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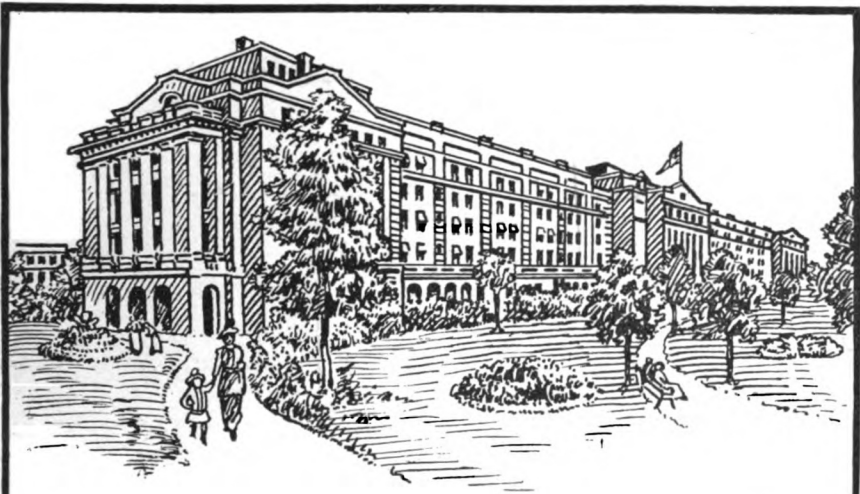
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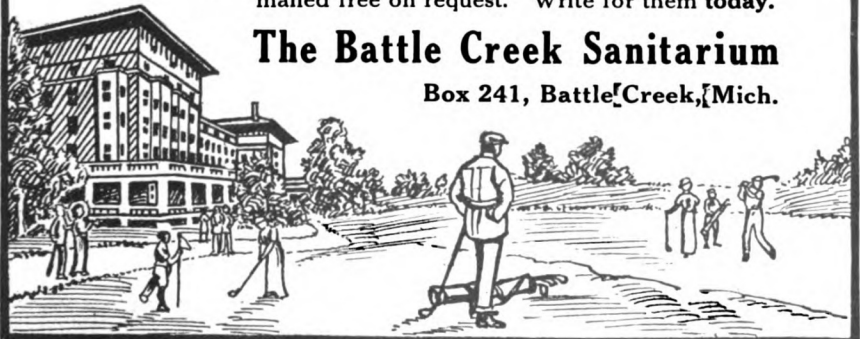
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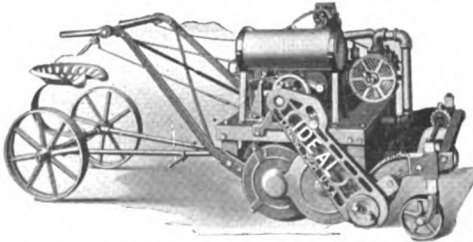
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—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.



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Vol. 28

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1916

No. 3

My Open Championship Experiences

By HAROLD H. HILTON

I MUST candidly acknowledge that the most pleasing and interesting open championship meetings I have ever been present at are undoubtedly those in which I have—for a change—been merely a spectator, and to my way of thinking the championship of 1904 at Sandwich was the most wildly exciting within my recollection, as the golf played at that meeting was, on the whole, as good as, if not better than, any which has been seen in the event in the whole of its history. During more recent years there may have been some finer individual performances than those accomplished by Jack White, Braid and Taylor in 1904, but never within my recollection can I remember three players maintaining a finer average excellence of form than these three men did on the final day at Sandwich; and it must moreover be remembered that in those days we were all playing with a ball which would now be considered old-fashioned and out of date, as the ball makers had not then evolved the small heavy ball which has served to make even the

very longest of our courses appear comparatively short. In 1904 all rubber-cored balls were comparatively big and light for their size; they would all float in water, and in consequence a great deal more ingenuity was required in the art of controlling them in their flight than is necessary with the small heavy ball of the present day. I should have liked to have seen the competitors in the recent championship at Hoylake attempting to combat the stormy conditions with an old-fashioned floating rubber-cored ball. The majority found it more than difficult to control the new small heavy ball.

My first appearance in an open championship meeting was no fewer than twenty-two years ago, when the event was played for in 1891 at St. Andrews, and my appearance there was in a measure the result of mere chance, as I had not the slightest intention of playing. Two days, however, before it was due to begin, my father came to me and said he was going to send me up to the open championship—a piece of news which somewhat surprised me, as he did not altogether believe in my

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running about to play in golf meetings. The solution of his unexpected decision came a little later, as he explained to me that a kind friend had made a stipulation that in case he placed a little matter of business through my father's hands, it was to be a *sine qua non* that I went to the open championship at St. Andrews; and go I did, as in those days I did not want any pushing off to a golf meeting. I mention these reasons which were the cause of my playing for the championship of 1891, on account of the fact that I have always considered that my visit to St. Andrews that year had a very strong bearing upon my future golfing career, as had I not gone to the championship that season I do not think that there would have been any chance of going in the following season, 1892, and I won that championship at Muirfield. And had I not won that championship at Muirfield it is more than probable that I should not have won at Hoylake in 1897, as on that occasion the experience of 1892 stood me in good stead, and moreover the task of playing in an open championship is easier to the man who has already won the event than to one who is still struggling for the distinction.

Having done comparatively well in 1891, as I tied for seventh position, I always had an idea in my mind that I should like to go to the Muirfield event in 1892; but it was only at the last moment that I managed to get away, and my prospective absence from work was certainly not viewed in a particularly favorable light. The day began on the Wednesday, I traveled up by the midnight train on Monday, and in order to get into form played no fewer than three rounds on the next day, a form of training which would at present appeal to me as absolutely suicidal. But I was young and enthusiastic in those days, and was moreover possessed of a wonderful store of natural stamina. On the first day I did none too well, as after a steady first round, which amounted to 78, I came to awful grief at the beginning of the second round. At one time I was no fewer than seven

strokes worse off than my partner, Mr. Mure Fergusson, and probably many more strokes behind a considerable number of other players. I had never thought much of my chance of championship honors, and I came to the conclusion that by this time they must have completely disappeared. Still, I kept on plugging away, mainly for the reason that I had some side wagers upon the result, and I could better afford to win them than lose them. With the aid of an exceptionally good finish I managed to get round in 81, which left me seven strokes behind the leader, Mr. Horace Hutchinson.

On the second day the world went well with me from the very beginning. I nearly did the first hole in one, my ball actually touched the hole, and I went on my way rejoicing and finished in 72, an effort which jumped me up into second position. As I was a late starter I had the advantage of being able to find out (if I wanted to) the scores of my most dangerous opponents; but I had no such ambition, as I considered that I had as much as I could do to look after my own score without bothering about the feats of others. In this final round everything continued prosperously—at least this was so after a very unsteady start, as I took a four and a six respectively for the first two holes, and was twenty yards or more wide of the hole with my approach to the third. I had to pitch this third shot, and I actually holed out. Again, later in the round I holed another little pitch of about fifteen yards, and with these aids I knew that I was doing more than passing well, but how well in comparison with the others I had no idea, until I was waiting to tee off to the sixteenth, when I heard a spectator remark: "He can't lose unless he has a fit and falls down dead"; so I thought it was probably time to make enquiries, and I found I had sixteen strokes for the last three holes in order to win, and sixteen was a very liberal allowance for these holes. I was fortunate in that championship in that things came off for me just at times when I wanted encouragement.

In the following year at Prestwick I had one very bad half-round, as I required no fewer than 51 strokes for the last nine holes in the first round, a score which included a ten to the long hole in, the hole over the wall. The remaining seven half-rounds were all very good, but that 51 put me clean out of court.

For three years after this I was out of the hunt, partly due to a serious injury to a ligament in my right wrist which precluded me from practicing. If I practiced before the event, the ligament was sure to give way during the play, and it is of no use trying for an open championship without practice. One may work up a game in the amateur championship, there are opportunities often granted to one by the indifferent play of opponents in the earlier rounds, but in the "open" test one really slack round is fatal. In the spring of 1897 I found that my injured wrist would stand the strain of practice, and although I did indifferently in the amateur championship at Muirfield early in the spring, by the time the "open" came round I had arrived at the conclusion that I was playing better than I had ever done before. Still, I had not any great hopes of repeating my success of

1892 as I realized that since that time men like Taylor and Vardon had arisen, not to mention others, and the task of defeating the 1897 field was of much greater magnitude than that which I had to accomplish at Muirfield. How-

ever, at the conclusion of the first day I was lying in second position, only one stroke behind Braid, then a comparatively unknown player. But in round number three I played a fatal kind of game, as I could not hit the ball up to the hole. Short in my approaches, short in my putts, I frittered away stroke after stroke until I eventually took 84 for a round in which I was never once in trouble. Fortunately for me, Braid was playing the same kind of safe game; he required 82 for the round, and these lapses on our part had allowed other players, including the late Freddie Tait, to join in the struggle. In the final round I realized that half measures such as I had followed would never do,

so I made up my mind to try and hit everything up to the hole. The principle was apparently a sound one, as at the very first hole I gave my approach putt a very hard rap, and had the satisfaction of witnessing it hit the back of the hole and drop in.



HAROLD H. HILTON

At the fourth hole I retrieved another useful stroke, as I holed out in two, and everything went well with me until I came to the short seventh, where the policy of the bold procedure became a little unglued, as I hugged the fence too closely, went out of bounds, and eventually took five to hole out, which served to take some of the gilt off the most excellent start I had made. Out in 38 was not as promising as once seemed probable, particularly as the home journey had to be played against the wind. However I got over the main difficulty by holing out the first four holes home in 4, 3, 4, 3, a great help in a medal round at Hoylake. After a five at the fourteenth I holed a four-yard putt at the succeeding hole, which gave me a four, one under par figures, and after two fives I faced the last hole with a total of 71 and a hole to play, which was a difficult one to obtain under five. In the three previous rounds I had refused to go for the carry onto the green with my second shot, but on this occasion I noticed that the wind had changed to a more favorable quarter, so I had a go for it, and brought it off by a margin which had to be calculated in feet, not yards; so I duly got my four.

In the meanwhile I knew that all of my dangerous opponents were out of the hunt except Braid, and by the time I had finished he was about the ninth hole. I had received the consolatory news that he had begun badly, so I boldly went out to watch him finish, but when I had seen him play two holes I came away, as I found that he had retrieved that indifferent start and was now doing wondrous well, and he had a nasty determined look on his face. So I sought the seclusion of the club house and waited until he was coming to the last hole, when I received the joyful news that he had been frittering strokes away and now only had a three to tie. I found the task of watching him try to hole the last in three quite to my liking, as I knew that the hole was placed in a most difficult position, and everybody had been missing putts on this green. Braid made a wonderful

bid for a three, but the ball just slipped by the hole and I suppose I must have smiled pretty hard when it did so, though I do not remember anything but a feeling of intense relief.

Since that victory in 1897 I have had two real chances of winning the "open" again, one being in the following year, 1898, and the other thirteen years later at Sandwich in 1911. On the former occasion I was assuredly the winner except for the play to one fatal hole, and that happened in the second round, when I took eight strokes to the "Himalayas." In number it is the fifth, and in point of length is the second shortest hole on the course. In a moment of over-confidence I took an unfamiliar club and paid the penalty in that I hooked the ball into a big sand-hill, and unfortunately marked it down so accurately that I found it; better would it have been that I had never found that ball, as I then might have holed out in five. As it was, it took me five more blows to reach the green, which was not fifty yards away, and the regulation two putts made the full total of strokes eight! Notwithstanding this handicap I found myself on equal terms with Vardon and Park with but five holes to play, and I eventually lost by but two strokes to Vardon. For consistent, accurate golf I have always considered my play in this particular championship as the high-water mark in my career.

The championship of 1911 is no doubt still fresh in the mind of most golfers. I was in a winning position seven holes from home, as I was then leading the field. An unfortunate tee shot to the twelfth hole was mainly responsible for my taking a six to this hole. But once again, when I was on the sixteenth teeing ground, I was in the position of leading, only to throw the advantage away by hooking my tee shot into a pot bunker; a much worse shot would have fared better; but taking the open championship meetings right through I have no reason to complain, as whilst I might have won in 1898 and 1911, on the other hand I might have just failed in 1892 and 1897.

Golf in India

By HORACE WYNDHAM

ALTHOUGH the native community has not yet taken to the Royal and Ancient game to any marked extent—at any rate, no Ranjitsinhjis have exhibited their powers on the local links—there are, nevertheless, a considerable number of golf clubs scattered up and down the length and breadth of India. Some of them, too, can boast of quite respectable antiquity. The Calcutta Golf Club, for example, was founded in 1829, and the Bombay one dates from 1842. Altogether, something like forty clubs, nearly all of which are well patronized, exist in different parts of the Peninsula. The majority of them naturally are attached to the big Presidency towns, where the European civilian population is largest; and Calcutta, Bombay and Madras are each well supplied with courses. Others have been laid out at Ootacamund, Bangalore, Bolarum (in the Deccan), Poona, Nasik, Gulmarg, and elsewhere. Both land and native labor are cheap, but if enough of the latter is not forthcoming voluntarily, application for extra help is sometimes made to the authorities of the nearest jail. When the superintendent of this institution happens to be a golfer himself he seldom has any difficulty in considering that his dusky charges can be usefully employed in digging and rolling outside the prison walls. On one course where this plan was adopted nothing could prevent the prisoners from stealing the iron rings that lined the holes and converting them into personal ornaments. At last the harassed club secretary hit upon the bright idea of using cocoa-nut shells in their place.

As with most other things in India, the different golf courses vary to a marked degree in respect of quality. A few are good; but those to which this description can be fairly applied may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Several of them have scarcely a blade of grass anywhere on their surface and the putting-greens (courtesy title, this!) are usually

composed of sun-burned patches of mud or sand. Others, except during the long, hot summer months, have a respectable quantity of turf. Still, this is seldom what could be called plentiful, for the problem of getting grass to flourish in the country has not yet been solved. The "malis" (native gardeners) do their best, and energetic green committees continually experiment with seeds and fertilizers imported from Britain. The climatic conditions against which they work, however, prove too inimical. Another difficulty towards the task of keeping the "greens" in good order is that they require to be watered every day. This is a somewhat expensive and troublesome operation, since the only practical method of conveying water (except during the rainy season, when it falls from the clouds) is by bullock cart from the nearest tank or well. Such a vehicle, however, generally does more harm than good, since it damages the turf (when there happens to be any), while it also makes ruts that spoil approach shots.

If artificial bunkers are conspicuous by their absence, this is certainly not the case with regard to artificial hazards. These consist of gun-pits, quarries, mango trees, public paths, railway lines, plantations, jungle indigo patches and "nullahs," or ditches. Most of the courses are supplied with such hazards on a scale that can only be described as lavish! In fact, so much is this the case that to play a complete round on an average Indian course without losing a ball is considered quite a feat. With any luck (and a tolerably smart native caddie) one stands a fair chance of finding somebody else's ball when looking for one's own. Still, it generally happens in India, as elsewhere, that what one picks up is never so good as what one loses. With a view of guarding against loss as far as possible, a practice obtains in many Indian golf clubs of allotting a registered number to each member. This is indelibly stamped on every ball in his

possession, and affords a ready method of identification should a ball that one has abandoned be afterwards picked up by another player or a caddie.

