

CHOOSE YOUR PARTNERS WELL.

But to return to the orthodox four-ball match, among players of some average skill and knowledge of the game, no better form of golf (in the humble opinion of the writer) exists. It relieves the tension inherent in a close-fought single match. It adds to the social amenities of the game. It is nearly always well-contested, where the opponents are intelligently paired; it adds piquancy to the putting by enabling long putts to be played for, where one's partner has already achieved a half, in a manner impossible in a single; and, as a matter of practical business, enables a larger number of golfers to play on the same links without

over-crowding than any other form of the game. To the unbeliever this might be demonstrated as an algebraical problem did space permit.

Anyhow, we confidently recommend the "four-ball" match, with wisely chosen partner opponents, to the favourable consideration, and constant practice, of the busy man.

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL.

By HAROLD H. HILTON.

QUALIFICATION.

How the amateur player fared with the professional player in the fifties, sixties, and seventies, is a question which must be left in the hands of much older players than myself; but there can be but little doubt that the professional exponent of the game had considerably the best of the argument. The writings of those who are qualified to express an opinion upon the subject certainly tend to confirm this opinion, and whilst the championship statistics of those days may not supply a true guide as to the relative form of the the two classes of players (as it would seem that the amateur only on very rare occasions puts himself in serious opposition to

the professional), still, we hear tales of how Allan Robertson, Old Tom and others, who are said to have literally played with the men, held exalted positions in the amateur ranks.

No doubt there were many serious encounters between the two classes in those days, but possibly the first real duel of strength was when Mr. Arthur Molesworth was backed against young Tom Morris, over St. Andrews, at the odds of a third. This was a solemn, serious match on which a good deal of money depended. The links were covered with snow but the match took place—and Tommy Morris won. Now a third is a big advantage to concede to a man of any class, and Mr. Arthur Molesworth was distinctly a player of class, as at that time, about the year 1873, he must have been just about the finest amateur player in the kingdom. Still he was beaten, and notwithstanding the advantage young Tom must have held in his knowledge of the green, his victory points to a decided disparity in the form of the professional and the amateur.

A LESSENING GAP.

The next serious assault on the professional stronghold was at Prestwick, in 1878, when Mr. John Ball tertius, then a mere boy, finished in a very forward position in the open event won by Jamie Anderson. This was a precursor of what might happen in years to come—and eventually it did come, but not for many years afterwards. It was not until 1890 that an amateur at last challenged the professional talent and met with a due reward, and this player was the self same John Ball tertius. In the intervening years, however, it may be said that the amateurs did not enter into serious combat with the professionals in the open event—that for some few years previous to Mr. Ball's success there were one or two amateurs who had a distinct chance of success can admit of no doubt, but they apparently did not accept the championship as an event within their sphere. But in that year (1890) Mr. Ball conclusively proved that the amateurs had by degrees gradually lessened the gap which had

previously existed, and that at least a few of the amateurs could on occasions play just as well as their professional brethren, and for some years the amateurs held tenaciously to this position; as although the professionals had all the best of it at the next meeting at St. Andrews, still Mr. Mure Fergusson occupied fourth position, and there were three amateurs in the first eight to finish, and St. Andrews is a course on which the amateurs have never done well in the open events.

The year 1902 was a veritable triumph for amateur talent, as at Muirfield, Mr. Horace Hutchinson led at the end of the first day's play and would have been proclaimed champion thereby had not the conditions been altered from 36 holes to 72. But they had been changed, and in that lay Mr. Hutchinson's grievous misfortune. At the end of the third round Mr. Ball led the way with the author lying second, and at the end of the competition the latter was in front, with Mr. Ball tieing for second position. Possibly the shortness of the course had something

to do with this state of affairs, but facts are facts, and there seemed slight confirmation of the opinion that the amateur was as good as the professional when Mr. Laidlay finished second at Prestwick, in 1893, being only beaten by Willie Auchterlonie, who supplied an absolute surprise.

DARK DAYS FOR THE AMATEUR.

Then came dark and dreary days for the amateurs. In 1894, at Sandwich, they were absolutely out of the hunt, and their plight was no better at St. Andrews in 1895, and it seemed as if we had drifted to the old order of affairs, but in 1896 a valuable recruit came to the aid of the amateur ranks in Lieut. Tait, who finished when at Muirfield; and in 1897, at Hoylake, the amateurs once again drew up beside the professionals and Mr. Hilton once again won, and Lieut. Tait tied for third position. But as at Muirfield, in 1892, Hoylake was a course quite foreign to the professional, and it would seem that the amateurs do better on these occasions than when the

links are well known to all, this may only be a coincidence but it has happened so. In 1898 the amateurs were not far behind, as Mr. Hilton finished third, only two strokes behind the winner, and Lieut. Tait was fifth. But then again there was a period of three years in which amateur talent had literally nothing to say in the destiny of the Championship, but at Hoylake, in 1902, Mr. Robert Maxwell slightly retrieved the reputation of the unpaid element by tieing for third position with Braid, and only two strokes behind the winner, Herd; but it must be acknowledged that he may be said to have never appeared as a potential winner, as it was only by the aid of a wonderful last lap finish, that he was able to occupy such a forward position. Since that time the amateur has been almost completely out of the hunt. At Sandwich in 1904, Mr. Graham made a big bid on the first two rounds, but he failed to keep up the wonderful pace the professional set on the last day, and eventually had to rest content with a comparatively humble position; whilst at St. Andrews in 1905,

the state of affairs was almost pitiful, as only one single amateur, Mr. Graham, qualified for the last day's play—every other one was fifteen strokes or more behind the leader, Rowland Jones—and that single amateur did not finish the whole four rounds.

WHY PROFESSIONALS WIN.

First, how is it that the amateurs could fairly hold their own during the years 1890, 1891, 1892, and 1893, and then again in 1896, 1897 and 1898, and failed so badly in the other years? It is difficult to say. A close analysis shows that it is at Sandwich in particular that these failures have been so evident, as in the three years it has been played on the Southern Green, only once has an amateur finished in the first ten. Now Sandwich is a very fair course and cannot be called extremely difficult, as whilst a player must be on his driving to clear some of the hazards, these self same hazards—notwithstanding their terrible reputations—are not at all difficult to a moderately long driver. Perhaps it is merely

a coincidence that the amateurs have failed at Sandwich, but it is somewhat peculiar that it should thus have happened on no less than three occasions.

Next to Sandwich, as a place of evil omen for amateur talent, ranks St. Andrews, but that is not so difficult to understand, as the classic Green is one which is very trying to the temperament, and the professional has so much at stake, that he must perforce maintain a certain equanimity, whilst the amateur is free to do as he pleases. His reputation may be a little bit at stake, but a comparative failure does not affect his financial existence as it does that of the professional.

A NEW STYLE.

The amateur golf played in 1894 and 1895 was quite as good as that played in the previous four years, and the assumption naturally is that the general run of professional play had suddenly improved, immediately after the year 1893, and personally I candidly believe that it did,

as Taylor set the golfing world an example at Prestwich, in 1893, which was not forgotten by many who saw him. He played for the pin with all manner of clubs, and from all species of distances, in a way which opened the eyes of the ancients. He ignored the old time rule of safety play, and I have always thought that he set the golfing world a new fashion in methods of play which almost immediately bore fruit. The professional was the first to grasp the advantage of his bold methods, and then the amateur came along and followed suit, and had quite a respectable innings for a year or two. But his new found life was a short one, as Harry Vardon was gradually arriving at his zenith, and to Taylor's accuracy he had added a considerable addition in length, and the poor, downtrodden amateur found that there were still more steps to climb, and statistics rather tend to prove that he is still trying to climb those steps, and I rather doubt whether he will ever succeed in doing so.

Amateur golf may have improved within the past fifteen years, but I hardly think

that it has improved to any very appreciable extent, on the other hand the golf of the professional has improved out of recognition during that period.

PROFESSIONAL ADVANTAGES.

Taylor first set the ball rolling in 1893, and many profited by his example. Then Vardon set even a higher standard, and many have profited still more, and possibly none more so than Taylor himself. He is a man gifted with the determination to succeed, and notwithstanding his three championship wins, he was probably a better player in 1905 than in any other period of his career. And again, see how Braid's game has improved: he is quite a different player to what he was a few years ago, he has lost none of his old length, and has gained in accuracy.

Why has the professional improved in such a greater degree than the amateur? Chiefly for the reason that he is of necessity thrown more often into the strenuous life of competition. Men like Vardon, Taylor

and Braid are almost continually playing serious matches, year in, year out, and there is nothing like the spirit of emulation to draw out from a man the latent talent within him. The game of golf becomes to them a serious business, and in consequence they have to take the game seriously—the only way to improve our game. Again in their knowledge of club-making, they have met no inconsiderable advantage in being able to fashion their implements to their own requirements, that must mean much.

Where does the professional beat the amateur? I have no hesitation in giving an answer to this query. It is in the general accuracy of his long game. There may be amateurs who can drive just as far as Braid, Vardon and Taylor, and for a *single* round the professional may be out driven from the tee, but round in, round out, it will be found that on the average he has the best of the argument, whilst in the play up to the hole there is only one in it—and that is not the amateur, by any means. The professional not only

plays his wooden clubs up to the hole with greater certainty, but moreover he is infinitely more accurate in his iron play, and the way the great trio flick the ball up to the hole, from quite long distances, with apparently little exertion, is quite a revelation to men who have been merrily wandering in the realms of amateur golf.

THE AMATEUR'S WEAK POINTS.

So easily do these professionals play these strokes, that it is difficult to appreciate that it is a species of shot which is quite the most difficult in the game of golf, and the one which the amateur has mastered with less success than any other in the golfer's repertoire. This stroke is, in my opinion, the great mainstay of the *big* men's game. They seem able to hold it into the wind much as they please, and the only amateur who can approach them in the manipulation of these telling strokes is, in my opinion, Mr. John Graham, Jun., as he has that same easy flick of the wrist, which Vardon

and Braid use with such telling effect. Other amateurs may be telling iron players, but they do not play them with the same ease that Mr. Graham does.

Once on the putting green, the amateur has probably the better of the professional, and on the average the former is certainly the more graceful and elegant putter, probably explained by the fact that his hands not being hardened by rough usage, he is consequently blessed with a finer touch—at least that is a theory propounded to me by one who has seen a great deal of all games of first class golf—and there may be something in that theory.

Whether the amateur will succeed in lessening the gap which certainly now divides him from the professional, is a question for the future, but he certainly will not, unless he takes the competition phase of the game in a more serious spirit.

ON TEAM MATCHES.

By HAROLD W. BEVERIDGE.

An article appeared some weeks ago in an evening paper entitled "Golf at Schools," raising the question as to the introduction of golf as one of the regular games at public schools. The writer, although allowing that golf was an excellent game, having a valuable effect on the temper and teaching patience in difficult circumstances, deprecated its introduction as one of the regular school games, chiefly on the ground that it was a selfish game. His only other criticism was that by starting the game too young—whatever that may mean—a boy is liable to injure his batting style at cricket. This latter objection, even if it be true that a good golf swing is detrimental to a correct batting style, scarcely seems to be a convincing argument

against the introduction of golf at public schools.

