

GOLF.

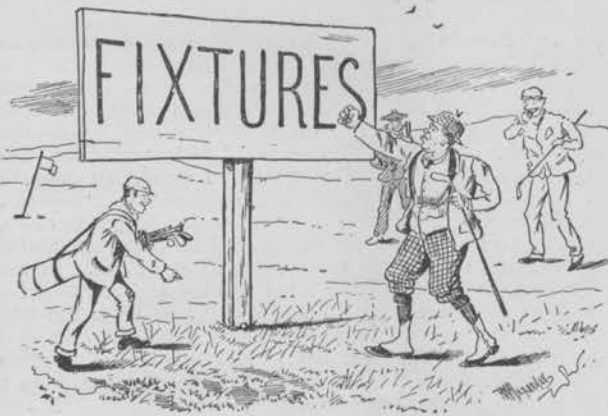
A Weekly Record of "The Royal and Ancient" Game.
"Far and Sure."

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

No. 19. Vol. 1.]
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FRIDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1891.

Price Twopence.
10s. 6d. per Annum, Post Free.
India and the Colonies, 15s.



1891.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 23.—Redhill and Reigate : Dinner at the Métropole—Sir Trevor Lawrence, M. P., President, in the chair.
Jan. 24.—Birkdale : The Captain's Cup.
Whitley : Crawley Prize.
Jan. 26.—Cambridge University : General Meeting.
Jan. 27.—Whitley : The Joicey Cup.
Pau : Macnab Cup.
Jan. 30.—Luffness : Club Handicap Medal ; Captain's and President's Medal.
Jan. 31.—Seaford : Monthly Medal.
Prestwick St. Nicholas : Bailie Wilson's Medal.
Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.
Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Challenge Cup ; Captain's Prize.
Haydock Park : Legh Challenge Cup ; Annual General Meeting and Dinner.

FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 3.—Birkdale : Ladies' Prize.
Feb. 7.—Whitley : Wyndham Cup.
Birkdale : Mackenzie Cup.
Lanark : Quarterly Competition for Gold Ball and other Prizes.
Bowdon : First Monthly Medal Competition with Optional Sweepstakes.
Haydock Park : Captain's Cup.
Aberdeen : Burgmann Cup and Scratch Medal.
Brighton and Hove : Berens Medal.
Feb. 10.—Pau : Town of Pau Gold Medal and St. Andrew's Cross.
Whitley : Joicey Cup.
Royal Epping Forest : Kentish Cup.
Hayling Island Ladies Club : Monthly Competition for Bath Challenge Star.
Feb. 12.—Pau : Town of Pau Gold Medal and St. Andrew's Cross.
Feb. 14.—Whitley : Crawley Prize.
Lytham and St. Anne's : Captain's Cup Competitions.

- Feb. 14.—Tooting Bec : Monthly Medal.
Littlestone : Monthly Medal.
West Herts : Monthly Medal.
Feb. 17.—Pau : May Jubilee Medal.
Feb. 18.—Royal Epping Forest : Spurling-Kentish Gold Medal ; Noakes Cup.
Feb. 21.—Whitley : Emmerson Prize.
Birkdale : Club Medal.
Prestwick St. Nicholas : Meikle and McLaren Prizes.
Disley : Fourth Winter Handicap.
Dublin : Monthly Medal (final).
Aberdeen : Pickop Cup.
Feb. 24.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
Feb. 28.—Birkdale : The Buckley Cup.
Seaford : Monthly Medal.
Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Challenge Cup ; Captain's Prize.
Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional Subscription Prize.
Haydock Park : Legh Challenge Cup.

MARCH

- Mar. 3.—Birkdale : Ladies' Prize.
Hayling Island Ladies Club : Monthly Competition for Bath Challenge Star.
Mar. 7.—Birkdale : Mackenzie Cup.
Aberdeen : Burgmann Cup and Scratch Medal.
Bowdon : Second Monthly Medal.
Brighton and Hove : Berens Medal.
Royal Liverpool : Monthly Medal and Optional Subscription Prizes.
Mar. 10.—Pau : Duke of Hamilton's Medal and Pendant ; Macnab Challenge Cup and Badge.
Whitley : Joicey Cup.
Royal Epping Forest : Kentish Cup.
Mar. 12.—Pau : Havemeyer Cup.
Mar. 14.—Pau : Annual Meeting to elect Officers.
Whitley : Crawley Prize.
Lytham and St. Anne's : Captain's Cup Competition.
Tooting Bec : Monthly Medal.
Littlestone : Monthly Medal.
West Herts : Monthly Medal.
Southport : Monthly Medal.
Mar. 18.—Royal Epping Forest : Spurling-Kentish Gold Medal ; Noakes Cup.
Mar. 19.—Pau : Scratch Gold Medal—Ladies' Club.
Mar. 21.—Disley : Fifth Winter Handicap.
Birkdale : Club Medal.
Whitley : Wyndham Cup.
Royal Epping Forest : Quarterly Medal.
Aberdeen : Pickop Cup.
Brighton and Hove : The De Worms Challenge Cup.
Mar. 24.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
Mar. 26.—Pau : Scratch Silver Medal—Ladies' Cup.
Southport : Spring Meeting.
Mar. 28.—Seaford : Monthly Medal.
Southport : Captain's Cup.
Luffness : Wemyss Challenge Medal.
Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Challenge Cup ; Captain's Prize.

GOLF IN IRELAND—PORTRUSH.

The conquering march of Golf is not limited to England. In Ireland the game has taken a firm and permanent hold; but at present it is mainly confined to the northern counties. Though there is no necessary connection between Unionism and Golf, it is a fact that its votaries are chiefly to be found in the counties where the Protestant population is predominant. I have no doubt that in this part of Ireland the fact that Golf is "Balfour's game," has assisted its popularity; but probably the large admixture of Scotch blood in Ulster has also had its influence in the spread of the amusement. It would be unfortunate if the Nationalists declined to practice the game because the present Chief Secretary is an ardent golfer. I should be glad to see Orangemen and Nationalists exchange the war of the platform and the Senate for a tussle on the golfing green.

The father of Golf in Ireland is Mr. Gilroy, a member of the well-known Dundee family. Mr. Gilroy has taken up his residence permanently in Ireland. He has established the game which he learned at Carnoustie and St. Andrews; and he is now the best amateur player in Ireland. Even the clergy, Episcopal and Presbyterian, have been caught by the prevailing fever, and last August and September many of them might have been seen at Portrush, struggling bravely with sand bunkers and difficult "lies." In fact, so many black coats were seen one day on the green that it suggested to an ingenious youth, the question, "What do clergymen say when they get into a bunker?" The ladies, too, have taken up the game, and in the summer many of them might be seen playing the nine-hole course at Portrush. In all probability a ladies' course will be laid out before next year.

Fortunately, golfers in Ireland have an exceedingly fine course at Portrush—one of the most charming watering-places in the north of Ireland. The town stands in the centre of unrivalled coast scenery, and the pure and bracing air from the Atlantic is a daily tonic. The Portrush Golf Club is one of the strongest in Ireland. It embraces considerably over two hundred members, and the number is constantly increasing. At present the club-house is a small iron house, the accommodation of which is limited; but there is a talk of building a large club-house, which will make Portrush the golfing capital of Ireland. The links, though not so extensive as several of the Scotch courses, offer some splendid hazards. The turf is mostly short and velvety, and the careful and skilful player can generally obtain excellent lies. Two fields have had to be taken in to complete the course of eighteen holes. In these the lies are sometimes indifferent, and on one of them an artificial bunker has been erected at the suggestion of Mr. Horace Hutchinson. The course, however, as a whole, is exceedingly varied and interesting. It affords every kind of play, and some of the hazards are not surpassed, if equalled, on any course in the United Kingdom. Very few of the holes—only some three or four—are on the level. The golfer is constantly ascending and descending, and he has to make many of his drives over intervening "Alps" and "Himalayas." Sand bunkers abound, and are always ready to catch the unwary player. There are two or three brooks on the course, which seem to possess a potent attraction for the ball.

The course measures about 4,900 yards, but this I should explain is as the golfer is compelled to walk, and not as a well driven ball ought to go. In other words, the measurements include the ascents and descents of the player, and in some cases, therefore, the distances are greater than the ball, if properly played, has actually to travel. The first hole, Glenmanus, is about 187 yards, and lies behind a sandy hillock. To go straight for the hole is dangerous, and the first drive is played a little to the left. A good drive brings you within a short iron shot of the green, and it is an easy hole in four. The next hole, "The Glen," is 300 yards, but a straight drive may land you on broken ground. A good stroke a little to the right leaves the ball on beautiful soft turf, and then it is a good brassy or cleek shot to the green. The green lies in a valley, and is somewhat irregular in surface. The hole may be done in four, but it is a good five. The next hole, the "Alps," though only 150 yards, is trying. You have to drive over a steep hill of considerably

height, spotted with sandy patches. Sometimes the iron and sometimes the brassy are used, and if the player clears the hill he is all right. But if the ball strikes the side it either rolls to the bottom or lodges in a patch of sand. If the drive is successful, the hole may be done in three, and easily in four. For the next hole—the "Brook," 250 yards—the drive is over a small stream. It requires a very long drive to carry the burn, and the safer play is to land on this side, and then play an iron or cleek shot on to the green. Then we come to the first of the two holes—"Cameron's"—which may be described as agricultural in their character. The distance is 270 yards, and you have to drive across two roads into a grass field, and then to clear an artificial bunker. A first-class player may get over the bunker in the second shot, but it generally takes three to get to the green and five to hole out. The sixth hole—"Dunluce"—is the longest on the course. It measures over 400 yards, and you have to drive over three turf walls before reaching the green. It is a good hole in five, and generally takes six or seven. The seventh, or "Feather Bed," hole is short and apparently easy. It is only 112 yards, and lies in a soft, grassy hollow. It ought to be always accomplished in three, but if the ball does not go straight the player gets into trouble among brackens. The eighth hole—the "Skerries," 152 yards—is a fine sporting hole. It lies on the top of a hillock, and a straight drive should land the ball on the green. If, however, it goes either to the right or left, or falls short, it may take five to hole out. For the ninth hole, 245 yards—the "Pillar of Hercules"—the player has to send the ball between two hills. If he drives straight he has an excellent lie, and is within an iron shot of the green; but unsteady play lands him in difficulties, and it may be five or six before he holes out. The tenth, or first hole home—the "Rond"—has no particular character. It is 190 yards, lies in one of the fields already mentioned, and should be done in four. In the eleventh, or "the Saucer," hole, which is 230 yards, the player again approaches hilly ground. A good drive, followed by an iron, should deposit the ball on the green, and it is a good hole in four, though not a bad one in five. In the twelfth hole—the "Himalayas," 141 yards—a straight drive should clear the intervening hill and valley, and leave the ball on or near the green. It is sometimes done in three, but oftener takes four. The next hole—"the Chapel"—is perhaps the most sporting on the course. The player drives from a height of 60 or 70 feet. Immediately in front are stretches of bent and sand, and then a marshy burn; and woe betide the player if he lodges in either. The hole lies concealed behind a hillock on the other side of the valley. A long drive may lodge the ball on the brow of this hillock, but the average player attempts to land on a grassy stretch on the other side of the burn. From this a lofting iron shot should take the ball on the green, but if it be over-driven the player again finds himself bunkered. This is a good hole in four, but more frequently it takes five or six. The Gas-Works hole is the shortest in the round. It lies on the other side of a small brook, and is only 90 yards. It is frequently over-shot, but an easy iron shot should land one on the basin which constitutes the green. I saw it done by a lady in two, and it should never take more than three. The next hole—the "Crater"—is only 179 yards, and should not be difficult; but more players come to grief here than in any other part of the course. The hole lies over a frowning declivity of sand. If this is cleared, well and good, but if the ball lodges in the sand it is impossible to say how many strokes may be required to get out of it. As a rule, it is safest to play back, and then clear the bunker by an iron shot. The sixteenth hole, 215 yards, presents no special feature. A good drive lands the ball on a short turf, and then it is an easy shot on to the green. The seventeenth hole—the "Switch-back"—is the second longest on the course, 375 yards, but if the ball be well played there are no dangerous hazards. A good drive and a long brassie shot should land the ball at the foot of the slope, on the top of which the hole lies. It is a good hole in five, but more often it takes six. The last hole, 280 yards, presents no special difficulties. In a recent match, Herd, the professional, with a favouring wind, drove on to the green; but the ordinary player requires at least two shots to get within putting distance, and it is a fair hole in four. The course has been done by the professional in 68, and by Mr. Gilroy in 71, but the scratch figure may be put at 75.

