

GOLF.

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

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

No. 118. Vol. V.]
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1892.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 17.—Royal Epping Forest: Gordon Cup; Captain's Prize; and Monthly Medal.
Royal Dublin: Monthly Medal.
Willesden: Club Silver Medal.
Southport: Scarisbrick Cup (Third Round).
Ranelagh: Monthly Medal.
Brighton and Hove: De Worms Challenge Cup, and Club Prize for the winners of the Berens Medal.
Sheffield and District: Captain's Cup.
Disley: Silver Medal.
Ealing: Monthly Medal.
Warwickshire: Military Gold Medal.
County Down: Captain's Prize and Club Monthly Prize.
Seaford: Monthly Competition.
- Dec. 18.—Oxford University: Club Challenge Cup and Davidson Silver Cross.
- Dec. 20.—Whitley: Joicey Cup.
Wimbledon Ladies: Monthly Medal (First Class).
- Dec. 24.—Dumfries and Galloway: Monthly Medal.
Royal West Norfolk: Monthly Medal.
Lanark: Monthly Medal.
Islay: Monthly Medal.
Ashdown Forest: Monthly Medal.
Felixstowe: Christmas Meeting.
Sidcup: Monthly Medal.
Woodford: Quarterly Medal.
Buxton and High Peak: Final for the Micholls Cup and Monthly Medal.
Crookham: Monthly Medal.
Royal Wimbledon: Monthly Medal.

St. Andrews, N.B. RUSACK'S HOTEL, THE MARINE (on the Links). The Golf Metropolis—Parties boarded. Special terms to Golfers and families. W. RUSACK, Proprietor and Manager. Telegrams:—Rusack, St. Andrews, N.B. Telephone No. 1101.

- Dec. 24 & 26.—Guildford: Christmas Meeting.
Royal Isle of Wight: Christmas Meeting.
Littlestone: Christmas Meeting.
- Dec. 26.—Royal Dublin: Sweepstake by Strokes (2s. 6d.).
Southport: Christmas Meeting.
Manchester: Club Prizes.
Ashdown Forest: Christmas Meeting.
Braids, Edinburgh: Club Prizes.
Felixstowe: Monthly Challenge Cup.
Woodford: Club Handicap.
County Down: Open Competition.
Aldeburgh: Mr. N. Ganett's Cup.
- Dec. 27.—Burnham: Monthly Gold Medal.
- Dec. 28.—Oxford University v. Coventry (at Coventry), 10 a-side.
- Dec. 30 & 31.—Eastbourne: Winter Meeting.
- Dec. 31.—Woodford: Captain's Prize.
Ilkley: Monthly Medal and Christmas Cup.
- Dec. 31.—Royal West Norfolk: Monthly Medal.
Warwickshire: Club Cup Competition.
Weston-Super-Mare: Monthly Medal.
Royal Wimbledon: Monthly Medal.

1893.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 2 & 3.—Royal County (Portrush): New Year Meeting and Monthly Competition.
- Jan. 3.—Royal Cornwall Ladies: Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 4.—Royal Blackheath Ladies: Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 5.—Tyneside: Handicap Competition.
- Jan. 6.—Royal Cornwall: Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 7.—Leicester: Monthly Medal.
Richmond: Monthly Medal.
County Down: Railway Cup.
Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional.
Birkdale: Monthly Medal.
Redhill and Reigate: Turner Medal.
Manchester: Monthly Medal.
Tooting Bec: Monthly Medal.
Lytham and St. Anne's: Captain's Cup.
London Scottish: Monthly Medal.
Cumbrae: Smart Medal.
- Jan. 10.—Whitley: Wyndham Cup.
- Jan. 11.—Royal Epping Forest: Aggregate Competition.
- Jan. 12.—County Down: Railway Cup.
- Jan. 14.—Weston-Super-Mare Ladies: Monthly Medal.
Crookham: "Bogey" Competition.
Willesden: Club Silver Medal.
Wilmslow: Boddington and Hanworth Cups.
West Herts: Monthly Medal.
Cumbrae: Monthly Competition.
- Jan. 16.—Cumbrae: Ladies' Competition.
- Jan. 17.—Royal Wimbledon Ladies: Monthly Medal (First Class).
- Jan. 18.—Morecambe and Heysham Ladies: Club Prize.
- Jan. 19.—Royal Wimbledon Ladies: Monthly Medal (Second Class).

RANDALL'S, GUINEA GOLF BOOTS are now worn by all the leading players—And give the greatest satisfaction.—See advertisement page 228.

NOTICE.

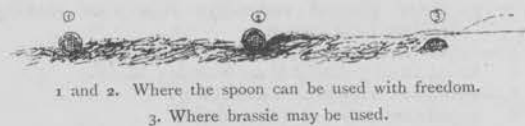
THE Editorial Offices of GOLF have been removed to 80, CHANCERY LANE, W.C., to which address all communications intended for the Editor must be addressed.

All Business communications and advertisements to be addressed to the Publisher at the same address.

A WORD TO BEGINNERS.

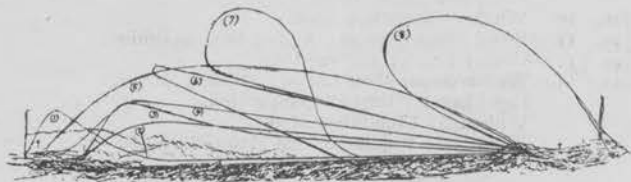
One of the beautiful features in the ancient game, at least to my mind, is the glorious uncertainty of the result each time a ball is played; for even when a ball is within a foot of the hole, and lying quite dead, there is, so to speak, "the dread of something after death," which one often feels, and the hole is missed. If one is too cautious he may miss it; if he is too certain he may miss it, and if he is too careless, he may miss it; therefore, to ensure success, fear, certainty, and carelessness must be avoided.

I have nearly always found that the great difference which exists between the play of amateurs and that of cracks is that the former fail generally in playing a good second drive well, which is a great disadvantage, and which, to my experience, originates in a great measure from the stupid habit of always using high tees, and also from the fear of damaging their clubs. Many players in playing a second stroke, often, too often, act on the advice of some old stager, who is almost sure to say "Take the cleek, that's the safe play," even when the ball is lying in a very slight indentation of the ground. Now this advice may be given in the belief that it is sound; sometimes it may be, but not always. The player uses his cleek, cuts the turf, forgets to replace it, and his ball travels but a short distance. Then he uses words which are anything but dignified, resulting from the knowledge which the player himself possesses that he cannot play a good stroke with the cleek unless from off a tee like a miniature North Berwick Law. When the ball



1 and 2. Where the spoon can be used with freedom.
3. Where brassie may be used.

is lying in a slight difficulty where there are no stones, I would say, use a spoon of some sort; march fearlessly up to your ball, put off no time looking at it, but play it, at the same time hitting it a firm smack, and away the ball will fly like a rocket. You won't break the club. Of course clubs will give way sometimes, but they are not so easily broken, unless by beginners, or by those who have never acquired a good style, which is nearly everything in Golf.



1, 2 and 3. Against a wind. 4. Ordinary stroke. 5. Before wind.
6 and 7. Using tees against a wind.
8. Flight of ball against a high wind from a high tee.

Some players give advice very freely on the green. Just when one is about to take a swing, we frequently hear a partner say, (perhaps some old wiseacre in the game, at least that is almost sure to be his own opinion) "Now play on so and so,"

or, "Don't try to do too much," and so on. I need not say what the result most probably will be in such a case. I received advice so long from an old player at Golf, and always just when I was about to swing my club, until it dawned upon me that this old golfer ought to have been receiving advice from me, for I had been beating him easily for a long time. I told him so, and he does not proffer advice now, but his looks show that the inclination is there still.

In playing the game all should try to acquire a good and graceful style, and for this end three things are necessary, viz., a proper grasp of the club, a proper stance, and a graceful swing, which, in their order, I shall try to deal with.

1. To enable one to make a graceful swing, great attention should be paid to the grasp, which should be effected thus:—In the first instance, lay the club-head down behind the ball, allowing it to take its own position on the ground, which will be more natural than you can make it; grasp the handle tightly with the left hand, close to the top of the leather, then take hold with the right hand, bringing it up close to the left, allowing it to rest gently against the fore-part of the left thumb, but holding the club quite slack with the right. By this means you will observe that the left hand keeps the club in its correct position, while the right hand does all the work. It might also be said that in grasping the club the thumbs ought to come round the leather, resting lightly on the tips of the forefingers; many players have formed the habit of grasping their clubs with their thumbs pointing down the handle. This causes the club to hit the shoulder, is anything but comely, and ought to be avoided.

2. While looking out for a suitable tee, it is most necessary, at the same time, to look out for a suitable stance, not with one foot a few inches higher than the other, as a great many golfers seem to think is the proper thing, but to look out for a place on which both feet may be upon the same level, not too far apart, and in such a position that they will not slip. To place the feet far apart causes more exertion, and tires out the player, which results in pressing.



1, 2 and 3. Saturday afternoon tees. 5. Good. 6. Better. 7. Best.

3. Having secured a good stance and a good grasp, the next important thing is the swing. When you take it, don't pull up the club from the ball in an abrupt fashion, but give it the free use of your arms, sweeping it along the grass, forming a nice, long, graceful curve, until the club-handle is in such a position that your chin will be just about touching your left shoulder, and at the same time rising up on the left toe along with the upward motion of the club, keeping your eye on the ball during the whole of the operation, and making the club describe the same graceful curve in descending as it did in rising.

Strength is good enough to have in Golf but is by no means necessary to insure good driving or good play.

Once upon a time a very tall, strong man argued thus:—"If your little boy with his little club can drive a ball a hundred yards it stands to reason that I, three times his size, with a club three times the length, ought to drive a ball three times the distance." There is not much wrong with the reason; it is simple proportion, but alas! not in Golf. This man put his theory into practice by having a large club made with a proportionate ball, but his experiment resulted in complete failure. The ball did not go so far as an ordinary 27, and the whole affair caused more amusement than I can describe.

After once acquiring a good style the only way to excel in the game is to practise, to play with good players if possible, not in foursomes but in singles, depending upon yourself; to play fair, despising all mean advantages when your opponent's back is turned, discouraging such practices as pressing down the turf with the foot behind the ball. You will sometimes see "Scientific blackguards" do this when in the act of playing a ball out of a sand bunker. They make a show of pretending to play the ball clean, but the moment the iron sinks down behind the ball, these players lift the club so that it takes a

great quantity of sand, leaving the ball well exposed for a good shot. Make yourself as agreeable and sociable as you can.



"The Scientific Blackguard."

Don't be discouraged if you are beaten; Golf takes strange turns; you may win next time; so you can afford to come up smiling. When the game is finished go home.

After having acquired a good style and begun to practise, some other little odds and ends are necessary which require care and attention; in fact it is just the care and attention bestowed upon each little detail in Golf, as in business, which can make the game what it ought to be. One of these odds and ends, indeed, a prominent one, and one which demands more consideration than in many instances it receives; is coolness in playing the game. Golf should be played, not in a blustering manner, but in a calm and placid one. Many games are lost, spoiled, and rendered uncomfortable both to the player and his opponent by forgetting the necessary preservation of serenity just at the time when it should be forthcoming.

In a game which was being played on a course of eighteen holes between two professionals, the leading man was 9 holes up. Because he did not win the tenth hole, however, he lost his temper, and the remaining nine holes, halving the game; whereas, had he remained cool, the game was his own, merely requiring a half to win.

What is more intolerable than to have an adversary who loses his temper? It is not only disagreeable but ridiculous. I remember at the dancing school seeing a boy crying because he could not accomplish a difficult step in the Highland Fling. The crying and dancing at the same time seemed so incongruous that the incident terminated in laughing, crying, and dancing, giving the onlookers a great treat.

A player should make up his mind before starting to try his very best to win, throwing away no legitimate means of doing so, but neither being elated nor depressed by the result. Good play cannot at all times be made a certainty; but by retaining presence of mind or a "calm sough," a player is much more likely to attain his end.

R. J. B. TAIT.

GULLANE LINKS.

Is there any spot so well adapted for Golf as the healthful, breezy links known as Gullane Common? Who has once visited them without longing to return? Who does not find new attractions at each visit? For Golf is not the one idea of visitors to Gullane, though it is certainly Golf that has made it the popular resort that it now is. There is an excellent sandy beach for ladies' and children's bathing, and farther west are the Black Rocks, where one can have a dive into the Firth, be the tide ever so low. The conchologist will find it worth his while to search the shore, for Venus shells and black men's teeth and urchins and other rarities may still be found. The botanist can pick up a moonwort on Gullane Hill, and the geologist has an ample field. The lover of history will not perhaps find so much lore here as further east, but the ruined church must have a history, if one could find it out. Would that some one could rout out the real story and origin of the Common, and save the Court of Session from any more trouble about it!

We know that Dirleton was once in the parish of Gullane, whereas the reverse is now the case. We know that this was because Gullane was "a decaying town," while Dirleton was "a thriving place."