There are numbers of people both golfers and non-golfers, who, like the writer of that article, express the opinion that golf is a selfish game. Golf is undoubtedly a more individual game than either cricket or football, and, in certain forms, for example, a medal competition or a single, approaches very nearly to the proper meaning of the word selfish. In both these forms of golf, the player is playing to win for himself and himself alone. But is the game any more selfish than cricket or football when each individual player is a member of a side and playing for that side as well as for himself ?

NOT A SELFISH GAME.

The foursome is a game between sides. True the sides are composed of two players as against eleven at cricket, but that fact in itself is no ground for calling a golf foursome a selfish game.

Then there is the team match, and here

golf has a distinct advantage over the other kindred sport. The cricket side is composed of eleven players, the golf side can be just as many or as few as it is convenient to make it. There are certain golf matches played where the sides are limited to two or three players a side, but on the other hand there is at least one instance of an annual golf match where the number of players is one hundred on each side.

Though the game when played in this form may be more individual than cricket or football, surely it is unfair to call it a selfish game. Each player on the side has an interest in the result of the match as a whole, and his own individual effort has exactly the same effect on the result as the individual effort either at cricket or football.

Team matches could be played between the various schools as between clubs. In America the game has been introduced into school life and "interscholastic" matches, both competitive and friendly, are frequently played.

In fact, the objection of selfishness urged

against the introduction of golf into public schools would seem to be of very little weight, though difficulties as to time and locality might render its introduction into school life in this country almost impossible.

The team match between sides varying in numbers is a form of golf that is becoming more and more popular year by year, and it would be difficult to find a club in the three kingdoms that does not play inter-club matches during the course of the year, either for some competition or a friendly match. Nor is this surprising, for the golfer, like most other human beings who indulge in athletic exercises, is fond of his fellow man, and finds it more amusing to be one of a side, with a convivial lunch, and possibly a dinner after the match, than to flog round in a single all day, and then have nothing to discuss but his own and his opponent's play.

In consequence of the increasing favour in which this form of game is held, a number of clubs or societies have been founded of late years, whose main object is to play team matches, and so rapidly are their

numbers increasing, that it will soon be very difficult to find any adequate excuse for starting another. Almost every trade, business and profession has now one of these Golfing Societies, as they are generally termed, and the list of them to be found in any of the Golfing Annuals is quite a formidable one.

MATCHES—NOT COMPETITIONS.

The fore-runner of all the activity in this particular direction was the work of Mr. J. L. Low, well-known as one of the finest match players living. About eight years ago, he and one or two others founded the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society as a purely match playing association, composed of past and present members of the Universities. To the "Society" the word "competition" is unknown, and he would be a bold man who suggested at one of their deliberations the introduction of a monthly or even yearly medal or anything so totally opposed to their aims and objects. They were founded with the object of playing matches, and they will do nothing else so

long as they continue to exist. Other similar clubs and societies have followed in their train, but none of them confine their whole attention to the playing of matches, though that is their primary object. Of these, perhaps the best known are the Bar, the Doctors', the Solicitors' and the Stock Exchange Golfing Societies, all of whom annually play one or more matches of interest in the golfing circles.

There is one feature of these Societies which may, if their number increase largely, become a grave question in the future, and that is, the fact that none of them possess a course of their own. At present, owing to the kindness and courtesy of innumerable clubs in various parts of the country, no difficulty is found in getting a course to play on should they wish to hold competitions or play matches between themselves, but it may well be, that, if the number of these competitions or matches, in which the club who lends its course has little or no interest, is going to be definitely augmented, a difficulty may arise in the future on this score.

However, it is useless to create a difficulty where none at present exists, and which, it is to be hoped, will never arise, for there can be no doubt that the formation of these match playing Societies has done a great deal to popularise the game of golf, and make it more enjoyable from a social point of view than ever it was before.

SOME OPEN QUESTIONS.

The fact that most clubs play team matches tends to raise the standard of play as a whole. The members of a club have now more incentive to improve their game than was the case ten years ago, and competition to get into the club team is now so great, that the difficulty very often is to pick the side where the numbers must be limited, and the members are as keen about being put into the team as ever any schoolboy was about getting into his school eleven.

One question has arisen with the introduction of team matches, and is still being fiercely debated by the devotees of this

form of game, namely, the best method of scoring. Should it be by holes or matches ? Should the bye count anything, if the match is scored as one point, and if so, how much ?

It is not proposed to enter into a discussion here as to the merits and demerits of the various ways of scoring—whether an eight or a quarter is the proper proportion to allot to the bye-bye, in the event of the match scoring one point. Such questions as these can never be finally settled, nor will there be any uniform way of scoring till some person or body in authority lays down a hard and fast rule with regard to it.

The method which is becoming increasingly popular, and which leads to the most exciting finishes, when the respective sides are evenly matched, is for each side to consist of an uneven number—nine or eleven—and to play each match to a finish, going to the nineteenth hole when necessary. By counting the score in this way, there is no chance of a draw or of one match counting quite out of its proper

proportion, as may be the case where the score is counted by holes.

Out of the innumerable team matches now played there are some that call for special mention.

SOME IMPORTANT FIXTURES.

First, in point of importance, comes the International Match between England and Scotland, played annually during the Amateur Championship week. It is, of course, only for the favoured few, as at any other form of International sport, but the general interest taken in the match and the competition for a place in the respective teams is becoming greater year by year. To choose the nine best players in England and Scotland must be no easy task for the Selection Committees of the respective countries, and it says much for their judgment and impartiality that their selections are not criticised in the way which is familiar in other branches of sport.

This match was first played in 1902, and

of the four meetings so far, Scotland have proved the better side three times and England once.

There is another series of International Matches between England, Scotland and Ireland, played annually at the Irish Open Amateur Championship. Though interesting in themselves, they can scarcely rank with the England and Scotland match, as the sides have never yet been really representative of the respective countries.

The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society is one of the most energetic of match playing clubs, and has gone far afield in its endeavours to support this form of the game. England, Scotland and Ireland have all been roamed through by members of the Society in their search for matches, and three years ago, eleven of their number faced the perils of a trip across the Atlantic to play a series of matches in America, setting out in much the same spirit as they do when they go to play some week-end match near London. For what is the difference between an hour's and a week's journey when there

is a series of good matches to be played at the end of it ?

The Society's most determined opponent is the Royal Liverpool Club at Hoylake. Periodically they make the trip to Liverpool with the intention of lowering their opponents' colours, and equally certainly they return, having had a thoroughly good time and a beating. But what does the beating matter ? To win is not the sole object of the game, and a beating adds all the more zest to the thought "wait till the next time."

Another match of some interest is the annual contest between the Bar and the Stock Exchange. Both Societies can put strong teams on the field and of the two matches so far played each side has won one. The month of May, however, will see one side or the other on top for twelve months at least.

A WORLD WIDE FELLOWSHIP.

The 'Varsity match between Oxford and Cambridge attracts a good deal of attention among golfers, and is looked upon as the

opening of the golfing season proper. April, the month in which it is played, brings comfort to the golfer's heart, for there is a chance of warmer weather and a drier course than he has been playing on for the previous five months. It was first played in 1878 and, with the exception of the year 1881, has been played annually since, the result being at present, Oxford fourteen wins, Cambridge thirteen, and one halved.

There are other matches without number, and all of greater or less interest, played not only in the United Kingdom, but all over the world. Week by week the golfing papers report matches in India, Australia and South Africa, in fact, from every quarter where Englishmen are gathered together. America has its own golfing literature, and from a perusal thereof, it may be gathered that the team match is just as popular over there as it is with us.

Long may it continue to be so, for it is the most enjoyable form of the game.

WHAT NOT TO DO.

By Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P.

Golf is so tantalising a fascination that perhaps I may arrive at something useful if I put it this way. All of us, from the "scratch" down to the "24-and-poor-at-that" man, know precisely how it all should be done. We know the grip, the stance, the swing, the slow-back, the don't-press, the eye-on-ball, and all the rest of it, for every conceivable shot. No one knows how well we know it all until we begin to unburden our minds in the smoke-room. There isn't one of us who couldn't make a really good living as a teacher of golf. And yet, the majority of us rarely succeed in applying our knowledge with precision during the execution of six successive shots. Some men I know have studied the theory of the game with the most painstaking industry. They can talk like a book on the *nuances* of Mashie Play;

discourse in the most convincingly scientific manner on the reasons why you are bound to play the cleek indifferently if you are on the top of your iron; and illustrate with curves drawn upon squared paper how to drive for the slice, for the pull, and for the slice and pull combined. Those men rarely fail to "duff" nine shots out of every ten! Curious! "You little know what I am suffering," said such a man to me one day, the sweat of bitter provocation standing on his brow. It was a four hole. He had gloriously topped his drive into the rough; had had two violent fumbles with the mashie to get it out; had cut up a divot as big as his own head in trying to get in a great iron shot; and was now yards to the rear, and playing four more!

So if I try to say How-not-to-do-it, so impishly contrary and elusive is every theory in golf, that I may perchance convey a hint or two as to How It Ought to be Done!

RESOLUTE IN WRONG-DOING.

Well, first of all, if you really want to begin badly, try to teach yourself the

game. Mere commonplace persons, who want not only to engage in the greatest and most health-giving recreations of all time, but also to put up a really good short handicap game, will begin by putting themselves unreservedly in the hands of the professional for a month or six weeks, and will go back to him for occasional lessons for the rest of their mortal lives. But you will scorn such adventitious assistance as this. You sally forth by yourself, and "plough the fields and scatter," an object of derision to the onlooker, of blasphemous and bitter hatred to the couple behind you, and ultimately of withering contempt to yourself. You will resolutely play one club after the other as you execute the hole—drive, brassie, cleek, iron, mashie, putter. You will never go out for a couple of hours with the mashie alone, and practise the light chip pitch, or with the iron and perfect the hundred and fifty yards approach.

Then you will never really get yourself fitted to your clubs. You will buy them at random of all weights, length of shaft, and grip. To-day your driver will have

a certain kind of lie, face, and head. To-morrow it will suit your fancy to take out a driver differently made in all particulars. And of course your balls and clubs will always be dirty. That is essential.

NEVER TAKE A HINT.

It is imperative also that you should always try to smite the ball as hard as ever you can. Only those take it very gently, who want to take holes in "bogey" every time. Be secure that the more effectually you try to put the fear of the law into the ball, the more certain is the shortest of holes to run into double figures. Equally useful in piling up a score that will run well into the second hundred, is the policy of engaging in a heated argument with your opponent, your caddie, or anyone else who may be near, when you are in the act of addressing the ball. You should always, also, swing the club upward from the ball with a quick hysterical flourish, and then lunge forward as you come down again—putting plenty of fore-

arm push into it with a vicious dig at the ball, as if you were cutting the head from off a rattle-snake. It will also add to the paralysing weirdness of the sequel, if you promptly look up before the club reaches the ball, to be ready to watch the graceful flight of the ball through the air. That flight will never, except by the most atrocious fluke, come off; but see what variety and physical exercise you are getting! Those who, in their banal desire for distinction, set out to win medals and pots and boxes of kites, always let the club itself do the work. They always go back slowly, come down with a perfect and calmly executed curve, never swipe at the ball, and never on pain of death relax the grim determination to keep the eye hermetically glued to the ball. But then, see how monotonous it all is, to be taking every hole in "bogey."