W. JEANS.

THE CHARMS OF GOLF.

This game one finds is very *cleeky*,
But still a *link* to all ;
And those who keep their right position
Will better hit the ball.

The proper thing for ev'ry player,
As you will plainly see,
Is first of all to choose your *caddie*
And then go out to *tee*.

And after that you take your *driver*,
And swing with all your might ;
But angry words are heard, unless
The ball goes out of sight.

Alas! at times with much displeasure,
You strike with rage the ground :
Then air, by way of change, is smitten,
And utters not a sound.

But oh! the time when balls grow tired,
And rest in tufts of grass ;
Though *irons* then are used with vigour,
You feel an awful ass.

For smite you may with anxious faces,
But hope you feel no more,
Your heated mind in fancy pictures
The total of your score.

And strange to say the married ladies,
When trying hard to hit,
In wonder find they're only *misses*
But do not care a bit.

The game's arranged for two or *foursome*,
And *Spoons* allowed in play,
But *Putters*, *Brassies*, also *Mashies*
Will send the ball away.

Round ev'ry hole the ground is level,
And called a *putting-green*,
Here flags are placed with twofold colours,
To be more plainly seen.

The game, we know, is but an old one,
But old things oft are best.
Above six hundred years it's lasted,
Proof worthy of our test.

Beverley, October, 1890.

C. H. WHITTLE.

Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P., delivered an address last week on gambling and betting. He said that he was not able to speak on this question from personal work among young men, but he had been brought into contact with the evil effects of gambling and reckless speculation, and had been able to see what a fearful temptation it was, and how it got hold of and seemed to engross all the thoughts of those who came under its power. He had, therefore, felt it to be his duty to attempt to the best of his power to support the movement and indicate what practical work he thought might be done in order to resist the spread of those evils. He took a very keen interest in sport, and he had admiration for bodily prowess, but it was in connection with this love of sport in its truest and purest sense of the word that he had been first led to form a very strong opinion regarding gambling. He had had some thirty years' experience of keen interest in sport, but he had not made a bet for at least twenty-five years. Numbers of young fellows who were working in minor situations in various towns of the country had been brought to misery and oftentimes to crime by being tempted to think they could gain money by indulging in betting.

GOLF ON SUNDAY.

THE question must be faced, the sooner the better. If it is wrong, let us know the reason why ; if it is not wrong, then do not let us be afraid of saying why we think so.

Of course, to those who condemn every kind of bodily recreation on Sunday, and maintain that it is a day which must be altogether spiritual in its use, and given up from morning to night to directly religious acts, the answer is a delightfully simple one.

But there is an ever increasing number of people who are growing dissatisfied with this aspect of the Sunday.

It is impossible for most men to spend the whole day in devotion. Indeed, it is questionable whether from a religious point of view it would be wholesome if they could do it. We want religion brought into every week-day, not concentrated into one day in the week.

But, even if it were possible, can it be said that this is the intention of the Day of Rest? It is made for man, for the whole man, body and mind as well as spirit.

It is a day of recreation or refreshment, and true recreation whether of body or mind or spirit consists not in doing nothing, but in change of occupation.

Hence, on a Sunday well kept, body, mind, and spirit must each be employed if they are to be recreated or refreshed.

More than that, these three parts of man, inasmuch as they make up the unity of the man, cannot be treated as though they did not belong to one another. Nay, they always act and react on one another, whether in work or play. Leave out one of them, let part of the man be idle on Sunday, and the rest of the man inevitably suffers.

What provision then is made for man's recreation or refreshment on Sunday?

His spirit is to find its recreation in religious worship, his mind in wholesome and improving literature and conversation ; but his body? Well, is this really to lie fallow; is it in very truth a necessity of a well-kept Sunday that his bodily powers are to be unemployed, is it better to lounge about and smoke all Sunday afternoon than to have good healthy recreation?

And if the body of a man is to be refreshed by change of employment, why should Golf be tabooed?

On the contrary there are things connected with it which go to make it a very suitable form of Sunday recreation. No caddies are allowed on Sundays. There is, therefore, no compulsory work, nor is there the temptation to voluntary work for money which is often more dangerous than direct compulsion.

The offence to weak brethren which would be caused by playing some games is avoided, for, as a rule, Golf links are at a distance from a town and out of the way.

Moreover, while cricket or football attract large numbers of people as spectators, the Golf links, even on a week day, are hardly patronised by any except those who are playing

It should, however, be borne in mind (1) that inasmuch as Sunday is for the whole man, recreation for the body must not occupy the whole day, and Golf ought to be strictly restricted to Sunday afternoons. (2) That if true recreation is change of occupation, then Sunday Golf ought to be for those who cannot play during the week, not for those who can play at other times.

May we not hope that the ideal Sunday for those who are hardworked every week-day will be realised one day? A morning in which the duty of worship to God is recognised, an afternoon spent in healthy exercise such as Golf affords, and an evening in the home passed in pleasant intercourse and quiet reading.

A GOLF-PLAYING PARSON.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The amateur championship meeting which will be this year played at St. Andrews, has been fixed to take place on the three last days of the spring medal week of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club—viz., Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 7th, 8th, and 9th, of May next. This is about the usual time at which the meeting has been hitherto fixed, and the time of the fixture has been, as heretofore, decided upon with a view to as little as possible clashing with any of the great spring meetings. It will be observed, too, that the open championship meeting also takes place under the auspices of the Royal and Ancient this year, so that we have the coincidence of both the great annual events of the golfing world occurring at the same place in one year. The coincidence has never happened before. It would not have happened this year but for the advent of an interruption in the routine established under the original conditions regulating the amateur championship.

In point of fact the amateur championship should this year have been played at Prestwick but for a break in the rotation, caused by the decision of a meeting of the representatives at Hoylake last May, that decision being to the effect that for the time to come, instead of being played by rotation over St. Andrews, Hoylake, and Prestwick, as originally provided, the meeting should take place alternately over St. Andrews and Hoylake. Hence the circumstance that the meeting, having been held at Hoylake under the auspices of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club last year, takes place this year at St. Andrews, under the auspices of the Royal and Ancient. Why the original agreement should have been ruptured has never been made known in any general way. It is worthy of note that none of the Prestwick representatives were present, I believe for very good reasons, and it is believed that the movement for the alteration adopted originated among the St. Andrews' representatives. One would like to understand what reason could have dictated a step that was certain to be received, to say the very least of it, with keen disappointment by the large body of golfers in the West of Scotland. It is hardly likely that the club at Prestwick were anxious to have the meeting banished from their green, and, if they were, it is not likely that they would encourage a step that was certain to be unpopular in the district, and give rise to an unpopularity that would react upon themselves. So far as the general public are aware, indeed, the Prestwick club have showed nothing but a desire to maintain the *status quo* as regards the amateur championship. That being so, is it too much to hope that there may be a reconsideration of the whole matter, with a view to at least ascertaining whether the resolution of the Hoylake Conference was justified, or, whether it was justified or not, what was the reason of the resolution that set Prestwick and the West of Scotland aside? It cannot be that the Royal and Ancient is jealous of the reputation of Prestwick. That is preposterous, and unless a very clear case is made out I feel certain that St. Andrews will be perfectly ready to re-open a question which seems to have been rather too hastily disposed of.

J. M'BAIN.

SOME GOLFING TRIALS.

When Linnæus of yore saw the gorse bushes, bright
With a bloom like a golden sea,
By silent weeping he showed his delight
Their wonderful glory to see ;
But had he been golfing and come on his ball
Fixed fast in the roots of a whin,
His ardour for shrubs might have gone to the wall,
And been changed for expressions of sin.

CHORUS —

But strive to keep cool and your temper to rule,
Though wretched your fortune may be,
Or the match will be lost, and you'll find to your cost
The mistake of the big big D.

Geology opens a history vast,
Which tells us of piled-up strata,
And the marvellous work of the centuries past
As the world grew greater and greater.
But when in a bunker you ruefully stand,
For science you've small admiration ;
And you wish to the deuce that the stratum of sand
Had no place in the scheme of creation.

Chorus—But strive, &c.

Oh, sweet is the smell of the fast growing grass
When the drops of the soft summer rain
Have come as a gift from the clouds as they pass
To water the thirsty plain.
But when the green blades are fast wrapped round your ball,
And the odd it is yours to play,
You humbly opine there is nothing at all
Like the scent of the stored up hay.

Chorus—But strive, &c.

When into the maw of a deep stiff rut
Your third must needs helplessly roll,
While Jones (that impostor) has one little putt
To win a most critical hole ;
As he stands there triumphant, and stirs up your gall
With his humbugging commiseration,
You'd give half-a-guinea to drive a spare ball
Right into his fat corporation.

Chorus—But strive, &c.

You need (you consider) the fine self-command
Of holy Saint F. of Assisi,
To play with old Gollop you *can't* understand
How he sometimes can beat you so easy ;
Why he mows with his club like a scythe—never mind,
Carry out your resolves to the letter ;
And if the old buffer *does* leave you behind,
Just think you deserve something better.

Chorus—Then strive, &c.

Then Jobson believes he can give you a third,
And said so last week at the meeting,
While *you* know, but for luck and his fortune absurd,
You could give *him* a half and a beating.
He's ahead at this moment, "just look at the fool
As he swaggers," you say—you're forgetting,
If you don't keep your temper and stick to your rule,
You'll shortly be out of the betting.

Chorus—So strive, &c.

Now, my friend, though you think you can drive like a Park,
And putt and approach like John Ball,
Your critics will often have cause to remark
You are far-ish from scratch after all.
Play hard, but be friendly, think less of yourself,
Leave acting the carper and scoffer,
And when you are finally laid on the shelf,
We'll remember a jolly good golfer.

Chorus—So strive, &c.

R. F.

COMPETITION BY CLASSES.

GOLFERS have talked and written a deal of late about competitions in classes, but in practice any change that has been made has tended to competition *en masse*. The first of all class distinctions, viz.: Class I., women, Class II., men, looks a little as if it were going to be abolished. Ladies are sinking into Class II., and golf upon the men's links; men are in revolt, and compete with the ladies on the short links.

A while ago a professional golfer observed: "The only difference I see between Mr. A. and Mr. B. (naming two crack amateurs) and the professionals is that they get mair to eat and mair to drink." It would greatly have surprised the speaker to be told that Mr. A. and Mr. B. could receive this criticism in any other than the highly complimentary sense in which it was intended. And whether or no he considered the "mair to eat and mair to drink" an advantage, from the point of view of the golfing idealist, it certainly suggests a new basis of classification.

In a prospectus, recently to hand, of a Golf Club in formation at Hyères, the information is incidentally supplied that "some of the drives are 400 yards long." It is only from the pen of M. Zola that we hitherto have been able to cull such measurements as these. Possibly the volatile air of France is peculiarly favourable to the flight of gutta-percha—as of dynasties—but at all events it necessitates the creation of a new class, if not a new links, where the "Riviera golfer" may play by himself, and endeavour to follow the ball with a telescope and a bicycle.