A remarkably unpleasant hazard to encounter is sometimes furnished by a snake. As may be imagined, it is rather a severe test of nerve to have to play an approach shot that has landed within an inch of the business end of a cobra. Ratholes are another nuisance; as also are the kites that occasionally swoop down from overhead, under the mistaken impression that a cherished "colonel" is a new description of bird's egg. Still, these little rubs of the green only add to the interest of the game, and the true golfer puts up with them cheerfully, even if he afterwards makes a sarcastic reference to them in the club suggestion book.

If Indian golf has its drawbacks it also has its advantages. Foremost among the later is its cheapness as compared with polo, hunting, or pig-sticking, etc. There are lots of clubs where membership costs only the equivalent of a pound or two a year, while the native caddies consider themselves amply rewarded with a fraction of what their British brethren would demand. The highest charges naturally obtain at the Calcutta and Tollygunge clubs, which are so flourishing that they are able to impose fairly stiff entrance fees. At Madras, Bombay, Bangalore, Bolarum, and elsewhere, on the other hand, the privileges of the links are readily extended in return for a few rupees. Balls and clubs of all kinds are purchasable from the Army and Navy stores in Bombay, and in the "Europe" shops of the big towns. They cost a little more, however, than they would at home, as they have had to be specially imported.

It is in Calcutta and the immediate neighborhood that most opportunities will be found for golf. Between the river Hooghly and the European quarter of the town lies a large level park, known as the Maidan. On one section of it lies the course of the Calcutta Golf Club. It is by no means an ideal one, since the military authorities will not permit the construction of permanent bunkers to guard the greens and punish

crooked driving. This is because the Maidan has also to serve as a garrison parade ground. When Mr. Atkins is going through his martial evolutions and practicing skirmishing or physical drill, it becomes difficult to play with any degree of freedom. Another drawback is the habit that the natives (especially small children) have of wandering all over the course, instead of keeping to the paths. Nevertheless, the Calcutta Golf Club is a very flourishing and popular institution. It is a relic of the old "John Company" days. Its first captain was Lord Ramsay. During the season, which extends from November to July a large number of competitions are contested. Some of these attract players from all parts of the country.

Fifteen miles from Calcutta there is another course, at Barrackpore. It lies in a beautiful park adjoining the Viceroy's winter residence, and is largely patronized by officers of the local garrison (especially those belonging to Scottish regiments) and week-end visitors from Calcutta. A good deal nearer the metropolis, and connected with it by an electric tram, is the Tollygunge Golf Club. Here, during the Christmas week, is decided an important annual event—the amateur championship of India. The test is a severe one, and calls for steady play and endurance. At one time the championship was decided by strokes, but of late years it has been by holes. The tournament lasts for three days. In 1907, and again in 1909, the winner was Mr. Alexander Mann, a well-known Scottish amateur who learned the game at Carnoustie and Monifieth. Another Scottish champion of India is Mr. D. C. Scroggie, who carried off the cup in 1908.

Another old established club is the Royal Bombay Gymkhana Golf Club, founded in 1842. The chief month for its competitions is October, when the greens are at their best. The course, however, is a poor one, and of a monotonous description. Everybody, who can do so, accordingly patronizes Nasik, where the Royal Western India Golf Club offers better opportunities for a game. The chief drawback to Nasik, is its distance, 117 miles, from Bombay.

Even the most ardent enthusiast feels that a long journey in a stuffy Indian railway carriage (with a thermometer standing at a figure that suggests the less attractive portion of the next world) is rather more than he cares about, especially if he has only a few days' leave from his office or regiment. But golfers, sometimes, must put up with conditions, climatic and otherwise, as they find them and not as they would have them.

The Madras Presidency is decidedly well off for golf courses. There are two connected with the capital itself. One is at Guindy, about six miles from Fort St. George, and the other, known as the Island course, is laid out on the garrison drill ground and race course. Much better links exist at Ootacamund. As their position, however, is exposed to the full fury of the south-west monsoon, the season for play does not last very long. Bangalore, Bellary, and Waltair also have golf courses, the Bangalore club having been instituted in 1876. As elsewhere in India, the local golfers have had to encounter a good deal of opposition from the racing and hunting contingents who bitterly resent the fact that nearly all the links are laid out on what they consider their private property. This sometimes leads to a slight friction between the respective secretaries.

The finest Indian links are in the northern provinces of Kashmir and the Punjab, where the golfer may choose between Peshawar, Rawal Pindi and Gulmarg. The Peshawar Vale links, with their verdant turf and beautiful situation, have much to commend them. But the place is difficult of access, and business men (who form the chief support of Indian golf) seldom visit it. A few years ago, when a championship meeting was held there, only five or six competitors took out cards. At Gulmarg in Kashmir, there is a picturesque course surrounded by mountains. These links are probably the highest in the world, since they stand 9,000 feet above sea level, and the turf and greens are of an excellent quality. In fact, they afford such capital golf that members of the Calcutta and Tollygunge clubs are attracted to them.

As the starting-point for most frontier campaigns, a big garrison is always quartered at Rawal Pindi, in the Punjab, and the town is also an important civil station. Between the military and civilian element combined there are so many keen golfers that the local links are well supported. They are rather difficult, and some of the hazards would make even a Braid or Vardon shudder. To negotiate them successfully is often more a matter of luck than skill, as many a man with a low handicap at Calcutta or Madras has discovered on more than one occasion.

The hospitality of the different Indian golf clubs is proverbial. If a sahib arrives at any station within *ticcagharry* (cab) drive of a course, a lynx-eyed native will promptly report the fact to the local secretary. Thereupon, this official will either send round a note, suggesting that he should join the club, or else make a personal call. It is no use for the stranger to plead that he is ignorant of the difference between a mashie and a bunker, and has never driven a golf ball in his life. The protest is brushed aside as ridiculous. "My dear sir," observes the secretary in accents of bland reproach, "all the more reason for starting now. Do you all the good in the world. I really must put your name down. Jones, of the Commissariat, and Smith, of the Volunteers—capital fellows, both of them—will be delighted to propose and second you." Almost before he has realized it, accordingly the newcomer is duly elected to membership, and everybody is endeavoring to discover his "form." Sometimes—although not often—a "dark horse" puts in an appearance, and a mild-looking stranger who modestly admits that he "played once or twice at home" simply sweeps the board of cups and trophies, much to the chagrin of the local cracks. When this happens, testy colonels and liverish magistrates, whose hopes of themselves securing a medal are thus dashed to the ground, immediately demand that in future all strangers entering for a competition shall be started from scratch. East Indians, like members of home clubs, do not relish newcomers carrying off the prizes.



"NIBBIE"

Ask the Egyptians

A Fascinating Golf Story With an Unexpected Ending. It Will Hold Your Interest to the Last Paragraph

By REX T. STOUT

“DORMIE,” said Tom Innes cheerfully, standing on the thirteenth tee. He took his driver from the caddie, addressed the ball with a professional waggle, and with a clean, well-timed swing sent it soaring through the air over the brook a hundred and seventy yards away.

“Nice drive.”

This came from his opponent, Mr. Aloysius Jellie, who had in turn taken his driver in hand. In place of the other's athletic build and graceful, easy motion, Mr. Jellie was the possessor of an angular, every-which-way figure and his movements were awkward and inelegant. His lips tightened grimly as he waved the wooden club back and forth over the ball. A sudden jerk of his body, a mighty swish, and the ball hopped crazily from the tee and trickled over the turf some sixty yards away.

“Topped it,” observed Mr. Innes sympathetically. “Too bad.”

But the last two words were drowned by another sound, a yelp of mingled pain and dismay that came from the third spectator of Mr. Jellie's fizzle. Caddies, being dumb by tradition as well as from self-interest, are not counted. The yelp issued from the throat of a dog, a white, middle-sized dog of heterogeneous pedigree who had sat on his haunches regarding Mr. Jellie with anxious eyes as he addressed the ball. As the ball hopped from the tee the dog had commenced to whine, and when the profound ineptitude of the shot became apparent, the whine increased to a long-drawn-out, unearthly howl.

Mr. Jellie did not reply to his opponent's sympathetic remark, nor did the howl appear to either surprise or bother him.

“Come on, Nibbie,” he said without turning his head, and off he went towards the ball, with the dog trotting along at his heels and the caddie bringing up the rear.

“Brassie,” said Mr. Jellie grimly, stopping beside the ball and holding out his hand.

The caddie hesitated. “Bad lie, sir. I think an iron—”

“Brassie,” repeated Mr. Jellie, “I want to reach the green.”

Then as the caddie pulled the brassie from the bag his employer suddenly changed his mind.

“Alright, midiron,” he agreed.

A moment later the iron head whistled through the air, the ball rose high—too high—and dropped in the middle of the brook.

“Too much turf, sir,” observed the caddie.

Again Mr. Jellie did not reply, and again he started off with the dog at his heels. Arrived at the brook, he stood on the bank and pointed at the spot where the ball had seemed to drop.

“Get it, Nibbie,” he commanded.

The dog looked up at his master with an expression of amazed reproach. “Good heavens,” his eyes seemed to say, “didn't you get over this?” Then he scurried down the bank, nosed about among the bushes at the water's edge, and presently set up a plaintive whine. Mr. Jellie took his niblick from the caddie and scrambled down. There the ball lay, buried in the weeds. The next few seconds were full of action. Mr. Jellie swung savagely with the niblick once, twice, three times; the caddie held his hand tightly over his mouth; the dog let loose a series of fearful howls. Finally the ball, gouged from its nesting-place,

came to rest at the top of the further bank.

From there it was an easy mashie approach to the green, on which Mr. Innes's ball was already lying eight feet from the pin. Mr. Jellie holed out in two putts, and his opponent did the same.

"Eight," said Mr. Jellie.

"Four," said Mr. Innes.

"That's the match," the other returned. "Better than I did with Tom Hudson yesterday. He ended it on the twelfth green. Come on, Nibbie."

Fifteen minutes later, as the two golfers passed down the piazza of the Grassview Country Club house on their way to the nineteenth hole, Mr. Jellie called out to Mac Donaldson, the club professional, who was loitering about:

"Oh, Mac! Give Mr. Innes a box of balls and charge it to me."

Which explains why so poor a golfer as Aloysius Jellie never experienced any difficulty in getting a match. There was every reason why he should have been the most unpopular member of the Grassview Country Club. His average score for the eighteen holes was 121; he had once made a 98 and had framed the score card and hung it in the room which he kept at the club house the year round. He cut up turf frightfully; he was a strong man and his divots always flew so far away that no caddie could ever find them again. He refused to play in foursomes, and he was outspoken in his criticism of a bad shot, whenever and by whomsoever made.

Worst of all, he was the owner of Nibbie. Where the dog got the name of Nibbie was Mr. Jellie's secret, but it was openly asserted by other members of the club that it was a nickname, or term of endearment, derived from "niblick." Whoever took Mr. Jellie on for a match was forced to deduct beforehand a considerable amount of the pleasure and profit of the encounter by discounting the presence of Nibbie. He was always at his master's heels, and he was the only serious critic of his master's play. If Mr. Jellie topped his drive or missed a two-

footer Nibbie howled his disapproval and dismay. A long iron or brassie over a hazard, or a soaring recovery from a sandpit, or the holing of a 30 foot putt, was the signal for joyous barks and caperings. But he was always careful to indulge in none of these noisy demonstrations while his master's opponent was addressing the ball; he appeared to know the etiquette as well as the science of the game. It was wonderful the way his actions and feelings responded to the movements of the little white sphere.

"That dog," said Mac Donaldson, the club pro, one day, "is Scotch. I don't know what kinds of a dog it is, but it's Scotch for sure. I never saw such an understanding of the game in any animal whatever, unless it was Tom Ferguson's cow who lay down on Sandy MacRae's ball so he couldn't find it, and Tom won the hole. It's a great dog, and I could name some humans he could give lessons to."

But it is certain that the other club members would never have stood for the ubiquitous Nibbie, with his eternal howlings and barkings, if they had not been so desirous to avoid offending Mr. Jellie; for Mr. Jellie, score 121, was always willing to play anyone on even terms for a box of balls or a set of clubs or a ten spot. He never won. The numbers of balls and mashies and drivers and putters he paid for every month was appalling. But he always refused to take a handicap.

"I am a strong and fairly intelligent man," he would say, "and I ought to be able to play golf as well as anyone. I refuse to baby myself with a handicap. Make it a ball a hole."

Then he would make the first in 9, and would probably be 61 at the turn. He usually took his defeats gracefully, but now and then after an unusually bad round he would become morose and refuse absolutely to utter a word. He was also known to lose his temper occasionally; once he had taken his bag of clubs and thrown them into the lake—the water hazard on the eleventh hole—and was prevented just in time from throwing his caddie in after them. It was truly pitiful, the earnest

and determined manner in which he strove day after day to improve his game, and the sustained horror of his score.

Then came Nibbie's tragic end. Late one Saturday afternoon in May, there was gathered at the nineteenth hole a representative group of the members of the Grassview Country Club. Marsfield, the Egyptologist, was there, with his soft beard and sleepy, studious eyes; Innes and Fraser, lawyers; Huntington, Princeton professor; and several New York bankers and business men. They had just come in from the links; the day was hot and dry and they were emptying many tall glasses in which the cracked ice clinked.

They were talking, of course, of Scores and Reasons Why, otherwise known as Alibis. Fraser was explaining that the bite of a mosquito while he was addressing the ball had cost him the fourteenth hole and probably the match (though he had finished four down); Marsfield, the Egyptologist, was telling of a 20 foot putt that went absolutely in the hole and then bounced out again; Innes was making sarcastic and pointed remarks concerning the incredible luck of Huntington, who had beaten him 2 and 1.

"Ah," exclaimed Marsfield suddenly, interrupting himself, "here comes Rogers. Lucky dog! He got Jellie today. He was out Wednesday too and had him then."

"A bit thick, I call it," observed Penfield, who had once spent a month in England.

"He takes poor old Jellie for too much of a good thing," put in Huntington, glancing at the two men as they approached down the corridor.

"But I say, look at Jellie's face!" went on Penfield. "Must be one of his bad days. Just look at him!"

It was indeed evident from the expression on Mr. Jellie's face that he was far from happy. His eyes were drawn half shut, as if in pain, his lips were quivering with emotion and his face was very white. Mr. Rogers, his companion, appeared on the contrary to be making an attempt to conceal some secret inner pleasure. A scarcely

repressed smile twisted his lips and a twinkle of delight shone from his eyes. As he reached the corner where the others were seated he greeted them with familiar heartiness and beckoned to the waiter for a glass of something. Mr. Jellie sank into a chair with the briefest of nods in reply to the others' greetings, thrust his hands deep in his pockets and gazed straight ahead at nothing with his eyes still half closed as though to shut out some painful sight.

It was Huntington who noticed at once an unusual vacancy in the atmosphere. He turned to Rogers to ask:

"Where's Nibbie?"

Rogers grinned, glanced apprehensively at Mr. Jellie, and replied in one word:

"Dead."

There was a chorus of astonished inquiry.

"Yes, dead," Rogers reiterated. "Dead as a dead dog. Jellie killed him."

"What!" There was unbelief in ten voices.

Another broke in, Mr. Jellie himself. They all turned to him.