BE SURE TO SWIPE.

Again, if your opponent out-drives you from the tee, you will make it a matter of conscience to get even with him by

a screaming second shot. To this end you will contract every muscle of the body, and swipe like a dangerous lunatic. The result will be that you will be playing two more, and still be easily in the rear. Those highly objectionable people, the men who play the game with caution, calculation, and circumspection, never bother about being behind through the greens. In their offensively masterly way they know that it will simply mean the difference between an iron shot and a mashie pitch to reach the green on the like; and complacent in this knowledge they move serenely on from triumph to triumph. Never flurried, never apprehensive, never anxious, they are encased in an armour of imperturbability, come what may. It is really sickening to see the vulgar display of silver cups, cut glass liqueur decanters, salvers, fruit stands, epergnes, etc., etc., with which their dining-rooms are ostentatiously decorated.

Observe, too, that there is no need for you to take into consideration the fact that at certain holes you have to receive a stroke. Level-headed people connote

their stroke all the time from tee to pin. For instance, if they are in the ditch, guarding the green—the Opponent being only fifty yards to the rear—they don't try to play out of the ditch, and thus the stroke conceded and several others in the attempt. By no manner of means. They lift under penalty and pitch a nice little ball over the ditch up to the pin. The Opponent has had a longer shot to the green, is at the very edge thereof, and has now to play the odd. The level-headed person is now certain of a half, and the odds are five to one in favour of his snatching the hole. Remember he was in the ditch, and has saved the situation by the skilful use of his conceded stroke.

BE THOROUGHLY IMPATIENT.

The same thing precisely comes out in putting. You are a yard away from the hole. The Opponent plays the odd and misses it. This, and the fact inspires a thrill of secret silent joy as you walk up to the ball—leaves you with two for it.

The mere scratch player would play his yard putt pawkily up to the edge of the hole, tap it in with his second, and thus win the hole, and maybe the match. Not so you! A yard putt! Of course you must "go for it" and win the hole in clinking style. So you do "go for it." The ball lips the hole, runs down the slope, and comes to rest about half as far again from the pin as when it started! You bite your lip, and whisper something about a blighted idiot, get anxious, and egregiously miss the return putt, and lose the hole. But then look at the variety of sensations you have enjoyed. You got more thrills out of that one putting green than the Opponent will get out of all next week. And isn't that something?

Further, there is the right shoulder and the right knee. You will try to excel yourself from the tee; and, in the endeavour to put a lot into it, you will, as the club swings back, gather yourself for a mighty effort. *Reculer pour mieux sauter.* The consequence is, that you will be almost sure to bend the right knee or shoulder

or both as you come down. If you do this thoroughly enough you will break the club. In any case, you will hopelessly "duff" the shot, and cut up enough turf to sink a cat with. This won't be altogether encouraging. But what a shot it would have been if it had come off.

AN INTERESTING GAME.

That wretched person, the man who is always scratching up his score in a golfing diary—to which he gives far more attention than he does to the prayer-book—never bends the right knee or the right shoulder. Never! If he did he would be human once more. He is scrupulously particular about the height of the tee; studies with the utmost care and deliberation the position of his feet; grips and re-grips the club half a dozen times; has a most irritating slow-time preliminary waggle; fixes the ball pitilessly with his eye; brings the club slowly and majestically back without moving the eye, the head, or the neck; confines the movement of the trunk to a

lateral turning of the shoulders, these moving in the most complete synchronisation with the arms ; reaches the top of the swing without the shade of a jerk ; pauses imperceptibly ; comes down on precisely the same curve with steadily increasing velocity ; " times " the stroke beautifully ; puts the whole of his fourteen stone automatically into the impact of the club with the ball ; and finishes up with a grand follow, though checked only when the shaft reaches the left shoulder. Every move a picture ! But then, see what he misses. He is never in a position to curse the passing train, or the caw of the cynical rook ! The caddie never gets an extra sixpence, the silent ransom for an eternal soul placed in jeopardy. He is never able to throw the blame on his wife or daughter whenever they " walk round " with him. And, believe me, it is always a relief to be able to do this.

PLAY A POOR GAME.

No ! Golf is the greatest of all games. It is the only recreation that is at one and

the same time health-giving and a complete pre-occupation, without being unduly physically exhaustive. But I am profoundly convinced that it is far better for a man's liver that he should play a poor game than a good one. It is entirely pleasant and altogether flattering to that vanity which is always more marked in men than in women to play a really strong game. Indeed, as I have often said, no man can really be a Christian gentleman whose handicap runs into double figures. But I know, from personal experience, that it is far better for the liver to play a really bad game. Nothing stirs up the liver like the irritations, the excitements, and the paroxysms of a really bad game.

Of course, it is quite a legitimate ambition to get down to single figures. But it is the man who goes on the principle of "how-not-to-do-it" that gets the real fun out of golf. Besides which he adds to the gaiety of nations far more than the other man. And, after all, that is a consideration not to be entirely overlooked.

I have put the matter this way; because

if I can only get my friend the foozler—who knows the theory so admirably, and plays the game so badly—to take this entirely philosophic view of the case, his game will improve in the most mysterious manner possible. Good luck to him!

THE EXPENSES OF GOLF.

By MARY E. L. HEZLET.

(*Open Lady Champion*, 1899–1902).

It is an unfortunate fact that for the majority of human beings the question of pounds, shillings and pence fills such an important place in their lives, that it has invariably to be taken into consideration before any fresh amusement can be entered upon. Unluckily also, the pleasantest amusements are usually the most expensive, the only redeeming feature of the case being that, as a rule, there are two ways of cultivating an amusement, the extravagant one and the economical one, the difference depending greatly on the character and disposition of the participant. Where one person may spend pounds, another may outlay only the same number

of shillings and yet derive quite as much amusement and enjoyment.

Golf is essentially a game to meet all classes, rich and poor can enjoy it alike, and the same keen interest is displayed by the multi-millionaire as the working artisan. The former can find ample scope for disposing of some of his superfluous cash, while the latter, by careful management, derives an equal amount of benefit and pleasure without having to disburse more than his restricted purse can comfortably afford.

One of the most noticeable points about golf is its levelling influence, while on the links a kind of universal brotherhood prevails, and class distinctions are for the time being cast into oblivion.

NOT COSTLY OF NECESSITY.

A great many people who do not know very much about the subject, inveigh against golf as being such an expensive game, and talk at random about the quantities of balls and clubs destroyed

during a few rounds on the links. In fact, they almost make out that breaking a club and losing two or three balls are a necessary accompaniment to any round of eighteen holes. This is quite a mistaken idea, clubs are very seldom broken, balls only occasionally lost, and the question of expense is altogether one of degree, and depends upon the point of view one considers it from.

Taken as an amusement, golf is not an expensive sport. Compared with hunting, shooting or fishing, the outlay appears almost trivial, and of no account whatsoever, but considered solely as a game, it does undoubtedly appear expensive in contrast to hockey, tennis or badminton. Of course, another most important question is the character and nature of the player, extravagant or economical dispositions seem to be born in people, and forced cultivation of one or the other quality has generally very little effect.

Clubs, balls and caddies are some of the points in which extravagance or economy can be practised. There is no necessity to

have a very large supply of clubs, six or seven are ample for any ordinary mortal, but some enthusiastic golfers purchase every new patent instrument which is produced, in the vain hope of improving their game, and so accumulate such a collection of weapons, that lookers on stand and marvel how their unfortunate caddies can stagger round under the load.

Patent clubs are all very well as a last resource, when everything else fails, and a patent niblick or mashie may be of great service in retrieving the ball out of some apparently hopeless position, but the innumerable instruments of all shapes and sizes, which appear from week to week, are not meant to be all amalgamated by the same person, but to suit the tastes of different individuals.

Balls are a heavy item, and latterly, since the American 2s. innovation, the initial outlay has become even greater. The rubber-cored last longer than the "gutty" provided the golfer is playing well, and there can be no two opinions

about which is the nicer to play with, and which renders the game the easier, but one severe cut usually penetrates at once through the outer covering, leaving a gaping wound which no amateur doctoring can fill or heal.

In the old days of " gutty " balls a certain amount of amateur doctoring could be accomplished with lighted matches, re-making machines, etc., but now there is nothing to be done save to strive to refrain from topping and foozling.

THE INITIAL OUTLAY.

Those who take up golf may be divided into three classes—First, those blessed with so many of this world's goods that the question of expense need not be taken into consideration. Secondly, the great army of middle class people, and thirdly, the working men and women.

The first need not be referred to in this article as the subject will not interest those who are able to gratify every whim and fancy, and are not forced to pause and

ponder whether a new club or fresh dozen of balls is really a necessity or only a mere extravagance. The second class will be principally dealt with, as it embraces by far the largest majority.

Those who wish to commence golf need not expend a very large sum on the initial outlay. The first thing to be thought of is the club fee, which, of course, varies with the district, quality of links and popularity. As a rule, ladies' subscriptions average about a guinea entrance fee, and a guinea or half guinea annual subscription, while men's are considerably higher, rising from three or five guineas entrance fee, and about two guineas annual subscription.

To start with, about six clubs are advisable, and a good substantial bag. It is no economy to buy a cheap bag, as unless it is made of really good leather or cloth it will wear out in an incredibly short space of time, and be constantly in want of a new top or new bottom or some other kind of repair. An excellent one can be purchased for about 8s. 6d. from any good clubmaker or at any Athletic

Store, and choice should be made of as light a one as possible as it will probably mean a considerable after-saving as to caddies.

The six clubs will cost roughly about thirty-three shillings and should consist of driver, brassie, cleek, iron, mashie and putter. Others may be added later on when the player becomes more expert, the usual price for irons being five shillings to five shillings and sixpence, and for wooden clubs five shillings and sixpence to seven shillings and sixpence.

THE CADDIE AND HIS BURDEN.

Later on still, when the player has become very expert, it will be found advisable to duplicate wooden clubs in case of accident, as it is better to be prepared for all emergencies, and the breaking of an only driver at the critical point of an important match would mean a great deal of annoyance and the probable loss of the contest. Beginners, however, need not trouble about this point.

A dozen rubber-cored balls, such as

Professional, Colonel or any of the other numerous first class makes, will cost twenty four shillings, and should last some little time, but those who are at the very beginning stages of the game will find remades and cheaper kinds quite good enough and will be able to obtain them at about twelve to eighteen shillings per dozen.

Caddies average one shilling per round. At some clubs they are divided into two classes, the second class boys receiving ninepence or tenpence a round, at others, fourpence or sixpence lunch money is charged, but on ordinary occasions the general average can be put down at one shilling a round.

Caddies are undoubtedly luxuries which can perfectly well be done without, but on a long course they are a great saving of exertion and trouble, and if any scruples are felt about the extravagance of employing them very frequently, the golfer can always supply an excuse by looking at the question from the boy's point of view and reflecting upon what would become of the profession and how the caddies would earn their

livings if everyone economized in this particular item.