But the more ordinary basis of the proposed classification follows the lines of the handicap. All who get points up to twelve, say, shall be in a class by themselves, and compete for their prize—unvexed by those who get anything between twelve and twenty-four, say—and these again shall be at peace in their competings from the demonstrations of the casual and criminal classes, who get twenty-four and upwards. Now just as it is in the social scale that all classes, though varying in wealth and culture, are of fair respectability and a credit to themselves and the nation, until we come to the two lowest classes of all—the casual and the criminal; so, too, all down the scale of golfing respectability, we find players who know the game and play it in its integrity, though humbly, until we come to the lowest stratum of all in which the casuals and criminals are digging divots and never replacing the turf, are putting down their clubs in bunkers, are allowing their caddies to score for them, are treading down worm-casts behind their ball, are committing all the thousand and one little playfulnesses by which the ordinary beginner—that *ingénue* of the worst type—gets many an unfair advantage over the respectable golfer.

Now of persons who of their deliberate choice remain in the criminal class there are, happily, not many; and such—the bad counters, the graspers of every possible advantage, the men who move just a little (a very little is enough) to

put the adversary off—are under the espionage of a fairly efficient police, who have no fine feeling about arresting them. But it is the casuals, those who sin through light-hearted ignorance, the cricketers who define Golf as "a game which ruins the temper and does not open the pores," the men who believe Golf to be "a very good Sunday game," who do not know the rules or care about them, or see "what a drivelling old man's game like Golf wants with rules at all," these are the sort of "blatant beasts" who crowd the casual class and are the golfing social plague spot. Really, they are not a mite worse in their effect than the criminal class, and generally they are very good fellows in their way, but why in the world will they not learn the rules? Truly they deserve no mercy. They can read, and though it is true the rules are a little difficult, there are crowds of Gamaliels of the Golf rules who are crying for young men to come and sit at their feet.

It is the golfer of this stamp who affords us the real basis of classification, and the real evidence of its necessity. About the people who get twelve or twenty you may do as you please. You may divide the golfers in your club into as many classes as you like, and let them all play even within these classes, or let the handicapping arrangements still hold good—it does not matter the value of an Eclipse Golf ball. But what does matter a little—so far as anything matters—is, that a golfer who plays respectably (*i. e.*, according to the rules) should be at the mercy of a competitor who reaps all sorts of advantages by neglecting the rules. This is really a shame, and the remedy is to recognise the necessity of a classification which shall divide, as by a great gulf, the golfer of the respectable class who respects himself, as a golfer, and is at the pains of learning the rules, and abiding by them, and the casual and criminal classes who know not the rules, or knowing, disregard them.

But this is an invidious distinction, crudely stated. It is impossible to tell a golfer he is a casual or a criminal, but it is easy to treat him as such. You can hardly institute an examination on the rules, and even if you did you would not catch the criminals; but you can quite well act upon the handicap, and get into the habit of recognising, say, all who receive less than twenty-four—and not that fictitious twenty-four which is really thirty, and is arrived at by putting some men behind scratch, but a real twenty-four points from the best player in the club—recognise these as the respectable classes, and all beyond that mark as casuals or criminals. Then offer your prizes to either class, separately—one to the respectable people and one, if you like, to be scrambled for by the proletariat. Indeed, there is no hardship to them in this. They play a game but little resembling Golf, and their idea of the rules is little better than chaotic—for the most part they dance and sing and Golf on Corybantic methods—and though there will be an occasional humble member of the respectable classes who may deem himself hardly treated by being put in the company of sinners, he must remember that we are golfers in a world of

compromise, in which it is often Nature's law that the individual's pain shall be the profit of the species—

So try to think how wise it is—
The Providential plan—
That *he* should be a Johnny Ball
And *I*, a "thirty" man.

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

CURLING IN EAST LOTHIAN.

On the Balgone pond on Thursday of last week the North Berwick and Gilmerton clubs competed for the Caledonian Club medal for the district. Three hours' play took place, two rinks a-side, resulting in favour of North Berwick by ten shots.

The scores were:—North Berwick: Mr. J. Brodie, 24; Mr. A. Wallace, 15; total 39. Gilmerton: Mr. Gillespie, 14; Mr. Brunton, 15; total 29.

Aberlady and Gladsmuir also played at Balgone, after the County Cup competition, for their Caledonian district medal. The former won by six shots, the scores being:—Aberlady: Mr. J. M'Laren, 20; Mr. G. Sinclair, 14; total 34. Gladsmuir: Mr. W. Gemmell, 9; Mr. C. Dickson, 19; total 28.

Another attempt is to be made to introduce polo among the sports of Paris. The game was popular in Paris for a short period some years ago, but was suddenly abandoned and soon forgotten. It is now proposed to revive it, and ground has been obtained for the purpose in the Bois de Boulogne, near the skating club and pigeon-shooting inclosure. The honorary president of the committee is Prince Murat, and the members of the same body are Viscount de la Rochefoucauld, Duke de Luynes, Duke de Morny, Viscount de Janzé, M. Delagarde, and M. Maurice Raoul-Duval—the last-mentioned gentleman being the principal organizer of the polo revival. The number of members will be fifty, and thirty-five have already been enrolled. The entrance-fee is £8, and the rules will be the same as those of the Hurlingham Club. Polo will undoubtedly prove another attraction for fashionable Parisians during the forthcoming spring, and is sure to bring many fair onlookers out to the inclosure, which is accessible by the Avenue des Acacias. The game ought to take root in French soil this time.



Golf as played in Scotland, from a Cockney point of view.

With the permission of Bovril, Limited, and Messrs. K. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.



WHAT IS A GOLF CLUB?—A PROTEST.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In your issue of the 9th inst., I see that the ridiculous argument about "What is a Golf club?" is still being carried on. Now, is it not time that this kind of thing should cease? If a person wants to write a letter let him write about something sensible—viz., for the benefit of the golfing race, such as the making of new rules, the formation of clubs, the laying out of links, and other useful suggestions which are worth reading. Week by week we see letters in this journal which are a pleasure to read, letters which are no doubt of great benefit to clubs, and to golfers individually, and then to see a weak, foolish letter such as "What is a Golf club?" placed side by side with a letter full of sense, is ludicrous in the extreme. I hope, in fact I am sure, that there are many others besides myself who are of the same opinion, and I should be glad if some of your readers would kindly confirm what I have said.

At the same time, may I ask if anything is being done about commencing the notices of births, marriages and deaths? I think that if a scale of charges were inserted, it might help this step forward.

I am, Sir, &c.,

SHORT SPOON.

January 12th, 1891.

[We insert this letter not because we have any sympathy with it, but in order to show how difficult it is to please every reader, and what trivial circumstances are made the ground of complaint. This correspondent forgets the admirable maxim—*Quot homines, tot sententiae*. The question of "What is a Golf Club?" is by no means a foolish one, nor a purely academical one. It has often been raised before and keenly debated; and, probably, if our correspondent waits a little longer, he will find that the reasons for asking the question are not so entirely frivolous as he imagines. (2) We have already inserted several marriages, but no births or deaths; and a scale of charges for this branch of social economy will be found on another page. Any information wanted on this head can be had by applying direct to the advertising agents.—ED.]

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—No doubt "G. M." is a very fine golfer, and in the knowledge of his own superiority can afford to look down with contempt on the inventions of such novices as Henry Lamb and Willie Park. But even this superiority of his hardly qualifies him to condemn a club which he acknowledges that he has never seen. Golf having spread tremendously, many people, who never heard of the game five years ago, now bring their quota of intelligence to devise clubs calculated to enable players to improve their game.

Your correspondent talks incoherently of stimpies and coa hammers, but does not answer my request to him to point out where the old-fashioned putter excels over the new one. I don't mind telling him that I, in conjunction with lots of good golfers, consider that the nearer one can get to one's ball and the more upright the swing is the more likely one is to putt straight; also that the weight of the club-head being evenly distributed all

over it, the ball runs much truer when struck than when the weight is concentrated on one part by lead. Until he can bring some better argument forward to convince me than his vague talk about a club he has never seen, he must excuse me if I prefer to stick to my own ideas, whether he puts his money on or not.

Yours truly,
PROGRESS.

A MOVED BALL—WHAT IS IT?

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In the ably written article contributed by "J. P. C.," a point has been touched which has created much soreness and heart burning. Unhappily, with the spread of the game, a great deal of laxity and non-observance of old-established law and custom have crept in. I do not agree, however, that the young players and the southern players are wholly to blame. A great many Scotchmen who pride themselves on knowing all the detailed points of technical difficulty are not above profiting by the ignorance or generosity of the other side, whereas you would expect them to deal frankly, and, in the true spirit of the game, yield to the penalty.

"J. P. C." is right in his verbal criticism of the rules, the one as played at St. Andrews and the other at Wimbledon. But he forgets that the southern rule was an attempt to improve upon the heretofore slipshod and frequently inaccurate language employed in earlier years by way of definition. A great deal of improvement is even yet needed, and I hope the article of your correspondent may arrest the attention of that apparently somnolent committee who are understood to be now revising the rules. By the way, if I might offer a suggestion to this body it would be this—to publish in your columns an official statement of the improvements and emendations in the rules they intend to make, to allow all golfers an opportunity of discussing and suggesting alterations or wordings, or, in other words, throw the rules into the melting-pot of your columns, to be beaten up and moulded by free and ample discussion. This would be better than informal talk over a round table.

I am, Sir, &c.,

January 17th.

S. L.

REMARKABLE GOLFING INCIDENTS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I do not think that a ball being knocked off the tee as the player is striking is so rare a circumstance as some of your correspondents seem to think. I well remember a few years ago playing with Mr. A. Sinclair (then captain of the Hoylake Golf Club) at Hoylake. We were playing out of the Punch Bowl hole coming home. Mr. Sinclair had his ball teed, and was in the act of striking, when a ball being played by a party going outwards knocked his ball off the tee. Mr. Sinclair saw the ball, but was too late to stop his stroke. This was decidedly a rub of the green, but hard lines all the same.

Yours faithfully,

January 16th.

A. L.

A RECORD OF LOWEST SCORES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—You were kind enough to insert my letter in your last issue, and to add that you would be glad to publish quarterly a list of the "records" of the various greens. You say, however, that it will be necessary for those who have established these records to send to you an authentic report. I believe that the vast majority of the professionals and amateurs who have made these scores will not—from want of energy, delicacy of feeling, or some other motive—be induced to send them to you of their own accord. It was for this reason that I proposed that the secretaries of the various clubs should be asked to take the task upon themselves as an official matter. Of course, in many cases, several clubs play over the same course; but it would not,

I fancy, be difficult to ascertain which could claim the honour of possessing the player who had established the record. In those cases where the lowest scores have been made by players who are not members of any club, the secretary of the local club might be asked to ascertain the details of the "record."

The "Golfing Annual" gives almost all the lowest scores of the various clubs which are noticed in its Directory. In several cases, no doubt, these are identical with the record of the green. About a dozen clubs also mention the lowest score ever made on their course. But, since the "Golfing Annual" does not give all the required information, my proposal is that the secretaries of all the local clubs be asked to ascertain the details of the occasion on which the "record" for their green was established, and that all such information be sent to you for publication in your paper. Many of those who would not send their scores direct to you will be glad to furnish the secretary of a club with all that is required.

I am, Sir, &c.,

ERIC.

January 17th, 1890.

"RECORDS," AS GIVEN IN THE "GOLFING ANNUAL" FOR 1889-1890.