As a spot for beautiful peeps of sea and land Gullane links stands unrivalled. From the top of the hill the view is not intercepted in any direction; southwards in the foreground

extend the fertile fields of East Lothian, with the Garleton Hills and Lammermuirs in the background; eastwards beyond Archerfield the Berwick Law stands out prominent, with "Tantallon Hold" and the Bass Rock beyond; westwards there is a fine view of Arthur's Seat and the Pentlands, and "Auld Reekie," which proves its title to the name; while just below, most ravishing of all, is the great stretch of the Firth of Forth from Inchkeith to the Isle of May, and on the Fife side may be seen the Lomonds, Largo Law, and Kelly Law, and on a clear day the distant Ochils.

One summer evening we were favoured with a particularly novel and charming sight from the hill-top. The sun was setting, and a heavy shower drove our foursome to seek shelter behind the Roundell, and, as we cast our eyes to the south, we saw a brilliant rainbow; just at that moment a flock of sea-gulls crossed the bow in the cloud, and immediately the colour of their wings altered to a lovely silver, as they shimmered in the reflected sunlight.

Gullane may have been a decaying place at one time, but it is now the most popular and thriving village in Haddingtonshire, and is growing more so every day. The old church is still a ruin, but a pretty new one was recently built at the eastern extremity of the links, thanks to the energy of the parish minister of Dirleton; and in the month of August a grand Golf tournament (celebrated since both in prose and rhyme in this magazine) was held in connection with the new church bazaar. The result was that nearly two hundred competitors came together, hailing from all parts of the kingdom. The day was perfect, and some of the play was excellent, the chief prize of merit, a handsome silver cup, being carried off by Mr. A. M. Ross, adding one to the numerous laurels of his crown. A local man, Mr. John Brotherstone, tied with him at 78, but finally had to succumb before the old hand.

We remember when Gullane was a thirteen-hole course, and it was then sufficient for its needs, for "the madding crowd" used to go elsewhere; but there were one or two dangerous places in those days, viz., at the first and fourth holes, especially the latter, where tee shots used to whiz over our heads when toiling up the steep incline. There was one gentleman, however, whose efforts were untiring in making improvements on the links, and whose name should be honourably and gratefully remembered by all Gullane Golfers; we refer to the late Mr. William Whytock, who made Gullane a fifteen-hole course at his own charges entirely, about the year 1878, and who a few years later assisted others to complete the eighteen. His son and namesake has carried off many prizes on the links of Gullane and Luffness, and is now one of the best players at Felixstowe. *Sit tibi terra levis.*

Gullane links contains all the best hazards; it abounds in bunkers; there are several ditches and roads; wild-driven balls are frequently almost invisible among ragworts and thistles; and there are enough of rabbit-scrapes to satisfy those players who have great belief in luck. Of water hazards there are none except in very wet weather, but surely this is no disadvantage, as it saves one the additional trouble of selecting a float-ing ball.

The first hole is a typical hole for a start, long and level, with plenty of room, and only two hazards, which can be easily avoided; but some will persist in driving into the ditch in front of the tee, and others will play their seconds into a rather nasty, artificial bunker that was made for the unwise. The second hole, across the road, requires a good drive and an iron approach over the bunker that guards the green. There used to be a pond east of the hole, but it is now filled up with rubbish and overgrown with weeds, a disagreeable place into which to heel a ball, *experto crede*. The third is a short hole, and can be driven in on a favourable day; the putting-green is a particularly fine one. The fourth hole is right up the first hill, and can be reached in two with a tail wind. The fifth, or Mire Hole, is a drive and at cleek shot; one might drive into the bunker from the tee, but we have not seen it done. The Racecourse Hole is one of the modern ones, and is a very good one, as it takes some manœuvring to avoid the deep trench that runs nearly parallel with the course; care must be taken not to overrun the green, where the ground is rough and bad. The Long Hole can be reached in 2, and is one of the best in the round. It used to be the short hole, and was occasionally done in 1. We have once had the satisfaction of holing it as it is in 3. The hole at the

top of the second hill is perhaps the most difficult of all. Approach it with the greatest care, yet the ball is almost certain to run past the green among the ragworts. This is a good hole in 4. Then comes a succession of easy holes. The ninth or Well Hole has been carried in one, and is frequently holed in 3. It is advisable to pause a moment here, especially on a warm day, and drink a glass of water from the old pump, it makes one cool and steady for the second half of the round. The tenth across the ruts is an easy 4. The eleventh, or short hole, should be played with a cleek or iron, and is often done in 2. The twelfth, down the hill, "does make you so wild" sometimes, for you may be past the green in 1, and take 5 to hole out. Preparations appear to be being made to make a hole fifty yards lower down, but the ground is very rough, and the grass is gnawed down to the roots by the rabbits. Anyway, something should be done, for on a summer day, when the green is particularly fast, it really is not Golf. The thirteenth is a good sporting hole, as it requires a well-judged drive to clear the trench, and land on the slight declivity with just sufficient force to reach the hole; we have seen it holed in 2 by Mr. Sidney McCulloch. The Bunker Hole is well named; it is almost surrounded with bunkers, but a good iron tee shot often lays the ball dead in 1. In going for the Table Hole, one should drive well to the left, the approach being much easier when the bunker is avoided. The three remaining holes are all modern, and are much rougher than the rest of the links; it is here that most matches are lost and won. The sixteenth is a drive and a cleek shot, but it is well guarded by a long bunker which must be crossed. Saltcoats Hole is even more dangerous, as the bunkers that surround it are numerous and deep. It can be reached with a drive and iron shot, but it is easier on paper than in reality; we have frequently found ourselves hopelessly beaten in those deep holes of sand. The last hole, or Crawley, is easily reached in 2 if the tee shot happen to lie well, but it is bad country, and a great many seconds find their way into the ditch, which bears the mark of many a niblick. Even Mr. Alick Ross paid his respects to it in presence of a number of spectators the day he won the silver cup. This hole was taken in 3 one afternoon by Mr. Charles Chambers.

The record of the green is held by Mr. A. M. Ross, who, on July 23rd of this year, won the gold medal of the Gullane Club with the remarkably fine score of 70, made up as follows:—

Out...	...	6	4	2	5	4	4	4	5	3=37	} 70
In	4	3	4	3	3	4	4	3	5=33	

A great many clubs enjoy their outings on Gullane, but chiefly the Gullane Club, which has built a pretty club-house hard by the first hole, and which is the main support of the green. The late hon. secretary, Mr. Thomas Linton, made it a labour of love for years to keep Gullane course in such order that it might compare favourably with any other. His indefatigable efforts were successful, and when he retired from his office a short time ago he was warmly thanked by the captain and club, amongst whom he was deservedly popular.

Of other clubs, there is the older, if less famous, East Lothian, and the local Dirleton Castle, but besides these, the Haddington, the Collegiate, the Hankey-Pankies, the University, and others, find in Gullane a suitable field for their competitions. Long life to Gullane Golf and golfers, and may the learned Judges of the Court of Session decide to draw the line at horse-training, but see no reason to interfere with golfing rights and privileges on Gullane Common, which have been so long enjoyed by residents and villagers, promoting their health and happiness.

H. M. B.

THE BEST GOLF TAILORS are Messrs. A. CAIGER & COMPANY, 88, Piccadilly, W., and Richmond, Surrey, who make a speciality of a really good coat (damp-proof) on hygienic principles, and which has a delightful feeling of ease in play. The firm have also a special Ladies' Department, and make a smart golfing costume upon the same principles (with waterproof skirt), which can be recommended for health and comfort. A chic costume made in the very best manner. Buttons engraved any crest or monogram. Messrs. CAIGER & Co. send patterns and sketches to any part of the world free, and give special quotations to club orders.

Review.

SOME CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

The festive season is already upon us, and there is an odour of mince-meat and plum pudding in the air. Every good housewife has her own treasured recipes for the various items of unwholesome but traditional fare, which respectable persons are bound to eat at Christmas time. The almonds, raisins, and brandy are prescribed by the powers that be; but how much virtue lies in the mixing, pounding, boiling, and serving of them! In like manner each reputable editor has his own recipe for a Christmas number.

Punch has provided an excellent feast, on his well-known principles, with a varied menu. We have pictures and poems, diaries and dreams, and we rise up well satisfied. Mr. Linley Sambourne is at his very best in a series of full-page pictures, "The Modern Mother-Goose," and her rhymes for the year. Here we have in one corner a monstrous spider called "Knavish Speculation," who has caught many flies, and has frightened folks braver than "Little Miss Muffet." "Dickory Dock" runs up the clock of labour to stop the hands at the eight hours. Jack and Jill have rolled down-hill ignominiously, for it was only a *marriage de convenance*. Most delightful touch of all, see Mrs. Grundy nursing her over-grown baby, Society, feeding it with some tasteless compound from a bowl labelled "Popular Art and Literature." In the midst of the mad *mêlée* of the third picture sits a calm, happy Lady Bountiful. The little children nestle near her, and she stretches out her arms to distribute good things far and wide. But there is also a sad picture of crushed and humbled man, crouching dismally over a cushion that bears the dire words, "Women's Rights." Does he fear that the cushion may smother him, or is it a hint that those rights lie in needles, pins, thimbles, and cotton? Mr. Harry Furniss has given us some original and impersonal illustrations of Mr. Punch's "Dream of America," in his own and very best style. Miss Wealth, on the eagle's back, and her great bag of dollars hanging in the bird's claws, is bewitching. To gain her would be a labour worthy of an ancient knight, or, we should say, a knight of olden times; yet the siren holds out her arms, while we slap our empty pockets in despair. Mr. Du Maurier has another nightmare, not so funny as his last, but a very vivid, unpleasant sort of nightmare for all that.

The World, is faithful to its now established Christmas number. We have numberless short stories, profusely illustrated, and avoiding all connection whatever with Christmas as if it had the influenza. The centre decoration is of the world-worlily, as it should be. In "The Garden Party," we have nearly three hundred portraits of celebrities, most of them unmistakable—though Mr. Corney Grain (except for his hand), Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Lidderdale, and Sir Francis Jeune are less easily recognised than the rest. Many of the stories are not of a very exhilarating or refreshing character. They are full of disappointed love, death-scenes, faithless friends, and run-away wives. But they are written in a dashing, *fiquante* style—as if told after dinner at cigar-time, while the wine goes round, and the women yawn upstairs in the drawing-room.

The ladies' papers are well to the front, and they offer something quite beyond the bread, butter and muffins of their ordinary tea-table fare. Mrs. Clifford, the clever authoress of "Aunt Anne," has written an excellent short story in *The Lady's Pictorial*. "A Wild Proxy" is as good a story of the kind as we can wish for; it is racy, satirical and pathetic; just the right length, and of a sort to please the male mind as well as the ladies.

The Gentlewoman has a story of "Seven Christmas Eves," by seven different authors—Clo. Graves, B. L. Farjeon, Florence Marryat, G. Manville Fenn, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Justin Huntly McCarthy, and Clement Scott. This brilliant combination has resulted in a capital novel, with all the elements of life and love well developed. The story is original, and the manner of telling it interesting and attractive. It is admirably illustrated by Dudley Hardy. There are other pictures and reading in this budget well worthy of attention.

Yule Tide has forsaken its old character, and has plunged into humorous personalities, political and otherwise, under the guidance of Mr. Harry Furniss. We must admit that we prefer the pen-and-ink sketches of this delightful artist to the coloured plates of his work.

The Illustrated London News is a generous spread of pictures, stories and poems. There are three large, well-executed coloured plates, besides illustrations innumerable. "The Rev'rend Ezekiel Crump," by Frank R. Stockton, is a capital short story, full of humour. The creepy tale of "Pallinghurst Barrow," by Grant Allen, quietly laughs at the bogies and ghosts of an occult prophet, and is cleverly written. Barry Pain's little poem, "Next December," is worthy of mention.

Black and White, laying aside its half-mourning, flaunts gaily in festive colours, and ranks high among the cheery budgets of the season. "The Transformation of Buckeye Camp," is told in Bret Harte's crisp and picturesque style. There is also a wildly original tale called, "My Grandfather's Horrible Fate," by Eden Phillpotts.

Holly Leaves, the Christmas number of the "Sporting and Dramatic News," is not so exceptionally good as the corresponding number of last year. But it has many good things in it for all that, and a generous supply of capital pictures. "Porson's Wooing" is a laughable little story, well told by G. H. Jalland.

The Graphic maintains a cheery and seasonable character. Its tinted pictures, by Percy Macquoid and Hugh Thompson, as well as the illustrations of the letterpress, are sure to be popular with young and old. "Ivan Greet's Masterpiece," by Grant Allen, and "Owen Wingrave," by Henry James, are good reading.

Father Christmas is the nursery and school-room fare spread out for the youngsters, and gladly do we elder folk share it with them. The pictures are delightful; the large coloured supplement of "Mother Goose" will look well in a neat frame on the walls of the children's sanctum. The stories will read well after tea over the school-room fire.

DINARD GOLF CLUB.

The Dinard Golf Club autumn meeting, postponed from October the 11th, was played on November 8th, 9th, and 10th, in lovely weather. The Dinard challenge cup was won by Mr. T. Ramsbotham (4) with a score of 99; fifteen competed. The ladies' challenge cup was won by Miss Wyllys Pomeroy (12) with a score of 91, played on the Ladies' links. The Dinard cup (open) was won by Major H. Scott, R.A. (plus 5) with a score of 93, after two ties with Sir George Duntze (7) 92. Fourteen competed. An approaching competition was won by Mr. T. Ramsbotham; a putting competition was won by Mr. J. Forster; the ladies' putting competition was won by Miss Dansy; the men's foursomes were won by Major Scott and Mr. C. Bill; the mixed foursomes were won by Mr. J. Wyllys Pomeroy and Miss Pomeroy.