GOLF FOR THE WORKING MAN.

Looking at the game from a working man or working woman's point of view, the initial expenditure can be reduced considerably. For the first year or so it is not necessary to have even six clubs, three can be made to supply all purposes. A brassie for driving and long shots through the green, an iron which will fulfil its ordinary vocation and also can be used for putting, and a mashie for approaching and all difficult shots out of bunkers and bad lies.

The clubs need not necessarily be new, quite good second hand ones can often be obtained at a considerably reduced price, such as eighteenpence or half-a-crown, and as long as they are fairly well balanced and suit the taste of the individual player, it is all that is necessary. No one would think of learning to play the violin on a Cremona or Stradivarius, an inferior instrument is much better suited to the purpose until some amount of technique

is mastered, and in the same way until some little skill is obtained and the first trying stages are over, second hand clubs and cheap balls will fulfil all requirements.

Beautifully finished clubs are wasted on the novice who cannot appreciate fully such niceties as curve, balance, etc.

Up to the present time working women's clubs have not been started, but their inauguration will probably take place in the near future, and their coming should be heartily encouraged and welcomed. Working men's clubs and townspeople's clubs have been in existence for some time and have proved of incalculable benefit to the members, who by payment of some trifling annual subscription are permitted the use of the links, and derive a great deal of pleasure and strength from the fresh air and exercise and absolute change from the weary monotonous labours of the day.

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

But to return to the middle class golfer. It is not the ordinary stay-at-home golfers,

who play regularly on their home links during leisure hours, who find the game expensive. It is those who have attained to a certain proficiency and wish to attend the championships and open meetings in the various districts.

These meetings are undoubtedly great fun and a source of many pleasant acquaintanceships and interesting friendships, but they do mean the outlay of a good deal of money.

There are the railway fares, the cost of lodgings or hotels, entrance fees, luncheons and teas, tips to caddies and club attendants and the innumerable little items which mount up to such a surprisingly large total.

Then from the girl's point of view there are clothes, a very important item indeed in the list of expense. The athletic girl is no longer satisfied to look a fright and to wear the oldest of garments, but strives to be as neat as possible, and as smart as is compatible with the character of the sport in which she is indulging. Well-cut boots and good tailor-made coats and skirts cannot be obtained cheaply, and it is

perfectly amazing how many boots and shoes can be expended during a year's golf, and what a hole this item makes in an ordinary dress allowance.

LIVE NEAR THE LINKS.

Even if the player does not attend very many open meetings, the question of the expensiveness or non-expensiveness of the game depends very largely on the distance he or she lives from the links. There is practically no expense incurred if the golfer is within a few minutes' walk of the first tee, able to stroll up for a morning or afternoon round, without any previous preparation; but when he or she lives some distance away and a train or other means of conveyance has to be employed, and lunch and tea partaken of at the club house the case is different, and the best part of half-a-sovereign usually disappears each day.

To sum up the question briefly, the game is not an expensive one in itself, but may become so by reason of circumstances and

at the will of any individual. It is difficult to specify the exact amount of the probable average annual expenditure of a golfer in each of the three classes mentioned, but roughly speaking, a player in the first class could easily dispose of £100 a year in the pursuit of the game and its accompanying pleasures, a middle-class golfer might reduce the expenses to about £30, this sum allowing of participation in the Championship Meeting and a few open meetings, while the working man could derive a considerable amount of pleasure and benefit by the annual outlay of £5, or even less.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR IN CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS.

By H. H. HILTON.

(*Winner of Amateur and Open Championships*).

It seems but idle to say that golf is an uncertain game, as in all games in which the Anglo-Saxon race love to disport themselves, the glorious uncertainty is undoubtedly one of the greatest of their charms. It may be that there are other sports of a national character which can lay claim to greater degrees of chance—whether this may be considered an advantage or not is a question which is not open for discussion in this article—but that there is a great element of chance in the playing of the Royal and Ancient game, does not leave itself open to doubt, and although it diversifies its interests, there are occasions on which it might be an advantage if it did not form such a

predominant feature in the race for the survival of the fittest, such as the annual contests for the championships, whether it is that restricted to the amateur talent, or that open to all denominations of golfers, amateur and professional. The object of all championships is to find the best player in the field, and if we are to arrive at a conclusion on this point, it is naturally necessary to as far as possible eliminate the element of chance. It is not improbable that these remarks will be looked upon as rank heresy by the older school of golfers, but golf in the present day is probably more of a stern reality than it was in the seventies and eighties. It is still played for pleasure as it was in those days, but the ever-increasing number of first-class players, and the many opportunities they take of meeting each other in open competition, tends to give the game a more earnest tone.

THE FORTUNES OF THE DRAW.

A player of the present day must not rest content with being "cock of his own

walk," he must necessarily wander further afield, and prove his value on foreign soil. A golfer's reputation stands on his deeds in open battle, and, although the seeking of a reputation may be termed mere vanity, still, there are few golfers who do not cherish the value of a reputation. Even the players of old are not loth, now that they are out of the race for supremacy, to refer to the wonderful feats of their youth. But I am afraid I am digressing, as the object of this article is in reference to fortune, or as it is more generally termed, luck, in connection with championship contests. To consider first the amateur event decided by match play. I think that there is a greater element of chance in this than in the open event decided by stroke play. Firstly, we have to consider the luck of the draw, an important factor, and all the more important on account of the manner in which the draw is now conducted, as the powers that be decide that in case the number entered necessitates a certain number of players receiving byes in the first round, that all these byes

should be placed in the top half of the draw. There is a certain advantage in not being asked to compete in the first round, but in my opinion it is not so much in this that the advantage lies, as in the fact that there are an unequal number of players in the two halves, and in consequence, by the law of averages, more good players in the bottom than in the top. As an instance may be quoted the recent championship at Hoylake. The top half of the draw embraced forty players as against sixty-four in the bottom half, which means in the ordinary course of events, that the player who succeeded in wading through the bottom half, would necessarily have more first-class players to account for than the survivor of the top half. As it so happened in Hutchings, the survivor of the top half, was not so fortunate as to obtain a bye, and his journey to the penultimate stage was consequently far from an easy one, but we have only to compare the cases of Messrs. Robb and Fry, who both reached the penultimate stage. Mr. Robb, in the top half, obtained

a bye, and his victims were Messrs. John L. Low (who was far from his old self), J. G. Craik, C. E. Gilroy, and F. P. Crowther, junr. Mr. Fry, in arriving in a similar position had to account for Messrs. F. McKenzie, C. Leathart, J. E. Laidlay, and H. H. Hilton. True, in the first round, he received a walk over, still there were thirty-two players in the quarter in which he was drawn, as against sixteen in that in which Mr. Robb took part. The greater the number the greater the chance of players of good class being included.

But the luck of the draw has now become an accepted factor in the destination of the championship, and as long as the powers that be continue to decide the contest on the present basis—as there is certainly every probability that they will—this element of chance will always remain. It may add a certain interest to the competition which would otherwise be lacking in case the competition was decided on a more trying system.

IS EIGHTEEN HOLES A RELIABLE TEST OF PROWESS ?

But there are other elements of fortune in the amateur championship, beside the luck of the draw, and to begin with, I believe that I am far from alone in thinking that one round of eighteen holes is not a fully reliable test of the golfing abilities of two players. It is too short a duel to give a player who has had to put up with the worst of the luck in the initial stages an opportunity to recover, as there is much to contend against in golf in the matter of bad lies, stymies, etc. In proof of this, it is noticeable that during recent years the play in the final round of the tournament has been extended from eighteen to thirty-six holes, those responsible for the extension no doubt thinking—and probably wisely, too—that the final of a championship is of sufficient importance to warrant a thorough trial of the golfing abilities of the two contestants, which one round of eighteen holes does not supply. It may be that had the delegates, at the

time they passed the innovation of making the final round a trial of thirty-six holes, also passed that the semi-final stages should be decided by the same extended test, they would have been acting in the best interests of the amateur championship contests, as the means whereby to find the premier amateur for the year.

In saying this I am quite aware that many hold the opinion that any extension of the contest might tend to make it more a trial of stamina than real golfing ability, but with this I can hardly agree, as one single additional round would make but little difference. I hold a very decided opinion, that a single round of eighteen holes is much more trying to the nerves in a championship, than two rounds or thirty-six holes. The former is a big strain mentally, much more so than a continued match of thirty-six holes, in which a player, after having the worst of the argument, possibly due to a mixture of bad luck and a few indifferent strokes (to ill-luck all players are liable), still has a chance of pulling himself together, owing to

the length of the game. As an instance may be quoted the recent final round at Hoylake. Before play commenced it was generally accepted that there was little between Messrs. Hutchings and Fry, but the result of the first round made it appear that Mr. Hutchings was infinitely the finer player. He outdrove Mr. Fry, was invariably nearer in his approaches, and his deadly work on the green left his opponent no loop hole, with the result that the latter found himself no less than eight holes in arrears. He was simply outclassed on the play in these individual eighteen holes, and had the contest ended in this round this would have been the verdict handed down to posterity, but owing to the fact that the players had to continue in the afternoon, the opportunity was granted Mr. Fry of proving that those who had arrived at the opinion that there was little between the two finalists were correct in their judgment. Whereas, in the morning round, everything had come off for Mr. Hutchings, in the afternoon there was a complete reversal of form, as although

Mr. Hutchings still more than held his own in the long game, the inspiration of putting appeared to have completely forsaken him, and the long putts which in the morning round he had been running up within a few inches of the hole, now stayed some feet from the desired haven, and what was more important, he invariably failed to get the second putt down. On the other hand, Mr. Fry, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, went boldly for the hole, and the reward for his enterprise was seen in the fact that it was not until the last hole that the match was decided in favour of Mr. Hutchings.

It was a match truly indicative of the fortune of putting, and the advantage of a thirty-six hole match over a single round of eighteen holes, as a test. The former gives a much better chance of the players finding their natural level. On the day's play at Hoylake, it is generally conceded that the man who played the better golf proved successful, but the wide variance in the result of the two individual rounds tends to indicate that in any individual

eighteen holes the many chances of fortune go a very long way to decide the result.

SCORE V. MATCH PLAY.

I am quite aware that the majority of those who take an interest in the game, consider that the manner in which the amateur event is decided is infinitely more interesting and entertaining than the four rounds by score play, by which one finds the victor in the open event. The latter method appears comparatively cold-blooded work. Slogging round for two days against the unseen, truly, is quite contrary to what is termed the old spirit of the game, but is it necessary that we should lavishly adhere to all the traditions of the old spirit ? The game of golf is match play, or certainly was match play, and it may be that competitions by score play were only introduced as an expedient whereby to save time. But surely score play is still the game of golf, and I hold an idea that the manner under which the open championship is decided, four rounds by

medal play is a test more likely to find the best player in the competition than the present method under which the amateur event is decided. There is a certain consolation in knowing that I am not alone in this opinion, as when several of the leading professionals were asked their opinion on the point at the late Open Championship meeting, they unanimously decided that they considered that the present method of deciding the competition was a truer test of ability of the players than deciding on the principle of the amateur event, with its varying fortunes. I may mention, by the way, that the opinion of these professionals was taken on account of the fact that there had been an agitation to introduce match play into the open championship, and the subject had been discussed by the delegates present at the meeting, but it was thought only right that the leading professionals should be conferred with, and that their unanimous and decided opinion should be in favour of the present system, will not be consoling to the older school of golfers.