1. St. Andrews.—Hugh Kirkcaldy; July, 1889—
4 5 4 3 5 5 3 3 3 3 3 4 4 5 5 5 4 5=73
2. Carnoustie.—Archie Simpson; April, 1889—
74
3. North Berwick.—Bernard Sayers; 1888—
5 5 3 4 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 4 5 3=66
4. Musselburgh.—Mr. J. E. Laidlay; 1876—
5 5 5 3 4 3 3 3 3 3 6 5 4 4 4 4 5 3=72
5. Prestwick.—Willie Campbell—
71
6. Aberdeen.—Robbie Mearns; November, 1889—
4 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 5 4 4 5 4 4 3 3 4 4=69
7. Leven.—Jack Simpson; 1884—
78
8. Luffness.—Mr. J. E. Laidlay; August, 1889—
4 4 5 4 5 3 4 4 5 3 4 3 3 4 4 4 3 3=69
9. Dornoch.—Archie Simpson; July, 1889—
4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 5 4 4 4=73
10. Alnmouth.—Mr. J. E. Laidlay; 1888—
(for 9 holes) 35

BALL IN RABBIT SCRAPE.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I see that your correspondent, "Viator," is in a difficulty about a ball wedged in a rabbit scrape. He omits to say whether the game was under match or medal play. This is important, in order to decide what should be done and what penalty should be imposed. If it was match play, then according to the rule, "Viator" must play the ball wherever it lies, or give up the hole. If in medal play he could loosen the ball in the sand (as in mud) and replace it, afterwards playing it as it lay; or, alternatively, he could lift and drop behind the hazard, counting two. See St. Andrews' rules, Rule V., par. 18.

I believe, however, that some greens have local rules dealing with rabbit scrapes, as at Hoylake and Gullane. As shown by Mr. Everard in his admirable article last week, there is a rule at Hoylake to the effect that a ball, though well seen, but out of reach in a rabbit-hole, is to be treated as a lost ball, a stroke and the distance being the penalty. At Gullane, on the other hand, I understand there is a bye-law enabling a player to lift out of a rabbit scrape.

But the solution of "Viator's" difficulty depends upon the rules of the green over which he played, and whether it was under match or medal play.

J. ATKINSON.

Edinburgh, January 19th.

EXORCISM EXTRAORDINARY.

I WAS once sent to the hills, with a detachment under Major S. of "ours." Arrived at our camping ground, we settled our men for the night, and, after having ourselves dined, we were smoking quietly, stretched out in easy chairs, with "pegs" by our side, gazing at the weird beauty of the scene before us. In the far background the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas glistened in the bright moonlight, while the intervening expanse of richly-wooded valley was a magnificent example of *chiaro-scuro*, such as Nature alone can produce. Everywhere the most profound silence reigned, only occasionally broken by the cry of a "Kakur," or the hoarse shout of the sentry below—"No. 1, and all's well." I had been on the sick-list in the plains, and the cool touch of the hill air was very grateful and reinvigorating; indeed, I already began to feel so much better that I communicated the fact to the Major, and our conversation turned upon the virtues of the hill air, the veritable panacea for all lowland complaints. From this, the transition was easy to human disorders generally, and their remedies; and, at last, we found ourselves discussing demonianism, of all things in the world, and the most approved means, ancient and modern, of inducing evil spirits to quit their human tenements.

"*A propos* of devils," said the Major, "be they blue, or of whatever tint you please, about twenty years ago, when I was in Chamba, I effected a most extraordinary dispossession. Did I ever tell you of it?"

"No, Major," said I, "never. But I am all ears now; so, if you don't object, let us have the story."

"Well, as you will see," he began, "it was not a case of air-cure, though the water-cure did play a part in the business. It happened thus. When I was a gay young 'five-and-threepenny assassin,' I was lucky enough to get six months' leave 'in India.' At that time my rifle had long been my idol—as, indeed, it is now—so it is small wonder that within a month of my leave being granted I was to be seen trudging wearily and painfully up a hill-path in Chamba, followed by two gun-bearers. We had started early in the morning, and Heaven only knows how many miles we had gone, but of this I am certain, that I was 'done to a turn.' Thus far, not a trace of tahr, which was the chief object of our pursuit, or, for the matter of that, of any other game had we seen. The chase began to bear a striking resemblance to that of the 'wild goose,' a sport unworthy of an officer of my distinction. My *amour-propre* was wounded, and my temper at last broke bounds. The gun-bearers, as might be expected, had to bear the brunt of my first explosions, and we had covered another mile or so of ground before these were expended. Our destination for the night was a village called Tara, whither I had sent in advance my coolies with my tent, and it seemed to me high time that we should be nearing it; but there was no sign of it. Bad sport and weariness depressed me to such an extent that I began to meditate an actual assault on a

gun-bearer, by way of a little 'pick-me-up.' The only living specimen of humanity that we had met had told us that Tara was two kos (four miles) further on. This was at about twelve (noon). It was now dusk, and we had been on the move continuously, and still no Tara. Suddenly I heard a rustle and a thump! This was followed by the appearance of a boy, who had just slipped down a rock on to the track. He was promptly collared by the gun-bearers, and being interrogated told us that if we kept on round the next point we should see the village just below us. This cheering intelligence nerved me for a final effort; and better still, it proved to be true; for, having just managed to crawl round the said point, I descried the lights of the village just below. I reached the village, after two falls (in which luckily I broke nothing), but on inquiring for my coolies, imagine my consternation when I was told that nothing had been heard of them. I asked for the patel, or headman of the place, and fiercely demanded of him my tent, my coolies, and my cook. 'We have not seen them,' said he. 'They must be here,' said I, 'because I sent them forward by the direct road.' 'Well,' said he, 'they have not arrived.' 'But, what am I to do?' I cried; 'I can't sleep in the open, and I must have something to eat!' To cut a long palaver short, the old man at last agreed to put me up at his house for the night, and to knock me up the best dinner he could.

"In these days the natives had some respect for a Sahib. The Ilbert Bill had not as yet been dreamed of, so the old man led me very ceremoniously into his house, where I was soon comfortably seated upon a sheepskin rug, which the patel's son, a fine young hillman, provided for me. Thus seated, or rather squatted, with my back against the wall, I rested and awaited dinner. Somewhere, apparently in the interior of the house, I heard a violent scrimmage, and shortly afterwards the patel's son appeared dragging a sheep by the horns. This sheep was destined to be my dinner. It was soon killed, and some of it cooked, and I had a good square meal.

"After dinner, I lit my pipe and began talking with the old man. In the course of the conversation, he grew very confidential, and informed me of the awful fact that he was possessed by a devil! Naturally, I felt a little apprehensive, at first, as to the tendencies of his diabolical possessor. It appeared to me as barely possible that my slumbers might be unpleasantly permanent, and so I questioned my host somewhat closely as to the idiosyncrasies and predilections of his particular demon. I soon diagnosed his case sufficiently to reassure myself, and I gravely told him that I was able and willing to exorcise the intruding spirit, and that, if he were quite agreeable, I would do so on the following day. But I made it a condition that he should swear by all his gods to follow my instructions to the letter, and I solemnly assured him that the most awful consequences, for time and for eternity, would ensue upon the least disobedience. I pointed out that here his last state would be worse than his first; while hereafter—well, we

will draw a veil over that picture! The old man accepted my offer, and pledged himself to the strict observance of every condition; and I turned in, and, despite the somewhat restless company of a few millions of bedfellows, slept soundly.

"Next morning, on awaking, I found that my coolies had arrived. I recollected my promise, and found my host nervously waiting for operations to commence; but I deferred these till after breakfast, and meantime clothed my words and general demeanour with as much mystery and solemnity as I could muster up. The news of my arrival, and of the momentous undertaking in which I had engaged, spread like wild-fire through the hill side. 'The Hakim-Sahib is going to cast out old Ram Singh's devil!' Accordingly, by about ten o'clock a wondering and awe-stricken multitude of both sexes, and of all ages, had assembled in front of the house, and in their presence I led forth the patel to an open space just outside the village, and, to gain time for my own preparations, ordered him off to some little distance to do puja, bidding him return in about half-an-hour. Then for a while I, too, retired from public gaze to prepare. First, I extracted the powder from a couple of cartridges, and mixed it with sufficient flour to completely disguise it. Next, I unscrewed the big lens of my telescope. Then I blackened my face, put on my clothes inside out, pinned a red blanket over my shoulders, and adorned my helmet with two or three prodigious feathers. This completed my personal get-up,—a matter of paramount importance when one is meditating the perpetration of a pious fraud upon Asiatics, and second only to the ceremonial, of which you will hear more in the proper place. My only materials and apparatus consisted of the whitened gunpowder, the telescope lens, and my two rifles, which I loaded with blank ammunition for fear of accidents. Thus arrayed and equipped, I walked with slow and majestic stride to the place to which I had ordered the patel to return. The crowd followed me at a respectful distance in breathless wonder. I found the patel sitting on the ground with a knot of men and boys round him, while the women, of whom there were not a few, kept more in the background, though apparently intensely interested. Advancing to the patel I, in a terrible voice, bade him strip to his lungi immediately. He, after some little demur, obeyed amid the sniggers of the ladies. I then placed him flat on his back, with a man holding each limb tight down, so that he could not possibly move. On either side I stationed one of my gun-bearers with a loaded rifle. Their orders were to fire both barrels at once on the word of command being given, under penalty of having their pay docked, and their 'chits,' or letters of recommendation from former employers, destroyed. And now all being ready, I three times executed a mystic dance round the prostrate patel. By way of exciting a few preliminary sensations of uneasiness, I used my lens as a burning glass, and tickled him up a little with it in various parts of his person. Then I placed the whitened gunpowder on his

stomach, and, after a short incantation, bade the trembling Shikarries be ready. At the same instant that I gave them the word of command I applied the burning glass to the loose powder, and there was a simultaneous fizz—bang! The patel howled, the men let go of his limbs, and a murmur of 'wah, wah' arose from the crowd of spectators. I then addressed the patel somewhat as follows:—'The demon has now left you. But let me assure you that he will return unless you are regular in your prayers, at the place which I appoint. And I order and adjure you to go daily to the river, and there say your prayers.' I then gave him a couple of pills, restored myself as soon as possible to a civilized appearance, packed up my blankets and other traps, boned the rest of the sheep and marched."

"Well, Major," said I, "your story is singular, but I don't quite see your diagnosis of the case. What you did not, for obvious reasons, disclose to the patel, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me."

"Not a bit," said the Major. "The fact was, that his account of his symptoms convinced me that they were simply those of sluggish liver. He was a corpulent, indolent old boy, and I saw that what he really wanted was a little regular daily exercise; and, therefore, I made him promise to go to the river and back daily to prayers. The river was two miles off his house, so he would get four miles of walking a day, which was about enough for him. Of course, one had to invent a ceremony, which was an absolute essential. I had the rifles fired, ostensibly to help the devil on his way, but really, to disguise the smell of the loose powder. The bystanders knew the smell of gunpowder well enough, you may be sure, and I didn't want them to twig that my magic powder was nothing more than gunpowder."

"Did you," I asked, "ever hear anything more of your patient? Was your exorcism effectual after all?"

"Oh! yes," replied the Major. "Two years before you joined, I was passing through Tara again, and I called on the patel. Recognizing me at once, the old fellow threw himself at my feet and kissed them, called me his man-bap (mother and father), and bestowed other epithets of endearment and respect upon me. He said he was at first regular in his prayers for five years, during which the devil left him altogether. In a rash moment, he imagined that his orisons could be performed by proxy, and he tried this for a while, but the devil soon returned. Then he resumed his daily visits to the river and carried out my instructions to the letter, and when I saw him, he was enjoying excellent health, and was free from any demoniac influence."

HARRY DELORAINE.

RUB ON THE GREEN.—A policeman from the Hielands, wishing to signalise himself, tried to capture two men at the same time. He caught one man and the other ran off, so he placed his captured man against a railing, at the same time saying: "Now you'll chest stood there till I go and catch the other man, so that I can take the twice of ye at wanst."