RANDALL'S GOLF BOOT.—This is a boot which has recently been introduced by the well-known bootmaker, specially designed for the comfort of golfers. The india-rubber knobs on the sole not only give a secure foothold on the turf, but they render the walking over hard dry ground easy and light. They are exceedingly convenient for golfers who have to go to town early in the day, because by this improvement the necessity of changing boots is avoided, while the india-rubber keeps the feet from becoming chilled and damp in these wintry days, through long inactivity in the office. We believe that a good many barristers, as well as golfers, find the india-rubber perforated sole a great utility in this respect while engaged in the Law Courts.

JOHANNIS. The King of Natural Table Waters, charged entirely with its own natural gas. JOHANNIS neutralises acidity, and prevents gout, rheumatism, indigestion, and biliousness, the fore-runners of defective vitality, the foundation of mischief. The "LANCET" says: "Johannis Water is of exceptional purity and excellence." The Springs and Bottling Depôts are at Zollhaus, in Germany. The London Offices, 25, REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.



A very early spell of frost has for the last week put Golf in Scotland out of fashion, and the other Scottish game of curling is in full swing. Golfers who can curl are delighted, for the change is most welcome, and after a good season at "the roarin' game" they will resume their Golf with freshened interest. Golfers who can neither curl nor skate are much to be pitied, and we would advise such to protect themselves by studying the Badminton volume on ice-sports, so that when the links have to be forsaken they may be able to enjoy themselves and ward off winter's discontent by some one or other of the ice-games there described. An old poet (Pennicu'ck) put the value of curling very pithily thus:—

To curl on the ice doth greatly please,
It's a manly Scottish exercise;
It clears the brain, stirs up the native heat,
And gives a gallant appetite for meat.

Over 1,600 curlers have entered for the grand match between North and South of Scotland to be played this year at Carsebreck.

* * *

The Crystal Palace Curling Club keeps the game alive in London. The patron of the club is H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and the members are about to present His Royal Highness with a silver-mounted curling-broom. There are twenty-seven members, some well-known golfers, such as Mr. J. G. Gibson, Mr. W. E. Hughes, and Mr. A. G. Gibson being among the number.

* * *

On the coming of age of the eldest son of the Duke of Athole—the Marquis of Tullibardine—the curlers of Dunkeld are also to present a silver-mounted curling-broom, both orders being given to Messrs. Anderson and Sons, Princes Street, Edinburgh, the well-known Golf-club patentees.

* * *

When Lord Lovat lately came of age, the happy event was celebrated among other ways by a great shinty-match. When are we to hear of a Golf match on an occasion of this kind, and the presentation of a set of clubs? We shall hope soon to hear of such a new departure?

* * *

Professor Guthrie Tait, to whose Golf we referred last week, has just been highly honoured in having his portrait painted by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., and presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, to which learned body the Professor has a ted as general secretary for a long period. Lord M'Laren, who made the presentation in name of the subscribers, said that "Professor Tait's work as a mathematician and a physicist was known wherever the English language was read," and that the Professor's "interest in his students did not end when they passed from college to the business of life. Such of his students as were interested in the work of the class and the laboratory had found him at all times ready to advise as to their scientific work, to help them in their difficulties, and to recommend them when deserving for such positions as were open to students of science." There are many who can appreciate the justice of this high tribute, and golfers we know will be glad to hear of such honour being given to one who finds time amid his multifarious duties to study the science of a popular game.

The course of the proposed railway by Gullane, Muirfield, and Dirlerton, recently noticed in our columns is not to be altogether smooth. Mr. H. W. Hope, of Luffness, is on the war-path, and announces that he will oppose it tooth and nail. No doubt it passes through part of his property, but it is not easy to see why the proprietor of Luffness should oppose the railway, when he is about to open a new Golf course to which the railway would give easy access. The railway is strongly approved by people in the district, and it is hoped on all hands that the opposition may prove futile, and that very soon the proposal may have Parliamentary sanction.

* * *

"I hear," says Argus, "that the proprietor and the fears of Gullane Common, following up the recent decision of Lord Low in the horse-training interdict case, are laying their heads together to devise a scheme of regulations for Golf over the Gullane green. There is no harm in this, provided ordinary golfers are allowed free use of the green, for really the obstructions to play by picnic parties, rowdy excursionists, and others, on certain days made Golf anything but agreeable on this fine green; and if the Gullane Club is given some authority to keep order, seeing that it already keeps the green, a needed improvement will be effected. However jealous of their rights, golfers who frequent Gullane will not object to have their wrongs attended to by some responsible party who does not presume too much."

* * *

"Of the places to go to if you wish to see the newest inventions in Golf, curling, or any other game, commend me," says M.P., "to Anderson's shop in the Princes' Street of Edinburgh. An oil painting of the renowned Allan Robertson draws attention to one of the windows, and a cast of a famous salmon is in the other, and both surrounded by all varieties of clubs, flies, bats, curling-stones, etc. Then what a grand saloon you enter, and if you play any game whatever under the sun, won't your teeth water at the beautifully-finished implements you see on every hand. All that is novel, beautiful, tasteful, interesting, and necessary for all our famous sports is there, and if you meet either Brother Robert or Brother Roderick you will find either willing to talk with you on any sport you like, and the way and the weapon you require for loch, stream, links, or wherever the scene of your sport may be. I am never in Edinburgh but I drop in to have half-an-hour's chat with the Andersons, and I always come away enlightened. In curling and Golf the display in this wonderful shop is specially strong. Muthils, Crawfordjohns, Carsphairns, Ailsas—it matters not what you wish, you will find a pair of beauties to match you; and brooms, bags, tees, anything and everything to make you a complete curler. Then as to Golf, I am not sure but that the suggestion of most of our many inventions may be traced to the back premises of Anderson's. Long before the Dalrymple 'hammer' appeared I saw something like it there, and on threatening my friend Roderick with sixty days for such a monstrous conception, I believe he got ashamed of it. I have just had a peep at the newest—a combined cleek and putter, of which you will hear more, and of various other novelties that are being hatched for the amusement of the sane proportion of the golfing world, and I have positively warned the owner of the lot that I shall introduce an Act of Parliament next Session (if ever that comes) to authorise the burning of every Golf invention of the past twenty years, and the prohibition of any new thing in all time to come. I think such an Act absolutely necessary, unless the game of Golf is to be abolished, as it soon will be if the patent mania proceeds much further in its dire work. But I forgive Anderson. He patents a hundred inventions in a year, but I believe it is all in fun, and he 'winks the other eye' when you begin to be serious about the utility of this last. He is a Highlander, and a really good fellow—it applies to either of the two—and the one—they might as well have chosen the other—has just been elected president of the Perthshire Association. I shall refer to both again, for they are worthy."

* * *

Mr. David Scott Duncan, who has been secretary of the Scottish Amateur Athletic Association since it was established, is to be presented with a handsome testimonial on the occasion of his marriage next month. Mr. Duncan is the Editor of the

"Golfing Annual," and takes a great interest in Golf, as well as other athletic sports; and we offer him our hearty congratulations and good wishes.

* * *

Nae sma' drink.—Old Tom.

* * *

In the County Council contest in the Golf-ridden parish of Dirlerton, East Lothian, one of the candidates, Mr. H. W. Hope, counselled the parents not to let their children act as caddies, and objected to an opponent, Mr. T. D. Thomson, a well-known golfer, that if returned he (Mr. Thomson) would be simply the representative of the golfers and railway speculators. The poll resulted—Thomson, 110; Hope, 57; so that caddies and golfers again breathe freely in this gutta-percha atmosphere.

* * *

What are the authorities at North Berwick doing? Some time ago a good deal was said about taking in three more holes and enlarging the present course, which is absolutely necessary if this green is to come up to the recognised standard. It is really too short when comparison is made with such well-known courses as St. Andrews, Mac hrihannish, Sandwich, Hoylake, and Prestwick. At any rate, there are too many short holes. In a report of a recent match between Mr. A. M. Ross and Mr. Stuart Anderson, we read that the former had two 2's and the latter one 2; and Sayers, the local professional, will back himself any day to do 70 or under. Evidently the authorities should do something in the way of lengthening some of the holes, or North Berwick will go back among the second or third class greens.

* * *

A Catholic Golf Club has recently been formed in Edinburgh. Is this the consummation devoutly to be wished—a club in which all golfers will be represented, with an Ecumenical Council to regulate the rules of the game? If so, it is a matter for congratulation. But is it a "Roman Catholic" Golf Club that has been constituted with Mr. Walter Connolly, captain, as we rather suppose? Then we change our tune. It is not an improvement on the spirit of Golf to have it identified with religious forms of whatever kind they may be. Golf puts politics and religion aside for the time being, and unites those who are divided on such subjects.

* * *

For an expression of supreme contempt, the following is perhaps unmatched:—Two workmen on the summit of an Edinburgh tramway car were discussing the demerits of a citizen whom neither loved. Says the one—"Man, Jock, I wadna gie a d— for 'um," "Nor wad I, Jamie," said the other, "unless I wis gaun to swair, ony way!"

* * *

Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., the member for West Fife, and the clever author of "Obiter Dicta," delivered quite an unexceptionally interesting address on Saturday night, at the prize distribution of the Liverpool Institute. With light touch and gentle sarcasm, he passed over the cultured Philistine method of speaking and writing about the middle classes and middle-class education, and insisted on the importance of a manly, unaffected and refined taste in all that belonged to literature and art.

* * *

"Good taste," he said, "was only attainable by the exercise of mind, by study, and by thought. Healthy exercise for mind and body was their great demand. Homer, Virgil, and Dante were better models of style of diction than any of our own poets, for this reason, if no other, that we were compelled to devote to their study a labour and an accuracy which most of them, he expected, would be found unwilling to bestow upon Shakespeare and Milton, or even upon Chaucer or Spenser. Next to the accurate study of some of the great models of perfection he placed an easy, friendly, and not necessarily a very accurate acquaintance with at least one modern European language, and if it was to be but one, let it be French. Lastly, and confining himself more especially to literary matters, he would add the habit of reading books of sound and sensible reputation. There was a good deal of nonsense talked and written about the consolations of literature, the ministry of books, and he knew not what other fine phrases. At the most, literature was but a drug of pain, and no very effective one. The sorrowful

man would carry his sorrows with him at least as much into his library as into his counting-house, and still find it as hard to forget them in one place as the other. The grief which a romance could stifle must have first become exceedingly drowsy. In all seriousness, and speaking for himself, being desirous to clear his mind of cant as much as possible, he felt bound to express the conviction that, though he was an exceedingly bad player, a good game of Golf, if he had only any luck in his drives, and any happiness in his putts, would be far more likely to make him forget for a while the sorrows which upset him than even his most favourite author, although he loved many not far short of this side of idolatry."

The late Hon. W. H. Cross, M.P., whose death from typhoid fever was recorded on Monday, was a tall, athletic fellow of thirty-six. Educated at Rugby and University College, Oxford, he was afterwards called to the bar, and was junior counsel for England in the Behring Sea Arbitration. He was popular in the House of Commons and also among his constituents. Not long ago he took up Golf, and though still in the long handicap stage he showed undoubted promise of becoming a good player. He took part in the last Parliamentary Golf match.

The close connection between Golf and local prosperity is a theme we have touched upon more than once, and it is gratifying to see that enlightened public authorities in places where good links exist are becoming more and more alive to the importance of fostering the game in their midst. Last week Portrush, "the St. Andrews" of Ireland, entered upon a new era in its domestic history. For the first time in its career this charming Irish watering-place, with its splendid Golf course, took unto itself the resolution to form something like a municipal institution. The town elected fifteen Town Commissioners as a local governing body; and it is pleasing to note that in a country where political rivalries and creed distinctions are more acute than in any other part of the kingdom, the votes for the election of those Commissioners were given "on the most public-spirited and independent principles."

We rejoice to see it admitted by a local newspaper that "Golf has, as is generally admitted, been the principal agent in this great revolution. The links can scarcely be surpassed. The County Club has of ladies and gentlemen about six hundred members. Families in the winter time have become residents, to enjoy the attractions of the old Royal game. Every year, with proper municipal arrangements, the number of such winter residents is likely to increase." In 1831 the population of Portrush numbered only 387; it has grown steadily during the intervening years, until the town is sufficiently large and important to warrant the preliminary step of incorporation. Apart from the natural attractions of the town as a health resort, there can be no doubt that in the last decade at least the Golf links have contributed to draw an increasing number of families every year to the district; and if the local authorities are wise they will endeavour to foster the game in their midst, and to grant all reasonable facilities to golfers compatible with the freedom and the recognition of interests of other sections of the community.