THE QUESTION OF "ETERNAL JUSTICE" IN GOLF.

But a championship is a championship, a contest which assuredly has the object of finding out the best player in the field, and in connection with the open championship in particular, where it means much to the successful competitor if he be a professional. It is probably more equitable to all concerned, that the element of chance should be eliminated as far as possible, and the *leading* professionals at least, have expressed the opinion that four rounds of score play is a good test of ability, and it might be but considered justice that their opinions should be considered before those who have no interest in the competition, except from a traditional and sentimental point of view. I trust the editor of "Golf Illustrated," will forgive me in referring to a remark of his made in reply to a strong advocate in favour of the abolition of the stymie which is as follows,—"Our correspondent makes the common error of sup-

posing that the game of golf is founded upon the principles of eternal justice."

Why is it an error to suppose this? Justice should be meted out in a game, as far as is possible, just as it should be in the sterner walks of life. There are always sufficient uncertainties in the game of golf in the matter of bad lies and unfortunate kicks, to do away with any idea of the possibility of eternal justice, but I cannot see that it is necessary that many old traditions should be adhered to merely on a question of principle. In cricket, football, and other pastimes they are continually legislating. I can myself remember the time when, in Rugby football, the fact of one goal being kicked served to neutralise the gaining of any number of tries by the other side. That was far from justice, but it was the game of our forefathers. Fortunately it did not meet with the approval of the coming generation who promptly arrived at a more equitable distribution of the value of the points scored. I am quite aware that my views may sound heretical to many who have had a longer

and more varied experience than I have, but whilst I do not believe in making the game too easy, I have very strong opinions on the advisability of eliminating, as far as possible, the elements of what may be termed *artificial* chance in championship contests, that is, chance aside and apart from the ordinary run of fortune in the play through the green.

THE WEAPONS OF WAR.

By DR. J. G. McPHERSON.

Though not exactly a "war," a real golf match has in it a fine element of personal warfare. One does not like to be beaten in the single; all of one's powers are brought to bear upon the contest for victory.

Accordingly the "Weapons of war," require to be very carefully seen to. The player must be master of each; and the fewer he has the more likelihood is there that he will be able to use each to the best advantage when required. I have seen a professional—Willie Park—with two caddies—one the advising caddie according to the Golf Rules, with the ironmonger's shop of irons together with a few wooden ones; the other, with a surplus stock, in case of breakages during the round, or for some left-handed movement in an

emergency. But I cannot stand such extravagance in the variety of weapons. A few good ones well known are worth two bagfuls of differentiated dummies.

STYLE OF PLAY TO BE CONSIDERED.

Of course, no fixed rule can be laid down as to the best set of clubs and balls which a golfer should procure. Style has a marked power in a player; and the two players in the final for the Amateur Championship at Hoylake, in May, had not a very prepossessing style, for they had been well up in years before they handled a club. Only their putting was most deadly on these hurricane days; this may be attributed to their skill as excellent billiard players. Yet it is well to cultivate a good style, and clubs should be suited to that style.

There are golfers "agile" and golfers "non agile;" and each requires his own kind of weapons. An elastic or agile player, who can put his whole body into the stroke, must necessarily choose a

comparatively stiff driver; whereas a sluggish, non-agile player, whose shoulders are not flexible requires a supple-shafted club. As the tailor makes the clothes to suit the man, the club-maker should make the clubs fitted for the style of the golfer.

In choosing the weapons of war "fancy," too, goes a long way. The youth enamoured of his watch, has the best that ever was. The careful man considers that there is no razor on earth like his own; and a spoony husband is said to make the same remark about his wife—for a time. The golfer, too, must consider his club the very best before he can be really and continuously successful with it. Fancy goes much further than we would think. "That's a pictur'," the professional will say of his favourite, though in another's eyes it may be very commonplace. Yet the selection makes all the difference.

Allan Robertson, the greatest of golfers in the "fifties," had a craze for this "fancying" of golf clubs. About nine o'clock—two hours before the golfers of the "Parlour" (as the old Clubhouse was

called) would appear at the first hole for the forenoon's round, Allan would be seen sidling down the walk from his house to Hugh Philp's shop. Hugh would be at the door or on the green near, with his long apron on, as well as his spectacles, busy scraping a club head with an iron scraper (a rectangular piece of thin steel, about four inches by two), and thereafter rubbing it gently with coarse and then fine sand paper, to put on the finishing polish. Hugh would put a couple of hours work on a head after Jammie Wilson, his "man," had considered it finished. Allan would see the "beauty" and covet it. On the spot he would seize it—go up and fasten it without glue to a spare shaft to calculate the effect. If it pleased his fancy, it was glued on and bagged as a treasure. Of course, in this case, some of the head would require to be rasped out; for Allan played with very light clubs. No such extra trouble is taken with a driver now, for clubs are thrown into the market in thousands for one long ago.

AN OLD TIME DRIVER.

There are, however, some general principles to which it may be considered of importance to attend in the selection of "the weapons of war." I once saw in McEwan's, of Bruntsfield, Edinburgh, a fine specimen of the old style driver. It belonged to the Duke of York (afterwards James II. of England), who was a keen golfer on the links of Leith. That old club which did faithful service more than two centuries ago, was made by one Andrew Dickson. It has the horn and lead in the same parts of the head, and is "skared" similarly. The shaft is made of split-ash—not sawn, as is generally the case. Old, slowly growing ash, split according to the reed of the wood, forms a very lasting handle. It has not the sharpness of spring possessed by the modern hickory; but it is far more durable, and can stand a jerk better. With pleasure do I now look on my split-ash Hugh, which I used to handle with power more than thirty years ago. Dickson's shaft was well-executed

in the tapering, stiff in the top of the shaft, and gradually suppling to the "whipping." The neck of the head was graceful, and there was a considerable hook on the face at the nose. The King's club-head was made of apple tree, for a long time the favourite wood for that part. Now, well-seasoned beech is generally preferred for the driver. This old club, on the whole, is far before the "soople gaud an' strang," which non-agile golfers prefer.

Now we have a shorter head, or a bulger. Dr. Argyll Robertson reminded me at Muirfield last year, on the occasion of the Open Championship, that I was the first to play with a shorter head than the classical Hugh's. I now see that the shorter head, with broader top, has more power. I don't like the bulger; and it seems now to have gone out of use among the best players. There is more elasticity in the breadth of wood behind the spot where the ball comes in contact; but the face should be straight, not bulged.

THE MODERN CLUB.

The modern head is much thicker ; that is, the face is much deeper. Of course, for effective work the cubic contents of the head must not be too small ; if the length is shortened, the depth must be increased to ensure this. On inland courses, where the green is softer than on the sea coast, this has been made necessary for playing through the green. But the craze for a herculean drive off the tee is more at the bottom of the alternation. With the old thin-faced Hugh, very little sand, if any, was used on the teeing-ground. Accuracy of aim with the thin-faced club from the teeing-ground was of immense advantage in playing the second—the important shot of the hole. The driver was always used for this if there was sufficient distance, unless the ball was lying very bad. The thin-faced club caught the ball below the centre, and made it rise gracefully, as no other club could effect. Now, all the glory is in an enormous drive from the tee with the broad-faced club. One cannot get below

the ball so easily; and the second shot is sometimes sacrificed.

The length of the driver depends upon the player's style—not upon the height of the man only. Roughly speaking, in general practice, if the head of the club be placed on the ground at his feet, the end of the handle should reach the pit of the stomach. A tall man generally prefers an upright club; a short man, a flat and comparatively longer club. An occasional enormous swipe may be made when the balance can be hit in the swing; but in general, one fails in accuracy when quick nerve-power is introduced; and without that quick nerve-power there is a duffing softness and consequent shortness in the stroke.

One thing that beginners should carefully observe,—never to use the club which has the spring in his hands! Many have ruined their style trying to checkmate this difficulty. If the spring is felt anywhere in the upper half of the shaft the stroke is uncertain. Be careful, then, in having the spring gradually increasing from the

centre to the whipping. As the driver is really the most important club in the set, I have dwelt most on it. The best players are those who commenced and played for years at school with only a driver and a cleek.

THE PUTTER.

The next important wooden club to the driver was the wooden putter. For many years this has been laid aside by players; but Braid's success last year at Muirfield, as open champion, gave the world sufficient evidence that the adopted use of this was the secret of that success. I am glad to see that many very distinguished players are now using the aluminium putter of the shape of the old wooden putter. Of course, I prefer wood, but shape is what I hold to be essential. The wooden putter should be upright, perfectly stiff in the shaft, and vertical in the whole face. The head must be a little heavier than that of the driver, but it should feel "sweet" or well-balanced in the hand, and easily manipulated by the fingers; for the holing of fine

putts requires the nice, delicate touch of the fingers, and by no means the palm of the hand. The wooden putter can be dispensed with for short putts especially on a keen green, where one can give a little more " poother " to the shot with the cleek.

OTHER CLUBS.

In the " sixties " the mid-spoon was considered a most powerful approach club. I am glad to see Mr. Hilton using an aluminium imitation of this (by Mr. Mills, of Sunderland) with remarkable success. Again it is the shape that is pleasing me. It is a very accurate club, and there is not the same risk of slicing or jerking as with a cleek.

Of course, the cleek, shorter in the shaft than we find in most cases, is a telling weapon. It can be used for a fine skimming wrist approach with deadly accuracy. The light iron is now indispensable for short approaches, lofting bunkers, and stymies. But the shaft should not be strained by bunker work. When a good player accidentally gets into a bunker, he uses a

niblick iron; but sometimes only once or twice in a whole round, so I do not class it as an absolutely necessary weapon.

A good light iron for delicate work was a lifetime's fancy; you dare not break the well-poised and time-used bend of the shaft by undue jerking; for you cannot easily get two perfect handles for one iron with the same balance and touch. It would take years to get the new shaft into the same "sett" as the old one, and no artificial "bend" can equal what it takes years to form.

These formed my stock in my best days. Occasionally a wooden niblick could be very successfully used when the ball was in a deep cup. But driver, mid-spoon, cleek, iron, and wooden putter formed the essentials.

BALLS.

As to balls, one is bewildered with the variety now in use. According to Andrew Lang, wooden balls were first used; then leather balls had a long run in the game. Principal Paterson, late of St. Andrews,

now in New York, introduced the first guttie there in 1846, made out of the packing of a Vishna idol sent home from Singapore by his missionary brother. Then Mr. Tom Peter made a ball with gutta-percha outside, and lead inside, a terrible slaughterer of golf clubs. And now we have the American Haskell, made up in a marvellous way with gutta-percha and india-rubber. There has been a marked improvement in the ordinary gutta-percha ball during these last fifty years—this has had much to do with more generally successful scoring. Meanwhile, use a clean twenty-seven gutta ball, and wait for a time till the Haskell is fully tested. I saw much of both at Hoylake; but I have not room here for giving my opinion on what I then saw.