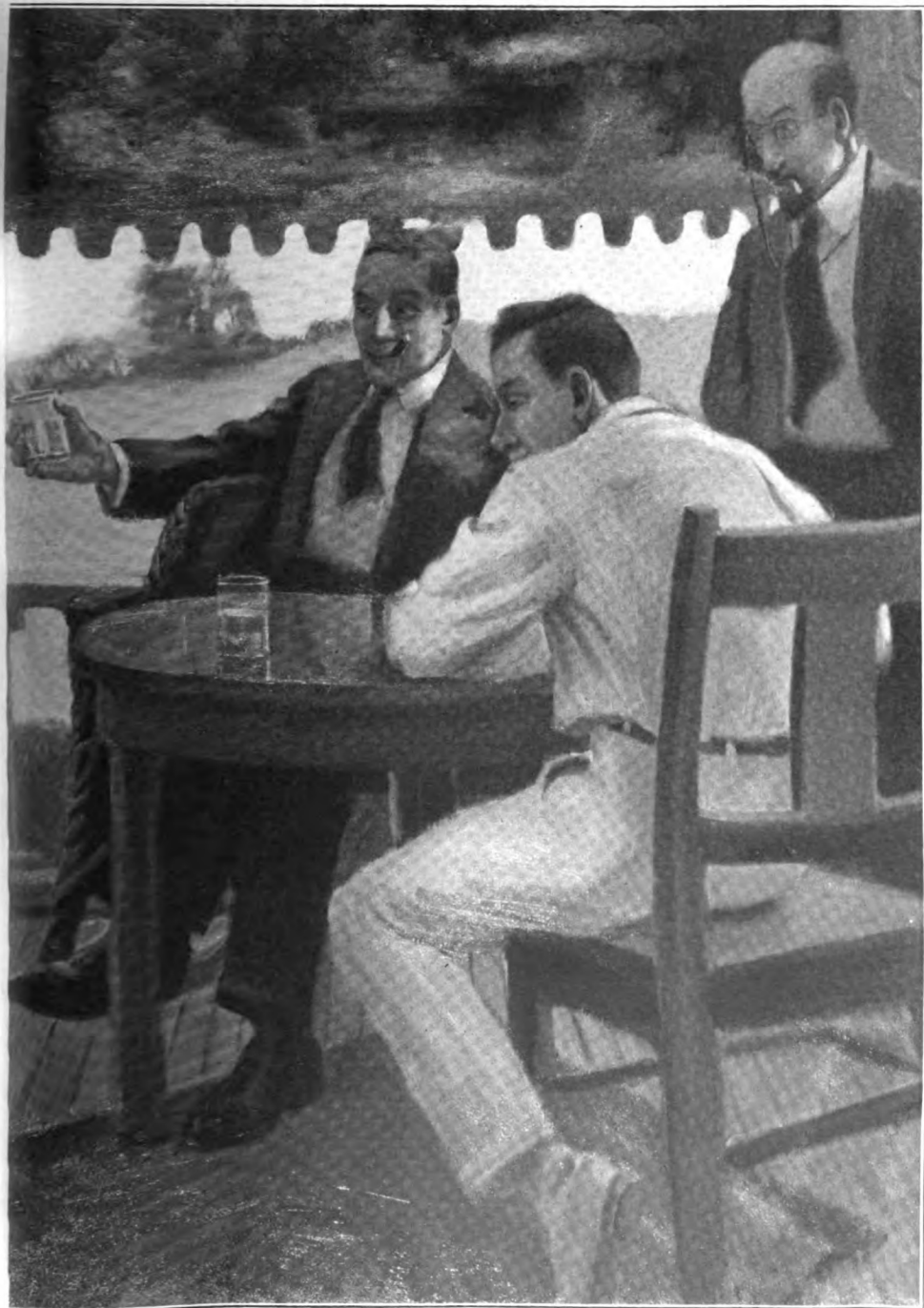
"I suppose you're glad of it," he observed in a voice of mingled grief and indignation. "Well I'm not. I didn't mean to do it. It was at the tenth hole. Rogers had me four down. Nibbie—" Mr. Jellie hesitated and gulped a little—"Nibbie had been very demonstrative all the way. I was 64 at the turn. I'd made a lot of rotten shots, and Nibbie was right after me all the time. You know how he feels—how he felt when I made a bad shot. Well, on the tenth I got a beauty from the tee, right down the aisle about 220 yards. On the second I took a brassie and carried the brook. It sure was a fine shot, I'll leave it to Rogers."

Mr. Rogers nodded in confirmation. "I always have to play short there myself," he confessed.

"But Nibbie must have thought I didn't carry it," Mr. Jellie went on. "He must have thought I made the brook. Anyway, he evidenced disapproval. It made me mad, that's all there is to it. He'd been howling at



"YES, DEAD," ROGERS REITERATED. "DEAD AS A DEAD



DOG. JELLIE KILLED HIM." "ASK THE EGYPTIANS," PAGE 19.

me all day for my rotten shots, which he had a right to do, but that was the best brassie I've had for a month, and when he set up that yelp I turned before I thought and threw the club at him. Of course I didn't mean to hit him, or at least didn't mean to hurt him—"

Mr. Jellie paused to control the tremble in his voice.

"It must have caught him right in the temple," he finished.

It is not surprising that this recital of Nibbie's death caused no demonstration of grief on the part of those who heard it. Call it heartlessness if you will; the reply is that these men were golfers with golfers' nerves and that Nibbie had more than once made them miss a stroke. They did not even feign regret. They grinned openly; their remarks were for the most part facetious and satirical; one or two were openly exultant. There were ironic expressions of sympathy and advice.

"One trouble is," observed Rogers to the grief-stricken Jellie, "that now you'll have no way of knowing when you make a bad shot."

"And probably," added Huntington, "your game will suffer in consequence."

"Why not have the body stuffed and set it up on wheels?" suggested another. "The caddie could pull it around for you."

"Or have the hide cured and have a caddie bag made of it."

"Or use the hide for leather grips on your clubs."

"Anyway, you're safe for awhile," put in Marshfield, the Orientalist. "According to the old Egyptians, a dog's soul roams the earth for three moons after his death. For that long, at least, Nibbie will be with you in spirit if not in body."

Mr. Jellie got up abruptly and removed his hands from his pockets.

"You fellows think you're funny," he said quietly, looking from one to the other, "but it's no joke to me. Nibbie was the best friend I've ever had. He always found my ball in the rough, and he was a good sound critic."

"He was sound alright," observed Tom Innes, "if you mean noisy."

"Oh, I know he was a nuisance to the rest of you," Mr. Jellie agreed. "I don't blame you any, but I can't sit here and have a good time with Nibbie dead. I'm going up to my room."

And he did so.

He remained in his room all evening without eating any dinner. He was in fact a very unhappy man. A bachelor without home ties, the possessor of an inherited fortune and therefore spared the worries of the business of making a living, golf had for three years been the absorbing interest of his life. And what, he asked himself, what would golf be without Nibbie? What—for instance—what if he did carry the bunker from the eighth tee? There would be no joyful bark from Nibbie to acclaim the performance. What if a thousand things? Nibbie was gone.

His thoughts were dreary and melancholy as he crept between the sheets, and it was an hour before he slept.

Perhaps it was during that hour that a certain fantastic idea first entered his brain. He had thought during the evening of many ways of paying tribute to Nibbie's memory. He would give up golf. He would ask the club governors for permission to bury his dead at some appropriate spot on the links, say under the first tee. He would have the body stuffed and set up in his room. But finally he rejected all these plans in favor of one that had been suggested in a spirit of jocosity by someone downstairs. The more he considered it the better he liked it as a fitting and poetic method of expressing his sentiment for poor dead Nibbie.

About noon of the following Monday accordingly, Mr. Jellie took a train to Jersey City, accompanied by two men carrying a large wooden box with rope handles. At the Jersey terminus they took a taxi and were driven to a remote part of the town where the streets were dirty, the dwellings poor and dingy, and the atmosphere tainted with the smoke odors of numerous factories. Before a door of one of the latter, marked "Office of the Darnton Tanning Company," the taxi halted and Mr. Jel-

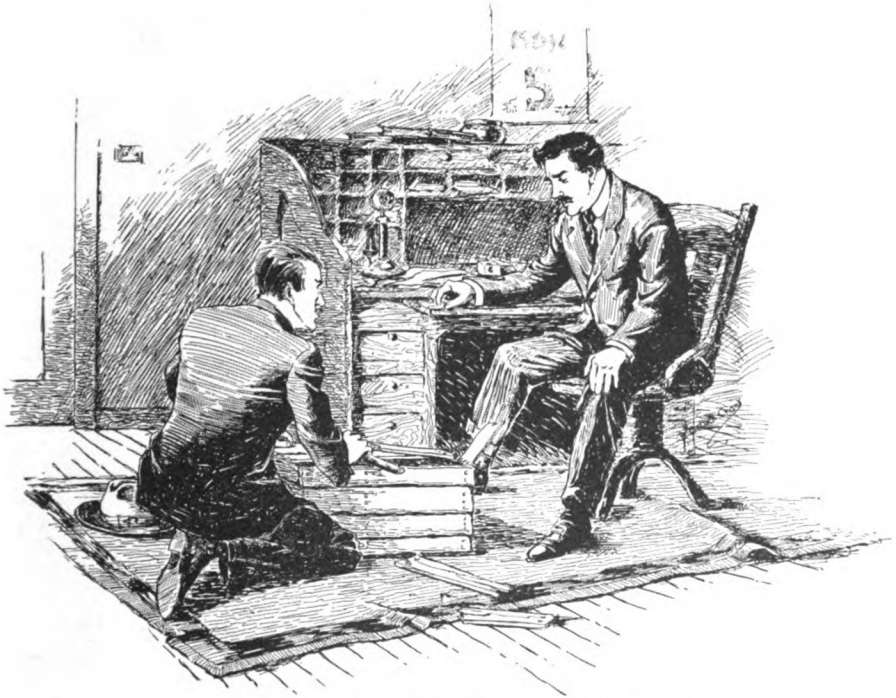
lie sprang out, followed by the two men with the wooden box. Five minutes later they were ushered, box and all, into the office of the president of the company. This was a dapper little man with eyeglasses and an engaging smile who got up from his chair to greet Mr. Jellie with outstretched hand in an enthusiastic welcome.

"Ah, Jellie, my boy," said he, "what a surprise! Glad to see you again."

box, disclosing to the other's astonished view the carcass of a white dog.

"There he is, Bill," said Mr. Jellie sadly.

"But what—what is it?" gasped Bill. "Nibbie," replied Mr. Jellie. "My dog Nibbie. He died—he was killed Saturday on the links. I tell you what, Bill, he was an intelligent dog. He knew more about golf than I do. I want to pay proper respect to his mem-



"THERE HE IS, BILL," SAID MR. JELLIE, SADLY

The visitor returned the greeting, then turned to the two men, who had deposited the box in the middle of the floor, gave them each a five dollar bill and dismissed them.

"It's been four years since we've met," observed the president when they were alone.

"All of that," agreed Mr. Jellie, and there followed thirty minutes of reminiscences. After which Mr. Jellie came to the point of his visit. He first asked for a hammer, and when it arrived he removed the lid of the wooden

ory. What I want to know is this, could you have the body skinned and cure the hide?"

"Why—I suppose so—"

"Then do so as a favor to me. I want the hide made as soft as possible. I want to use it for a particular purpose. I know it will be a lot of trouble, but I'll pay well for it. You'll do it, won't you, Bill?"

It appeared that Bill would. The details were discussed and it was decided that after being skinned Nibbie's body should be sent to a nearby crematory.

Then Bill wanted his old friend Jellie to go home with him to dinner, but Jellie managed somehow to get out of that, and by four o'clock he was again on a train headed for the Jersey hills and the Grassview Country Club.

He played no golf that week. He had decided that so much was due to the memory of Nibbie. Those of the others who managed to get out for a day on the links tormented him without mercy, and when the Saturday weekend crowd arrived poor Jellie was forced to take to his room. Through the window he could see the smooth turf stretching away through the hills and woods, with here and there a spot of lighter hue that marked the putting-greens, and he heard continually the sweet, seductive sound of the impact of wood on gutta percha. But he gritted his teeth and stuck to his decision, even throughout Sunday, when the putts trickle from dawn to dark and the tees grow hot.

Tuesday morning a package arrived from Jersey City. Mr. Jellie opened it in feverish haste, and there in his hand lay the skin of poor Nibbie, dark, wrinkled, hairless, certainly unrecognizable. But it seemed to the bereft master that the thing was alive; he fancied that he felt in its soft texture a spirit, a sentient thrill, and he remembered what Marsfield had said of the old Egyptian belief concerning the soul of a dog.

He took the skin down to the club professional, together with his bag of clubs, and said:

"Mac, here's a new kind of leather I got from a friend of mine. I think it ought to make a good grip. I've got eleven clubs here altogether. Do you think there's enough in this piece to make grips for all of them?"

The Scotchman took the skin and measured it, then made some calculations on a piece of paper.

"Plenty, Mr. Jellie," he replied. "What kind of leather is it?"

"Why—why—" Mr. Jellie stammered. "It's a sort of Egyptian leather," he said finally. "I'd like to have the clubs tomorrow morning if possible."

The following day was Wednesday. Mr. Jellie was up early, as usual. After breakfast he went for a stroll in the woods back of the club house, but he was uncomfortable. He hadn't swung at a ball for ten days, and his hands itched. Any golfer can sympathize with him; who has not experienced that irresistible yearning to feel the ping of the wood, the sturdy impact of the iron? Mr. Jellie returned to the club house, and there, on the piazza, saw Monty Fraser gazing around him on every side as though in search of something.

"Ah, how are you, Jellie," exclaimed Fraser, his face suddenly brightening. "Thought I wouldn't go in to the office today and ran over for a little fun. But I couldn't find—"

He stopped suddenly, his face falling.

"But I forgot," he continued. "You're in mourning and won't play."

"No; that's all over," returned Mr. Jellie, eagerly.

"Then are you on for a match?"

"Just waiting for one."

Whereupon Fraser repaired to the locker room and Mr. Jellie went upstairs to don their fighting clothes. On his way back down the latter stopped to get his clubs from the professional. They were all ready, with pieces of poor Nibbie's skin wrapped neatly around the shafts.

"That's good leather, all right," remarked Mac.

"Want to put anything up?" asked Fraser as the other joined him at the caddie house.

"Sure. Anything," responded Mr. Jellie.

"Box of balls?"

"Sure."

"All right," the other agreed; "but really, Jellie, you've got to take a handicap. It's absurd. I go around in 85 to 90 and you average 115 or more. Take at least a stroke a hole. That'll make the match interesting."

"No, I won't," said Mr. Jellie, stubbornly.

And he wouldn't, though Fraser argued with him clear to the tee. They tossed a coin, and Fraser won the

honor. He was a good driver, and he got a ball 220 yards down the center. Mr. Jellie teed up and took his driver from the caddie.

It is amazing the number of extraneous and impertinent thoughts that can occupy a man's mind when he is trying to hit a golf ball. Though skies tumble and the earth shakes on its foundations he is supposed to keep his eye and mind directed on the ball and nothing but the ball; but such is the perversity and levity of the human brain that at the most critical instant it is apt to be concerning itself with mere trifles, such as the latest quotation on C., A. & Q. or the price of your wife's last hat. Mr. Jellie found himself considering the curious feel of the new grip on his driver. An inexplicable sensation seemed to communicate itself from the shaft into every part of his body, even to the tips of his toes; a sense of confidence, elation, mastery. Always before, when preparing to make a shot, he had been nervous, stiff, uncomfortable, and painfully doubtful of his ability to hit the ball at all; now he felt as though he could walk up carelessly and knock the thing a million miles.