That point at least should not be forgotten when the zeal of the Town Commissioners is finding an outlet in devising schemes of public improvement. We see it stated for example, that "Gasworks there are in the town; but there are very few lamps. These lamps are only lit for a certain time. They are now, it is said, extinguished with the departure of the last train. They are certainly put out at a very early hour, long before the most respectable of the inhabitants and visitors are in bed. On moonlight nights we are not sure that these lamps are lighted at all, and when the moon is under a cloud what are people who have been visiting friends—and everybody visits friends occasionally—to do!" Golfers, of course, are human like other mortals, and they have been known to get together after the matches are over and play whist far into the night. In finding one's way back to the family roof-tree, a light is always of great assistance, and a gas jet in the public thoroughfares is of invaluable aid, especially where, as is the case at Portrush, the public roadways are uneven, badly kept, miry, and full of pitfalls.

On Thursday week an interesting foursome was played at Biarritz. Mr. Horace Hutchinson and Mr. H. Bradshaw played against Mr. Hambro and Willie Dunn. The last-named couple, in receipt of a third, won by 4 up and 2 to play. On Thursday last the same foursome was again played without odds, and halved.

Sir W. Hart Dyke, M.P., has had planned out at his seat, Littlestone Castle, Eynsford, Kent, a nine-hole course, by Tom Dunn, Tooting Bec Golf Club. Dunn also marked off on the lawn a course of eighteen holes for ladies.

Mr. A. J. Balfour's keenness as a golfer is well known, and so a number of Irish golfers have combined to present him with a unique gift, which will shortly be handed over to him. This will take the shape of a full set of Golf clubs enclosed in a case, with an inscription in the front to the following effect:—"Presented to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour by a hundred Irish golfers." Each club has a silver band round the shaft, on which Mr. Balfour's monogram is engraved.

The Seaford Golf Club inaugurated a new festivity in the shape of a dinner, last Wednesday evening in the Savoy Hotel, when over thirty members and their friends were present, the newly elected captain, Dr. C. A. S. Leggatt, being in the chair. The captain, in proposing the health of the Seaford Golf club, remarked that visitors, who were always welcome at Seaford, would admit that the eighth hole had not inaptly been named "Hell," and that if they missed their drive at that hole they would be convinced of the truth of the words "Facilis descensus Avernus, Sed revocare gradum Hic labor, hoc opus est." Mr. Lewis of Newhaven replied for the club. The health of the visitors was proposed by Mr. Thomas Orr, and responded to by Messrs. Sachs and Harby; whilst the captain's health was gracefully proposed by Mr. Shaw. Some excellent singing by Messrs. Beaumont, Witty, and Orr greatly added to the enjoyment of the evening.

North Berwick has lost one of its most promising professionals in George Douglas, who has just enlisted into the 93rd Highlanders. Douglas, who is quite a youth, has been rapidly coming to the front, distinguishing himself at the Musselburgh Tournament in September last by recording the lowest score for one round of the green in the competition. Ben Sayers had a very high estimation of Douglas as a golfer, and, amongst the younger local professionals, Ben had some of his stiffest tussles with this smart and dashing player.

Sayers has of late been devoting more time to business arrangements than to playing, and, in addition to his workshop on the links, he is now about to open a suitable shop for the sale of clubs and balls, in Westgate, North Berwick.

The annual bonspiel amongst the curling clubs of East Lothian took place at Balgone Lake on Saturday, when the representatives of twelve clubs engaged in the contest for the Wemyss county cup. There was a fair sprinkling of the golfing fraternity among the competitors, and of well-known Tantallon players engaged were Provost Brodie, Mr. John Forrest, and Mr. Andrew Wallace. The Gladsmuir Curling Club carried off the Wemyss cup.

Mr. T. P. Waggott, Golf club and ball maker, Ilkley, Yorkshire, has sent us a specimen of his workmanship in Golf clubs. Hailing, as he does, from Musselburgh, it is sufficient to say that the clubs he is sending out are fashioned on the most accepted traditional lines, modelled with care in soundly-seasoned wood, and finished in a manner to stand comparison with those of other good makers in these days of keen competition in the Golf club maker's trade.

At a meeting held at Adair's Hotel, High Street, on Wednesday evening, the 7th, a new Golf Club, called the Edinburgh Catholic Golf Club, was formed. The following were elected office-bearers:—Mr. Walter Connolly, captain; Mr. Alexander Macpherson, vice captain; Mr. J. G. Johnston, secretary; and Mr. Arthur Maney, treasurer.

Eminent Golfers.

XXXIV.—MR. CHARLES ANDERSON, OF FETTYKIL.

There are few golfers with a wider and more distinguished record in the annals of our game than the formidable player, Mr. Charles Anderson, whose portrait we reproduce in the present issue. Though his fame is, perhaps, more directly associated with the greens of his native Kingdom of Fife, it is by no means confined to that cockiest of bantam realms (for which, however, all golfers worth twopence have a kindly word); for he has also made his mark and carried off honours upon foreign links so wide apart as Liverpool and Aberdeen, Perth and Westward Ho! Like many another Scotch boy, who had been bred in the ways of truth and piety, he was, while yet of tender years, beguiled into the tortuous paths of that most treacherous and seductive pastime, which is so dear to many of us—needless to say, at St. Andrews, hoariest of all gray sinners and with a record of turpitude in its transactions with youth worthy of a city of much greater size and population. But though St. Andrews has, admittedly, so much to blush for (ecclesiastically and otherwise; but principally, no doubt, the former) she has also much and many to be proud of; and among the latter, we take it, we may venture to include the subject of our sketch.

Mr. Anderson began Golf while at school at St. Andrews sometime in the forties, when, in Dr. Graham's words,

"Gourlay's balls cost half-a-crown,
And Allan's not a farthing down;"

and he tells us that, like many of his schoolmates, he had occasionally

"to be content,
Wi' used-up balls lickt up in paint."

These were manufactured, if we do not misuse the term, by knowing caddies like old Bob Kirk, and sold at prices ranging from sixpence to a shilling each; but, fortunately, the era of the cheaper gutta was soon to dawn, and among the very first to introduce them was Old Bob. Mr. Anderson tells an amusing reminiscence of seeing Allan Robertson—who, as himself the famous maker of leather balls, was naturally opposed to the gutta—take his first swipe at one.

Mr. Anderson was following a match of Allan's one evening, in which Bob was acting as his caddy, when Allan asked the latter to tee one of his new guttas for a trial shot. Allan then, with a full swing, deliberately half-topped the ball and remarked, with a twinkle in his merry eye, that "it wouldna flee."

"Flee? D—n ye!" snorted Bob with fiery and perfectly justifiable indignation; "nae ba' will flee gin ye tap it!"—as Allan was as well aware, probably, as most men.

Allan lived to see his leather ball trade extinguished by the aggressive gutta and, sorely against the grain, had in time to take up the sale of the latter himself; and it was, in fact, with gutta that he, in 1858, made his record score of 79, which, in those days, when the links were narrow and covered with uncut windstrews, may compare favourably, it is thought, with the best score of the present time over links three times the width, and which, moreover, are regularly "all shaven and shorn."

After leaving school Mr. Anderson practically gave up the game—though, fortunately, only for a time—until he, in 1861, along with Colonel Boothby and some others, since well known, joined the Innerleven Club, which at that time played over the Dobbieside Links famous as the scene of Dr. Graham's "A Tale of Golf" in Clarke's "Golf; a Royal and Ancient Game." As these old links, with their thousand and one pleasant

sunny memories, have been, this many a year back, swept clean out of existence by Puffing Billy and his ruthless crew, it may interest some Scotch golfers, at all events, to know Mr. Anderson's opinion of them.

"I cannot remember playing over Dobbieside more than once or twice, when Tom Peter, Marshall, Dun" (since pretty well-known South of Tweed), "and a few others were the cracks. It was a very nice sporting links, with some beautiful putting-greens, but never equal to what the present Leven course has become under the fostering care of Mr. James Anderson, of Norton, and Mr. Smith, the active club secretary. In my opinion few links can compare with the latter course."

It is with this club, perhaps that Mr. Anderson's golfing fame is most intertwined; and his record is, as will be seen, indeed a splendid one. He first appears on the club records as winner of the silver medal (dating from 1829) in 1871, and this he took, year after year, till 1876, when fate relegated the old trophy to the subsidiary position of mere second prize at the summer meeting. In all, he has won this prize seven times. The gold medal, again, he has won six times—from 1879 to 1882 in successive years; the Wemyss cup no fewer than nine times, and the Christie Cup thrice; whilst the Amateur Champion Gold Medal—which is open to all invited clubs and is, therefore, in one way the greatest honour of the lot—has fallen to him three times. Thus in connection with his home-club alone Mr. Anderson appears as winner no fewer than twenty-eight times.

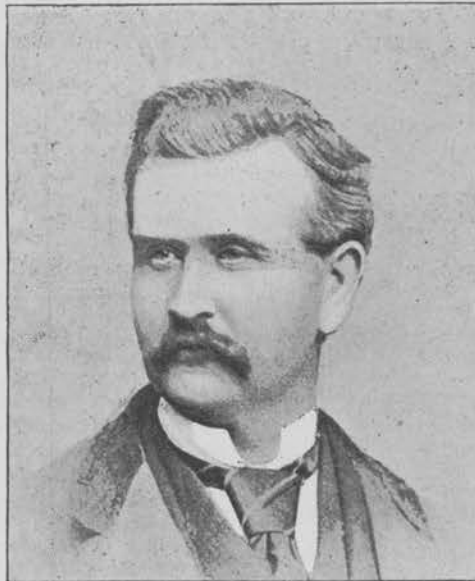
In 1866 he joined the Royal and Ancient, St. Andrews, again at the same time as Colonel Boothby; and, rather strangely, both came to the fore in the same year, 1868, when the latter gained the St. Andrews Cross, and the former the Bombay medal, after a remarkably keen tussle, which is interesting if only on account of the calibre of the players. The first round resulted in a tie between Sir Robert Hay, Mr. Anderson and Mr. David Lamb, and in the second the two former came in equal, but Mr. Lamb unfortunately broke down at the high hole and tore up his card. As it was, by this time, late in the afternoon, the survivors only went as far as the Hole o' Cross, and after a very close and exciting game, Mr. Anderson won by a putt at the last hole. The betting had been all in Sir Robert Hay's favour, as Mr. Anderson was at that time a comparatively unknown man,

and Sir Robert might be considered the champion amateur of Scotland, for, two years before, he held the Prestwick, St. Andrews, and North Berwick medals during the same season. Mr. Anderson had, consequently, something for a young player to be proud of, and it is pleasant to add that the very first to congratulate him was Sir Robert himself.

At the following autumn meeting he was still more successful, and gained the great honour of the King William the Fourth medal; and this he again took some years afterwards (1879) with 88—a score only once made before that time in this competition, viz., by Mr. George Glennie, so far back as 1855. At the following spring meeting he gained the St. Andrews Cross (after tying with Mr. Leslie Balfour at 87, he beat the latter in playing off), and thus held the principal honours at an aggregate of 165—at that time, record.

In brief, Mr. Anderson's record with the Royal and Ancient shows three first and three second prizes.

But he became a member of many other clubs also—among which may be noted the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, the Royal Perth Golfing Society, the Royal Liverpool, the Westward Ho! the Aberdeen and Elie clubs—and we append a list of the honours won by him on various famous greens:—Six medals at St. Andrews, twenty-eight medals at



Innerleven, one medal at Westward Ho! two medals at Liverpool, three medals at Aberdeen, twenty-two medals at Perth, six medals at Elie.

Mr. Everard, in his interesting article in the "Badminton," includes the subject of our sketch among those whose names might have been judiciously added to the "flyers," celebrated in the "Letter from the Rhine," which is, no doubt, familiar to most golfers. "Taking these players together," says Mr. Everard, "it would not have been very rash to predict that the honours on any given medal day would have been divided between some two to be found in this list." The vignette to Mr. Everard's article, by the way, shows the improved hole-cutter, which was designed by Mr. Anderson, and is now in universal use on golfing-greens; and it may be added, that, like a good and leal golfer, he presented the very first made to Tom Morris.

It may be broadly affirmed that all golfers who are even only half human take a keen interest in the Roaring Game; and in this great sister-sport, Mr. Anderson also comes well to the fore. He has been president and first skip of the Rothes Club for no fewer than twenty years, and has himself won many a medal; but, as he himself, with characteristic though somewhat undue modesty, puts it:—"I don't know that taking medals is any index of being a good curler." His home club is admittedly among the very strongest in a curling county; and for that matter, its fame has extended far beyond either Forth or Tay. It has won many a Caledonian medal, and out of five contests in the Cupar Province Bonspiel, which is played annually on historic Lindores, has been three times successful.

In another world altogether, so to speak, the subject of our sketch has also gained garlands; for he was for several years a prominent member of the powerful association known as the Forth Swimming Club, and gained two of their prizes for long and deep diving, for which he is, we may be sure, duly grateful to the experience gained at the famous "Step-rock," dear to the memory of so many thousands of St. Andrews schoolboys.

It should in justice be noted that Mr. Anderson has had far scantier opportunity for practice than most of our great players; for not only has he a drive of nearly ten miles ere he can reach the links nearest his home, but the claims of an extensive business have been always exigent, and even his leisure hours much treasured upon by his duties as Captain of the Leslie Volunteer Corps. It may be mentioned that he joined the body at the very beginning of the movement—which is, as we say in Scotland, not yesterday—and only retired a few years ago.