"Do you want to make a sensation in the newspaper world?" inquired an athletic stranger, with rumpled clothes, which did not quite fit him. "Yes, we are always looking for a sensation. What's your proposal?" "Well, see here, Mr. Editor, I'm the only man in the world who has played Golf for five successive years, and never said d——n when I lost a match. Publish my portrait, and your circulation will jump a clear 10,000."

* * *

A LESSON IN TENSES.—The mistress of a poor village school in Sussex was the recipient of a most remarkable piece of juvenile information. The lady had been giving the younger girls a lesson on the tenses of verbs, and, at the close of her discourse, she requested the children to write down in their exercise books a few examples of the manner in which the tenses may be changed. Presently a rustic little nymph intimated by her raised hand and jubilant countenance that she had completed her example of one of these tense changes. When the mistress arrived at the child's desk and looked down at what was written, her own hands immediately became elevated with astonishment, as she read:—"The verb *To be*. Past tense—I *was* a baby. Future tense—I *shall have* a baby."

* * *

It is said that, in the *interregnum* between the reign of the feather ball and of the present nicked gutta-percha ball, when smooth gutties were used, caddies were in the habit of taking them when new to a bunker, and there hacking them well with an iron, in order to insure a straighter flight in windy weather! Some genius (blessings on him!) achieved this object much more scientifically with a chisel. Several specimens of the *ancient* feather ball can be seen in the Edinburgh Industrial Museum. Indeed, there is one in the office of GOLF fifty years old.

* * *

Last year the golfers at Biarritz gave a ball at the Grand Hotel. It was entitled "The Niblick Ball," and all the items on the dance programme were connected in some characteristic way with the game. Thus, at the head of the programme were printed in bold type the words "Keep your Eye on the Ball," the first dance being the "Teeing-off Valse," followed by the "Brassy Valse," the "Lifting Iron Valse," the "Blue Mahoe Lancers," the "Driving Valse," the "Cleek Valse," the "Steel Putter Valse," the "Pigeon Hole Valse," the "Sea Hole Valse," the "Auberge Polka," the "Longspoon Valse," the "Duffers' Quadrille," the "Mashie Valse," the "Shand's Valse," and the "Niblick Cotillon."

* * *

Lord Saltoun has acceded to a request preferred by the members of the Fraserburgh Golf Club for a new course. The ground upon which this will be laid out is of large extent, and will contain eighteen holes and many hazards. When completed, there will be few better links.

* * *

Overheard on the Bournemouth Golf Links:—

NOVICE (a mild parson, *loquitor*).—"I wonder what s the best wood to make club shafts of?"

EXPERIENCED FRIEND.—"Well, *you* ought to know; *gopher* wood of course"!!

Mr. R. J. B. Tait writes:—"I was pleased to see the name of my old friend and antagonist, Mr. Frank Burnet, in your last issue, for a better golfer, a kinder hearted man, one of more decision of character and fixed determination it would be very difficult to find. Having spent much of my time golfing and otherwise with him at Luffness, when I was a boy of fifteen, and when both of us were in the best of our play twenty-one years ago, I write in the belief that it might be of interest to some of his many friends to hear one of my pleasant recollections of him. On Luffness Links there is a hole called the Bunker—all who play there know that. Now this bunker, from which the hole derives its name, is situated on the brow of a high hill, with the hole not many feet behind it—for most players just a capital shot to get into grief, and consequently a good swipe to clear it. Frank having heard from me that young Tom Morris had driven it with his mid-spoon with a wind behind him, at once bet that he would do it on a quiet day with his cleek. He was to be allowed ten shots. He tried it, and after nine unsuccessful shots he put his ball up far past the hole with the tenth. A few days after this, being a medal day, and when at this same hole, his partner asked him whether he was going to drive the bunker with his cleek. He replied, "Whom do you mean to insult?" and calling for his broad sand iron used it, and sent the ball up in grand style. Such a thing as this was never done before, nor, I am very certain, has it been done since. He was an expert calculator, very scientific, a most daring horseman, a crack shot, and very good at billiards, cricket, quoits, and every thing he attempted—and full of humour wital.

* * *

One of the strange phantasies of the Duke of Bedford was his objection to the harmless barber. Up to the year 1872, when the late duke came into possession, Woburn, in common with most places of its size, had its barber. But the Duke would not have a person of that profession in the hamlet, which for years has been bereft of its barber.

* * *

"When a girl of fourteen," writes a correspondent, "I was one of a family party sojourning at a French watering-place then rising into repute, where the English tourist was yet comparatively a curiosity. The solitary jug provided for the ablutions of two young ladies was of so minute a size that we were obliged to keep sending our English maid to refill it at the pump. 'Please miss,' said she one morning, 'what does "too-joo deelo" [water everlastingly] mean? It's what Mariette says when she meets me.' A few days later we had a ray of light thrown upon the Gallic estimate of our innocent action. Our landlady stood conversing with friends exactly below our open windows where she was unavoidably—as perhaps she intended—overheard. 'O, my dear friends, you cannot imagine what these English are like: They are so dirty—so dirty! The quantity of water which it takes to get those creatures clean every morning is something appalling!'"

* * *

SHE.

Now, Harry, I wish you'd behave:
A kiss 'neath the mistletoe's fair;
But, now, disregarding the limits it gave,
You're kissing me everywhere.

HE.

The mistletoe's rule is so old,
To break it I never should dare;
And, dear, if you'll notice, ere I was so bold,
I slipped a wee sprig in your hair.

* * *

"What is a Swearing Club?" The question was asked at the Knutsford Petty Sessions the other day; and the answer showed that the club was not for the promotion of swearing, but for its repression. Fines, it was stated, are privately imposed on members each time that they are guilty of such delinquencies; and once a year the fund thus accumulated is expended in a feast. The "Anti-Swearing Club," as the chairman suggested, would be a more appropriate title. The indulgence sought for was granted upon this satisfactory explanation.

The death is announced in his ninety-fifth year of Mr. James Loudon, St. Andrews' oldest inhabitant. He was long and widely known as a skilful bone-setter (as was also his mother) and general veterinarian. As his services were always given gratuitously, it was proposed, when he had reached seventy years of age, to present him with a horse and waggonette in recognition of his successful operations as a bone-setter; but as soon as the prime mover in the matter made him aware of the good intentions of his fellow-citizens, and showed him the subscription list, he, in his characteristic way, peremptorily put a stop to the proceedings by ordering him to "burn the paper an' gie the misguidit folk back their siller." He was the father of fifteen children.

* * *

'Twas in a breach of promise suit the letters all were read,
And here is what the opening words of each epistle said:
"Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear Friend," "Dear John," "My Darling Four-leaf Clover,"
"My Ownest Jack," "Dear John," "Dear Sir," then "Sir"
—and all was over.

* * *

It was in 1842 that Dr. Montgomerie, a Scotchman in the service of the East India Company, introduced into Europe the elastic gum of the *isonandra gutta* tree of Malaysia, now called *gutta-percha*, from the Malay words *gutta*, a gum, and *percha*, cloth. He had seen whips made of it in Singapore, and believed it would be useful in making surgical splints. Not only has the discovery of *gutta percha* immensely facilitated the progress of electrical science, but it has revolutionised the game of Golf.

* * *

A largely attended meeting of the curlers of Dumfriesshire was held last week. Mr. Johnstone Douglas, Comlongan Castle, was called to the chair, and he explained that the purpose of the meeting was to endeavour to promote more scientific play by discouraging the use of tramps on the ice. After some discussion, the Rev. John Gillespie, Mouswald, submitted a motion condemning the use of tramps and spikes, and it was unanimously adopted. Speaking from his own experience, he stated that you could play much stronger off the board—if anyone doubted it he was ready to challenge him—and you could also play much straighter. Rev. Mr. Paton, Penpont, stated that, after experience in Canada—where tramps were not used by clubs of any standing—it was almost enough to drive him off the ice to find that he had to use them here.

* * *

That literary men are occasionally prone to the misappropriation of one another's ideas one has often heard; but it might be imagined that, failing any higher motive, the sentiment of artistic brotherhood would prevent them from misappropriating one another's overcoats. It seems, however, that such is not the case. Among the literary men who frequent the Reading-room of the British Museum there are gentlemen who are more anxious for new overcoats than for new ideas, and who do not hesitate to renew their wardrobes by infraction of the Sixth Commandment. The Principal Librarian has found it necessary, therefore, to issue a caution warning readers that the honesty of their fellow-readers is not guaranteed, and that if they wish their overcoats to remain permanently in their possession, they had better leave them in charge of the attendants in the cloak-room.

* * *

The substance known as celluloid consists usually of dissolved paper, although cotton or other vegetable fibres may be used. In its manufacture, tissue paper is treated with nitric and sulphuric acids, the product is then washed and camphor added. The mass is then ground. Colouring matter is now added, and the mass is made into a paste with alcohol; it is then pressed and broken between rolls.

* * *

Match between Old Golfer (who is a "duffer") and beginner. Odds given. Several holes are halved. Golfer gets one and triumphantly exclaims, "One up."

BEGINNER (indignantly).—"Come, now, none of that. What about all these halves I got?"

On Friday last a special general meeting of the Billiard Association was held at their offices, Fleet-street. It was decided to invite the various firms who are members of the association to send in models and measurements of the tables made by them. These will be examined by a sub-committee, who will report to the association, to enable the general body to establish a standard table upon which all matches should be decided.

* * *

At the London Commercial Tea Sale Rooms, in Mincing Lane, last week, a consignment of tea from the Gallebodde Estate, Ceylon, which experts in the tea trade describe as being the finest tea ever grown, was put up for sale by auction. The bidding for this unique tea caused unusual excitement in the sale-rooms, and after being carried on with unprecedented competition between the principal firms in the wholesale tea trade, the lot was at length knocked down at the amazing price of 87s. a pound, a figure which has never been anything like approached in the annals of the tea trade. This tea was ultimately resold at a price which represented £5 10s. per lb. or £1 7s. per cup. The tea is of the most extraordinary quality, the leaves being of the brightest golden colour, in appearance almost resembling small pieces of gold. Untiring care and attention must have been bestowed on its growth.

* * *

A young professional, after losing a match with another whom he suspected of kicking his ball out of bad lies, remarked sarcastically to onlooker, "He's been playin' fit ba' as weel as gofff the day."

* * *

THE TITLED CADDIE.—Sir Walter Scott uses a golfing metaphor in his complete "Journal," as published lately by Mr. David Douglas, Edinburgh. Under May 14th, 1828, he writes:—"But I can only tee the ball: he must strike the blow with the golf-club himself." This refers to Sir Walter's using his influence with the Iron Duke on behalf of Lockhart.

* * *

THE LUCKY PUTT.—Two golfers were approaching a hole. The man who played the like played far too strong; luckily for him, neither his opponent nor his opponent's caddie had observed that the circle of iron was slightly raised on one side; the ball caught the iron rim hard, shot straight up into the air more than a foot, and fell to the bottom of the hole!

* * *

In frosty weather, if Golf-balls be not kept in a room where the temperature is moderately warm, they ought to be dipped in tepid water before play. This will prevent them from cracking.

* * *

FRIEND of indifferent, but enthusiastic golfer, to the player's caddie, who was carrying quite a sheaf of clubs in advance on the way to the first teeing-ground.—"What does Mr. T—do with all these clubs?"

CADDIE (solemnly).—"He gars (makes) me carry them, Sir."

* * *

The longest drive that I remember was one of three miles, and remains unbeaten. At Prestonpans the links are very narrow, consisting of a thin strip of turf between the Sea and the cart road. One day a golfer playing from the Cockonger end hit a ball which was driven to Musselburgh. It is quite true, and this is how it happened. When the ball was played it landed in a cart which drove it all the way to Musselburgh.