THE LOST HUMOUR OF GOLF.

By H. G. HUTCHINSON.

(*Author of "Golf," in the Badminton Library, etc.*).

Andrew Kirkaldy, as it appears, suffered a very severe shock on the occasion of a recent championship. The traditional home of golf, St. Andrews, was the scene, and more particularly one of its hostelries, I think, the Golf Hotel. There Andrew, entering, beheld what had never before struck his eyes, of much experience—one of his fellow professionals (the time was evening) arrayed in the magpie majesty of dress coat and studded shirt front. He came out announcing to an astonished world that he had seen this sight, which, he added, he never had expected that it would be his lot in life to see. It appeared

that his sense of what the Greeks would have called "the fitting" (this is not said with regard to the construction of the suit which, we are told, was faultless) had received a hard blow, as if with some sorely wounding weapon, such as a niblick.

It is no affair of ours, of course, if a professional golfer chooses to array himself like a lily of the field—in the morning knickerbockers and in the evening dress-coat. All that is his own affair. And at all events, the profession is immensely to be congratulated on this, that it is now composed almost wholly of very well conducted, well-behaved, right thinking and acting and self-respecting men. Time was when men in the profession who possessed these qualities were rather far to seek. They were all Scots, and none the worse for that, but what they were the worse for, as a rule, was a thirst that it was hard to satisfy, and yet which they never could be accused of neglecting any opportunity to satisfy. They would have been better but for this, and but for all the habits of "fecklessness" which this unfortunate

thirst, even if thus kindly treated, so often brings in its train.

HALF PLAYER—HALF CADDIE.

Neither their hands nor their raiment were spotless; they were accompanied by a pleasant atmosphere of pitch and leather which they had brought with them out of "the shop," they would as soon have thought of arraying themselves in ballet skirts as in a dress-coat. But yet they had this wholly inestimable saving grace, that they were, as a race, extremely humorous, humorous in the best and two-edged fashion, highly capable themselves of humorous appreciation and invention and very powerful incentives to the exercise of the humorous quality in others. A good deal of all this we have lost with the coming of the professional who is capable, even in thought, much more in deed, of the swallow-tailed coat. It is a little difficult for humour to live in an atmosphere where men take themselves so very seriously as this historical tail-coat appears to signify.

That the coat may be an incentive provoking the humour of the beholders is not impossible; that it can contain humour beneath its solemn folds is hard to credit.

Those professional players of the older school, who were half players and half caddies, sometimes adopting the one trade and sometimes the other, according to the varying demand, were stuffed full of the sly "pawky" humour that is so characteristically Scottish. The actual things they said, their actual view of life, were distinctly humorous, and then there was an added element of humour in the strange aspect of the figures from whom these comments on men and manners, as exhibited in playing the great game of golf, proceeded. They were shrewd critics both of the game which they professed, and of the game of life, which they only followed, and followed in unconventional ways and with unconventional views, which were constantly administering piquant doses of pleased surprise to those who lived the life of convention and of the swallow-tailed coat. With all their lack of the qualities which

make for good citizenship, they had a gift of qualities far less common, which went very far to make amends.

Scarce one of the type is left. They were not shackled in the bonds of conventional politeness. When asked by an employer how Mr. So-and-So played, one of them is recorded to have replied, "Eh, him!" with a sour scorn emphasised by a hearty expectoration, "Why, he canna play a dom; he's no muckle better than yerself." No doubt, the last clause of the sentence was a serviceable one in the cause of truth and exact information, as indicating with greater precision than the first wide assertion of incompetence the quality of Mr. So-and-So as a golfer, but it was not the way in which the courtesy which goes with the tail-coat would decently drape the estimate.

BLIGHTING CRITICISM.

Now and again it was delightful to observe the poignant struggle in the breast of the professional adviser, between the desire to please, which was prompted by

financial considerations of an enlightened egoism, and the inveterate candour of his kind. "Eh, but het was a graune shottie!" is a charming comment, illustrative of a struggle of the kind resulting in a beautifully balanced compromise between the enthusiasm of the "Eh, but that was a grand shot"—so far the poor man has conquered, in the cause of civility, his natural tendency to tell the naked truth—but the tendency was too strong to be denied, at the end it must find some expression, so to the words of apparently delighted appreciation is added that nice little Scottish diminutive termination, reducing the magnificent dimensions suggested by the word "shot," which may mean one of Braid's best drives of three hundred yards, down to the little measure of a "shottie," which may send the ball, as I take it, about a hundred and fifty yards at its very best. It is a really precious phrase—so typical.

One other instance in point is worth quotation, not for the first time, be it said, but use does not seem to spoil its

flavour. It was the comment of a St. Andrews caddie observing the efforts of a tyro, who had learnt what very little he may have known from the late Mr. Gilbert G. Mitchell-Innes, an admirable player of an older school. "Ye'll hae learnt yer game aff Mr. Mitchell-Innes I'm thinkin'," said the ancient caddie. "Yes, yes," said the novice with pleased eagerness, supposing that the signs of the master's hand were obvious in the execution of the pupil. But his pleasure was damped as quickly as remorselessly, with the further observation, "Eh, ye've verra little o' his style aboot ye."

For the severely blighting kind of criticism these ancient caddies had no equal. A charming flower of Scottish criticism has been culled far more lately—not from a caddie, but from a spectator. The occasion was the celebrated Vardon and Park match of a few years back, and the scene was North Berwick, where the first half of the historic match was played. The said spectator, after watching some twenty-seven holes, in course of which

some excellent putting by Park was his salvation again and again, at length saw a ball go in from right across the green—some five and twenty yards. When the applause that met this effort had subsided, this old fellow was overheard muttering to himself as he turned away; "the on'y *raisonable* putt I've seen the day," with a heavy accent on the adjective, so studiously chosen. This certainly is a gem of the first water, but it is not to be put into the same setting as the former anecdotes of the humour of the old Scottish caddies, for this good gentleman was guileless of all intent of humour.

A FIELD FOR IRISH HUMOUR.

It has been well said that the best humour always is unconscious, but it is just a little doubtful whether conscious intent does not enter essentially into the right definition of humour. Still, let us leave this critic, with gratitude, such honour as is his due.

There is not the least doubt that we

have been defrauded of what it was only just that we should expect in the very small contribution that Ireland seems to have made to golfing humour. When first Ireland acquired the blessing of an education in golf, we had higher hopes. At first golf was limited to the North of Ireland, a land where we understood that the qualities which go towards good citizenship, flourished rather at the expense of those qualities of humour which are the special possession of the South and West; therefore we held our souls in patience and waited. Golf spread, as golf has a way spreading, and shortly held in its grip both South and West, as well as North and East. But yet the humour was not forthcoming, in anything like the abundant measure in which we had hoped to enjoy it.

When the Irish caddie takes hold of golf, we had said—then we shall see. The Irish caddie must have a good grip of golf by now, if he is ever going to; but still, we do not "see," at least, not much. He has given us no special gems, such as we had expected of him. Perhaps the game

is too slowly moving and too serious to appeal strongly to the Celtic nature.

The old Scottish golfer complains even of the Englishman that he is not sufficiently serious in his manner of treating the game. "It seems to me, my dear boy," said one of them to me, "that the game is losing solemnity," rolling the syllables of the four-jointed word in his mouth in a sonorous way, that lent them any amount of added dignity. I could not deny the charge. But what would the feelings of this dear old man, now alas! defunct, have been at the bare idea of a wild Irishman addressing himself to the game that should be solemn?

However we may answer that question, with its painful suggestions, we have some right to complain that we have not yet had our great measure from the Irishman who has taken to golf. Hitherto we had been able to say of the Irishman and his humour, as was said of Virgil, *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, but this has not been true of him when he laid his hand to the golf club. I have to suspect, as I have said, that this is because with his hand

he has not also laid his heart. And what a caddie the Irishman, or even the Irish boy, would make, if he could but do himself justice in that calling! With him there would be none of that internal struggle between a courtesy that is as natural to him as it is unnatural to the Scot, and a devotion to the truth, that is as little part of his natural equipment as it is a very essential part with the Scot. If ever we should bless the effects of the osculation of the Blarney stone, we should be disposed to bless it in a caddie. Golf, as it appears, if it has lost its solemnity, has lost some of its choicest elements of humour therewith.

THE HUMOUR OF CADDIES.

By Dr. J. G. McPHERSON.

(*Author of "Golf: Past and Present," etc.*).

The time was when the caddie identified himself with his master. "We," was on his lips when speaking about his master's play. He was like the old beadle to his parish minister—their interests were the same. And to a great extent the caddie possessed much of the humour of the beadle. He was a very important personage, and an independent critic. Of course, he knew golf. He knew his master's weakness as well as his strength; he studied his master's play so carefully that he just put the required club into his master's hands for every stroke.

There were marked characters among them. Who does not remember Sandy Pirie, Mathie Gorum, Lang Willie, Fiery,

Sandy Smith, Big Crawford, The Skipper, and the like ? Their names are as familiar to the golfers of old as household words. And the real gentleman does not consider his caddie's humorous remark as anything pertaining to impertinence. He enjoys it, though it may sometimes be at his own expense.

Beginners have to stand some very severe remarks at times. A swell, who commenced play on a new course, pretended that he was skilled in the game. He asked the caddie the length of the first hole. "I suppose, a drive and a putt ?" "Rayther mair," answered the caddie, as he took the swell's number. The ball was teed, and the swell drove off with a foozle, on which the caddie quaintly remarked. "We commonly tak' the drive afore the putt here ;" as if the foozle were a putt.

A golfer generally has some conceit of himself. A poor player always imagines he can play better than he is seen to do. "I play with Captain S—— to-day," said one of these to his caddie, "I suppose he

is a fairly good second-class player?" "The Captain," laughed the caddie, "he canna play a d—n. He is nae better than yersel."

Sometimes a caddie gets far into the confidence of his master. Mathie Gorum's humour was unconscious, yet he trusted his master's leave to speak on. His continual remark after a poor shot, was in the way of encouragement: "It micht hae been waur." His master, a clergyman, was wearied with this well-meaning flattery. Accordingly, to make sure that he would squash the remark for once, he told the caddie that he had had a terrible dream the night before. "Mathie, my man, I dreamt that I was in the place where the wicked are punished. I saw the wretched ones tortured; they were swimming in a lake of boiling pitch, and could not get landed for red hot pitchforks thrust in their faces by demons." He halted a minute, with his tongue in his cheek, when, with perfect coolness, the caddie answered: "Aye, sir, that was a bad dream, jist awfu'; but it micht hae been waur."

"Waur, you fool, how could that be?"
"It micht hae been *true*."