In conclusion, Mr. Anderson is of medium height, but of very vigorous frame, and more than ordinary physical strength. As a driver he is typically "far and sure," cool and accurate in his short game, and often deadly on the putting-green—in brief, one of the most reliable, and, certainly, one of the most famous of the many players of whom the East of Fife is justly proud.

W. DALRYMPLE.

The "Home" Golf Ball Press Company, 24, Howard Street, Glasgow, have been appointed sole agents for "Hulbert's Golf Ball Cleaner," which was noticed in GOLF some weeks ago.

We have received a copy of the Annual of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club for 1892-3. The volume grows in interest every year, and is replete with much interesting information for curlers all the world over. One new feature introduced in this year's volume is worthy of commendation. It gives a few portraits of one or two celebrated curlers—men who have done much in the past to foster a love for this twin brother of Scottish sport. We have a capital portrait of the president, Sir James H. Gibson-Craig, of Mr. Robert Craig of Newbattle, and of Lady Dufferin, who shows by extracts from her diary, that our Paris Ambassador, when Governor of Canada, amused himself on the rink nearly every day by playing matches with the best Canadian curlers, and showing that His Excellency was not only a keen curler, but an expert one. The volume, which is edited by the leading authority on curling, the Rev. Mr. Kerr of Dirleton, contains a large number of interesting songs mostly in the Scottish vernacular, list of clubs, rules of the game, diagrams of the rink, and the report of a discussion as to changing the weight of the stones from heavy to light.

A UNIFORM HANDICAP MATCH TABLE.

THERE are now probably few golfers worthy the name, however conservative their views, who have been able to avoid consulting certain tables showing how many strokes are due to or from them, and where these should be taken. Not very long ago the odds at which a match was to be played were generally settled by agreement (or shall we say haggling?), and the specification of the holes was often part of the transaction. But the fractions $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{3}$, with the accompanying table for those not skilled in the use of them, seem to have now established themselves with considerable firmness in the golfing world. There is still a little doubt in the minds of some whether the aforesaid fractions should not be $\frac{2}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$, as originally suggested; but the general opinion seems to be that Mr. Laidlaw Purves's revision to $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{3}$ is a distinct improvement; and there are even those who object that the change does not go far enough, and who would abolish fractions altogether, and give to the generously handicapped with the same lavish hand in match play as in medal play. But, for the moment, we are not concerned with any such important change in the empirical adjustment of odds. It is of the other table, which usually accompanies the first, that we wish to say a few words—that showing where strokes should be taken. We speak of this table in the singular number in a hopeful spirit; for although there are at present many such, unification has already been proposed, and is, we are glad to find, making some headway. Recent meetings of the Great Yarmouth Golf Club have always included a "Bogey" competition, in which strokes have been assigned according to the table proposed for universal adoption, by Mr. H. H. Turner, in GOLF, May 1st, 1891 (page 106, vol. II). The table has also been tried at Sandwich for the match tournament; and we have received scoring cards from other clubs, with this table printed on the back.

The advantage of a uniform table for all clubs is almost too obvious to dwell upon. The table can be very soon learnt; or, if founded on a distinct principle like the present, any particular case can be worked out very quickly on arriving at the first tee, if previous consultation of the table has been omitted, as we have known to happen very often. The objection which has been urged against such a table is that strokes should be taken with some reference to the character of the holes; and this objection must be honestly met and disposed of if a universal table is to succeed. But we venture to think that the objection is ill-founded, and results from a confusion of two ideas. It is certainly true that any golfer of experience "feels sad" when his opponent is dormy one, and has to receive a stroke at a short and easy hole; but it is not a proper deduction that the stroke makes much more *difference* at this hole than elsewhere. The awfulness of the situation comes mainly from the fact that the hole is short and easy, and even without the stroke the weaker player is already on nearly equal terms with him. Indeed he may not want his stroke, and in that case, although the match is lost, it has been a distinct advantage to the giver to have the stroke occur in this short, easy hole. In fact, the only thing which can make any

stroke more terrible than another is a greater chance of "coming in," and anyone who examines the question will find that there is astonishingly little difference in the frequency with which a stroke "comes in," whoever the players and whatever the hole. For instance, if A and B are two nearly scratch players, and A is to give B one stroke: it is very far from a certainty that it will be useful; for although the chance of B being two strokes worse than A is comparatively small, there is a moderately large chance that he will play at least one stroke better than A. A long analysis of medal cards at Sandwich shows, in fact, that on the average one stroke in two is useful, and that the departure from this average, consequent on the nature of the hole, is practically insignificant.

If golfers can satisfy themselves on this point, we imagine the chief bar to the adoption of a universal table would be removed; and the number of cases when a return to the club-house was necessary to see where strokes should be taken on this particular green would be minimised. It may take some considerable time to convince all golfers to this effect; but meanwhile we are glad to find that some progress has been made, as above mentioned.

The principle on which the table is founded may be expressed very simply. The course is divided into as many equal parts as there are holes, and each stroke is taken as nearly as possible at the middle of one of these parts. Since there are only a few numbers which will divide eighteen exactly, it is obvious that this method will involve the use of fractions; but those who wish may avoid them by a graphical method. Take a line of eighteen inches to represent the course, each inch representing one of the holes. With a pair of dividers the operation of dividing up this line can be readily performed; and the middle point of any part will fall in the inch, or hole, where the stroke is to be taken. There is occasionally a little ambiguity when the middle point falls exactly between two inch divisions, and for the method of dealing with these cases, we must refer to the letter quoted above (GOLF, page 106, Vol. II.).

It will be seen that for any section of the course in which one stroke is due from A to B, B is in expectation for the first half of the section, at the middle he is paid his full due, and for the latter half he is in excess until the end, when he is all square. He then commences the next section in expectation again, and so on. He is never more than half a stroke to the good or bad; and as on some other occasions fractions up to half-a-stroke are necessarily neglected, we may say that the table fulfils one of the accepted canons of the game. The same will be true if a halved match is played off by continuing until one side wins a hole. Even in the extreme case when only one stroke in the whole round is due from A to B, and A wins a hole and the match before the ninth, B has not been robbed of more than half a stroke, for in the few holes played only a small fraction of a stroke is due.

Whether the strokes should be taken in the same way for match play and "Bogey" play, is a question on which much might be said. The latter is a comparatively new game and still in the experimental stage, and it might turn out eventually that "holes up" (or bisques) are better suited to this form of play. It is as yet rather early to consider the point.

We may remark in conclusion that the two tables mentioned in the beginning of this article may readily be combined into one which we give below: thus, if playing a "foursome" with thirteen difference of aggregate handicaps,

look in the column "Foursomes" for the number thirteen, and to the right will be found the number of strokes to be taken, and the holes at which to take them.

No. of Strokes.		No. of Holes.	WHERE TAKEN.																	
Singles	Foursomes																			
1	2, 3	1	9																	
2,3	4, 5, 6	2	5 14																	
4	7, 8, 9	3	3 9 16																	
5	10, 11	4	3 7 12 16																	
6,7	12, 13, 14	5	2 6 9 13 17																	
8	15, 16, 17	6	2 5 8 11 14 17																	
9	18, 19	7	2 4 7 9 12 15 17																	
10, 11	20, 21, 22	8	2 4 6 8 11 13 15 17																	
12	23, 24, 25	9	1 3 5 7 9 12 14 16 18																	
13	26, 27	10	1 3 5 7 9 10 12 14 16 18																	
14, 15	28, 29, 30	11	1 3 5 6 8 10 11 13 14 16 18																	
16	31, 32, 33	12	1 3 4 6 7 9 10 12 13 15 16 18																	
17	34, 35	13	1 3 4 5 7 8 10 11 12 14 15 16 18																	
18, 19	36, 37, 38	14	1 2 4 5 6 8 9 10 11 13 14 15 17 18																	
20	39, 40, 41	15	1 2 4 5 6 7 8 10 11 12 13 14 15 17 18																	
21	42, 43	16	1 2 3 4 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 15 16 17 18																	
22, 23	44, 45, 46	17	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18																	
24	47, 48, 49	18	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18																	

The first annual dinner of the Willesden Golf Club took place at Frascati's, Oxford Street, on Saturday evening last, when between forty and fifty members and friends sat down. The dinner was served in excellent style, and gave every satisfaction. The captain, Mr. A. T. Lyon, took the chair, Mr. J. G. Anderson being in the vice-chair. After dinner, the usual loyal toasts having been given, Mr. P. B. Adam, in a stirring speech, proposed the toast of "The Willesden Golf Club," coupling with it the name of the captain, who replied at some length, giving a brief history of the club from its beginning some eighteen months ago, when he and two other gentlemen took the present course on their own responsibility, thus starting the second club in Middlesex. Continuing, he gave a very humorous account of its growth and its vicissitudes, until it arrived at its present flourishing condition, having a full roll of sixty members, and a large number of gentlemen waiting to join as vacancies occur. Mr. Hardie, in a felicitous speech, which kept the audience in continuous laughter with humorous anecdotes of the Willesden course, proposed the toast of "The Medal Winners," to which Mr. Mapleston, the winner of the club gold medal, briefly replied. Mr. Letham, in proposing the toast of "The Officers of the Club," spoke of the most efficient way in which they had carried out their multifarious duties, and looked after the interests of the members in every way. Mr. Mievile, the secretary, briefly replied. Mr. A. Ball gave "The Visitors," which was responded to by Mr. H. Munro in a very happy little speech. The Chairman proposed the toast of "The Press," referring to the help which the various clubs received at its hands, and the courteous treatment dispensed on all occasions regarding all questions. The various speeches were interspersed by songs, etc., by members and friends. The arrangements for the dinner were left in the hands of the vice-captain, Mr. J. G. Anderson, and were much appreciated by all present.

EDINBURGH TEACHERS' GOLF CLUB.—The monthly charm competitions of this club took place at Musselburgh on Saturday, and resulted as follows:—First section, Mr. A. Kerr; second section, Mr. Thomas Young.

EDINBURGH ST. ANDREW GOLF CLUB.—The competitions for the monthly medal took place over the Braids on Saturday. The medal was won by Mr. Colin Bain.

CUMBRÆ GOLF CLUB.—The usual monthly competition for the medals presented by Messrs. G. Y. Hendry and William Martin took place on Saturday. The winners for this month are:—Hendry medal, Mr. John Houston, 103, less 6=97; Martin medal, Mr. John Allen, 121, less 18=103.



QUESTIONS ON THE RULES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In the last monthly competition on Bulwell Forest, a player arrived at 2.30, and played *alone*, there being no one there. There is a rule that says any member arriving after two o'clock can play alone. The card was given to the captain along with the other cards. The player made a 78, and was congratulated upon his good score. No one raised any objections to his score then, as it was the lowest; they were all aware that he played alone.

I send you a copy of the rules for competition days; and would you let me know by your reading of Rules II. and V. if the player played to the rules? If he did, had the committee the right to reject his score after it had been accepted by the captain, or had the player the right to withdraw it afterwards?

I am, Sir, &c.,

A LOVER OF GOLF.

[According to the wording of the local rules enclosed by our correspondent, we cannot see how, or on what grounds, the committee were justified in rejecting the score. Our correspondent conformed to the rules as laid down by the committee, and the score ought to stand. At the same time we think that the rules allowing a player to play a scoring round alone are somewhat extraordinary, and altogether unusual. They are quite opposed to anything like security, and are bound to leave a feeling of dissatisfaction and suspicion in the minds of all competitors outside the winning score. Our advice is that they should be at once abrogated, as being prejudicial to the honest and true observance of the game.—ED.]

THE HUNTING OF THE POT.—A BITTER CRY.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Is it not time that some sort of protest was raised by the true adherents of Golf against the dreadful spread of the pot-hunting spirit which seems to prevail so much nowadays?

In one of the recent issues of GOLF the Editor is asked to decide a disputed point, in a letter beginning to the following effect:—"A and B are playing a match by holes, etc." In the name of all that is sacred to the traditions of the game, how otherwise than by holes could A and B play? Of course, one knows exactly what A and B generally do, and that is just the very thing that should be stamped out.

The writer has not the faintest idea who this particular couple may be, but assuming that they are beginners, their general idea of Golf may be taken to be somewhat as follows:—Having divested themselves of as much clothing as decency will permit, they sally forth armed with clubs, balls, and, *above all*, scoring cards. A strikes off and gets into a bunker; B plays, gets past or over the bunker, sits down on the edge of it, and proceeds to count A's strokes with satisfaction. By the time that A has got out his chance of winning that hole, is practically over, as B has probably reached the putting-green by wriggling round every hazard, as he may safely do, knowing that he is playing, say, 1 off 45, and that if he can

steer clear of hazards, the hole is his. There is consequently no excitement, or even interest on the putting-green, and players of the calibre of our imaginary friends very seldom experience the joy of being like as they lie on the green. Hence they are, not unnaturally, tempted to set up for themselves a purely artificial idol, whom they may propitiate by putting well, and the name of that idol is "scoring."