"It's because I haven't played for so long," he was saying to himself. "It's because—but I must keep my eye on the ball—I haven't played—but I must—for so long—"

He swung savagely. To Fraser's eye it appeared to be the same old Jellie swing, stiff, ungraceful, jerky, ill-timed; and his astonishment was therefore the greater when he saw the ball sailing true and straight far down the course. Midway in its flight it appeared to gain new momentum, lifting gently upward, and in direction it was absolutely dead.

"Some drive," said Fraser, encouragingly, as the two men started down the fairway.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Jellie, who was intensely surprised. But what he was surprised at was the fact that he was not surprised. It was unquestionably the longest and straightest drive he had ever made. Two weeks ago that shot would have left him electrified

with astonishment, and now he actually seemed inclined to take it as a matter of course.

"Well," he thought, "it's been ten days since I've played. Wait till I flub a couple."

The first hole at Grassview is 475 yards. The fairway is narrow, with hazards on one side and out of bounds on the other, and just in front of the green is a deep sand pit. On his second Fraser took a driving mashie and played a little short of the sand pit. Mr. Jellie, who had outdriven him by thirty yards, used a brassie and carried over the hazard to the green.

"By Jove, you're putting it up to me," said Fraser, in some surprise.

Mr. Jellie nodded. His face was a little flushed. Never before had he been on that green in two; more often he had made the sand pit on his third or fourth. He felt vaguely that something was the matter, and the curious thing about it was that he experienced no surprise. He had taken the brassie for the purpose of making the green, and as he addressed the ball he had felt absurdly confident that it would go there.

Fraser, who had played short, had only an easy mashie pitch left. He played it perfectly; the ball dropped on the edge of the green, rolled over the smooth turf straight for the pin and stopped six inches away, dead for a four. Mr. Jellie was twenty feet from the hole. He took his putter from the caddie, walked up to the ball and tapped it. It started straight, seemed to waver for an instant, then went on and dropped in the cup with a gentle thud.

"Three," said Mr. Jellie in a voice that trembled.

"Your hole," observed Fraser. "Good Lord, Jellie, what's the matter with you? Two under par! Some three! I got one under myself."

"Oh, I've sunk twenty-footers before," replied Mr. Jellie, with an effort at calmness. But the flush on his face deepened and there was a queer look in his eye.

On the second, a hole for a long and short shot, they got good drives and

were on in two. Fraser's putt was strong by four feet, but he holed it coming back. Jellie's thirty-footer hung on the lip of the cup. It was a half in four.

The third is 320 yards. Mr. Jellie, retaining the honor, made his first poor shot from the tee. It was a long ball, but a bad slice carried it into the rough, in the midst of thick underbrush. "Ah," Fraser smiled to himself, "old Jellie's getting back on his game;" and, swinging easily, he got a straight one well out of trouble.

Mr. Jellie, kicking through the underbrush with his caddie, suffered from mingled emotions. Was it possible that he was going to return so soon to his eights and nines? This slice looked like it. At length the ball was found, buried in deep grass, with bushes and trees on every side; it was all but unplayable. One hundred yards away the green glimmered in the sunshine.

"Better play off to one side and make sure of getting out," counselled Fraser.

Without replying, Mr. Jellie took his niblick and planted his feet firmly in the grass. His eyes glittered and his jaw was clamped tight. The heavy iron swung back and came down with tremendous force, plowing through the grass and weeds like a young hurricane. Up came the ball, literally torn out by the brutal force of the blow, up through the underbrush it sailed, up over the tops of the trees, farther, still farther, and dropped squarely in the middle of the green a hundred yards away.

"My God!" said Fraser.

"Nice recovery, sir," said the caddie, in a tone of awe.

Mr. Jellie was smiling, but his face was pale and his hands trembled. He knew very well that he had made a wonderful shot. But what was this strange feeling that was growing stronger within him every minute, this feeling of absolute assurance that he could make a hundred such shots if necessary? He tried to reply to his companion's appreciative remarks, but his voice wouldn't work. He made his

way out of the underbrush like a man dazed.

Fraser approached nicely and took two putts, but Mr. Jellie, whose ball was stopped eight feet from the pin, holed out for a three. The fourth, a little over 500 yards, was halved in five. By this time Fraser was beginning to wobble a little, unnerved by pure astonishment. Was this Jellie, the dub, the duffer, the clod? Was this thing possible? Can eyes be believed? Aloysius Jellie one under 4s! No wonder Fraser was upset with amazement.

The fifth is a short hole over a lake. Mr. Jellie stood on the tee, mashie in hand. He remembered how many hundreds of balls he had caused to hop feebly over the grass and dribble into that lake. Again his jaw set tight. Would the marvel continue? It did. He swung his mashie. The ball rose true and fair over the water and dropped on the green. Fraser, completely unnerved, got too far under his ball. It barely cleared the hazard, falling far short, and he lost the hole.

At the turn Mr. Jellie was six up. The cards were as follows:

Jellie	3	4	3	5	3	3	5	4	4—34
Fraser	4	4	4	5	4	6	5	7	7—46

From there on it was a farce. Mr. Jellie, it is true, appeared to be laboring under a great strain. His face was pale as death and his hands trembled nervously as he reached for his driver or knelt to tee up his ball. But his shots went straight and far, and his putts found the cup. He made a recovery from a sand pit on the eleventh that was only less marvelous than the one from the underbrush on the third. Fraser was shot to pieces, and the match ended on the eleventh green.

"I'm going to play it out," said Mr. Jellie in a husky voice, "and see if I can break 70."

Fraser could only stare at him speechlessly.

"All right," he managed finally to utter.

Very few men find in a lifetime the ineffable sweetness, the poignant, intense delight that the following days held for Mr. Aloysius Jellie. For one awful, sleepless night he feared a fluke.

He had made a 69. Great gods, could it have been a fluke? He sweated and tossed and slept not. As soon as dawn broke he took his clubs and flew to the first tee. A 240-yard drive, straight as an arrow—ah, thank heaven!

He made the first nine holes in 36, and, drunk with happiness, returned to the club house for breakfast.

Tom Innes arrived on the nine o'clock train, and Mr. Jellie took him out and beat him 6 and 5 in the morning and 8 and 7 in the afternoon. On the following day Silas Penfield was the victim, also for two matches. By that time Mac Donaldson had heard of the miracle that was taking place on the fashionable links of the Grassview Country Club, and Friday morning he took Mr. Jellie on for a match, and was badly beaten.

On Saturday nothing was heard at Grassview but talk of Jellie. His caddie had acquired an air of insolent arrogance. Mac Donaldson spoke of him in low, mysterious tones. But for the most part there was doubt, especially on the part of those men who had been winning innumerable boxes of balls from him for the past three years with ridiculous ease.

"Yes," said Marsfield, the Egyptologist, employing a formula of golf wit that is older than St. Andrews; "yes, Jellie might make a 69—for nine holes."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," retorted Mr. Jellie, turning on him. "I'll take you and Rogers and Huntington and play your best ball for five hundred dollars a side."

There ensued a clamor of discussion. Fraser took Marsfield to one side and advised him strongly to "stay off." Rogers was scornful, but cautious. Huntington, a good sport, decided it by declaring that it would be worth the price to see old Jellie do it.

Old Jellie did it, but not without a tussle. News of the match had spread over the links and through the club house, and by the time they reached the turn they were trailed by a gallery of some fifty persons. Mr. Jellie gave them all they were looking for. He

went around 3 under par and won by 4 and 3. They forced him to make a speech in the dining room that evening, and in a toast he was referred to as "our next club champion."

And this Aloysius Jellie, who had been the sucker, the easy thing, the object of much amused contempt, became the glory and pride of Grassview. The months of June and July were one continuous succession of triumphs. Middleton, who had met Francis Oumet in the semi-finals at Ekwanok the year before, was the only member of the club who dared to play him on even terms, and Middleton suffered ignominious defeat. The greatest day of all occurred in mid-July. Tom McNamara and Mike Brady had appeared at Grassview on a visit to their old friend Donaldson, and about the first thing Mac had spoken of was Jellie and his miraculous reversal of form. The two visitors expressed a desire to see the marvel in action.

And Mr. Jellie took on McNamara, Brady and Donaldson and beat them one up, playing their best ball.

He played exhibition matches with various visiting amateurs and pros, and suffered no defeats. On July 28 he won the New Jersey, and on July 12 the Metropolitan amateur championship. He lowered the course records from one to four strokes at Englewood, Baltusrol, Garden City, Wykagyl, Piping Rock and Upper Montclair. The whole golfing world was ablaze with his fame, and countless duffers tried to imitate his ungainly, bizarre swing, with disastrous results. The newspapers ran columns about him, and the sport writers unanimously predicted that with Jellie to lead the attack the next American assault on Vardon, Taylor and Braid would bring England's cup across the water. There was printed again and again the amusing tale of the dog Nibbie, and the story of his untimely death.

Mr. Jellie himself was far from forgetting Nibbie. Often, when at Grassview, he would stand for some time in his room gazing at a small bronze urn which occupied the place of honor on the mantel. It was inscribed:



MR. JELLIE WOULD STAND AND GAZE AT THIS URN, NOT IN SORROWFUL MEMORY OF THE PAST, BUT IN PERPLEXED AND PAINFUL CONSIDERATION OF THE PRESENT.

Herein Repose the Ashes of
NIBBIE,
 Faithful Companion and Critic of
 Aloysius Jellie.
 He Died on the 17th Day of May, 19—,
 A Martyr to
 The Angry Passion of His Master.

Mr. Jellie would stand and gaze at this urn, not in sorrowful memory of the past, but in perplexed and painful consideration of the present. Mr. Jellie was not a superstitious man. But what had happened could be accounted for only by admitting the supernatural, and one miracle is as likely to happen as another. Was it Aloysius Jellie who had astounded the golfing world by averaging under 4s for 342 consecutive holes? Or was it in fact, in some mysterious manner—was it Nibbie?

But it was another query, a corollary of this, that caused the frequent frown of worried perplexity on Mr. Jellie's brow. Finally, one evening in early August, he got Marsfield, the Orientalist, into a corner and asked him point-blank:

"How long does a dog's soul stay on earth?"

The other gazed at him in astonishment.

"Why, bless me," he responded, "I didn't know a dog had any soul."

"Of course not, of course not," Mr. Jellie agreed hastily. "What I mean is, I remember once you spoke about some ancient belief—"

"Did I? Perhaps so. There are many interesting ancient ceremonies and beliefs connected with the canine family. The Moslems, like the old Hebrews, hold them to be unclean. They were worshipped by the Asgans, and the Egyptians honored them. The latter held a belief that the soul of a dog remains on earth after death, either to console or torment his master, according to the treatment he received in life."

"Yes, that's it," said Mr. Jellie, eagerly. "And how long does—did—how long did they think the soul stayed around?"

"Three moons. That is equivalent to three months, or more accurately,

eighty-eight days in our calendar." After a moment's pause Marsfield added: "Still thinking of the lost Nibbie, eh, Jellie? By Jove, old man, I should think the past two months would have driven him out of your mind."

"No, I haven't forgotten him," replied the other, thoughtfully. Then he shook himself. "Much obliged, Marsfield. Come on, let's join the others."

Late that evening, in his room, Mr. Jellie took a piece of paper and made a calculation. It appeared simple enough, though cryptic, consisting merely of a sum of four figures:

14
30
31
13

88

He sat gazing at the figures on the paper until the minutes dragged into hours.

Ever since Mr. Jellie's startling leap into the sphere of the masters all Grassview, members, caddies and pros, had been looking forward to an event which was now drawing near. It was discussed in the locker room, the caddie house, the library and the nineteenth hole. The opinion in all these places was the same, though expressed differently. In the caddie house: "Gee, Mr. Jellie kin lick them guys with nothin' but a putter." In the library: "Jellie'll win sure. Hurrah for Jellie!"

The approaching event was the annual tournament for the amateur golf championship of the United States, to be held on the Baltusrol links, August 8 to 13.

But though the opinion at Grassview was unanimous, elsewhere it was divided. The papers of the Middle West said that Chick Evans was due to win the great prize that should have been his long before. Down East could see no one but Ouimet. In the Metropolitan district some picked Travers, saying that despite Jellie's brilliancy he would probably falter under the gruelling strain of the National; but others, who had seen Jellie in action, favored his chances.



"NIBBIE," HE GROANED, STRETCHING OUT HIS HANDS TO THE URN. "OHL, NIBBIE, WHY DIDN'T I KILL YOU JUST ONE DAY LATER?"—"ASK THE EGYPTIANS." PAGE 32.

Two or three days before the tournament was to begin a delegation of Grassview members called Mr. Jellie into council to register a solemn protest.

"Mr. Jellie," said Clifford Huntington—he always called him simply Jellie, but this was a grave occasion—"Mr. Jellie, we have heard that you do not intend going to Baltusrol to familiarize yourself with the course by practise before the tournament. Without any desire to appear presumptuous, we must say that we question the wisdom of this. No champion thinks it beneath his dignity to study the ground on which he is to fight his battles. Mr. Evans arrived at Baltusrol yesterday. Mr. Travers and Mr. Ouimet will be there today. The perpetual honor and glory of yourself and Grassview are at stake. Mr. Jellie, we beg you to reconsider your decision."

The speaker sat down amid applause, and Aloysius Jellie arose.

"Mr. Huntington and the rest of you fellows," he said, "I appreciate your interest and kindness. But I see no necessity of reconsidering my decision. I don't need any practise."

And with those sublime words he sat down again, while cries arose on every side:

"But, Jellie, it's absurd!"

"They all do it!"

"Man, we want you to win this championship!"

"For the Lord's sake, Jellie—"

And Tom Innes put in:

"You know, you've only played Baltusrol once."

"Yes," replied Jellie calmly, "and I broke the course record by three strokes."

So they gave it up, but there were shakings of the head and doleful mutterings. Later in the day Monty Fraser approached him and said anxiously:

"You know, Jellie, old man, I don't want to seem officious about this, but we've got eight thousand dollars up on you. You really think you'll win, don't you?"

Jellie looked at him a moment and replied:

"Ask the Egyptians."

Then he strode off.

"Now what the devil—" muttered Fraser, gazing after him in bewilderment. "Ask the Egyptians! I've half a mind to hedge."

On the morning of August 8 the golfing world gathered at Baltusrol. It was a busy and animated scene. Buses, taxis, and private cars were constantly arriving from all directions, especially from that of the Short Hills railway station. The broad piazza of the club house, overlooking the 18th green, was crowded with men and women of all ages and appearances, walking, talking and drinking, and there were even more on the lawns. Tents had been improvised to cater to the wants of the overflow of visitors. Gay expectancy was the keynote. Here and there you would see a face, usually with a permanent coat of tan, which wore the set, tense expression of a busy lawyer in his office or a statesman considering some delicate and difficult complication. That would be one of the contestants—one of the master golfers.

At five minutes past eight the first pair started off on the qualifying round. All day the wood and iron heads whistled and the putts rolled. The links, a bright green paradise in the Jersey hills, with clusters of trees here and there and occasionally a glimmering ribbon of water, stretched forth a lovely panorama for the eye. Some noticed and praised it, but for the most part the thousands of visitors were too busy following and applauding their chosen idols to pay any attention to the beauties of nature.