A BADGE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Sandy Smith was once carrying to Lord Kingsburgh, who is a keen but not first class player. In fact, his strokes at times did not go far. In approaching a hole, he heard his opponent in the foursome asking for his shortspoon; and to be upsides with his opponent, he asked Sandy for the same club. Sandy was astonished; but he quietly whispered to his master, "If yer Lowrdship wad jist tak' yer Lowrdship's driver, your Lowrdship wad wun nearer the hole, if yer Lowrdship didna get up till't." Another day, Sandy, was carrying to another gentleman, when Lord Kingsburgh happened to be passing. The gentleman, a stranger, asked who the player was. "That's Lord Kingsburgh." "Do you know his lordship?" "His Lowrdship?" remarked Sandy, raising himself up with an air of dignity, "he's a freend o' mine." Then, taking hold of

his trousers, he said with gratification, "Thae's his Lowrdship's breeks." Last winter, Sandy was seen standing disconsolate near the first hole, when a gentleman remarked to him that the times must be dull for him in the shape of employment. "Aye, sir," answered Sandy, with a meaning look, "it's gey hard for a man tae stand for an 'oor wi' naething in his pooches but his haunds."

"How's the Principal playing to-day?" asked a golfer at The Skipper, when passing. "Jist awfu'," whispered that caddie, "He's tappin' ilka ba' and he's damnin' tae himsel'." The same Principal Tulloch was a keen but erratic player, and had a bad fault of skying his balls. One day the wind was strong, and the Principal was to play against Professor Heddle on St. Andrews Links. "Noo, Preencipal," said The Skipper, "for aince drive low, an' gie's nane o' thae hallelujah shots against the wund." It was the same "Skipper" who said to Professor Sellar of the Greek chair, when the play was deplorably bad. "Mind, sir, ony budy can learn thae

laddies Greek or Latin, but it tak's a heid tae play gowf."

Mr. Campbell, of Saddell, was as true a gentleman as ever touched a club; but when he missed a stroke, he would not hesitate to give expression to unparliamentary language. Lang Willie, his caddie, did not like to say anything of a fault-finding nature against his master; but being pressed to give his opinion of Mr. Campbell, said, "He noos an' thans cums oot wi' a bit sweer, whun he taps his ba'; but sometimes sweerin' is a guid set aff tae the conversation." Being pressed for a more definite opinion, he said, "Weel, sir, he's a guid, free-spoken shentleman; but whiles he's jist a wee blaspheemerous!"

Lang Willie was a well-known character. He carried with a long coat and a tile hat, as the golfers played in the "thirties" and "forties." One day, at St. Andrews, Willie was carrying for a duffer, who continually lost his temper. Willie might forgive Mr. Campbell for a "slip o' the tongue," but not a duffer. This player, after an exceedingly bad stroke, turned

round and broke his club in disgust. On this Willie looked at him with pity, and after a pause, said, "Sir, it's verra fulish."

The other day, at Kinghorn, four Edinburgh gentlemen, with flash red coats, were playing most miserably. As they were on their way to the second hole, a caddie of the party who met them asked a caddie of a red coat how the foursome was getting on. "As shure's deeth," he whispered, "they hauved the first hole in saxteen!" The other smiled grimly at what he considered to be an impertinent joke, and said, "It wad be a grand story, if it were jist a wheen truer." "As shure's deeth, it's true." "Then," answered the other, "if I wur you, I'd cairy be the 'oor, an' no be the round."

A SAFE PREDICTION.

Wattie Alexander was a safe critic, though he was not devoid of humour. Captain Broughton saw Wattie crossing from the Old Union parlour to Allan's corner, where the caddies used to stand for a "chance" in the "fifties." "Well,

Wattie, what about the day?" "I wus jist ower lookin' at the glass." "And what does it say?" "Weel, she's mair doon the day than she wus up yestreen." "And what does that indicate about the weather?" asked the Captain ominously. "In ma opeenion," cautiously remarked Wattie, "It'll aither be verra wat, or mair rain."

Wattie was asked about the several sorts of golfers. "There's a hantle difference amun' them. There's tearin' drivers, that gangs richt at it. An' there's ithers that'll waggle, waggle their club afore they'll het the ba', an' mebbe mak' a skutter o't efter a' the floorish. Some again, 'll yatter aboot their play, an' aye be explainin' hoo they missed a shot, an' what maks them nervitch. I canna bide thae talkateeverous players."

Mr. Farnie, a retired farmer, was a keen player at the time—in the "sixties"—when the caddies struck work on account of the smallness of the pay. He got a staff made with a ring at the top, to hold the clubs. A spike at the end of the staff

was stuck into the ground, when he put this appliance aside that he might play his ball. His opponent, one day, had a caddie, while he had his apparatus. At a hole he called to the caddie to go to the hole and take out the flag. "Tell yer dummie tae gang!" was the caddie's weighty answer. Soon after Mr. Farnie, without a thought asked the caddie if he could drive "home" with a cleek shot. "Speer at yer dummie!" was the pointed reply. The "dummie" was soon doomed.

Fizzy Gow was a curious caddie at St. Andrews in the "fifties." At that time no lunch-money was given, as now, to caddies between the two rounds. Even on a cold day their inner man was not worthy of consideration. One winter day when Fizzy's master came out of the Union parlour outside of a glass of whisky and water—no potass in those days—the caddie with a shiver, remarked to him: "The fish i' the sea'll be cauld the day." The appeal was irresistible. One day at the Heather Hole coming in, his master, a Professor in the University, saw in the

distance, a capital golfer looking most miserable, unable to play, and he remarked to Fizzy: "Mr. B— is surely very ill; he looks bad." "Aye, sir," said Fizzy feelingly, "ye see he's ane o' them that has naething to dae. I peety the puir craturs. It's a gran' thing to hae a profession, like you an' me."

Charlie Thomson was carrying to a gentleman who was wondering about the members of a foursome just passing. "They are very serious," said the gentleman, "they must be playing for a big stake." "Na, na, sir; thae chaps daurna play for siller. If it's onything it'll be for a trac' (tract)." In his occasional talk Charlie once remarked to his employer: "You see, sir, gowf's jist a game o' meeracles. Noo, wha wud hae thocht that you wud hae missed yer putt o' six inches at the Cross Hole, an' that Providence wud hae gien him sic a gran' drap on the richt side o' the bunker, an' syne carried his ba' straicht to the hole side. It was a meeracle, sir—a perfec' meeracle!"

A caddie of the old school could not

put up with continual excuses. "That bird put me out," or, "Will you always go on whispering, when I am putting?" from his master, often vociferated, rouses him; and he gets quite out of temper with caustic humour. "A'm thinkin', sir, ye'd play a hantil better if ye was deef."

A distinguished man, who liked golf, was lame; and he wobbled a little as he walked. A sarcastic caddie one day said of him: "O, there's Maister O— takin' oot his legs for a walk."

THE PLEASURES OF GOLF.

By S. MURE FERGUSSON.

Golf is eminently a game of relaxation of mind if not of body. To the city man, worn out by want of business, or by too much business, it comes as a boon and a blessing, for it not only gives him the opportunity of obtaining fresh air and exercise, but it also brushes away the cobwebs from his over-tired brain. I have often been surprised to find that no matter how worried I have felt, the charm of the game drives it away, at any rate for the time being, and enables one to take the field again with renewed vigour. One of the reasons why so many members of Parliament have taken to the game is that, after a worrying time such as they have gone through in the last few months,

they go off at the end of the week, probably to the seaside, where the fine air and the keen matches entered into make them forget all about the worries of St. Stephens.

Years ago, when I first came to London, I used often to put a golf club into my cricket bag and if the ground I was playing on was large enough, I used to practise driving, much to the amusement of my friends who looked upon me as more or less a madman and wondered how I could play such a rotten game, I used to laugh and say—

"All right, you wait, it won't be very long before you are all mad about it and if you will take my advice you won't put off learning too long."

Their answer was—

"Not a chance, it is an old man's game."

Well I quite agree with them it is an old man's game. The old man enjoys it just as much as the young from his standpoint, but the young man has this in his favour, youth and suppleness, which two attributes are indispensable for one who dreams of being a champion.

WHEN TO LEARN.

I do not say that I advise boys to go in for it to any great extent, especially if they are good cricketers, as I think cricket is the game for boys, but I do advise every boy to learn to play so that when he leaves school or the 'Varsity he can take up golf with a fair chance of becoming a good player. If he waits till he is thirty or so before learning to play, he is never very likely to become first class, as he lacks the necessary blending of certain muscles and is also inclined to play more or less stiffly instead of naturally, as one does when one has commenced during boyhood. I do not mean to say that there are no good players who have started late in life, for as we all know there are several brilliant golfers from this class, but I think the practice they have required to make them what they are, is double or treble what they would have required had they commenced as boys.

One of the greatest pleasures of golf, to my mind, is that one can make up one's

mind the day before or even the very morning of the day and start off to the links where, if one can't find a fellow-member, one can generally find a professional to play with. Personally, I cannot imagine a more agreeable way of spending a week than getting say half a dozen friends, and going off to St. Andrews or Sandwich or where you like, and playing golf every day. It makes one very fit, and I am sure for men over thirty it is the very best exercise. After three rounds, one feels one has earned one's dinner and a good night's rest. Six is a good number for a party as you can change about and play foursomes or four and three ball matches, and, of course, change of antagonists is a capital thing as one is apt to become careless if one continually plays with the same person.

Of course, Competitions and Championships have a great attraction for some people, and I think a little competition is a good thing as it makes one study one's game and makes one more keen to play up, but that continual pot-hunting which is

much indulged in now-a-days, tends to make golf far too much of a business and does away, to my mind, with half the fun of the game. Far be it from me to say that I have not enjoyed Championships, for I have, but I think the thing is overdone and I must say I prefer a quiet week's golf where one is not bored to death, as one often is during a Championship meeting, by having to listen to the reason why so and so lost his match and insisting on describing each shot played during the round. We all know that there is a tremendous amount of luck in playing in the Championships, and the mere fact of knowing one has to contend with the chance of the bad luck each day, rather makes one avoid them after one has been at it for years and simply play the game for its own sake. I daresay Anno Domini has something to do with this feeling, but there it is and it grows on one after a time.

THE TOO SERIOUS PLAYER.

It has often been a mystery to me why some men play golf at all, for if they are

not at the top of their game and winning their matches, they become so depressed that it is a misery to play with them, and one gets the feeling that one must miss a few shots in order to try and bring about a more pleasant state of things. The curious part of it is, too, that no matter how much some men play they never lose this habit of taking it too much to heart and so probably spoil the pleasure of the whole round. I am quite certain of one thing, and that is, the more even tempered a golfer is the better he plays and the more fun it is playing with him. I have played with men who take it as a personal insult if one holes a good putt or lays an approach shot dead ; these are men to avoid going away with for a golfing tour, as they will end in rubbing up the whole party, and probably, after two or three days, there is a break up of the party, which was to have lasted for a week, and one begins to think—is there any real pleasure in golf ? Of course there is, but to get at it avoid this class of man, who only plays to win, and takes no interest

in what his antagonist is doing, except to growl when he makes a good shot.

Golf, from my point of view, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should be played far from the madding crowd. Nothing takes away from the pleasure of the game more than when one goes down to the first tee and finds a crowd waiting, and that abomination, the starting box. One waits, presumably patiently, while one sees crowds of women and children drive off, and when one's own turn comes one knows that it will be a case of waiting not only at every tee, but over every stroke. Golf under these conditions is a vanity and vexation of spirit.