On a links infested with players of this class, it is not surprising that as each one is in the habit of religiously keeping his score, handicap competitions are rife. They give beginners more excitement, and if the handicap is a good one, each has an equal chance of winning a cigarette-case or a mustard-pot. After a time almost every member of the club is provided with some such memento of his prowess as a golfer. By-and-bye the funds of the club feel the strain of providing prizes, but prizes must be procured somehow for the weekly handicap, to stop the mouths of the few non-winners, and an empty hat is more or less gracefully held before this or that member who is supposed to have a generous soul or a full purse. Then comes the truly degrading system of playing for a "silver-mounted shoe-horn, presented by Colonel Noodle;" then come also numerous wrangles about this or that matter, which in a match would be decided in a moment by the laws of the game, plus common sense and good taste; but which, as all the competitors have a voice in the matter, must be referred to the committee, whose decision generally increases the ill-feeling. The final state of that club is to become a ravening set of pot-hunters—the more successful players joining other clubs to increase their booty, and infecting all whom they meet with their loathsome hunger for prizes. This is really not an over-drawn sketch. Let me give two instances which have come under my own notice. On a certain English links the medal was won by a Scottish player, Mr. X, who, after his round, retired to the club-room, to gloat over his success. To him enter Mr. B, who startled Mr. X by saying, "I am very sorry you did not win." Mr. X replied, "I think I have; I was 85, and that isn't beaten, is it?" "Oh," said Mr. B, "you have won the medal, but I was meaning the sugar-basin for the best handicap score!" What can be thought of the state of mind of people of that sort?

Again. Mr. O, on arriving at a new links, was asked what his form was as compared with a certain Mr. P, who had visited the links, and whose capacity was known. Mr. O replied that he could give Mr. P a third. This simple assertion was absolutely unintelligible to any of the five or six golfers (?) present. When Mr. O did play on that links he found that such expressions as "one off two," "the like," &c., were absolutely meaningless; and that at the end of the round, instead of asking and being asked how their matches went, they all—every one—produced their scoring cards, and proceeded to worship their idol; but, as to the faintest idea whether they had won or lost their matches their minds were "a perfect and absolute blank."

This state of affairs, to the Scottish mind, is most deplorable, as it seems to tend so much to the degradation of one of the finest games that exists. The great spread of Golf in England of recent years is accountable for it in a great measure, as in comparatively fresh soil it cannot be supposed that the traditions of the game should be either known or respected. What would English cricketers say if the Americans were to abandon their *vilis globus* (as *Punch* calls their national game), and take to cricket adapted to their own standard. The bowler might be allowed six balls at a single stump, and if he hit it twice his side might score a cigarette case. The batsman might skelp at a 20 lb. dumb-bell, and if he succeeded in breaking the bat he might be awarded a silver-mounted umbrella. The English bystander would probably say that it was magnificent, but it was not cricket; and might even feel somewhat indignant that his national game was degraded to such a level. The old-fashioned golfer is inclined to look with similar feelings on the array of more or less valuable silver plate that adorns the sideboard of many a two-year-old player. How is this state of affairs to be corrected? Much may be done by the committees of the various clubs. They should set their faces sternly against recognising as club fixtures more than two or three meetings in the year; and at those meetings the number of handicap prizes should be strictly limited. If funds permit—and much money will be saved by economy in the matter of small handicap prizes—they should engage one or more additional pro-

fessional players—pay them so much a week to play two rounds a day, and encourage beginners to play with the professionals by lowering the charge for playing as much as possible. Four-somes should be fostered as much as possible. Two good players and two duffers make an excellent match, and the latter are much more likely to become players than if they always played their equals. No prize whatever should be accepted by the club from a private member. Inter-club matches are very good things, and encourage *esprit de corps*. Failing these, a pick-up side is by no means to be despised, and if it were agreed that the losing side should entertain the winners to a banquet—from tripe and cowheel upwards, as may be arranged beforehand—there would be some keenness shown. Of course this resolves itself into playing for a stake—no wretched witticism is intended—and in spite of Mr. Price Hughes, I maintain that a stake of some sort is an essential part of the game. Let it be as low as anyone likes, but some coin of the realm—copper, silver, or gold should always pass from the vanquished to the victor.

Much has been heard of late of "Colonel Bogey," but that hero has his faults like everybody else. In a "Bogey" competition we have the very thing that should be avoided, viz., each man playing against the field instead of against one adversary. If prizes must be played for, how would it do to let each player arrange twelve matches for one week, and whoever has won the most matches to win the prize. Of course, the odds that each player gives or receives in each match would be arranged beforehand. This is a more easily arranged matter than an American tournament, as each man could play with anyone he liked, and if a large number of players entered an American tournament would take too long a time. The latter, however, is excellent sport and productive of much excitement, and needs only to be better known to be appreciated.

I am, Sir, &c.,

CAPTAIN COSTIGAN.

SUNDAY GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR.—Mr. Welman surely does not frequent greens near London, or he would probably not contest that "or others" (which he omits in his quotation from my letter) include many who play elsewhere during the week besides on Sundays at Sandwich; otherwise his "powers of imagination," with which he so liberally credits me, must far exceed my own!

Perhaps if he had been less lavish of his gratuitous advice and personalities, and dealt with the main subject of my letter—the amount of Sunday labour involved by Sunday play at Sandwich—it would have been more to the point; but on the latter topic he is silent, possibly as discreetly as the Church dignitaries alluded to by "Churchman" the week before.

Nothing was further from my intention than to reflect on the "poverty-stricken clergy of France" (who, as a class, most people would undoubtedly admit, are most self-denying and praiseworthy), or the priests of any particular sect

I merely referred to the view adopted by so many Frenchmen, of every religion throughout the world, be it that of Buddhism or otherwise, as opposed to Mrs. Tweedie's idea, that on Sundays in France "every man goes to church first."

I am Sir, &c.,

SPECTATOR.

GOLF AND THE WEARING OF GLASSES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR.—In reply to the letter of your correspondent "F. W. G." in last week's GOLF, as to the wearing of glasses when playing Golf, I should like to say that many good golfers wear spectacles or glasses, and there are certainly several scratch players, and many players who are not quite scratch, who wear glasses, and whose game is apparently by no means affected by doing

so. In the Oxford University team in both the years 1891 and 1892, there were no fewer than three players out of the eight who wore spectacles or glasses.

I am, Sir, &c.,
D.

December 10th, 1892.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—As a very short-sighted man, and a golfer of considerable experience, may I assure "F. W. G." that the use of spectacles is the reverse of detrimental to Golf. Personally without spectacles it would be impossible for me to hit the ball, certainly to measure the distance of an iron shot. Among first-class players the only one I know who needs an aid to his eyesight is Mr. A. Stuart, and he only puts up a single eyeglass to measure the distance of an approach, but I fancy that real short-sight is detrimental to eminence in any game.

I am, Sir, &c.,

F. KINLOCH.

New Club, Edinburgh.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE AT WIMBLEDON.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I picked up this curious document on Wimbledon Common on the day of the Joint medal competition. Perhaps the player to whom it belongs may be disposed to claim it, and therefore I send it to you.

I am, Sir, &c.

LOFTER.

Letter from Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam.

London, 19th November, 1891.

Friend of my heart, — 'Tis long since I have written to thee, oh most holy disciple of Confucius, and long too, since mine epistles were given to the world by my friend Oliver Goldsmith, but I must again take pen to send thee a short account of a sport concerning which I bethought me thou mightest like to hear. Very shortly after my late arrival in this country, I was vastly struck, and not a little amused, at hearing much wild and excited talk regarding a sport which hath in these days taken the whole of this country by storm. Golf I gathered, was the name of this soul-fascinating pastime, but why so called, any more than "colf," or "cough," or anything else, no one hath satisfactorily explained. I however determined to view and judge thereof myself, and with this intent I took my way to the pleasant Heath, not far from this town where these mad barbarians disport themselves. I soon found myself on the links (another obscure term) where they play, and in short space of time got myself into converse with one of those who shine somewhat at this play, a goodly and much bearded personage, of no little presence, and of an amiable, cast of countenance, dressed in an upper garment of a scarlet colour, his lower limbs encased in costume not dissimilar to my old friend Oliver and called nickybocky—an imposing and venerable person connected I understood with the mines of Golconda. I lost no time in asking him about the sport, and was shown the sticks they use, the names of which I will not repeat as I fear that even our expressive and flowery language would fail to compass them.

My new friend proceeded to "drive" a little ball, and with that intent he "addressed" it, not in words as thou doubtless begin to suspect, but in very violent and terrible action, so much so that I incontinently got me back, and was much interested in seeing a square foot of turf flying a long space through the air. "Ha! got below my ball," he laughingly and not a little shyly said, adding something about agriculture and Horace Walpole (a name which recalled old days). Again he addressed the ball, and this time with infinite and prodigious force he swung his arms and lo! the ball bounded up well-nigh to his venerable beard, and spun round and round a yard or two off; at this he ejaculated "Topt by —" The last word, which I lost, was short and I fear wicked, as he looked much put about, possibly noting my quizzical grimace, because in China, as thou knowest, oh Fum, I stand as a wag. He then hurriedly put the ball on a little pinnacle of dust called, I afterwards learnt, a tee—their name for our famous leaf, and doubtless put to this mean use in this game—and to my great astonishment (and to his own also methought) he sent the ball flying quite out of sight, and nearly up to a little red flag which marks the different holes to which they play.

Much pleased, I followed with varying delight and marvelling vastly, till we came to what they call the first ravine hole. Now, I made certain

that what I had long expected would come to pass, and asked with shut eyes and quaking voice what punishment the law in this country meted out for the crime of manslaughter. I was abruptly, sharply (unnecessarily, so methought) ordered "not to talk on the stroke," and wondered at the no little displeasure displayed by the player on "topping" his ball into the murmuring rivulet in the ravine below; words, too, he emitted, sounding not unlike "flask" and "dram," and I doubted not that my friend—heated by the sport—was athirst.

As we passed successive couples engaged in the game I was pointed out many great Mandarins and important political and social characters, many of whom, by their figure, gait, and clothing, were well fitted to adorn our quaintest jars. Conspicuous amongst these was one denominated the Doctor, of sturdy stature, and of determined aspect, who, I noted, dug and thrust viciously at his ball. Others there were called after the names of beasts (a quaint conceit methought); one famed for the length and beauty of his drive, and for the calmness and sweetness, wherewith he equally attacked his ball and his friends. With him was one passing humorous, but somewhat inclined to violent oburgations at the sport; but beyond an occasional mild and deprecating "dram" (they seemed over-thirsty at this pastime), I noted not any undue wrath. Nor could I fail to note one who ducked his head when he putted his ball at the little hole; or he of little stature and of fiery hair and eye, with no hat, "Happy," by name, but taking his pleasure methought but seriously. All seemed much taken up with their own individual interests, and failed not to make their complaints known by much and loud talk, to which no other person, curiously enough, gave any attention.

Pages, oh friend Fum, might be written for thy edification on this business (for it attaineth to nothing short of this). In a word, a golfer, I find, is one who is ever craving for sympathy and finding none; yea, he is so simple as to look for that virtue (the humour of it, oh, Fum!) from his opponent in this enticing, delusive, diabolical game—a game apparently destructive of all morality, for I learnt that many good and even pious men have been tempted thereby into using the most violent expressions, and those who were not good and pious have been led into nothing short of rank blasphemy, and I can well believe it to be no little irritating. This game, too, is full of anomalies and paradoxes difficult to solve, as, take for instance, the harder you press to hit your ball, the shorter it will, in all probability, go; and, on the other hand, at only a foot distance from the hole, you must be firm in your stroke; if you hit the ball with the left end of your club-head it will "heel" away to the right, and, contrariwise, if you hit it on the right end of the club-head, it will "pull" away to the left; then, mayhap, you may miss the ball altogether. This, oh Fum, is the abomination of abominations to a golfer, and nothing he can possibly do lowers him so much in his own, or in his friends' estimation, as to "miss the globe," as this unpardonable act is termed.

Thou, oh Fum, knowest thy friend to be a polite man, and would not hurt the feelings of anybody, yea, even of a house fly, let alone a rampant golfer with a mashie in his hand; but scarce, I assure thee, could I contain my mirth at witnessing these enthusiasts in their mode of attacking their balls, and in noting their different styles, such as the screw-propelling motion of a certain jolly baronite, and of a famous rifle-shooter, who ought to know better, or the mowing action of he of Golconda, or the pendulum style, the slow-back and duck-head style, or the cataclysmatic, as portending some horrible convulsion of nature (as often as not very much otherwise, oh Fum!), the calm indifferent, the ponderous, the stiff, some hitting their balls cleanly and fairly, a pleasure to witness, whilst others—the majority—only managing to thump, dab, smack, plough, or push theirs; and note, oh Fum, my friend, that whilst they be in the act of doing this, he who should dare to move so much as his eyelid, yea, even his eyelash, had best look to his life.

In conclusion, I would counsel thee to avoid this sport if thou valuest thy peace here or hereafter; and if ever thou shouldst see a demon in form of man prospecting any of our heathy wastes, armed with a thing like a chopstick gone mad, and essaying to pierce little ridiculous holes in our sacred ground, fail not, oh friend, to arrest him. He meaneth Golf, oh Fum; gag him, Fum, and hurry him away to a speedy and certain death. Farewell.

Thy friend,
LIEN CHI ALTANGI,
Citizen of the World.