The best five scores of the qualifying round of 36 holes were as follows:

Jellie	70 - 71—141
Evans	72 - 76—148
Marston	75 - 73—148
Lewis	78 - 71—149
Gardner	73 - 77—150

That evening a crowd of Grassview members remained at Baltusrol for dinner. Aloysius Jellie occupied the seat of honor at their table, and his slouching form was the focus on which all eyes were centered. He had won

the gold medal for the qualifying round by playing 36 holes 7 under par—an unprecedented score. At that pace there was no man in the world who could even make it interesting for him. The draw had come out as evenly as could be expected from that haphazard proceeding. Chick Evans, Gardner and Marston were among the lower sixteen; Travers, Ouimet and Jellie in the upper.

“Your man hasn’t a chance to reach the finals,” said a Mr. Higginbotham of Upper Montclair, stopping beside the Grassview table. He was glad to get away from there immediately after.

Jellie came through his first two matches with flying colors. To be sure, his opponents were not in his class—young Anderson of Clinton Valley and McBride of Oakdale. They were smothered.

For his third match he drew Ouimet, and the match drew the gallery. The great conqueror of Ray and Vardon had not been playing up to his best form in the tournament, but his prestige is great, and that, linked with the notoriety of his opponent, drew two thousand spectators. They saw some masterly golf, but the match was a farce. At the end of the first nine holes Jellie, out in 36, was 4 up, and he finally won 6 and 5. In the meantime, Jerry Travers had beaten John Anderson, and it was Jellie against Travers in the semi-finals, with Bob Gardner and Chick Evans in the other half.

“Only two more to beat, old man,” said Tom Innes that night to the hope of Grassview.

Mr. Jellie nodded, but did not reply. It did indeed appear, as the sport writers had predicted, that the strain of the great tournament was telling on him. His face was drawn a little and his eyes had the reddish hollow look of a man who is not getting enough sleep. He was getting morose, too, and touchy. That same evening at Grassview, when Huntington had asked him why he didn’t try the jerk stroke on full mashies, he had responded in ironic terms more heated than elegant.

“It’s getting old Jellie’s goat,” de-

clared Monty Fraser, anxiously. “We must make him go to bed early to-night.”

The following day was one that Jerry Travers and four thousand spectators will never forget.

Travers and Jellie teed off at nine o’clock, and the gallery followed. Jellie, who appeared haggard and nervous, was expected by everyone to crack. As he took the driver from the caddie and addressed the ball the trembling of his hands could be perceived by those fifty feet away.

“It’s a shame to take the money,” whispered Grantland Rice to a friend. “Why, the man’s a nervous wreck.”

And yet the nervous wreck won the first hole, a par 5, with a 3. Travers, who had been on his game all week, merely smiled. The second was halved in 4. The third, a short hole at Baltusrol, Jellie won by sinking a 30-footer for a two. Again Travers smiled. But when Jellie reached the green on the fourth in 2, a long tricky hole with an immense sand pit just in front of the green, an amazed murmur went up from the great gallery, and Travers was observed to bestow a thoughtful and serious look on his opponent.

From there on it was a heart-breaking, merciless struggle between perfection and transcendence. Never before had Travers, the king of match play, gotten balls so straight and far with the wood, never had he laid his irons to the pin with such deadly accuracy, and he putted as only Travers can putt. How he was beaten on that day he cannot yet understand. Jellie was unsteady as a sapling in a storm. He sliced continually and forced himself to play many shots from hazards and the rough. It was these incredible recoveries that caused the great throng of spectators to gasp amazedly and stare at one another in speechless wonder, then to burst out into a roar of applause that shook the Jersey hills.

The match ended on the 29th green. Travers played the first 18 holes in 69, Jellie in 67. Their scores for the 29 holes were 109 and 114.

It was the golf of supermen, unbelievable, miraculous, staggering. And

the strain told. Travers was hardly able to stand as he grasped his conqueror's hand for the congratulations of a gentleman; the lines on his face made it look old and a smile would not come though he tried for it. Then Jellie was caught up in triumph on the shoulders of Tom Innes and Monty Fraser and, followed by the cheering, happy, worn-out throng of spectators, they started for the club house. Huntington, running along to relieve Fraser or Innes should they tire, shouted in Jellie's ear:

"Evans beat Gardner, but he'll be pie for you tomorrow! We knew you could do it, Jellie, old man! Wow! Old Jellie! **Wow-ee!**"

They jollified for an hour at the club house, then tore their hero from the arms of the admiring throng and hustled him into an automobile. It was nearing dusk when they reached Grassview.

"Now," said Huntington, "we'll have a good dinner and then take Jellie up and put him to bed. He still has Evans to beat, though if he plays as he did today that'll be easy enough. Only one more, Jellie, old man, and for God's sake get some sleep. You look pretty bad. Tomorrow at this time you'll be amateur golf champion of the United States."

So after dinner they escorted him to his room and left him there, with a last reminder that they would leave at half-past seven in the morning for Baltusrol and the final victory.

The first thing Mr. Jellie did when they had gone was to lock the door. Then he walked to the window and raised it and stood looking out on the night. Unseeing for a long time he gazed at the stars—perhaps Sirius was among them. Then he turned from the window and went over and sat down on the edge of the bed. In the glare of the electric light the appearance of his face was enough to warrant the solicitous advice of his friends. It was sunken and haggard, and pale as death. His hands fumbled nervously with the white counterpane. The grim light of mingled fear and despair was in his eyes.

"Eighty-eight," he said aloud involuntarily, as a thought forced itself into speech.

He got up and went to his desk and began scribbling mechanically on a sheet of paper, like a man in a trance. He covered the sheet on both sides, doing over and over again the sum:

14
30
31
13

88

He reached over and tore a sheet off his desk calendar, disclosing to view the date of the morrow: "Saturday, August 13." In the blank space left above the date for memoranda there was a large cross scratched in red ink. He sat and gazed at it for a long time, while the minutes stretched into hours, with the hopeless eye of a man doomed. The night grew cold, and all sounds about the club house ceased, and still he sat gazing at that date on his calendar.

Long after the clock in the hall below had struck one, he pulled himself out of his chair and walked over to the mantel, where reposed a bronze urn bearing an engraved inscription. Mechanically he read its words, over and over again. A gleam of hope appeared in his eye, but swiftly died out, to give way to an expression of increased despair.

"Nibbie," he groaned, stretching out his hands to the urn, "O, Nibbie, why didn't I kill you just one day later?"

He tottered across the room and threw himself face down on the bed.

At dawn he arose and dashed cold water over his face. There was a new air of determination about him now, the air of a man resolved to know the worst; his movements were abrupt and decisive, as though he were pressed for time. He took his bag of clubs and quietly left the room, closing the door gently behind him. All was still in the club house. He tip-toed stealthily down the stairs, through the halls and over the piazza to the lawn.

The East's first delicate blush appeared on the horizon as he reached

the tee; the magic air of the early morning, moistened by the dew, filled his lungs. He took the driver from the bag and teed up a ball. Trembling fearfully he gripped the shaft and took his stance. He tried to analyze his feelings, to discover if that wonderful sensation of confidence and mastery which had suddenly come upon him three months before had as suddenly left, but all within him was chaos.

He swung at the ball.

It dribbled off the tee and rolled thirty yards away. He picked up his bag and started after it. This time he used his brassie and missed it altogether. He tried a driving mashie, and pulled into a hazard. Doggedly, grimly, he took up his bag and followed it. He made the first hole in eleven.

The details are painful; let us avoid them. At a quarter to six Mr. Jellie holed out on the ninth green, and, adding up his score with trembling hand, found that he was 76 at the turn. There was an insane light in his eyes and he was muttering aloud to himself, but his actions seemed to be under perfect control. He filled his bag full of stones, strapped the clubs in tightly, walked to the lake on the eleventh hole and threw it in. He saw with satisfaction that it sank at once. He hastened back to the club house, and saw with relief that none of the members were down yet. A porter who was sweeping out the library greeted him respectfully as he passed, but Mr. Jellie made no response. He went up to his room, packed a travelling bag, and was down again in five minutes. The walk to the railroad station is a mile and a half,

and it took him only a little over a quarter of an hour. The whistle of an approaching train was heard as he entered the station. He crossed over to the ticket office and demanded:

"Give me a ticket for Mexico or South America."

"We don't keep 'em," the agent said; "You can get one in Philadelphia."

"Alright," said Mr. Jellie, "give me a ticket to Philadelphia."

"That's your train coming in now," said the clerk as he shoved the pasteboard under the wicket.

Mr. Jellie hurried to the platform. The train was nearly empty. He found a seat in the corner at a distance from the other passengers, sat down and pulled his hat over his eyes. A moment later the train started.

Five thousand people waited at Baltusrol for three hours on the morning of August 13. But he whom they expected never came, nor was he found, though the search was frantic. And thus for the first and only time in history the amateur golf championship of the United States was won by default.

In a little town down South, on the banks of the Mississippi—he didn't get as far as Mexico—Aloysius Jellie is leading a lonely and monotonous existence. He is in communication with his friends in the East and may return to New York some day, though he refuses to answer certain queries which they make in every letter. Sometimes he plays checkers with the storekeeper, and he is quite an expert.

He can't bear the sight of a dog.

A Season Play at Jackson Park

The following official figures of the tickets given out for play at the Jackson Park public links, Chicago, show the enormous hold golf has taken on the public. When Manager George Weitzel closed his books his figures showed he had given out 308,174 tickets for play on the two courses. This includes play from March until December 31.

Following are the attendance figures for the past year at Jackson Park.

	18 holes	9 holes
March	6,860	2,465
April	16,161	9,100
May	18,766	9,895
June	23,367	17,040
July	24,800	17,130
August	26,560	18,780
September	23,550	18,700
October	22,560	17,760
November	16,920	11,760
December	4,400	1,600

Advantage of Money Matches for Professionals

By HARRY VARDON

THERE is one very excellent form of contest which seems to me to have contributed in disappointingly small measure to the history of golf in the United States. It is the professional money match.

I must confess that, during the past ten or fifteen years in Britain, struggles between professionals for staked sums have constituted hardly so distinguished a feature of golfing affairs as in olden times; possibly they have been robbed of some of their traditional glory by the frequent appearance of the leading players in tournaments and exhibition games. When the Morrisises, the Dunns, Allan Robertson, old Willie Park, Bob Ferguson, and other celebrities of a bygone age, were at their zenith, practically the only real tests they received in match play were in these contests for stakes, which, consequently, were promoted fairly often by patrons of the men concerned and which not infrequently found the players putting down their own savings for a "needle" fight.

Still, the love of the money match is by no means dead in my native country. It still asserts itself from time to time, and, as a rule, it gives rise to thrills such as not even a championship excites very often. So far as I have been able to judge, this kind of rivalry has never appealed particularly strongly to American professionals; at least, one cannot recall many instances of the issuing of challenges. It is a pity, because the money match is splendid training for a young and ambitious golfer. Even though he loses it, he comes out of it with a lot more knowledge and experience and ability to keep his head on a big occasion than he possessed before he went into it.

Personally, I have found the truly strong wine of golfing strife in contests for staked sums, and the sense of responsibility which they have imposed—the necessity of making the effort of a lifetime in order to be supreme—has done my game no small measure of good. Frankly, they are not handsomely remunerative; one may win the other man's £100, but the engagements that one has to sacrifice in order to prepare properly for the contest and the expenses that are entailed mean that there is not a great deal of profit to show for a hard earned triumph. And there is always a loser as well as a winner. But although they are generally called "money matches," I am not considering them from the monetary point of view. It is their influence which is valuable.

I shall never cease to regard as the most important event of my career the 72 holes match for £100 a side which I contested with Willie Park, Jr., over the North Berwick and Ganton courses in 1899. I had beaten Park by a stroke in the open championship of the previous season at Prestwick (he had missed a putt of four feet on the last green to tie with me) and he was soon out with a challenge.

It took us the best part of a year to agree upon terms; we were both aching for the match, but Park wanted part of it to be played at Musselburgh, the home of his famous family, and I did not relish that idea. I had always been treated in a sporting way by the Musselburgh crowd, but its reputation in connection with money matches in which a local golfer was engaged was such that one could not take the risk that seemed to me to be involved. When old Tom Morris met Willie

Park, Sr., there in 1855, the spectators interfered so frequently with Morris' ball that the referee had to stop the match; and I believe that J. H. Taylor had a very harassing time of it when he opposed Willie Park, Jr., at Musselburgh in 1897. The many miners and others in the neighborhood are intensely enthusiastic golfers, but they are partisans to the backbone, and the visiting golfer who opposes a local favorite in a big match stands a very considerable chance of being worried completely off his game.

Well, we agreed at last to play at North Berwick—a links which Park knew well—and Ganton. I shall never forget the condition of pent-up hope and expectancy in which I approached that contest. For days before it began people seemed to be talking of nothing but the golf match, and the limit of embarrassment was reached when, on the evening preceding the start, I went for a walk with my brother Tom. "Big" Crawford, one of the best known of North Berwick caddies and a rare character in his way, suddenly appeared round a corner and hurled a huge horse-shoe at me. I dodged and just missed it; if it had hit my head, as it looked like doing, I am not sure that there would have been any match at all. He explained excitedly that he had put all his money on me and wanted to bring me luck. That, at any rate, was a consolation which subdued rising wrath.

For long-drawn-out tension, I remember nothing quite like the first hour and a quarter of that contest. We began by halving ten holes in succession; each of us was on tenterhooks all the while, wondering who would be the first to take the lead.

At the eleventh hole, where the spell was broken, a curious thing happened. Park had the honor, and when I drove my ball pitched plumb on top of his and knocked it forward. We did not see the incident from the tee, but the forecaddies witnessed it and reported it directly we arrived on the scene. I had the next shot and missed it. Then he replaced his ball in the spot that it had originally occupied, and played the

like. Park won the hole, but after a terrific struggle, I was two up at the end of 36 holes.

At Ganton, in the second half of the match, I had a kind of joy-day. I could not fail at a putt or do anything badly. It was just one of those happy periods which every golfer strikes occasionally. I won by 11 and 10; a far more easy victory than ever I had expected to gain.

For capacity to stir the emotions, the second greatest match in which I was ever engaged was the foursome in which Taylor and I met James Braid and Alexander Herd over four greens—St. Andrews, Troon, St. Anne's-on-Sea, and Deal—in 1905. That event also aroused endless discussion, and the crowd at St. Andrews, where we started, was almost awe-inspiring. Estimates varied as to the number of people present; some put it at 15,000 and others at 8,000. Certainly, the latter must have erred on the side of moderation. When we drove off, the spectators were packed many deep the whole way down either side of a fairway 365 yards long; while there were thousands of people round the teeing ground and the putting green.

What I remember chiefly about that match was the desperateness of the struggle in the first 36 holes. First one side and then the other would gain an advantage; it was called "England vs. Scotland" because the pairs happened to be so constituted, and I tell you that at St. Andrews they are all for Scotland.

At one point, where the English ball began to roll down a slope towards a bunker, there were cheers from the Scottish partisans, followed by groans when the ball stopped two feet short of the hazard. However, it was real excitement, and at the end of the day Taylor and I were two down. The amazing circumstance that stands out in bold relief in the recollection was that never a ball hit anybody. There were spectators enough in all conscience, and they were wild beyond the dreams of authoritative control.

My only memory of the second half of the contest at Troon is that the

crowd—about 10,000 strong—was a great deal more excitable than at St. Andrews; that Taylor and I played under the influence of a divine inspiration such as seldom has visited us, and that a man kept on playing a cornet on the edge of the last green, presumably for the benefit of people who were not keen on the golf.