* * *

One day on the Prestonpans Links an old well-known golfer, Mr. Robert Hay, played a number of holes in one drive. On three successive occasions the ball was lost, and a fresh ball put down; and when the holes were reached it was found that the original ball was in the hole. It seemed to be a most unaccountable thing. It turned out that on each occasion Mr. Hay's retriever dog, "Ocean" ran up when the balls were played, and put them in the hole. One morning that dog choked on a bone.

GOLF UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The casual observer may think that the writer of the following paragraphs is, perhaps, a beginner, who is going to give his experience of breaking clubs, threatening to burn them, &c. Such is not the case. He has played the grand old game for over a quarter of a century, through evil report and good report, and is not only well acquainted with the links of the Lothians, of Fifeshire, and with several golfing grounds south of "silvery Tweed," but he has also played round the Bombay course "when the sun was low," seen the Calcutta course, and even had a putting-match on the Himalayas, on a plateau in front of the bungalow of a tea-garden. True he found the words of ancient Horace :—

"Coelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

Once a golfer, always, and everywhere a golfer. The writer intends to remain one to the end of his chapter, even if he should find himself at Yambuya; if there is no course there yet, we know there are plenty of caddies, only they are called "porters."

With this introduction I now proceed to tackle my subject, in the hope that my remarks may be useful to some golfing enthusiast who has no longer the luck to live near a good links, but who is determined not to lose opportunities of play altogether.

First, then, a few words about the driver, that most enjoyable of all the clubs. It is a most important tool, but I think the one that requires the least practice, after the art of swing, force and direction has been thoroughly acquired. I account for this from the fact that with the driver shots are never spared. They may be spared in some instances; but, for the class of players I am addressing, it is safer to play a full shot with some other club. My golden rule is to keep up iron and putter play, and to let old acquaintance serve for the play-club.

Constant practice with the iron, on the other hand, is essential to make any show in a match. It was by no mere accident that "Young Tom" has been represented for the benefit of posterity in the attitude of handling the iron. Another St. Andrews professional, Jamie Anderson, thrice winner of the belt, has been almost as much distinguished for iron play; and more than once, I believe, he has holed the ball out of a bunker! A good iron approach makes your opponent nervous; if that Irish bull of the putting-green is true, that "the first half is the biggest," it is as true that a deadly iron stroke is seldom equalled by the next player.

Good iron practice implies hazards. I practise in a four-acre field when the grass is not too long—forgive the digression, but let me remark that if there is one thing unbearable in Golf it is to be continually looking for a lost ball, playing the part as it were of a perpetual retriever "seeking dead;" it only wearies the limbs without conducing to improved play. There are ponds, trees, and the fence of a tennis-green in my field, but anyone can make hazards for himself by digging a hole, putting up a barrier, importing a bunker, &c. Devote special attention to the approach shot; see how far you can loft with cleek or iron; don't neglect quarter-shots off the wrist; aim at the stump of a tree, or put up sticks at various ranges. Let all your practice be methodical, not vague. Try various irons for a short loft with obstacle in front; you will, perhaps, find that you are far surer with the niblick than with the actual lofter; learn which is your surest weapon, not the showiest. One man prefers the niblick, another the mashie, a third the lofting-iron; when once you have learnt your specialty, stick to it like a statesman to his policy—only more so. A healthy rule for the occasional player is to be thorough master of a few clubs.

It is said of Paganini that the reason why he excelled all before and since his time in playing on the G string of the violin was because, when in prison with no companion but his loved fiddle, he played on till the catgut strings were all broken; there was none left save the wire-string, but by force of will and adroitness of finger he conquered its difficulties. Finally he broke—not that good wire string, but the violin record, probably for all time.

The iron is the G string of Golf; cherish it, practise with it, oil the shaft summer and winter, keep the correct bend.

I do not think it is any practice to putt on rough ground. Let your home-green be as smooth as a bowling-green, or leave the

putter in the rack. The man who can well handle the putter is an estimable partner in a foursome, even if his general play is poor. Too much attention cannot be given to this part of the game, as there is nothing so exasperating, nor yet so common, as to see holes thrown away on the putting-green. Besides, now that the fair sex have taken kindly to this sport, it is easier to find a "match," so that a bad putter has no excuse. It is surprising how putting varies on different greens and in different weathers. An excellent plan is to be on the ground in good time before the match commences, and, sallying forth with your putter to some green, which is a fair sample of the rest, putt there patiently for at least a quarter of an hour. When you have ascertained that the ground is fast, slow, wet, sticky, bumpy, &c., make a careful note of it in your brain of brains. Some greens won't play with the putter, for example, the new Braids Course at Edinburgh. The moral is, of course, to acquaint yourself with cleek-putting.

My contention is, that, granted you take means to keep up or improve your iron and putter play, you will not go much "out of the bit" in match—I do not say medal play.

In my neighbourhood, eighty miles north of London, a gentleman well-known in athletic circles for super-excellence in a sister sport, lately made a private course in his ancestral domains. It is a thoroughly sporting one, and consists of three holes and six *posts*, the ball counting down when within a cleek-length of the latter; thus, there is no time wasted over flukey putts. The hazards are chiefly belts of trees, long grass, water and fences, and the ground improves as winter advances. Go and do likewise, ye who can. It may be that you will discover some new thing which will revolutionise Golf in these days of bulgers, new irons, new putters. I once played a man on his "own" green. When we came to the third hole, it was a hole in the stump of a tree! It resembled a game of "tiddledywinks" manoeuvring to negotiate it. I have not heard of its adoption anywhere; but, perhaps, someone is keeping it in pickle?

Many players suffer from a tender left hand. I have finished a round at Luffness with a bleeding hand, and have seen others suffering acutely. I have tried various cures—burning pitch, the professional tip, which I recommend to those who believe in a red-hot wire as a cure for toothache; I have tried thin corn-plasters surmounted by a glove; I have tried all manner of gloves except the one described in GOLF lately. At last I had a hand-guard made by a saddler, which protects the palm without interfering with the joints or hindering circulation, nor does the leather flap impede the grip after a little practice with it.

A word about the much-abused stymie (why not spell it *stymie*, seeing that the most palpable derivation is stay-me—Scotticé stey-me?) I have sought in vain for an analogy to it in games. At length I came upon something analogous—forgive me, ye golfing priests—in the Prayer Book. The stymie is as incomprehensible and as indispensable as the Athanasian Creed. Golf would not be Golf without it. If you remove it, you will remove part of the moral force of Golf, because, if a man can take a stymie in good part, he will bear more serious forms of adversity none the worse. Ancient Horace might have opened an *Ars Golfica* with the words :—

"Aequam memento, rebus in arduis,
Servare mentem."

Don't be huffy over a stymie. Believe me, the stymie shot is not practised sufficiently. I have seen Douglas Rolland hole half-a-dozen dead stymies in succession at Forrester's Hole, Elie (old course), when he was a "wee laddie;" I have seen an ordinary Yarmouth caddie hole three out of four, springing them with a wooden putter. Away with both fuss and logic about stymies; take them as you do bad weather, and make the best of them.

H. M. B.

When sailing up the Suez Canal I was admiring the enormous sand bunkers, and sketched some of them, and wishing to sketch Ismailia, said to a Highland sailor, "Where is Ismailia?" "I don't know, sir." "Dear me, don't you know Ismailia?" "No, sir; does he come from Ross?" "No; I mean a town on the Canal." "Well, sir, I could not be positive whatever, but I think it's somewhere about Ejup (Egypt)."

THE NOTTINGHAM GOLF CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Nottingham Golf Club was held on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst., at 4, Bridlesmith-gate, when there was a good attendance. Mr. R. F. Smith presided, and there were also present Messrs. F. W. Dobson, C. F. Dobson, J. McMeeking (hon. treasurer), S. Davidson, P. W. Allen, E. L. Manning, R. Evans, jun., J. C. Warren, W. R. Hamilton (hon. secretary), J. Johnstone, D. A. Crawford, J. Harris (captain), and R. D. Oswald.

The Secretary (Mr. Hamilton) stated that there were 89 members on the register, 40 having joined since the last annual meeting. The names of three had been deleted.

The Treasurer (Mr. McMeeking) reported that the expenditure had been £52 5s. 6d., and the receipts only £49 8s. 2d., the adverse balance being £2 17s. 4d.

On the motion of Mr. Warren, seconded by Mr. Evans, the treasurer's report was passed.

The Chairman said that at Lincoln a similar organisation to theirs required the services of a professional, and they were desirous of making some arrangement with them as to having his services and halving the expense. To meet the extra expenditure the committee had put in form a proposition to the effect that the subscription for 1891 be increased to 10s. 6d., and that a similar sum should be payable as an entrance-fee by all members elected after the general meeting. They might, when they were better off, have a professional all to themselves, and Lincoln might want to do the same. The expense, shared with their Lincoln friends, would be about £26.

On the motion of Mr. Warren, seconded by Mr. Johnstone, the resolution recommended by the committee was passed.

The Treasurer, replying to a question, said the liabilities of the club were £16 12s. 10d., and

The Secretary stated that the assets were between £4 and £5.

After a long discussion, nothing definite was done in the matter of the engagement of a professional jointly with Lincoln.

The committee at its meeting on the 5th inst. had recommended that the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham be elected president of the club, and, as this was the next business,

Mr. Manning asked whether it was proposed that the earl should be a member.

The Chairman: I should think so. If he was made president, we should expect him to pay his subscription. I think he would be glad to join us.

A discussion then ensued as to the meaning of Rules 2 to 10, relating respectively to the management of the club and the position of honorary members, it being stated that they did not contemplate the making of any difference between the president and anyone else. The customs of other Golf clubs and also cricket organisations were mentioned upon the point.

The Secretary said he was opposed to the election of anyone who would not attend the meetings and preside over them. Their president should be a member, and one who would take an interest in the game.

Mr. Johnstone: It is also possible that the earl may not accede to our request if we make it, and then it would be necessary to call another general meeting to appoint a president.

It was further pointed out that anyone could be made an honorary member, and the earl could be made a patron if they must have an earl.

To take the feeling of the meeting the Chairman asked members to decide as to whether or not they were in favour of insisting that the president must be a member before his election to that post by them, and the vote was negative to the taking up of such a position.

A resolution in favour of the election of the earl as president was moved, and eventually seconded.

Mr. Manning made an urgent appeal to the mover to withdraw his motion, as the name of Lord Winchilsea was distasteful to many of the gentlemen present. There was a strong minority opposed to it. Of course, if the mover liked to do so, he could carry the motion in the face of a strong opposition, but he thought the election of such an official should be unanimous.

The Secretary said he, as a member of the club, objected strongly to the proposition, and had an amendment to propose to it. The Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham

might, or might not be, an excellent gentlemen. His objection was not taken upon that ground, but because the earl was to be asked to be president simply because he was an earl. There were many people in Lincolnshire who played Golf, and had some connection with Nottingham, but only to this gentleman was the dubious honour of the presidency of their club to be offered. (Laughter.) He did not see how they were to be benefited by the election of the earl. He thought that in honouring a man simply because he bore an historic name, and had a position in the world, they were running after a false ideal. ("No, no.") As he had said before, they wanted someone who would attend their meetings and preside over them. (Hear, hear.) He proposed the name of Mr. Smith, who was presiding that evening. (Applause.)

Mr. Warren characterised this move on Mr. Hamilton's part as the taking of a catch advantage, because he knew that members in voting for Lord Winchilsea would be voting against their chairman. (Hear, hear.) He was sure, however, the chairman would not misinterpret their motives if they did so. The speaker went on to refer, amidst laughter, to Lord Winchilsea as a politician, and said he was well known to Radicals and Socialists. The laughter was renewed when the speaker mentioned the noble earl's connection with the development of the allotment system.