SKELMORLIE CLUB MONTHLY COMPETITION.—On Friday afternoon the ladies of the Skelmorlie Golf Club competed for the monthly medal, postponed from the previous week owing to the severe snow-storm. Great difficulty was experienced in playing, as snow was lying in some places of the links, which gave much annoyance in looking for balls, and the frost was so keen that the balls rolled a considerable distance, and made the play in some instances much higher than usual. The medal, however, was won by Miss M. L. Jamieson, with a score of 125, being the fifth time she has held the medal during the year.



ASHLEY PARK v. ROYAL EPPING FOREST.

Played at Walton-on-Thames on December 10th, Ashley Park winning by 10 holes. Details:—

ASHLEY PARK.			ROYAL EPPING FOREST.		
	Holes.			Holes.	
Mr. W. Carr ...	1		Mr. J. G. Gibson ...	0	
Mr. A. Allan ...	3		Captain Cowper-Coles ...	0	
Mr. B. Howell ...	2		Mr. A. Anderson ...	0	
Mr. D. Kirke ...	0		Mr. J. Gould-Smith ...	4	
Mr. H. Playford ...	3		Mr. S. R. Bastard ...	0	
Mr. A. Read ...	0		Mr. J. M. Kerr ...	2	
Mr. J. N. Bush ...	0		Mr. H. A. Gardon ...	1	
Mr. H. M. Davidson ...	3		Mr. J. W. Greig ...	0	
Mr. J. S. Sassoon ...	1		Mr. S. Kemp ...	0	
Mr. N. Rushworth ...	4		Mr. F. F. McKenzie ...	0	
	17			7	

BARNES LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The following are the scores returned on Wednesday, September 7th, for the monthly medal:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Mabel Dickie ...	88	10 78	Miss Gow ...	105	15 90
Miss Connell ...	93	15 78	Miss Macrae ...	126	36 90
Miss Barclay Brown ...	114	25 89	Mrs. Gay ...	119	22 97

Miss Clare, over 100; Miss Gay, no return.

BOXMOOR GOLF CLUB.

The monthly sweepstake of the above club came off on Saturday, December 3rd, with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Rev. P. S. Ward ...	100	8 92	Mr. W. H. Macintosh ...	119	15 104
Mr. F. Cornwell ...	112	17 95	Mr. T. Christopher ...	126	20 106
Mr. C. L. M. Pearson ...	105	8 97	Mr. J. B. Wildman ...	129	13 116
Mr. H. Ambler ...	119	17 102			

BURNHAM (BUCKS) GOLF CLUB.

This club, only a year from its formation, is progressing favourably, the course, eighteen holes, is undergoing alteration, which promises to be a great improvement. Nothing could be better than the situation of the links, with the Burnham Beeches on the Northern boundary. The following are the scores for the monthly competition for the Council medals:—

October.			November.		
Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. F. C. D. Haggard ...	97	10 87	Mr. A. E. Wilmot ...	94	10 84
Mr. F. C. Carr-Gomm ...	109	21 88	Dr. E. Clifford-Beale ...	109	20 89
Mr. W. Aitchison ...	120	30 90	Mr. J. E. Bowen ...	111	20 91
Mr. A. E. Wilmot ...	108	10 98			
Mr. J. E. Bowen ...	135	20 115	Miss F. Ranking ...	87	20 67
			Miss Ranking ...	96	20 76
Mrs. W. Herbert Anderson ...	95	25 70	Mrs. Aitchison ...	89	10 79
Mrs. Aitchison ...	84	10 74	Miss M. Abercrombie ...	105	20 85
Miss Ranking ...	101	20 81	Miss G. M. Abercrombie ...	106	20 86
Mrs. Roehrich ...	94	10 84	Miss M. C. Abercrombie ...	101	13 88
Miss F. Ranking ...	105	20 85	Miss L. Abercrombie ...	138	30 108
Miss G. M. Abercrombie ...	106	20 86	Mrs. W. Herbert Anderson ...	109	20 89
Miss M. Abercrombie ...	115	20 95	Mrs. Roehrich ...	100	10 90
Miss Bayley ...	126	30 96	Miss Bayley ...	157	30 127

Progress has been made in the competitions for Mr. and Mrs. Aitchison's prizes, for Mrs. Carr-Gomm's prize for ladies, and for the Debonaire challenge cup.

BLACKHEATH LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, Wednesday, December 7th.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Farnall ...	80	6 74	Mrs. Beaumont ...	107	20 87
Mrs. Gibson ...	96	18 78	Miss A. Richardson ...	94	6 88
Miss Fossett ...	102	24 78	Mrs. Tate ...	113	24 89
Mrs. Johnson ...	95	16 79	Mrs. Penrose ...	94	4 90
Mrs. Ireland ...	101	20 81	Miss Kernaghan ...	96	6 90
Miss D. Richmond ...	90	7 83	Miss Loveless ...	99	8 91
Miss D. Riddle ...	94	11 83	Miss Richardson ...	115	24 91
Miss Gahan ...	101	18 83	Mrs. Laird ...	104	11 93
Miss Knapping ...	101	16 85	Mrs. Mead ...	113	19 94
Miss H. Bidwell ...	109	24 85	Mrs. Lightfoot ...	118	24 94
Mrs. Charles ...	109	24 85	Mrs. Mackern ...	94	+6 100
Miss M. Smyth ...	93	7 86	Miss M. Riddle ...	113	13 100
Miss M. Richardson ...	91	4 87			

Medal winner's prize, 1892, December 10th. The winners of the monthly medal during the year competed for a prize given by one of the secretaries (Miss L. Smith). The ground was hard, owing to frost, and perhaps favoured those with long handicaps, but the small field of entries showed very little scattering. Miss Knapping was a legitimate winner, showing a marked improvement on her previous game. The captain's (Mrs. Mackern's) first round of 35 is worthy of note. Unfortunately, trouble in the second round rendered it ineffective. Scores as below :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Knapping ...	95	19 76	Miss M. Richardson ...	88	4 84
Miss Gahan ...	94	17 77	Miss A. Richardson ...	92	6 86
Mrs. Mackern ...	78	+6 84	Mrs. Penrose ...	95	4 91

Mrs. Meredith, Miss Sheringham, and Miss Kernaghan were prevented from playing.

FOLKESTONE GOLF CLUB.

The monthly handicaps were played on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 6th and 7th. Owing to the frost the greens were difficult :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Capt. Austin ...	89	3 86	Capt. Tattersall ...	92	scr. 92
Capt. Eccles ...	96	8 88	Col. Jee ...	108	16 92
Mr. Duff ...	116	28 88	Gen. Sir B. Edwards ...	107	11 96
Major Harding ...	97	6 91	Gen. Williams ...	123	25 98
Mr. C. Edwards ...	105	14 91	Capt. Gardiner ...	113	14 99

Seven others were over 100 net, or made no return.

Ladies. Thirteen holes—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss F. Paine ...	78	10 68	Miss N. Paine ...	88	3 85
Miss B. Wood ...	76	4 72	Miss Jeffery ...	106	20 86
Miss D. Jeffery ...	86	8 78	Miss Cockerell ...	112	25 87
Miss Eccles ...	91	12 79	Miss L. Wood ...	101	12 89
Miss Alice Eccles ...	99	15 84	Miss Steuart ...	130	20 110

Two others made no return.

FORFARSHIRE.

The sixth of the series of competitions of the Arbroath Club was finished on Saturday. Owing to the snowstorm no players turned up, but five of the Wednesday's players handed in their scores, and the result is as follows :—1, Mr. J. P. Gibb, 4 points; 2 and 3 tied—Messrs. A. Mann and G. Milne, 2½ points each. The other two had 1 point each.

FORMBY GOLF CLUB.

The final for the first and second class monthly prizes, presented by the captain, Mr. J. S. Beauford, took place on Saturday, the 3rd December, with the following result :—

First Class—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
*Mr. J. E. Pearson ...	95	2 93	Mr. A. E. Learoyd ...	103	4 99
*Mr. G. C. Liebert ...	97	4 93	Mr. D. Webster ...	110	7 103
Mr. J. Shepherd ...	99	scr. 99			

* Tied.

Mr. J. S. Beauford did not compete. On playing off Mr. J. E. Pearson won with 91 gross, against 102 by Mr. G. C. Liebert.

Second Class—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. T. S. Turnbull ...	98	scr. 98	Mr. H. S. B. Harvey ...	107	scr. 107
Mr. F. Baker ...	107	8 99	Mr. B. L. Tarleton ...	123	14 109
Mr. O. Blundell ...	102	scr. 102			

Mr. G. P. Hannay made no return.

WINCHESTER.—The November "Bogey" competition results were :—Mr. H. C. Brooking (1), 1 down; Rev. H. Leech Porter (8), 9 down.

GUILDFORD GOLF CLUB.

The monthly handicap was played on the 10th inst. The ground was very hard, and early in the day the greens were very difficult. Mr. Forbes made an excellent return in spite of the difficulties of the ground, but no one else was able to follow his good example. Scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. L. Forbes ...	90	8 82	Mr. A. Doulton ...	108	15 93
Mr. C. H. Sapte ...	100	15 85	Mr. L. Howell ...	106	13 93
Mr. J. H. Lewis ...	108	20 88	Mr. S. S. Brown ...	109	14 95
Mr. A. C. Collier ...	99	8 91	Mr. H. T. Cattley ...	105	10 95
Mr. J. A. Ross ...	94	2 92	Mr. A. Owen ...	119	22 97

LEASOWE GOLF CLUB.

The fifth monthly handicap competition for the silver cup, presented by Mr. Thomas J. Hannay, was played on Saturday, 10th inst., when Mr. F. A. Cooper returned the winning card.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
*Mr. F. A. Cooper ...	108	25 83	Mr. J. Anderson ...	113	20 93
†Mr. John Ball, jun. ...	81	+10 91	Mr. C. H. Smith ...	105	10 95
†Mr. J. M. Campbell ...	103	12 91	Mr. W. A. Brattan ...	116	20 96
Mr. Theo. R. Evans ...	92	+1 93	Mr. Donald Ball ...	95	+2 97

* Winner of first sweepstake prize.

† Divided second sweepstake prize.

The other competitions were over 100 net.

LIMPSFIELD CHART GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medals, December 6th and 7th :—

Ladies—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss N. Timins ...	98	10 88	Miss L. Bartlett ...	103	3 100

Gentlemen—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. C. N. Butler ...	113	15 98	Rev. C. G. Acworth ...	136	18 118

Owing to the bad weather and the presence of snow on the course, only two cards were sent in for each medal.

LITTLEHAMPTON v. BOGNOR.

A team from the Littlehampton Golf Club journeyed to the Bognor Links on Saturday December 3rd, to meet the newly-formed club in a friendly match. The result was that Littlehampton won easily.

LITTLEHAMPTON.

BOGNOR.

Holes.		Holes.	
Mr. E. C. R. Goff ...	9	Mr. Edgell ...	0
Mr. R. Holmes, jun. ...	9	Mr. Campbell ...	0
Mr. C. Farmer ...	4	Mr. Gibson ...	0
Mr. C. Bartlett ...	3	Captain Coddington ...	0
Mr. J. C. Constable ...	3	Mr. Kennett ...	0
Mr. A. J. Constable ...	1	Dr. Blaker ...	0
	29		0

LITTLESTONE GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal. December 10th. Scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
*Mr. P. G. Spence ...	100	8 92	Mr. A. J. Stanley ...	100	6 94
Mr. A. R. King Farlow ...	107	14 93	Mr. T. G. Weldon ...	116	20 96
			Mr. C. Wintle ...	120	24 96

* Winner.

Mr. R. S. Jones, 96, less 6=90, but ineligible, having previously won. Others over 100, or no return.

MANCHESTER GOLF CLUB.

A new stage in the monthly medal competition of the Manchester Golf Club was reached on Saturday the 3rd inst. The links at Manley Park, Whalley Range, were exceedingly soft and uncomfortable, and the falling light caught several pairs of players whom the state of the weather had not tempted to begin play early. In the result the honours were divided. Mr. J. R. Newby, partly by his creditable score of 108, but aided by a favourable handicap, succeeded in tying with Mr. J. Macalister, the scratch man at 84. Scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. Macalister ...	84	scr. 84	Mr. G. Haig ...	99	5 94
Mr. J. R. Newby ...	108	24 84	Mr. G. Macdonald ...	101	5 96
Mr. W. Bell ...	92	3 89	Mr. S. B. Graves ...	108	12 96
Mr. S. Kneal ...	107	18 89	Mr. F. Pattison ...	111	15 96
Mr. A. Darbyshire ...	100	10 90	Rev. Mr. Brayshaw ...	108	10 98
Captain Farrant ...	100	8 92	Prof. T. H. Core ...	120	22 98

MELBOURNE GOLF CLUB.

The Melbourne Golf Club held a very successful meeting on Saturday, 22nd October, at their links at Caulfield. The greens are now in

splendid order, but the grass on the course is getting rather long for very low scoring. The following are the best scores sent in:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. T. Brentnall ...	105 16 89	Mr. G. W. Bruce ...	116 20 96
Mr. J. R. Maxwell ...	102 13 89	Mr. T. S. Huggins ...	96 scr. 96
Mr. J. Graham ...	105 14 91	Dr. Masson ...	99 3 96
Mr. A. Nash ...	115 24 91	Mr. W. Nimmo ...	104 7 97
Mr. D. M. Maxwell ...	92 scr. 92	Mr. J. H. Bothgate ...	101 scr. 101
Mr. M. Anderson ...	95 scr. 95	Mr. M'Lean ...	125 24 101
Mr. W. Officer ...	106 11 95	Mr. Turnbull ...	105 3 102

Mr. D. M. Maxwell is again successful in carrying off the championship for the ensuing six months, and also the five-guinea trophy presented by Mr. D. Finlayson.