Taylor and I left Troon with a lead of 12 holes, so that we had nothing about which to worry when we went to St. Anne's for the third stage of the contest. Indeed, the only trouble at that course was that Herd had a long wrangle with a policeman before he could get on the links; the officer thought he was trying to swindle local charities for half-a-crown. "If you don't let me in, there'll be no match," said Herd, and that ultimately settled the question.

When Braid was my partner in a foursome for £100 a side with Duncan and Mayo some years ago, we hit upon a daring and successful plan.

The first half of the match had to take place at Timperley, near Manchester, a very wet and muddy course in the season in which we played. The referee was asked to decide whether the green was fit for golf, and—rather to our astonishment—he said, "Yes." Braid and I resolved to make the best of the situation, and as the fairway was neither more nor less than soft mud into which the ball would sink, we agreed to drive into the rough, where there was stubby grass that offered a "hold up" to the ball. The papers said next day that we were constantly getting off the line. In point of fact, we were pursuing a very nice policy which paid.

Good Morning!—Are You an Amateur?



DIAGRAM OF MAN WORRIED OVER U.S.G.A. RULES
New York Tribune

Unfair Rules in Golf

The Lost Ball

IF put to a vote at any club in the country, what would be nominated the unfair rule in golf next to stymies? Dollars to doughnuts it would be the lost-ball rule, says a writer in the *Washington Post*.

Here it is: "Rule 21—If a ball be 'lost' (except in water, casual water, or out of bounds), the player's side shall lose the hole, unless it afterward is discovered that the opponent's ball also is lost, when the hole shall be halved." The rule in medal play reads: "Rule 12—If a ball be 'lost' (except in water, casual water or out of bounds), the competitor shall, whether he has played 'through the green' or from a hazard, return as near as possible to the spot from which the ball was struck, and there tee a ball under the penalty of one stroke. Under this rule a ball shall only be considered lost when it has not been found after a search of five minutes."

Which is the fairer rule? Unquestionably the one referring to medal or stroke play. Here are several instances showing how unfair the match play rule is: In an important match A had played two strokes on a three-shot hole and both were long and straight down the line. B had taken six and had been in all sorts of trouble, as one may imagine. A's third stroke was sliced into the rough and after even more than five minutes' search could not be found. A lost the hole and the match.

In a three-ball match B and C drove into a water hazard and A had a long ball which hooked into the rough. B and C being away put their third shots into hazards, B in front of and C in back of the green. A was unable to find his ball on account of the long grass, and then it was discovered that B's ball was deeply imbedded in the face of the bunker, while C's was in such a position that it took two shots to get it out. According to the rule A lost the hole.

A in the final with B was dormie one

in a club championship. A drove a long ball down the course, but the ball was never found. It was believed afterward that some persons walking over the course picked it up. B drove into the rough back of a tree and stymied himself so badly that he hit the tree on his second shot and bounced back into a ditch. A lost the hole and it so disturbed him that he lost the extra hole and the championship.

A drove a long straight ball and B a short one. B sent his second out of bounds and his third into a bunker filled with water. A sliced his second and it went hole high, but off the green in the rough and was never found.

The foregoing are actual cases and are picked from a dozen or more such samples. In every case the player who lost his ball had a distinct advantage over his opponent, as the cases cited show, yet A was defeated every time because his ball was lost. Had it been in medal play he could have gone back to the place where he hit the ball and played again. But as it was match play and his ball was not lost in casual water, water or out of bounds, he lost the hole.

Suppose you are playing a most important match and some one walking across the course picks up your long drive and pockets the ball. Suppose, just to exaggerate the case, that the other man puts his first out of bounds and his second in a brook. He picks up for the usual loss and plays his third, for he is still away, in a bunker filled with water. When you arrive at the spot where you suppose your ball is, for it was long and straight, and both of you saw that it carried the hazard, you cannot find it. Your opponent has already played four strokes and he will lose another for picking it out of the water-filled hazard, and it will take another stroke to put it on the green. You allow him two putts and he scores eight. Your ball, if you found it, should have

been thirty or forty yards from the green, with not a bit of trouble ahead of you. Where is the justice of a rule that makes you lose a hole through no fault of yours while it gives it to a man who cannot score less than seven or eight strokes?

If you drive out of bounds from the tee you tee up for the loss of a stroke. If you lose your ball in a water hazard you lose only a stroke. You do not even have to find your ball in the water hazard or the casual water. You do not even have to look for it. You can drive two balls down the fairway and one will land in some casual water and the other close by. When you come to look for the two balls you find that apparently the one that landed on the dry ground has disappeared down a hole made by the rains, while the one in the casual water is also in a hole, but there is casual water in the hole. What is the difference? The first is a lost ball, the second is not, even though the lie in fair

weather is absolutely unplayable. The first drive is penalized by a lost hole; the second is not even penalized, for it lies or is lost in casual water and in this case casual water covers a multitude of sins. Rather nonsensical, is it not?

Another rule states that you must play your ball where it lies or give up the hole. B flubbs and dubbs and finally gets to the green in five strokes. A hits a long straight ball which hits a bag which some careless player has left in the fairway and bounds off into the rough. A finds it between two stones and in such a position that it is absolutely unplayable. B wins the hole. There are dozens of such cases. Where is the fairness of it? In medal play you always have a chance. The penalty for the lost ball is only the stroke and distance. If the ball is unplayable you can tee it up for the loss of two strokes. In match play you lose the hole in both instances. Why should the medal player be so favored and the match player punished?

The Golfer's Lament

By JAMES NORTH

On the links there's nothing doin'
Greens would go to rack and ruin,
There is not a chance to play
If we ventured out today.

There's a reason—very good,
When it's clearly understood;
Wintry snow has covered up
Every green and every cup.

Just when we had hit our stride
And were swelling up with pride;
Then the first thing that we know—
Links are closed!—account of snow.

Yes, By George! its simply awful;
Surely it should be unlawful
For the snow to come at all
When we want to hit the ball.

Oh, well, cheer up! What's the use
Of piling up so much abuse?
Golf temperament should include
Every known vicissitude.

Extraordinary Play in Woman's Golf

By FLORENCE L. HARVEY

IN OUR article on this subject in the February number of the Golfers Magazine, we dealt with wonderful shots played with a driver or a brassie. A spoon, one would think, would offer many examples for this article, because most people on this side of the Atlantic use this club in preference to a cleek or driving mashie, yet though I could tell you of many perfectly played spoon shots, either out here or in Great Britain, perfection may be rare but a faultless shot hardly comes under the heading of "extraordinary." So, for a change, we will tell of two which were decidedly in the lucky class. The first was at the 12th hole, if I remember rightly, at Myopia—the famous hole where years ago a man lost the hole by losing his ball after his second putt at which time the lower side of the green bordering the ravine was unguarded and his ball rolled down into the depths below. But that is another story, and was told me by Mr. Jacques. Having seen the hole, I realized it was quite possible then, but is no longer so. The spoon shot I refer to was a case of desperation and a pure piece of luck, no one expecting success less than did the player of it. The ball was lying well in a bunker, the opponent's brassie shot being comfortably on the green. In the position of playing two more, and the green too far away to be reached with an iron club, it was no time for orthodox methods, so the chance was taken with a spoon and a lucky half resulted.

The other fortunate shot I did not see, as I was playing a match myself, and I am not sure whether a spoon or a brassie was used, but the other details were given me by an eye-witness. Any one who knows the famous Old Course at St. Andrews will remember that a

long row of buildings, among them Forgan's Shop, the St. Rule Ladies' Golf Club house, Roussack Hotel, and some private houses line the road, or rather street, running parallel to the 18th hole. Many a ball, with only a little slice in it, aided by the prevailing wind from the sea, has had an adventurous career on the way up the hole. History even relates of an argument between two players regarding the old ruling that there was no "out of bounds" at St. Andrews. One player was in the position of having to give up the hole or else obtain permission to play his ball out of a room in one of these houses, as his sliced shot had entered an open window. Miss Dorothy Campbell (Mrs. Hurd) was more fortunate, as her shot, I was assured, struck the stone between two windows and bounced back on to the fair way and she was thus able to continue the hole.

She and Miss Doris Chambers shared the reputation of being among the best, if not indeed the finest women exponents of cleek shots in Great Britain, which practically means in the world, for this club is used by few out here, partly because we are not hampered in our play by the heavy winds constantly met with on seaside courses. I never saw Miss Campbell give a finer exhibition of cleek play than in the final of the Canadian in Ottawa, 1911. I was going to say it was my good fortune to see it, but possibly had it not been for the pleasure of watching such beautifully played shots, I should probably say it was my "misfortune," as I happened to be her opponent. When she was living in Hamilton we had many games together, so I naturally know her golf thoroughly, and when we met in Ottawa I was fully aware of the

fact that my only chance to keep the game from being one-sided and short was on a still, sunny day, for I had had many an opportunity of observing what she and other British girls can do with a cleek on a wet day with a high wind blowing. The fates were against me and the deluge arrived at the fourth hole, and I knew what was in store for me, as Miss Campbell discarded her brassie and proceeded to play one faultless cleek shot after another, whenever needed, for the remaining holes necessary to end the match.

Miss Doris Chambers of Birkenhead, Miss Muriel Dodd and Miss Gladys Ravenscroft (Mrs. Temple Dobell) have been for several years the remarkable trio at the top of the Cheshire County team. In 1913 they held the Indian, British and Canadian, and the U. S. A. championship, respectively. Miss Chambers' game is more like that of Miss Lillian Hyde than that of anyone else I have ever seen, both in the wonderful long shots, and the occasional weakness near, or on, the green. This last is said with all respect, for I have a great admiration for their golf, and if their short game was on a par with the long, winning championships would grow monotonous to them. One curious fact about Miss Chambers' game is that on her home course, Whirrel, she seldom uses a driver because from many of the tees she would drive into bunkers intended to be carried by a woman's second shot. This is not a joke. The course was laid out originally for play with a gutta ball, probably, and I have played with her on it and these cleek shots of hers are marvelous.

Of the most startling single shots with a cleek I pick that played at the 7th hole at Lambton Golf and Country Club, Toronto, by Miss Margaret Curtis, some years ago. The hole is about 195 yards with a carry of about 160 yards over the Black Creek. Because no other girl had ever dreamt of attempting it, as a joke Miss Curtis played it with a cleek and laid the ball on the green. It was such a beautiful

shot I did not regret losing the hole, as she won the match with a comfortable margin.

At the 4th hole at Turnberry, Scotland, where the British championship, 1912, was played, I have seen a certain shot played time and time again—a shot I have never seen out here—a half cleek. After you have carried a small mountain with your tee shot, a straight flat stretch of ground, like the bottom of a valley, lies between you and the hole. A low running shot is best, and it was a great treat to see player after player put her second on the green, using the shot.

Out of the many beautiful mid-iron shots one has seen it is difficult to select examples, yet in my memory one stands out. At Portrush, in the International Matches before the British Championship, Miss Dorothy Campbell, playing for Scotland, had a splendid match with Miss Cecil Leitch in which the latter was successful. The critical point of the game seemed to many of us in the gallery to be at the fourteenth hole. This hole is up-hill all the way and the second shot a very long one to a blind green. Even among the long playing British girls it is considered very fine golf to reach this green in two. Miss Campbell did not drive as far as Miss Leitch at this hole, but played a magnificent brassie to the green. Miss Leitch's ball, a few yards further on, was in such a lie that a brassie or even a cleek was not to be thought of. It was really a case for a mashie, but with that club it was not possible to get the distance. Miss Leitch's long shots with either wooden or iron clubs are famous, but it is to be doubted if she ever excelled this particular shot. I happened to be standing behind her and shall not forget the wonderful way her shoulders seemed to lift as she played out with a mid-iron, using all the great strength she possesses in a shot to the green, of which any man might well have been proud. The ball was literally torn out of a heavy lie and if a record existed for the longest mid-iron shot up-hill there seems little doubt but that this particular stroke would have created it.

New Plan for Tournaments

THE Portland, Ore., Golf Club handicap and tournament committee has prepared plans for the 1916 golf class rating competition, which has some novel and interesting features.

The principal features of the competition will be as follows:

Class A will consist for the present of eight men, arranged numerically according to their handicap rating.

Class B will consist of 16 men arranged as in class A. Numerical rating will be changed by competition which will be for 18 holes match play, all entries playing from scratch. At present all handicapped players will be allowed to compete in class rating play, those not rated in class A, or class B challenging those classified as follows:

The handicap and tournament committee will furnish golf coins with the inscription, "Portland Golf Club, Golf Class Rating," which can be purchased from the club professional. Funds raised in this way are to remain in the hands of the committee and will be used for purchasing prizes, sending out notices of tournaments to a list of all those having a club handicap, or otherwise for the benefit of the club as the committee shall decide.

A member may challenge a place holder by putting up golf class rating coins equal to the differences between their numerical rating. Example: If a handicap player having no rating challenge No. 12 in class B, he has challenged a man four numbers above him and before his match must secure four coins from the professional. Example: If number 4 in class B wishes to challenge number 6 in class A, it will cost him 6 coins. If the challenger wins the place he contests for, the place holder losing pays him only one of the rating coins, and drops to the place of the challenger. If the place holder challenged should win, he takes the coins put up by the challenger. If the challenger wins his match, and does not wish to keep the

number of coins it has cost him to challenge a higher place holder, he can turn all but one of the coins over to the professional for credit or refund, if return of coins is made immediately after his match.

Score cards of rating matches must be countersigned by one of the handicap tournament committee or club professional to make them valid and cards of all matches played must be turned in to the professional or the above committee after contest, under penalty of disqualification and loss of place of both players.

A place holder can be challenged once in every two weeks by the same man. Challenges must be placed through club professional or secretary's office.

Place holder failing to meet challenger, after receiving second challenge, automatically forfeits his number and drops to the place held by the challenger. Place holder losing his match and number cannot challenge the winner of his place within two weeks; for the winner of the match and rating should have a chance to challenge a man having a rating above the place he has won, before meeting the man he has beaten in a return match. Challenger losing three matches to same place holder forfeits the right to challenge the same man until he has challenged and defeated another place holder above him. Place holder defaulting his match does not have to forfeit a coin. Handicap and tournament committee reserves the right to judge if a man challenged has a legitimate excuse, such as sickness or a limited absence. A place holder who is absent from the city three months in succession or so frequently through the year that he cannot defend his place will lose his rating.

Commercial exchange or barter of the rating coins is prohibited and violation of this rule disqualifies a player and may lose a place holder his number at the option of the committee.

Advanced Golf

Problems on the Putting Green

By JAMES BRAID

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IT seems to me that people who depend upon holing their putts or laying them dead by science and calculation instead of by mere inspiration—which, at its best, would seem to be a rather uncertain quantity—have commonly six matters which they need to take into their close consideration when they come to make a long putt on a green presenting the difficulties which a golfer must expect to find, and without which putting would be far less interesting and trying than it actually is. Frequently the player seems to consider only three points, these being the upward or downward slope from the ball to the hole, the line, and the strength. It is not so often that the wind or the varying character of the surface of the green comes into the reckoning, although it often happens that these are factors of first-rate importance, and affect both the strength and the line to a very large extent, so that if the latter are calculated without taking account of these influences the results of the calculations must certainly be wrong and the putt cannot possibly be successful.