Mr. Johnstone seconded the amendment, for the reasons already laid down by the mover. He did not believe in having ornamental figure-heads, and they did not aim at making Golf a fashionable pastime. He disclaimed any intention of wishing to snatch an unfair victory by the introduction of Mr. Smith's name.

Mr. Davidson said if they must have an earl there was Earl Ferrers, who only lived about nineteen miles away, and took a great interest in Golf. (A voice: "We've had enough of earls.")

After further discussion, in which other names were suggested,

Mr. Manning said: We know Mr. Warren's connection with the Conservative party—

Mr. Johnstone: I think Mr. Manning should leave politics alone, and I appeal to him to do so.

Mr. Manning said he was quite willing to do so, but Mr. Warren mentioned politics first.

Mr. Johnstone said matters would only be made worse by the introduction of politics. (A voice: "The mover of Lord Winchilsea is a Radical.")

Eventually it was decided to vote by ballot on the names submitted, and Mr. Smith was elected president by a majority of one vote.

The following were the other officers elected:—Vice-presidents Messrs. Oswald and Warren; secretary, Mr. R. W. Hamilton; treasurer, Mr. J. McMeeking; captain, Mr. J. Doleman; committee, Messrs. J. Johnstone, E. L. Manning, Beckton, S. Davidson, Harris, P. W. Allen, C. F. Dobson; handicapping committee, Messrs. J. C. Warren and Oswald; and green committee, Messrs. Doleman, Warren, Harris, and McMeeking.

The Chairman explained that £50 had been borrowed for the improvement and extension of the grounds at Bulwell, and they had thought it necessary on that account to elect a committee to be responsible for the condition of the green. The committee would also, as stated in the recommendation of the committee, settle disputed points arising in the course of play.

Mr. Warren: And also define "hazards."

It was decided that the first six months' competitions should take place on the present links, and also that matches would be arranged with district Golf clubs.

Attention was also drawn to paragraph 2 of Rule 4, which is to the effect that, "if any member's subscription be not paid by March 1st the treasurer shall write to such member informing him of its being due; and if it be not paid by March 31st, he shall *ipso facto* cease to be a member of the club."

Votes of thanks concluded the proceedings.

When playing at Calcutta once a crow came down, and after some trouble managed to fly away with my ball, and flew with it to the top of a tree, but, apparently thinking it might affect his digestion, let it fall.

FIRST HOLE IN TWO.

I.

Playing one day with my Forgan
 I was anxious and ill at ease,
 And the club did wander idly
 Over the sandy tees.
 Then, I know not what came o'er me,
 Like the skill of a mighty man,
 I drove a drive with the driver
 As far as the best man can.
 The ball flew over two "bunkers,"
 Cleared the whins so thickly seen,
 And then with a forward bound lay
 Right on the "putting-green."

II.

Then with a sense of gladness,
 Th' opponent's strokes were five,
 I took my iron "putter,"
 Rememb'ring the glorious drive;
 With inward exultation
 My heart now full of glee,
 I viewed the "caddie's" out-turned toes,
 And tried that line to see.
 I struck the ball so neatly,
 It skimmed across the green,
 And as it dropped into the hole
 My "caddie's" face did beam.

III.

I sat me down to wonder,
 For never, oh, never before,
 Had I played such a stroke with my driver;
 Or "holed out" under four;
 And thus I sat for a moment,
 And thought, Could it be true?
 Till I'd filled my pipe with baccy,
 And put a light thereto.
 Then as with proper caution
 At the tees I took my stay,
 I knew that only in dreamland
 Again such strokes I'd play.

Torquay, November, 1888.

C. G. HARRIS.

As an instance of Mr. Frank Burnet's humour I may mention that he had just finished a round with Mr. Miller, of Musselburgh, when he approached us and said in his usual style: "Have you heard about a match between Jamie Miller, of Musselburgh, and your humble servant?" "And who won?" we inquired. "Who could win? But I'll tell you this; Jamie Miller is a splendid player, in fact, the best player I've seen in all my life. You may know when I only beat him by two."

GOLF DAFT.—In 1869, writes Mr. R. J. B. Tait, Edinburgh, when the whale came in at Longniddey, my friend and I, who were boys, and both Golf daft, took up our irons and played shots over the whale's back. My friend, another day, went to see it expressly for the purpose of playing a shot from off its back. A favourite pastime of ours was to lay down a lucifer match and light it by hitting the brimstone with the bone of the club at a full swing. Another player, when the weather was wet, would go into a bedroom and place a hat in the bed and play iron shots from the floor into it. We never could go to our beds without having a swing—sometimes smashing an ewer or breaking the leg of a chair. We played shots over the church steeple at Aberlady, over Gosford House, and we even took our clubs to Coldstream for the purpose of playing balls across the Tweed during our Christmas holidays.

When a great match many years ago was being played on Musselburgh between Dow and Park, the latter was one up and one to play; Park played a beautiful cleek shot which lay within a yard of the hole; Dow followed with his cleek, and holed it in one.



EASTBOURNE LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The January meeting was held on Wednesday, the 14th inst., in fine but cold weather, and the putting-greens showed signs of the recent frost, which made low scoring very difficult. The handicap prize presented by Mrs. Mills was won by Miss Dowker, after a very close contest with Miss Phillips; and Miss K. Lawrence won the club quarterly medal and the prize presented by Miss A. L. T. Drake for the best scratch score.

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Miss Dowker ...	106 16 90	Miss Wilkinson ...	117 10 107
Miss E. Phillips ...	101 10 91	Miss A. T. Drake ...	114 7 107
Miss K. Lawrence ...	97 5 92	Miss R. Hanning ...	132 22 110
Miss G. Mills ...	114 18 96	Miss A. G. H. Routledge ...	121 7 114
Miss A. L. T. Drake ...	101 4 97	Miss H. Lambert ...	132 20 112
Miss M. Lawrence ...	108 11 97	Miss Chambers ...	135 20 115
Miss A. M. Routledge ...	109 10 99	Miss Baddeley ...	140 22 118
Miss Lawrence ...	126 24 102	Mrs. Burton ...	149 22 127
Miss Routledge ...	124 20 104	Miss Hanning ...	153 24 129
Miss Buchanan ...	111 7 104	Miss Poyntz ...	155 24 131

The competition for the Approach Shot prize presented by Miss A. Tyrwhitt Drake resulted in Miss K. Lawrence being first, Miss Dowker second, and Miss A. M. Routledge third. The first two having won the scratch and handicap prizes respectively, the Approach Shot prize went to Miss A. M. Routledge.

THE ROYAL EPPING FOREST GOLF CLUB.

After an enforced holiday from Golf of some six weeks, the above club was enabled to bring off their quarterly medal competition, Gordon Challenge Cup and Captain's prize, last Saturday.

The morning looked threatening, and the early players had the advantage, as it began to snow hard about 11 o'clock, although it cleared up in the afternoon and finished with a fine although wintry sunset.

As the green has some six weeks' hard frost thoroughly driven into it, and about one inch of soft snow, it was hardly expected that any very fine scores would be made, that of the winner being exceptionally good. Only a small muster of members showed up, owing, no doubt, to the morning's snow-storm. The following are the best scores handed in:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
E. A. Read ...	100 15 85	S. R. Bastard ...	113 10 103
J. M. Kerr ...	108 8 100	J. James ...	122 18 104
G. Thompson ...	113 12 101		

TORQUAY LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The second competition for the Warner monthly brooch took place on Friday, January 16th, in cold and windy weather. Only eight ladies competed, and the winner turned up in Miss Hawkes.

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Miss Hawkes ...	106 10 96	Miss Colhoun ...	115 7 108
Miss Guise ...	103 3 100	Miss E. Wollen ...	137 25 112
Miss Wollen ...	129 23 106	Miss Barttlet ...	138 18 120
Miss Oldfield ...	117 10 107	Miss Wise ...	163 23 140

Miss Hawkes thus wins the club prize and holds the brooch, and Miss Guise takes the sweepstake.

ROYAL LIVERPOOL GOLF CLUB.

The fourth competition for the winter optional subscription prizes of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club took place at Hoylake on Saturday. The ground was hard, and rendered "putting" far from easy, while the bunkers were unusually difficult to get out of, owing to the frost. The attendance was small, only twenty couples competing. Mr. C. T. Dixon won the first optional subscription prize, with his score of 101, less 18=83, the second falling to Mr. H. J. Bromilow with 108, less 30=78. He also took the first sweepstakes, Mr. C. F. Dixon winning the second. The third was divided between Messrs. R. W. Brown and H. M. Blythe, who returned net scores of 84. The play resulted as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
H. J. Bromilow	108	30	76	B. H. Hilton	114	22	92
C. F. Dixon	101	18	83	A. B. Cook	96	3	93
R. W. Brown	88	4	84	J. B. Hunter	105	12	93
H. M. Blythe	103	18	84	A. G. Rankine	104	11	93
F. P. Crowther	87	scr.	87	A. Turpin	96	2	94
Chas. Darbyshire	97	10	87	R. J. Ker	101	7	94
C. J. M. Duranty	113	16	87	M. Pole	106	12	94
W. Hodge Wilson	101	14	87	J. Kirk Crooks	109	15	94
J. B. Hinshaw	100	11	89	J. A. Smith	110	16	94
T. W. Crowther	94	4	90	A. C. Jones	112	18	94
E. Whineray	93	3	90	John Ball, jun.	88	+7	95
H. S. Bower	113	22	91	H. E. B. Harrison	116	20	96
St. Clare Byrne	116	25	91	Chas. Holt	108	11	97
R. Haigh	108	17	91	J. K. Housden	112	15	97
John Farrar	102	11	91	J. H. Silberbach	122	19	103
G. B. Cadell	103	11	92				

No returns were received from Mr. John Ball, Dr. P. Davidson, Dr. Geo. Hamilton, Messrs. J. Hume, J. Moore, and A. Travis.

LYTHAM AND ST. ANNE'S GOLF CLUB.

The fourth competition for the captain's cup took place on the links at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea on Saturday last. The uncertain state of the weather and the apparent prospect on the previous day of a heavy fall of snow, kept many of the more distant members away, so that the number of competitors was much smaller than on the previous three meetings when this prize was contested for, only twenty-nine players facing the tee on Saturday. The day was bitterly cold and the ground exceedingly hard, consequently the scoring was not up to the average. Mr. C. W. Fisher, was first with 107, less 17=90; and took the silver memento, followed by Mr. T. H. Miller 109, less 18=91; Mr. Talbot Fair, 106, less 14=92; Mr. J. A. Brown, 101, less 8=93; Mr. A. B. Scholfield, 101, less 7=94; Mr. S. A. Hermon, 101, less 6=95; Mr. F. C. Morgan, 107, less 12=95; Mr. Basil Thompson, 108, less 13=95; Rev. C. Billington, 110, less 15=95; with four others under 100 net. The best gross score of the day was 99 by Mr. A. H. Doleman. The first optional sweepstakes was won by Mr. Talbot Fair, second by Mr. J. A. Brown, and the third by Mr. A. B. Scholfield. There will be two more competitions for this cup, and the winners in each of the six competitions will then play off for possession of the cup. The following is the full score:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. C. W. Fisher	107	17	90	Mr. A. H. Doleman	99	1	98
Mr. T. H. Miller	109	18	91	Mr. F. T. Wright	108	10	98
Mr. J. Talbot Fair	106	14	92	Mr. S. Gask	116	18	98
Mr. J. A. Brown	101	8	93	Mr. G. F. Smith	105	5	100
Mr. A. B. Scholfield	101	7	94	Mr. R. Lythgoe	116	15	101
Mr. S. A. Hermon	101	6	95	Mr. T. C. Midwood	128	25	103
Mr. F. C. Morgan	107	12	95	Mr. C. Addison Birley	121	17	104
Mr. Basil Thompson	108	13	95	Mr. J. A. F. Eltolt	121	14	107
Rev. C. Billington	110	15	95	Mr. W. P. Fullagar	135	25	110
Mr. H. Fisher	114	14	97	Mr. W. H. Harrison	150	13	137

No returns from Mr. S. Fisher, Mr. A. W. Carrington, Dr. Booth, Mr. E. M. Whipp, Mr. E. Harrison, Rev. G. E. Baddeley, Dr. Eason, Mr. W. Cross, Mr. H. S. Ferguson.