In connection with the above competition for the club championship, Mr. James Osborne, of Glasgow, presented a handsome set of clubs and bag, to be given for the best net score (barring the winner of the championship.) For this prize Mr. T. Brentnall (the hon. sec. of the club) tied with Mr. J. R. Maxwell. On playing off, Mr. Brentnall scored a decisive win with 100, less 16=84, against Mr. Maxwell's 133, less 13=120.

MINCHINHAMPTON GOLF CLUB.

The medal day on Saturday December 3rd, was an unusually busy one, a good number of members entering for the competition.

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
*Mr. W. W. Chamberlain ...	95 6 89	Mr. W. Davies ...	110 16 94
†Mr. J. Bryan ...	114 25 89	Mr. A. W. Waller ...	112 18 94
Mr. R. Lewis Grist ...	103 12 91	Mr. H. V. Woolright ...	113 18 95
Mr. G. J. Holloway ...	109 18 91	Mr. F. A. Chambers ...	122 23 99

* Senior medal.

† Junior medal.

The following members whose scores were 100 or over also competed:—Messrs. A. Brown, E. A. Chamberlain, E. Jenner Davies, Lawrence Grist, F. J. Leslie, W. J. P. Marling, C. Ritchie, F. W. Storry, A. E. Smith, E. Northam Witchell, A. S. Winterbotham, J. T. Woolright, and F. Winterbotham.

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
*Mrs. Storry ...	104 16 88	Miss Woolright ...	120 16 104

* Senior medal.

REDHILL AND REIGATE GOLF CLUB.

A field of sixteen players started for the monthly medal competition on Saturday December 3rd, but only the four cards detailed below found their way into the score-box. This was partly owing, no doubt, to the recent heavy rains, which, notwithstanding the generally greatly improved condition of the course, made play somewhat difficult.

A handicap tournament is now in progress, and is proving very interesting.

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. L. Horner (captain) ...	92 4 88	Mr. H. B. Fox ...	106 15 91
Mr. F. C. Milford ...	97 8 89	Mr. W. B. Avery ...	107 16 91

ROYAL ASCOT GOLF CLUB.

"Bogey" competition, December 10th:—Mr. F. J. Patton, 2 up on "Bogey."

Also played:—Mr. C. C. Clarke, Mr. Henley Eden, Mr. E. Ponsoby, Sir G. Pigot, Mr. H. Sawyer, Sir T. Dyer, Rev. J. Stewart, Mr. F. N. Garry, Mr. J. F. Bowring, Capt. Henry Herbert, Mr. C. E. Cottrell, Mr. H. C. Clarke, Major O. Ball, Capt. A. Cooper Key, Lt.-Col. Lewes, Hon. Lincoln Stanhope, Mr. C. E. Ferard.

ROYAL CORNWALL GOLF CLUB.

The third handicap of the winter series took place on the 6th inst., in showers of hail and sleet.

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. B. Edyvean ...	100 5 95	Mr. Melvill Sandys ...	114 9 105
Mr. Young Jamieson ...	112 13 99	Mr. E. Cochran ...	140 18 122
Bgl.-Surgeon Elliot ...	127 23 104		

Messrs H. J. Graham, C. H. Hext, and Matthews no return.

The December handicap was played on the 2nd inst., with the following result:—

Ladies club—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Miss C. Vyvyan ...	109 18 91	Mrs. C. Hext ...	124 16 108
Mrs. B. Edyvean ...	106 8 98	Miss Fenwick ...	124 15 109
Miss Page ...	106 8 98	Mrs. Salmon ...	114 3 111
Mrs. Young Jamieson ...	104 4 100	Mrs. E. Rashleigh ...	176 40 136
Miss A. Barnett ...	103 scr. 103	Miss B. Foster ...	185 30 155
Mrs. Simpson ...	112 6 106		

Mrs. Every, no return.

ROYAL BLACKHEATH GOLF CLUB.

On Tuesday, the 6th inst., the Photographic Society's medal (scratch), the Calcutta cup (under handicap, limited to 21 strokes), and the monthly medal (under club handicap) were competed for. Thirty-four players started. The day was an example of how his hour of starting may affect a golfer's score. The morning found the heath frozen hard and sprinkled over with sleet. A little before noon a blinding snow-squall came on, and snow lay pretty thickly on the greens for a short time. After this a thaw set in, and the afternoon held fair, though the greens were necessarily somewhat heavy. The elements were thus in favour of the late starters, among whom was Mr. J. G. Gibson, who won all three events, from scratch, with a score of 113. The above remarks as to the weather must not be taken as detracting in any way from the merit of Mr. Gibson's performance. His score would have been a splendid one on a far better day; it ties with the best score ever made, over the present course, in any competition for one of the annual medals of the club, namely, that of Mr. John Penn, when he won the spring medal on the 31st of March, 1885, with the gross score of 113. Details of the play are as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. J. G. Gibson ...	113 scr. 113	Rev. F. W. S. Le Lièvre ...	137 12 125
Mr. W. Morris ...	129 14 115	Mr. G. H. Freen ...	148 23 125
Mr. A. Schacht ...	116 scr. 116	Mr. W. E. Hughes ...	133 7 126
Rev. J. H. Ellis ...	128 12 116	Mr. John Osmond ...	143 16 127
Mr. M. H. Richardson ...	140 21 119	Mr. H. Gillon ...	128 scr. 128
Mr. F. S. Ireland ...	120 scr. 120	Mr. E. Pinkerton ...	136 8 128
Mr. C. B. Lindsay ...	145 25 120	Mr. C. Lethbridge ...	150 21 129
Mr. T. A. Raynes ...	133 12 121	Mr. H. H. Turner ...	135 5 130
Mr. G. Spurling ...	135 14 121	Mr. W. Glasier, jun. ...	144 12 132
Mr. A. T. Young ...	126 4 122	Mr. W. G. Kentish ...	153 21 132
Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote ...	128 6 122	Mr. Clifford Young ...	138 5 133
Mr. E. A. Walker ...	128 6 122	Mr. H. E. Laurence ...	147 12 135
Mr. W. H. Richardson ...	124 1 123	Mr. G. W. Smith ...	156 21 135
Mr. R. Winch ...	141 17 124	Mr. D. Christopher-son ...	167 23 144
Mr. Robert Whyte ...	126 1 125	Dr. T. Skinner ...	169 25 144

No returns from Messrs. W. Nimmo, W. R. M. Glasier, W. H. M. Christie, and Dr. A. A. Common.

ROYAL DUBLIN GOLF CLUB.

The competition for the scratch medal was inaugurated on Saturday, when there was a fair turn-out of competitors. Of course such a medal is necessarily confined to a few, but it is much the most coveted prize in the club, and will greatly tend to raise the standard of play. Each year the entries will increase, as those who are practically out of it now will, by the time the next competition comes on, have so improved that they will be able to hold their own with those who played on Saturday. It was rather late in the year to play for so important a medal, but, owing to other club fixtures, this could not be avoided. Rather a strong wind prevailed during the day, and somewhat interfered with play. Mr. "Martin" was the winner of the gold medal, with a good score of 86, while Captain Crawford, Mr. Hone, and Mr. Christie tied with 90 each for the silver and bronze medals. They will play off the tie on Saturday next. The following were the returns handed in:—Mr. J. H. Pigot, 86; Captain P. E. P. Crawford, 90; Mr. W. Hone, 90; Mr. D. Christie, 90; Mr. J. Lumsden, sen., 91; Mr. "Hughes," 93; Mr. J. H. S. Russell, 95; Mr. A. L. Figgis, 98; Mr. J. M. Dickson, 99; Mr. D. M. Wilson, 108; Mr. J. H. Barrington, 108.

ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The yearly competition for the Badger dish and Mrs. Gaitskell's badge took place on Monday, December 5th. There was a sprinkling of snow on the links, and the ground, owing to the severe frost, was very hard. Under the circumstances, Miss Craddock's gross score of 88 was a very creditable performance, and secured for her the first place without the assistance of her handicap. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Miss Craddock ...	88 5 83	Miss Horsfall ...	124 20 104
Miss Saunders ...	90 +1 91	Miss G. Stanger-	
Mrs. Flavel ...	125 25 100	Leathes ...	112 7 105
Mrs. Culshaw ...	122 21 101	Miss M. Saunders ...	107 1 106

Mrs. Gaitskell, Miss Oldfield, and Miss Vinning, scratched.

ST. GEORGE'S GOLF CLUB, SANDWICH.

Monthly medal meeting, 10th December:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Rev. F. D. Hodgson ...	102 14 88	Mr. T. A. Fison ...	109 13 96
Mr. E. Banbury ...	104 15 89		

Others players either made no return, or their scores were over 100.

SOUTHWOLD GOLF CLUB.

The monthly handicap was played on December 10th. The following are the returns handed in:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Capt. H. K. Mc George	128	44	84	Mr. D. R. Gooding	135	29	106
Mr. W. J. Browne	111	20	91	Mr. G. H. Rope	153	44	109
Mr. S. W. Woollett	114	20	94	Mr. P. Sergeant	141	30	111
Mr. W. P. Smith	134	40	94	Mr. W. Crimmen	182	70	112

Messrs. C. J. Waller and A. W. Ellis made no return.

TENBY GOLF CLUB.

The usual fortnightly handicaps took place on Monday and Wednesday, the 5th and 7th of December, with the following results:—
Ladies (nine holes).—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Miss F. Ross	74	24	50	Miss Constance Graham	86	9	77
Miss E. M. Wood	73	18	55	Miss Edith Vachell	78	scr.	78
Miss Clifton	63	1	62				
Miss Caroline Graham	75	3	72				

Gentlemen (eighteen holes).—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. W. Booker	117	27	90	Mr. H. J. Allen	127	17	110
Mr. T. A. Rees	106	8	98	Capt. Cochrane, R.N.	115	scr.	115
Mr. G. H. Logan	109	7	102				

Messrs. Evans, Henderson, and Richards, retired.

WEST HERTS GOLF CLUB.

On Saturday last the usual monthly medal handicaps were played over the club course at Bushey. Handicaps of 10 and under. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. B. M. Barton	96	7	89	Mr. A. Melville	92	+1	93
Mr. G. F. Pearson	98	8	90	Mr. R. S. Clouston	100	5	95
Mr. O. W. T. Hill	98	6	92				

Handicaps exceeding 10. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. John Jackson	105	18	87	Major Ewer	113	13	100
Mr. E. A. Horne	112	24	88	Mr. T. J. Williams	117	16	101
Dr. A. D. Walker	103	13	90	Mr. E. G. Jackson	116	13	103
Mr. J. S. Crawford	107	11	96	Mr. W. Sedgwick	121	16	105
Mr. C. David	114	18	96	Mr. R. W. Sedgwick	128	22	106
Mr. Earnest Taylor	115	17	98	Mr. C. Davis	123	14	109
Dr. Cockrem	117	18	99				

WORCESTERSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

The monthly meeting was held on Wednesday, 7th December, when about twenty players entered for the medal competition. The ground was in such a curious state owing to the hard frost that very few of the scores were apparently thought good enough to send in.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
* Rev. A. St. J. Gray	102	20	82	† Mr. H. N. B. Erskine	100	7	93
Mr. F. Freeth	101	18	83	Mr. W. E. Paterson	94	scr.	94
Mr. G. A. Jones	102	18	84	Mr. H. W. Buck	107	13	94
Mr. J. W. Jeakes	106	17	89	Mr. H. S. Romer	115	19	96
Mr. C. E. Moilliet	110	19	91				

* Wins monthly cup and junior medal.
† Wins senior medal.

WORTHING GOLF CLUB.

This club, which has only lately been started, held its second competition on Saturday, December 3rd, when a cup presented by a member of the committee was played for. The links are very prettily situated on the Sussex Downs, about three miles from Worthing and within easy reach of Brighton. It is an eighteen-hole course, about three miles in length, and comprises every variety of hazard.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
* Mr. A. L. Gaskin	101	18	83	Mr. R. D. Budworth	113	23	90
Mr. H. C. Stewart	86	scr.	86	Mr. F. H. Gresson	119	27	92
Mr. W. Field	100	13	87	Mr. A. H. Worrall	101	9	92
Mr. E. H. G. North	99	12	87	Mr. L. T. Thring	122	29	93
Mr. B. Thompson	95	6	89	Mr. W. S. Simpson	130	29	101

* Winner of cup.

Messrs. F. H. Lawson and W. Hobson, made no returns.

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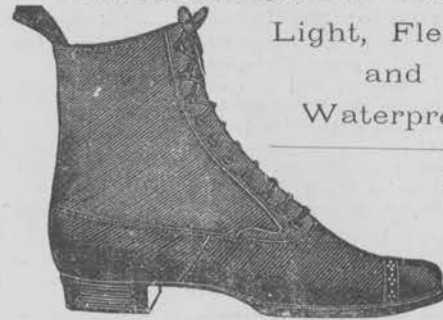
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