BEFORE GOLF WAS.

Give me a links by the sea, where, beyond one's own party, nothing is heard but the sound of the curlew, and, perhaps, the dash of the waves on the sand, the undulating turf, the gorse and bent—all lend to the charm of the game, and one feels less tired after three rounds, under such conditions, than one would after

playing one round on a crowded green. Of course, one cannot always play by the sea, and if one lives in London, I think the links to choose is one laid out amidst the pine woods, as there one gets the proper turf bred by sand, and on the hottest day one is refreshed by the delicious scent of the resinous trees and the pine cones which strew the ground. Of course, an inland links has its drawbacks, especially one among the pines, for if one is doing badly, one spends more time than one wants to amidst the cones and trees, and this naturally has a somewhat injurious effect on one's temper, and one then longs for the open course by the sea, forgetting that even there there are other traps quite as unpleasant waiting for the pulled or sliced shot.

I often wonder, before golf became so popular, what one used to do on Saturday and Sunday. For the business man the game is invaluable, and the week-end golf means years on to his life. One of the greatest charms of the game is its uncertainty. One starts for the first tee

full of strength and confidence, telling oneself what a wonderful round one is going to play. Alas! after the first few holes, the confidence has disappeared, and nothing remains but the brute strength, which is rendered still more brutal by the bitter disappointment of the first few holes. As the game progresses, the brute strength gradually disappears, and a state of resignation sets in, and from that moment, though, of course, too late, the play improves. My experience is, that when one feels very fit and strong, one does not, as a rule, play half as well as when one feels a little slack. I fancy the feeling of slackness makes one take it easier, with the result that one's eye is not jerked off the ball. Of course, one has spells of playing badly for weeks, when no power on earth seems to do one any good, and then, indeed, deep depression sets in and reigns supreme.

NEW CLUBS AND THE OLD.

I believe when one gets into this state, the thing to do is to discard one's driver

and brassie and go to the nearest club maker and buy entirely new clubs. I have found by doing this that I have suddenly recovered my driving, and once more thought of the pleasures of golf, and have gone home wondering why it had never struck me that it wasn't my fault at all, but the clubs'. Waking up the next morning and, after a good breakfast, proceeding to the links in order to reduce my opponent to a jelly by means of the new clubs, I proceed to hit the ball from the tee full of confidence. Again the confidence is misplaced and instead of hitting as I did the day before, far and straight, I find that every drive is either sliced or pulled, and having put up with this for a few holes and being a few holes down, I promptly discard the new toys and returned to my old loves. "Mirable dictu" I find I can drive perfectly straight and far. This may sound rather *à la Munchausen*, but it is nevertheless true, and I have done this many times with the same result. I think that the reason one gets off one's game is because one

gets into some bad habit, very often from carelessness, and the mere fact of discarding the old club and trying the new one makes one take more pains. One is dealing with a strange animal, consequently the strange animal wants more watching and one instinctively keeps one's eye more on the ball. As the new club, probably, really does not suit one's style, one is apt to go off, suddenly, and when one returns to the old club the fault of not keeping one's eye on the ball has been rectified. Then for some time everything in the garden is lovely and one wins matches and wonders how one can ever play badly. I am afraid I have pointed out in my remarks not only the pleasures of golf, but also its drawbacks, and there is little doubt that the drawbacks only tend to make the game of golf more fascinating than if everything about the game were all *couleur de rose*

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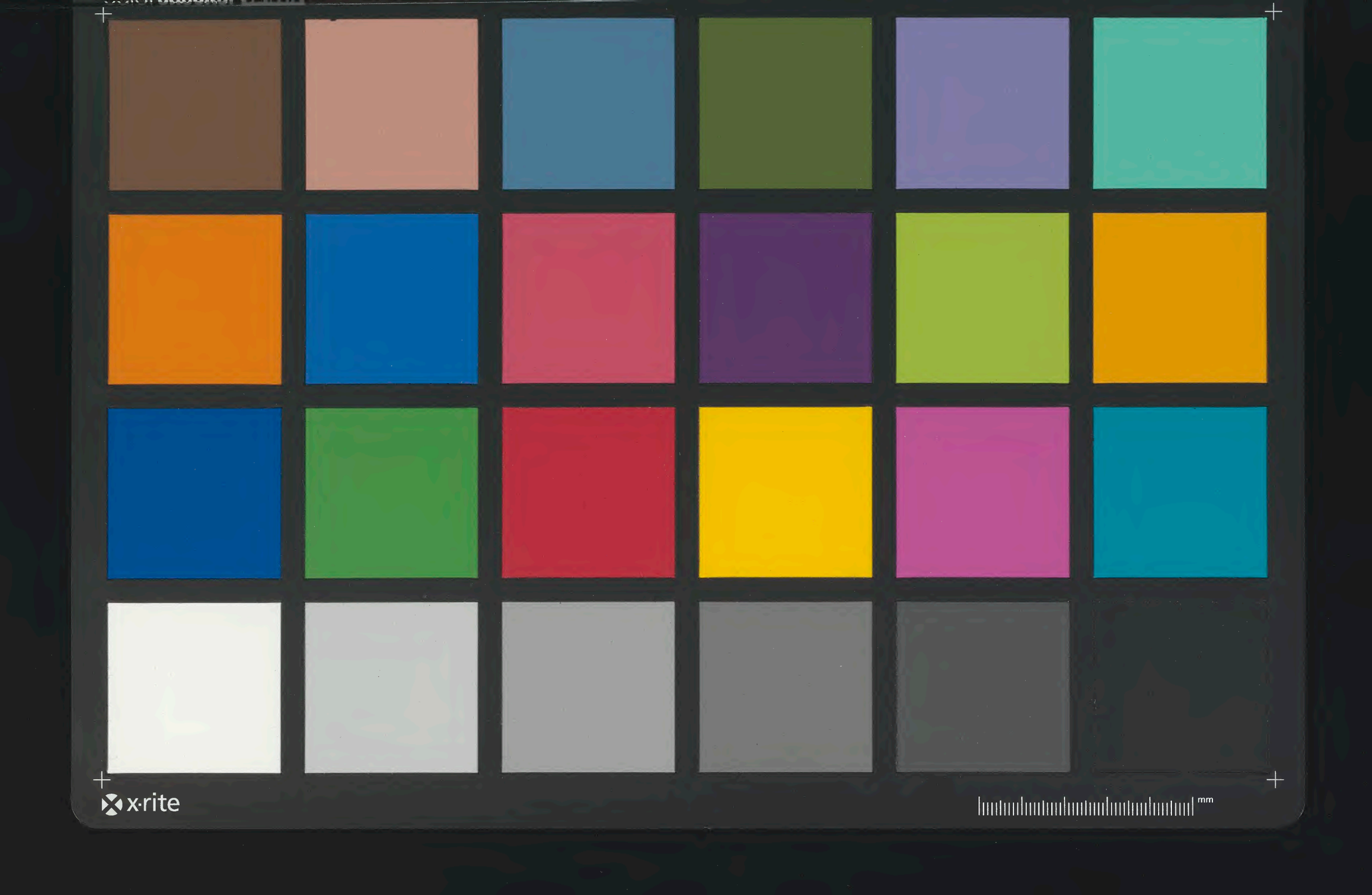
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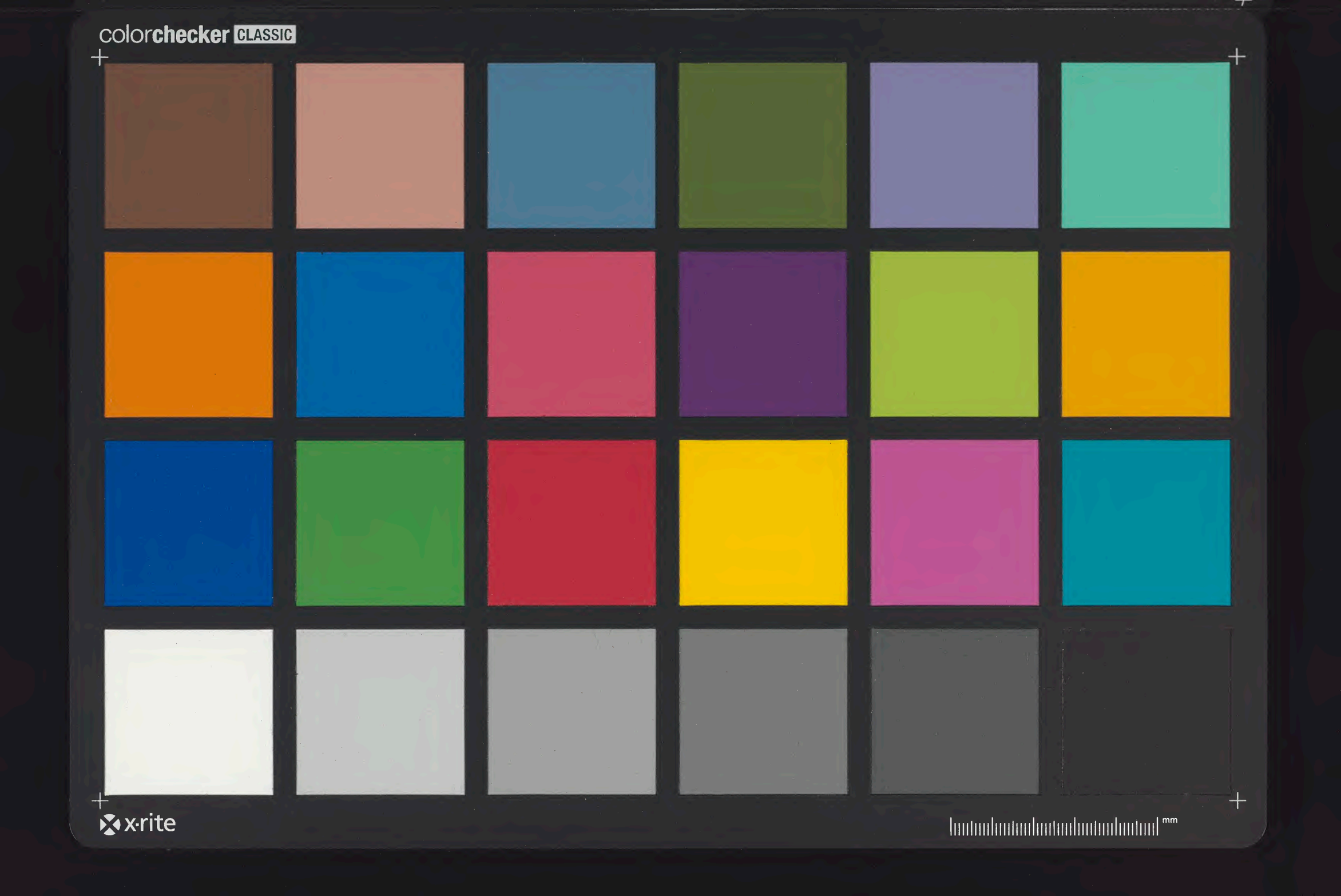
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