GOLF AT BEMBRIDGE.

The links here are quite clear of snow, and the weather on Monday was lovely, not in the least cold while one is playing. Tom Dunn of Tooting Bec, at the invitation of a member of the club, came down to spend a couple of days for Golf. He

speaks very highly of the links. Among some matches that were played on Monday, the 20th inst., were the following:— Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell and Mr. Shilson opposed Sir Arthur Jervoise and Tom Dunn, the former winning by 5 and 4 to play. In the afternoon Mr. L. Keyser took Mr. Shilson's place, their opponents being Mr. Dudley Ward and Tom Dunn. Mr. Mitchell and his partner won by a hole, but in a short match of nine holes they lost by 2 and 1 to play, the bye, however, going to their credit, which equalised matters in holes and matches.

DINARD GOLF CLUB.

Prizes presented by Mrs. Hughes-Hallett. Gentlemen's and ladies' singles were played for—by gentlemen on January 9th, ladies on January 10th—with the following results:—

GENTLEMEN.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. M. Edye	111	22	89	Mr. R. Villiers-Forbes	112	scr.	112
Sir George Duntze	98	5	93	Mr. E. A. Leather	141	22	119
Mr. J. Nation	107	8	99	Mr. H. Staveley	132	10	122
Col. Stack	114	17	97	Mr. Claude Dansey	170	36	134
Col. Dansey	126	20	106	Col. Forbes	146	10	136
Mr. K. Leather	144	36	108				

No returns from Messrs. C. Staveley, A. Staveley, Geo. Marshall, H. Keppel, Geo. Marshall, jun., Colonel Okeden.

LADIES.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Miss Villiers-Forbes	138	40	98	Miss Leather	155	45	110
Mrs. W. Stephenson	149	45	104	Miss M. B. Stephenson	160	scr.	160
Miss Staveley	152	27	125	Miss Dansey	194	45	149
Miss Nation	153	10	143				

No returns from Miss B. Gordon, Madlle. de Guérangel, Miss M. Hamilton, Miss M. Leather.

GIRVAN GOLF CLUB.

We mentioned a week or two ago that the game of Golf had been revived at this Ayrshire watering place, and that the club, as reconstituted, had leased a new course near the town, but on the north side of the river. The links, as laid out by Fernie recently, was formally opened on Saturday, when a number of the members were present.

The Rev. S. C. Fry referred to the occasion, and to the many advantages of the game of Golf, and the acquisition it would be to the inhabitants and those visiting Girvan during the summer months. Thereafter Mr. Wm. Murray, one of the members, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Andrews, captain of the club, drove the first ball from the tee. Several couples went the round of the links, and, though the ground was hard from frost and the putting-greens somewhat rough, Mr. Brown, banker, finished the round of nine holes in 46 strokes.

WHITLEY CLUB.

The fourth competition for the Joicey cup took place on the 13th inst., over the Whitley course, in splendid weather for the sport. Five couples started for the trophy, but only six returns were made, the winner turning up in Mr. J. B. Radcliffe (hon. sec.) with a net score of 101. Mr. R. T. Thomson (owes 4), played in splendid form for the greater part of the game, but a series of misfortunes ruined his chances for premier honours, and eventually he had to put up with fourth place. The possession of the cup has to be decided by a majority of points in a series of twelve competitions. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. J. B. Radcliffe	98	+3	101	Mr. R. T. Thomson	105	+4	109
Mr. F. W. Wyndham	122	16	106	Mr. J. Hansell	150	30	120
Mr. J. Hedley	115	8	107	Mr. C. Hamilton	151	30	121

Messrs. J. Limont, G. F. Charlton, G. W. Walters, W. B. Shaw, made no returns.

EDINBURGH THISTLE GOLF CLUB.

This club met on Saturday, the 17th inst., at the Braid Hills to play for their monthly trophy. Fourteen players started to play nine holes. Owing to the ground being covered with snow, the scoring was very high. The trophy was won by Mr. D. Brown, with a score of 44, less 11=33.

NORTH BERWICK.

Following the severe frost, which continued for several days, a thaw set in here early last week, and as a consequence the curling-broom had in turn to give place to the Golf-club. The links were then very busily occupied, a good number of players daily leaving the teeing-ground. Towards the end of the week, however, curling again held sway. On Saturday last, despite the fact that the course was arrayed in a snowy mantle, uncomfortably thick for brilliant play, a few ventured round with red balls, and evidently found the game peculiarly exciting under the unusually heavy handicap conditions. In the forenoon a foursome took place—Sir J. Hay and Sir A. Napier, opposing Sir G. Clark and Mr. Wolfe Murray. The same couples engaged in another round in the afternoon. Major Johnstone was also round the green with a friend. Whilst a number of the sterner sex were grappling with the difficulties inevitable on a snow-clad links, several of the fair exponents of the royal game were for the nonce converting the sandy beach into a golfing course. Among those who were thus enjoyably engaged were—Lady Hay, Lady Clark, and other ladies.

In regard to the decision of their handicap trophy competition, the members of the Bass Rock Club have been especially unfortunate this month, play for the badge being postponed on Saturday for the second time in succession, on account of the snow. On Monday the green here still wore a thick white covering, and ordinary play was still impossible.

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The amateur Golf championship, which takes place this year at St. Andrews, has been set down to be played on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 7th, 8th, and 9th. May next—the medal week at St. Andrews. According to the original rotation the event should have taken place at Prestwick this year, but by resolution at Hoylake last May it was decided that the contest should take place alternately over St. Andrews and Hoylake Links.

TYNESIDE CLUB.

The winter cup competition took place on the 15th, over Ryton course in unfavourable weather. This was the seventh contest for this trophy, and Mr. Charlton (hon. sec.) dispatched five couples, returns being made by six players. Mr. J. B. Radcliffe was ultimately returned the winner with a net score of 89, a good record considering the state of the ground. The scores were as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. J. B. Radcliffe...	88 +1 89	Mr. J. H. Burdon ...	111 10 101
Mr. R. T. Thomson ...	98 +1 99	Mr. J. G. Sharp ...	114 12 102
Mr. C. A. Ridley ...	99 scr. 99	Mr. W. Teesdale ...	109 6 103

Messrs. G. F. Charlton, F. W. Wyndham, J. A. Hutton and T. W. Sharp made no returns.

ROYAL MUSSELBURGH GOLF CLUB.

The first of the quarterly meetings of this club was held on Thursday, the 15th inst., when two handicap prizes were offered for competition. Excepting a rather fitful westerly breeze, the conditions were good, but for some inexplicable reason scoring ruled high, and Dr. Gray had no difficulty in taking first place with a score of 86. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Dr. L. R. Gray ...	92 6 86	Mr. T. T. Gray ...	100 2 98
Mr. J. Aikman ...	102 12 90	Mr. A. W. Millar ...	96 +4 100
Mr. T. Carmichael	105 12 93	Mr. T. Thompson ...	119 18 101
Mr. R. B. Nisbet ...	103 8 95	Mr. D. Fisher ...	101 scr. 101
Mr. M. J. Brown ...	107 12 95	Mr. A. S. Bourhill	102 scr. 102
Mr. D. S. Duncan	106 10 96	Mr. W. Urquhart ...	110 8 102
Mr. J. Williamson ...	114 18 96	Mr. G. S. Turnbull	109 6 103
Mr. W. Dougal ...	110 14 96	Mr. G. Sinclair ...	103 scr. 103
Mr. J. D. Gibson ...	104 8 96	Mr. J. Gibson ...	111 8 103
Mr. G. G. Smith ...	92 +4 96	Mr. F. Renwick ...	114 4 110
Mr. A. McLennan ...	114 16 98		

DORNOCH.

Monday, the 12th, being New Year's Day (old style) the usual competition between teams drawn by the captain and secretary for a boll of meal as the club's contribution to the New Year's charities to the poor, came off in most lovely weather. The secretary's team were victors by 25. The following were some of the best scores:—J. Sutherland (secretary), 80; J. Campbell, 89; G. Bridgeford, 89; Captain Leslie, 93; Alexander Morrison, 93; M. Macdonald, 94.

FORFARSHIRE.

The long continuance of the reign of frost and snow has almost put an entire stop to Golf, and it is only a few enthusiasts who cannot under any circumstances afford to give up their health-giving recreation that venture out. The monthly competition of the Dalhousie Golf Club ought to have been played at Carnoustie on Saturday, the 10th inst., but, in consequence of snow, had to be postponed. However, there was little improvement in the weather after the week's interval, and the competition on Saturday last was carried out under somewhat disagreeable conditions, the cold being intense and snow falling most of the time. There was, notwithstanding, a good turn out of players, and some very creditable scores were registered. The prizes were gained as follows:—1, H. M. Robinson, 89, less 8=81; 2, D. Scott, jun., 88, less 6=82; and 3, P. C. Scott, 94, less 10=84. The next best scores were:—William Scott, 91; Robert Gilroy, 93; J. L. Luke, G. A. Gilroy and William Gibson, jun., 94; John Jones, 96; James Prain, 98; and John Matthewson, 99.

The first annual supper of the Electric Golf Club, most of the members of which belong to the telegraph department of the post-office at Dundee, was held in the Royal British Hotel, and passed off very successfully. The captain of the club presided, and an interesting feature of the evening's proceedings was the presentation of prizes. This duty was entrusted to Mr. John Mitchell, editor of the *Dundee Courier*, who, in a speech brimful of humour, handed over the various prizes to the successful competitors. The prizes included the Morven Cup, presented by Mr. J. M. Keiller for handicap competition, and won by Mr. J. D. Robertson, and the championship medal presented by Mr. Gibb, postmaster, along with two clubs, won by Mr. R. Bell. An excellent programme was afterwards enjoyed, the efforts of Messrs. J. Stewart and R. Baird to entertain the company being, in particular, highly appreciated.

The disputed Golf hole still continues to exercise the minds of the municipal authorities of the good town of Montrose. At the last meeting of the town council, the treasurer, making the avowal that he was "terribly" interested in the matter, desired to know if the Dean of Guild had any report to present as to the Golf hole at the south end of the course, regarding which there had been so much stir amongst a section of the community. The official entrusted with the care of these weighty negotiations did not betray a like feverish anxiety. He replied that as during the winter the matter was not a pressing one, he had not called a meeting of his assessors to consider it; but, at the same time he took occasion to disabuse the idea that he was lax in the discharge of this particular duty. More will be heard of the "stolen hole" by and bye.

The old Golf house at the north end of Montrose links has just been sold. The building, a very plain and unpretentious structure, was associated with a weird bit of local history before it became the head-quarters of the Royal Albert Golf Club, and the residence of the most genial of green-keepers, Bob Dow. The little cottage offers a striking contrast to the imposing new club-house at the south end of the links, and the purchase price affords an indication of the low esteem in which it has come to be held. It brought only a paltry £90, and yet in its day many a proud bearer of an ancient name had sought shelter under its roof-tree.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications to be addressed to "The Editor, GOLF, Cophthall Avenue, London Wall, E.C." Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "_____ & Co."

Competitions intended for the current week's publication must reach the Office not later than **Tuesday Morning**.

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