In the case of the most complicated, but still not at all uncommon, kind of putt, there are, then, six points for reckoning, and I would state them thus:—

(1) The distance of the ball from the hole, and the strength needed to putt it over that distance if the green is flat, of average pace, and there are no complications.

(2) The state of the green as regards wetness and softness, or dryness and hardness, and the length and texture of the grass upon it, and therefore its relative speed.

(3) The extent and the character of the various inclines and undulations upon the green in the immediate neighborhood of what, at a rough estimate, seems to be the line of the putt, how they will affect

the run of the ball, and act and react upon each other, and therefore what is the true line of the putt. (N. B.—The speed of the green, as already determined, will need to be taken into close consideration in making this calculation. The faster the green the greater is the ball's susceptibility to slopes.)

(4) The exact nature of the surface of the green along the line of the putt as already determined, and how the character of the surface, and therefore its speed, varies along the whole length of that line, and particularly in the neighborhood of the hole where the ball, with its motion almost gone, will be more susceptible to such variations than earlier in its journey.

(5) The direction in which the wind is blowing, and the extent of its influence upon the ball one way or the other.

(6) The question as to whether the green has just recently been cut or not, and, if it has been, the direction in which the mower was passed over it, relative to the line of the putt.

Taking these points in order, there is very little that need be said here in emphasis of the obvious importance of the first one, except that in the case of the player's unfamiliarity with the course upon which he is playing, he must take care not to be deceived. On a course that is well known to him a player does not usually experience difficulty in reckoning the distances; but in other circumstances he needs to be on his guard against mistakes which it is very easy to make. For instance, it may not be generally appreciated that surroundings affect one's estimate of such distances very considerably. Thus a long putt often looks shorter than it really is on a small green in a hollow much enclosed by trees or other surroundings, while a putt from the edge of a large green on an emi-

nence from which there is a wide view in a sense dwarfed and made to appear less than it is actually. The deception in each case may be very slight, but it is sometimes sufficient to upset one's calculations. This point may be brought home better to the player by reminding him how much longer a couple of yards looks when measured on the floor of a room than it does when measured on a lawn or road outside. The thing to bear in mind is that, though the player may be deceived by surroundings and circumstances, the ball never is. The ball has to run the distance as it really is, and not as it seems to be.

On the second point, the player will early on in his game have the considerable advantage of the experiences he has already obtained on the day; but he needs to remember that when the sun or wind is drying a green that has been very wet through dew or rain, it is often in a very puzzling state. A green that is quite wet and, at the same time, evenly wet, is often fairly fast and quite easy to putt upon; but it is generally very much slower when it gets into the medium and sticky state between wet and dry, the blades of grass then becoming very bristly and inclined to stick up and retard the progress of the ball. It will be borne in mind also that in the case of such rain or dew, greens that are in a very sheltered position, and also greens that are of the saucer shape, or which lie in hollows, naturally dry very much more slowly than others, and therefore their speed at a particular time of the day may not be the same as that of other greens at the same time. Another matter that makes a difference is the consistency of the turf below the surface grass, for when there has been recent rain that turf may be quite heavy and exert a retarding influence upon the green, even though to all outward appearances the green is dry and fast.

The third in our list of considerations may present considerable difficulty and call for close calculation. If the green is quite flat there is indeed no trouble to be met with under this head; but, then, greens are not usually quite flat, and those that are so are becoming scarcer all the time, as clubs and green committees are becoming more enlightened upon

the requirements of putting. When the slope either runs straight up or straight down towards the hole the case is simple, since the line, after all, is straight, and it is merely a question of strength. Also, when a player has to putt along the side of a slope the circumstances are not very puzzling, although more difficult than before. It is merely a question of how much borrow against the side of the hole has to be made, and, if so disposed, the player may slightly counteract the drawing tendency of the gradient by applying a little cut to his ball which will enable it to fight against the hill all the way. Putting with cut, however, is at all times a difficult matter, and is hardly to be recommended unless the player is very confident of his skill or there are special circumstances, such as a stymie, which call for exceptional measures. However, the reader may safely be left to solve the problems of the one simple gradient unaided. It is when this gradient changes along the line of the putt, is less steep at some places than others, is actually reversed from one slope to another in the opposite direction, and is sometimes complicated by being mixed up with a general upward or downward slope, that the case becomes extremely difficult and puzzling. The green is, as it were, twisted in many different ways, and in such circumstances it is far from being a simple thing to straighten out the calculation as to the proper line of the putt.

In this case it is clear that one gradient will have to be set against the next one and a balance struck, and then a mean will have to be found between that balance and the third gradient, and so on, all the way up to the hole, and a point to be strongly emphasized in these considerations is, that the nearer the ball gets to the hole and the slower its speed the more is it affected by such gradients. Thus a slope of, say, 1 in 10 may have five times the effect on the ball within two yards of the hole as it would have if slope and ball were twenty yards away and the ball had a corresponding amount of motion in it. Anybody can prove this for himself very easily by actual experiment. Hit a ball hard because it has to go a long way, and it will run

across quite steep inclines, to all intents and purposes unaffected by them; but tap it gently, as if it had to travel but a yard or two, and in its almost lifeless state it will yield itself most completely to the gentlest incline, particularly if the green is a fast one. This matter has to be reckoned with in dealing with such a complication of gradients as we have suggested. If you have in turn five different gradients to encounter in the course of one long putt, naming them in order, A, B, C, D, and E, of which A, C, and E slope from the left, and B and D from the right, each being of equal length and steepness, it is evident that if the ball is traveling at the same speed the whole way there will be a preponderance in what might be called pulling-down power on the part of the gradients A, C, and E, and that even on that account alone an allowance needs to be made in the way of borrow up the side of A. Then the ball, running at its top speed, will be very little affected by the slope of A, and will be over B also before it begins to show any great disposition to yield to the influences upon it. According to our assumption, the last slope runs right down from the left side to the hole, and the ball, then almost stopped and as susceptible as it can possibly be to the incline, must be brought up to a place from which it can run straight down into the hole almost as the results of the slope alone. It is quite evident in a calculation of this kind that the slopes D and E are the prime factors, and that though slight allowances need to be made for the others, the chief consideration is to be attached to the last two. A close study must therefore be made of these and of their probable effect upon a ball running so slowly as this ball will be when it encounters them, and particular notice must be taken of the apparent speed of the green hereabouts. The point of direction which the golfer will need to have in his mind in making such a putt as this is not the hole itself, but a particular spot on the slope E on the left-hand side of it. If the player selects his spot with judgment and then succeeds in making his ball reach that, he will consider his work as having been done, for if the ball does

not then drop near the hole it will only show that his calculations were out. To reach a particular spot on E in this way it is evident that the most careful reckoning of D will have to be made, and there will be a certain limited space on that slope through which it will be necessary that the ball should travel if it is to get to its right position on E. What I want to impress upon readers is that while the early slopes have influence, it is those that are to be found in the last three or four yards of a 20-yards' putt that have the most. Of course the case just presented is a very exaggerated one, but at the same time it is far from being an impossible one. Its special duty on the present occasion is to drive home the hints I have to offer, and to impress upon the golfer that the calculation of the line of the putt on a sloping green is not a matter for guesswork. No rule of thumb can be given as to what allowances and borrows must be made, since everything depends upon the particular circumstances and the state of the green; but the player who trains himself to make such calculations as are necessary, though he may find them difficult at first and frequently unsatisfactory, must almost inevitably improve in his putting, and will certainly derive greater satisfaction from it.

Regarding the necessity of closely examining the surface of the green all along the chosen line of the putt, one must observe that no assumption is so common and so fatal as that the green is just the same all the way from the ball to the hole. When the greens are naturally good, and are in their best condition, there may be little or no variation; but such variation is often considerable after a spell of drought, and particularly in the case of inland greens. It has to be remembered that a few inches of moss will act as a tremendous brake on the speed of a putt, and that clover, which is much commoner than moss, has a more retarding effect. Putting greens ought to be of the same grass throughout; but Nature having something to say in this matter, it sometimes happens that they are not, and that, indeed, there is some variety of grasses on the greens, particularly if the green when made was

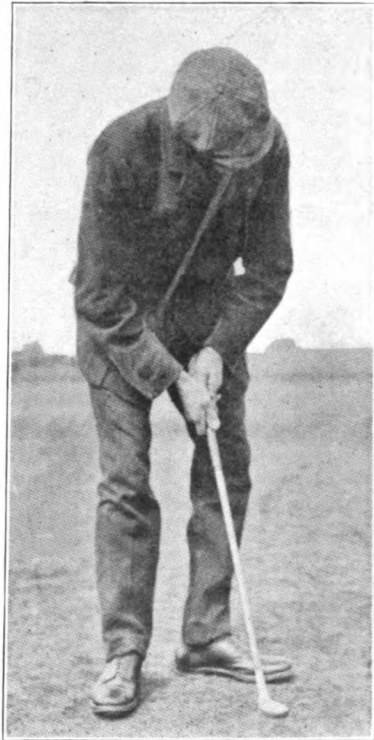
sown with a foreign grass, while though in the majority of cases the putting differences may be only small, it may sometimes happen that they are such as must be taken into account.

Very few golfers take any wind that may be blowing sufficiently into their consideration when putting. As often as not it is not reckoned at all, and even when it is the player seems constantly afraid to make full allowance for it. It

the future, with corresponding advantage to their putting. On a keen green especially, the effect of wind is most marked, and a side wind, under such circumstances, will constantly baffle the player. Yet even then many people have the rashness to disregard it. One is rather inclined to think that the golfers of the old days studied such matters as this more closely than players generally do now, since the very slightest effects



CUTTING THE PUTT



HOOKING THE PUTT

would probably do the putting of many golfers much good if some time, when a good breeze is blowing, they were to take a few balls out on to a putting green and mark the different effects of putting with the wind and against it. Let them putt from one corner of the green to the opposite one with the wind, and then putt the ball back against it, and the result of this simple experiment must inevitably be to give them a much fuller appreciation of wind influence for

of wind variation, such as may be brought about by a player changing his position while a ball is on its way to the hole, is duly allowed for in the rules.

Concerning the last of the six points, it may be remarked that a newly-cut green is in alternate sections of fast and slow speeds, according to the way in which the machine-cutter has been taken over the various sections. The player sees these stripes in different tints, but he does not always reflect that the tints

represent different speeds. They do so in this way: According to the direction in which the machine has been pushed, so are the blades of the grass bent down, that is to say, they are bent forward in the way in which the machine goes, and as the machine, when it has arrived at one side of the green, is taken back to the other in the opposite direction, it follows that the grass is bent down in opposite ways in adjoining sections of the width of the machine. It will very easily be understood that the ball will find more resistance when running against all the points of the blades of grass than upon the perfectly smooth carpet which has not such a point upon it—that is, that the green is much faster when you are, so to speak, putting along with the machine than when you are putting against it. The points of grass facing you give a dark complexion to the green, so that the light stripes represent the fast sections of green, and the dark ones the slower sections. Of course, if your putt was from the other side of the green the speeds would be reversed—that is, the fast sections would have become the slow ones, and *vice versa*. The shades of color would also have been changed, so that there would be no doubt upon the matter.

There is one other matter that I would like to mention near the close of this chapter on putting, and that concerns the question of the treatment of short putts when the greens are exceedingly keen and tricky. Too many players do not seem to believe, or to have the courage to act upon their belief, that the best thing to do with such putts is to bolt them, unless, indeed, the case is so free from anxiety that there are two for the hole. There are times every season when, the greens being at their keenest, there is nothing more uncertain than a 2-foot putt, when the ball is merely trickled up to the hole. It has such very little way upon it that on the slippery, and often gritty, surface it is most irregular in its run, and is susceptible to the slightest influence, yet with the green being so fast the player seems exceedingly afraid of putting any more strength into his

stroke. But it is certainly his best policy to make dead certain of his line to the center of the hole and to play boldly. By so doing the ball will at least keep to the line, and, as on a keen green it generally runs low down with very little jump on it, the chances are that if it goes to the middle of the hole it will go in, despite the circumstance of its extra speed. If the hole is not taken dead at the middle it is extremely likely that the ball will run round the rim and stay out. What prevents most players from having the courage to bolt these short putts when circumstances demand this policy, is their constant fear that if they miss the hole they will run so far away as to be not at all dead for the next attempt. Upon this point there are two things to be said, the first being that they ought not to miss the hole, and ought hardly to take into consideration the possibility of their missing it; and the second, that in anything like good golf it ought to be of far greater importance that the hole should be won than that it should be halved, which represents the only other contingency of any value. It frequently happens that the greens on the championship courses are extremely fast about the time of the championships, when there has been a fair spell of fine weather, and you will generally find that those competitors fare best who adopt the bold policy of bolting their short putts.

In any detailed consideration of the problems and possibilities of putting, a place must be given to stymies, though there is not much that can usefully be said on the matter in any work of instruction. The successful playing of a stymie, when it is possible to play it successfully, is chiefly a matter of confidence, and this is particularly the case when it is the pitching method that is resorted to. Players bungle their stroke and fail in their object because for the time being they are overcome with a sense of the difficulty and responsibility of the venture, just as they fail at other strokes through the same cause. Given complete confidence, the successful negotiation of

a stymie is a much less difficult matter than it is imagined to be, though in the nature of things it can never be very easy.

I need not say that the pitching method is only practicable—and then it is generally the only shot that is practicable—when both balls are near the hole, and are so situated in relation to each other and to the hole that the ball can reach the latter as the result of such a stroke as enabled it to clear the opponent's ball. A player must decide for himself when this shot is on and when it is not. Assuming that it is the kind of shot to be played, it is just an ordinary chip up, with a clean and quick rise, the fact being remembered that the green must not be damaged. To spare the latter the swing back should be low down and near to the surface, which will check the tendency to dig. The thing that will ensure the success of the shot, so far as the quick and clean rise is concerned—and often enough success depends entirely upon that—is the follow through. Generally, if the club is taken through easily and cleanly, all will be well; but it is on this point that the confidence of the player most frequently fails, and the shot is fozzled and the ball knocked hard up against the other—perhaps even sending it into the hole—because the man jerks and hesitates with his club. The confident follow through will make the shot, and there is really nothing more to be said about it. I think the mashie is the club best adapted to the purpose; but some players prefer the greater loft of the niblick.

As for the negotiation of a stymie by going round the other ball, this is obviously a question of the possibilities of putting a little cut or hook on the ball and borrowing from convenient slopes on the green, chiefly the

latter, and the circumstances of each case must be left to suggest the most suitable methods. Whichever way I wish to make the ball curl, either round the other ball from the left-hand side, or from the right, I hit my own with the toe of the club, drawing the club towards me in the former case so as to make a slice, and holding the face of it at an angle—*toe nearer the hole than the heel*—in the latter, in order to induce a hook. You cannot do anything by hitting the ball with the heel of your putter. But remember that you can never get any work on the ball if the green is stiff. One need only add that at these times the green in the immediate neighborhood of the hole should be most carefully examined for the slightest suspicion of undulation, for the very least of such can be of the greatest service, and, in fact, it is the least that is the most helpful. The existence of such an undulation is generally the only chance of a golfer who is stymied at long range, and too often he decides that no such chance is left to him without having made any proper examination.

As a last word, when you are off your putting—or if you have never been properly on it—ascertain whether you keep your body and head absolutely still when making the stroke. On the whole, I think this is the most frequent fault in putting, and it is one which is generally unsuspected or ignored; but any accurate putting is quite impossible when the body is swayed. It must be absolutely motionless—all quite still except for the swinging of the wrists and the arms. And keep your eye on the ball, not looking forward anxiously to the hole just as the club is coming on to the ball. This is a very human but a very fatal fault, and it costs many holes to those who make it.

Full Many and More

"Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;"
Full many a drive rapped from the tee
Finds traps the Duffer didn't see.

—Grantland Rice.

Exit the Caddie

By JOHN SEYMOUR WINSLOW

AT THE Yountakah Country Club last summer caddies were scarce.

Now, because of that seemingly unimportant fact, the entire institution of caddies and caddying is toppling.

The Yountakah Country Club is located at Passaic, New Jersey. Its members are mostly New Yorkers. One of them is L. H. Vories, of 57 West Seventy-Fifth street. If the caddies of Passaic could have foreseen even faintly the result of their not being on hand when Mr. Vories wanted to play he would have had a dozen caddies for every round.

But that is expecting too much, even from a caddie, although any one of them will admit, when pressed, that he can foretell just where your ball will be after your next shot, even before you have chosen the club to use.

So, day after day and mile upon mile, Mr. Vories carried his own clubs at Yountakah. His game did not improve under the treatment, but his too close acquaintanceship with a bag of clubs was fertile soil for the seeds of ingenuity. They took root and flourished.

Mr. Vories has patented the Adjustable and Reversible Golf Club. It is not an experiment. It has proved itself in many games and on a number of courses. The new club can be transformed into the equivalent of each of

the clubs required for the entire game with the exception of the wooden clubs.

It takes the place of the cleek, mid-iron, mashie, niblick and putter with their variants, according to your needs, and, if you use an iron for driving and for brassy shots, the entire eighteen holes may be played with it, even, as

Mr. Vories says, through the nineteenth hole, for it can be up-ended and used for a cane.

The driving faces of each of the iron clubs are faithfully reproduced by the Adjustable and Reversible Club. Moreover, the same club produces the same number of adjustments for either right or left handed playing. That is how it is reversible. The adjustments for right and left correspond exactly. Not alone the existence of the caddie is threatened by the new club.

The bag also is no longer needed.

The adjustable working parts of Mr. Vories' club are simple and cannot easily be disarranged. In this it differs from early experiments along this line. Fig. 1 shows the parts unassembled—the extension shaft, the club head, the sleeve and set-screw. The gear just below the turn in the extension shaft meshes with a corresponding gear in the upper end of the head when it is in position. The different ways in



L. H. VORIES

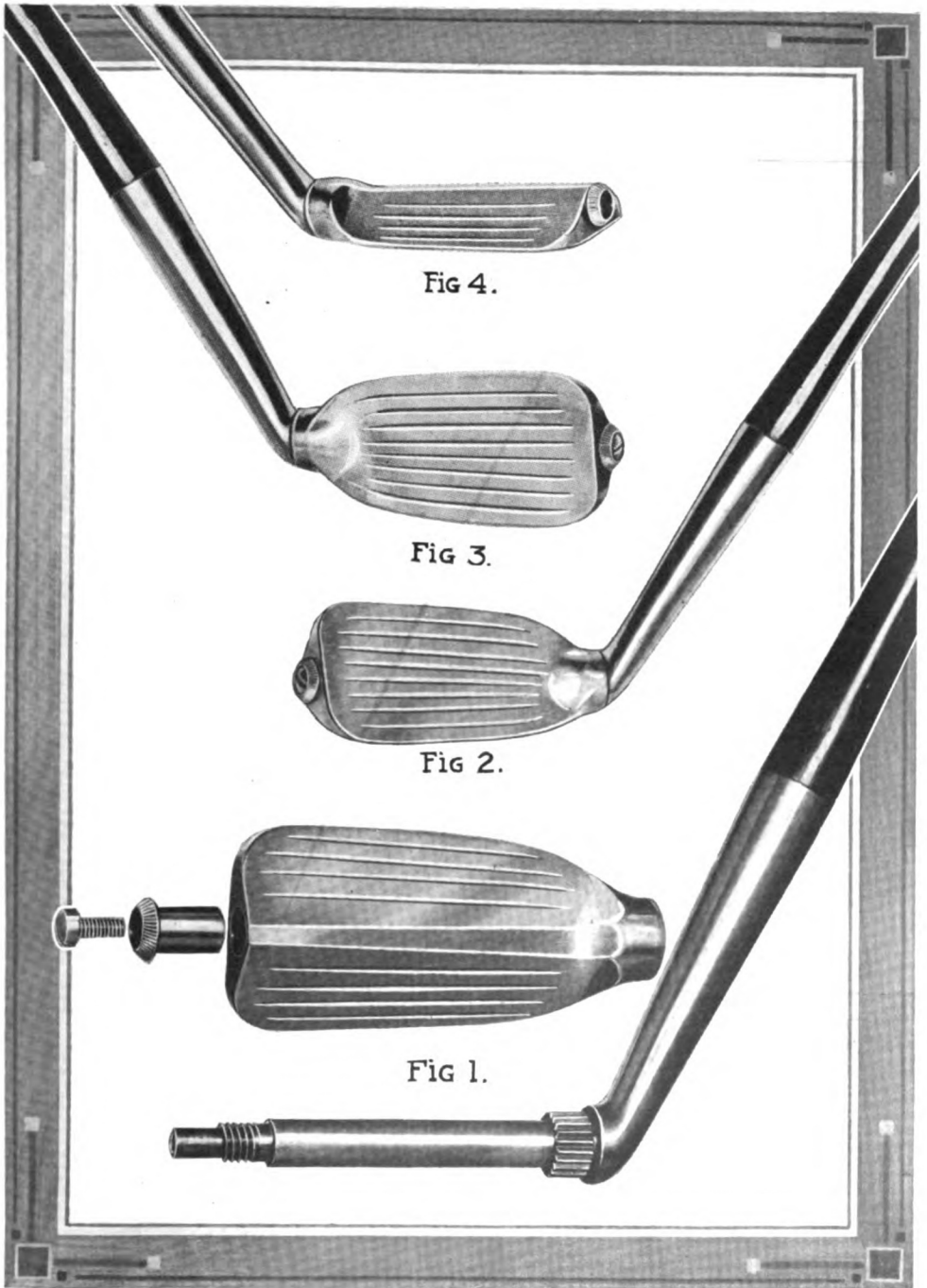


FIG 4.

FIG 3.

FIG 2.

FIG 1.

VORIES' ADJUSTABLE AND REVERSIBLE GOLF CLUB.

which these two gears mesh form the various angles of the club head which are made possible.

The extension shaft is made of one piece of steel—no joint or break of any kind at the elbow—and the part over which the head fits is of the proper dimension so as to leave no play between the head and shaft when the head is in position. The head turns easily, however, on this shaft as an axis when adjustments are being made. In the two gears which mesh to form the angles for the different uses of the club there is a 2% bevel so as to insure perfect tightness when the gears are in playing position.

The club head itself is three-faced and each face has its uses, depending on the judgment of the player.

To assemble the parts, the head is slipped over the extension shaft so that the gears mesh. Then the sleeve is adjusted over the end of the shaft. The threads inside of the sleeve correspond with those shown in the illustration near the end of the shaft. The set-screw is then screwed tightly into the end of the shaft.

To change the position of the club head it is necessary to give only two turns of the sleeve with the thumb and finger. This permits the head to be lifted from the gear on the shaft and it becomes adjustable to any angle. When the proper angle is secured the gears are meshed as the head slips back on the shaft and two turns of the sleeve tightens the head in position, ready for playing.

The set-screw remains in the same position, holding the parts together. It is only loosened when necessary to take the club to pieces.

Figs. 2 and 3 show the club adjusted as a mid-iron, viewed from both sides. The contour of the club gives no hint that it is adjustable. It requires an examination to ascertain that the new club is at all out of the ordinary. No large joint is necessary to attain the changes in position of the club head.

The largest of the three faces on the club head is the one most used as a striking surface. The other two also have their individual uses. Fig. 4 shows a view of the club adjusted as

a stymie jumper. This adjustment serves for either a right or left handed play.

The gears on which the head is adjustable provide ten different angles either way—that is, right or left. It is as much a test of the player's judgment and knowledge of the game to adjust the head before each shot so as to get the best results as it is to select the different clubs from his bag. Mr. Vories' Club in no way eliminates the trials of skill which make up the game. It is not a self-playing club, and those shots which call out the golfer's best knowledge of the game will in no way be smoothed out for him.

In operation, the adjustment of the head when the player determines what is needed for the next shot takes no more time than picking up the next club. When the ball is reached and the player's decision made as to the next shot, by two turns of the sleeve, unmeshing the gears, adjustment to the proper angle, meshing the gears again, and tightening the sleeve, the club is rendered ready for the play.

When the working parts are in playing position the shaft, threads and gears of the club are guarded almost perfectly from water, sand or dirt. Merely the care one would take with his individual clubs suffice to keep the adjustable club in perfect working order. A drop of oil occasionally and drying with a cloth when the game is over will keep the club ready for play indefinitely.

Mr. Vories was granted a patent on his club December 28, 1915. They have not been manufactured for sale up to this time, however. Thorough try-outs have been given the finished models by Mr. Vories and other golfers in the east and west.

And so the caddie with his burden seems likely to become extinct unless, of course, he be hired to help in the diagnosis of each shot. We shall miss his comments and criticism. Fewer professionals will be given the world from the caddie ranks. But who among you will hire a caddie to carry a driver and an adjustable club, when you have always walked with one club in your hand anyway?

Decisions on the Rules

Being the Second of the Series of Decisions Made by the Rules of Golf Committee, St. Andrews, Scotland, Since the New Rules Came Into Effect in 1909

24. The Glasgow Northwestern Golf Club.—A competitor in a stroke competition, with his second stroke, played his ball out of bounds. Instead of dropping ball at spot from which he had played, he dropped it at point of exit, claiming that he had a right to do so under penalty of two strokes, as in rule 14 stroke competitions. It is contended that in this case this rule does not apply, but that rule 3 in special rules for match play does—with penalty of disqualification—but the point is not quite clear.

Answer.—The player is disqualified. The rules of golf provide only one method of treating a ball played out of bounds (rule 23 (1)).

The special rules for match play only apply to match competitions.

Stroke rule 11 provides that a ball may be lifted from any place on the course under penalty of two strokes. The course is defined (see definition 3) as "the whole area within which play is permitted." Play is not permitted on any place which is out of bounds (see definition 8).

25. Portishead Golf Club.—(1) Under stroke rule 11 does the lifting apply to a ball lying in a hazard? If so, may it be dropped outside the hazard? (2) Is a player disqualified if his marker (who is a member) is not a competitor? The player was a single competitor. (3) Is it permissible to negotiate a stymie by laying the club on the ground and lofting the ball by pulling the back of the club along the ground?

Answer.—Yes. See definition 3. Stroke rule 11 does not limit the distance between the spot from which the ball is lifted and the place where it is teed. (2) No, if the marker has been selected by the committee. See stroke rule 1

(2). (3) No. It is not a fair stroke, but a scrape.

26. New South Wales Golf Association.—In a stroke competition, A's ball lay near the side of a putting-green in the edge of some scrub which adjoined a strip of wood where the trees were about 15 to 20 feet high. A few yards behind the spot where the player's ball lay there was a cleared space in the wood some 32 feet by 20 feet; and about 20 yards further back the teeing-ground for the next hole and the open course. The player instead of keeping the spot from which the ball was lifted between himself and the hole, teed it at the side of the wood about 12 yards to the side and thus obtained a clear shot at the hole, contending that had he gone back he would have put fresh hazards between himself and the hole. (1) Was he right in doing this? (2) Does "behind" in stroke rule 11 mean "not nearer the hole" or does it mean "keeping the place from which the ball is lifted between the player and the hole"?

Answer.—(1) No. (2) The word "behind" signifies that the player shall keep the spot from which the ball was lifted between himself and the hole. The rules committee is of opinion that there was no difficulty in complying with stroke rule 11, more especially as a player is permitted to prepare his tee without any of the restrictions imposed by rule 15.

The photographs show that from the cleared space some 32 by 20 feet in size, the ball could be played to the hole, as the man standing at the hole is visible. It is not unusual in lifting a ball under the provisions of stroke rule 11 for a player to be required to play over hazards which were not between the hole and the spot from which the ball was lifted.

27. Ashford Golf Club.—In a stroke competition A played two shots and could not find his ball. He dropped another ball, played two shots, and then found his original ball. The competitors did not know if they had searched five minutes or not, as they had no watches. The committee ruled that, had five minutes been expended in the search for the first ball, the second ball counted; but, if five minutes had not been expended, the first ball counted. Was this decision correct?

Answer.—The decision was not correct. A player or competitor may never have two balls in play. The only rule which permits a provisional ball to be played is rule 23 (2). If the competitor searched for five minutes, the second ball became in play the moment the competitor made a stroke with it, and it continued in play whether the first ball was subsequently found or not. If the competitor did not search for five minutes he is disqualified.

28. Yelverton Golf Club.—A and B were playing a match. At a certain hole both played their second shots. A's ball lay on the green, but B, being unable to find his ball, gave up the hole, and the players struck off from the next tee. The couple following them found B's ball in the hole, so B had holed out in two strokes. Who won the hole, A or B?

Answer.—Under rule 1 (1) the hole is won by the side which holes its ball in fewer strokes than the opposing side, *except as otherwise provided for in the rules*. It is otherwise provided (rule 21) that if a ball be lost, the player's side shall lose the hole. B lost his ball and the hole.

29. Freemantle Golf Club.—In a stroke competition a competitor missed the ball on the first tee. While addressing the ball for the second stroke, the ball fell off the tee. The competitor replaced it, and drove off, counting two strokes played from the tee. Is this correct?

Answer.—Rule 2 (1) refers to a ball which is not in play. The competitor having made a stroke, his ball was in play. If the competitor grounded his

club when addressing the ball for the second time, he incurred a penalty of one stroke (see rule 12 (4)), because the ball moved, and he should then have played the ball from where it lay. Provided he conformed to the conditions laid down in stroke rule 11 (1), he could tee the ball under a penalty of two strokes. If he did not conform to stroke rule 11 (1) the competitor is disqualified.

30. Bloemfontein Golf Club.—In a match between A and B the latter's ball fell off the tee just before the club reached the ball, and did not touch it. B completed his stroke, and claimed he could replace the ball without penalty.

Answer.—Rule 2 (1) clause 3 only gives permission to re-tee a ball which falls off the tee or is knocked off the tee in addressing it. B played a stroke—see definition 13—and lost the hole by replacing the ball which was in play—see definition 18, and rule 6.

31. Brisbane Golf Club.—In a mixed foursome stroke competition, at the 17th tee, from which a creek has to be carried, A drove out of bounds. B thought she was unable to carry the creek, so her partner openly, and in the hearing of their opponents, told her to miss the ball—B did so. Later A mentioned the incident to other players, stating the miss was intentional. A and B tied for first place. As *against* A and B it is contended that according to the definition of a "stroke" in definition 13, B's action was no stroke (there being no *intention* to hit the ball), and she should have played again. Consequently should A and B have been disqualified by the committee either under (a) the decision of the rules committee in Cheltenham Golf Club (No. 172) and Jarrow and Hepburn Golf Club (No. 41)? or (b) stroke rule 5 (2) if the penalty for playing out of turn in a foursome is two strokes penalty under stroke rule 14? On behalf of A and B it is contended that the definition of "stroke" in definition 13 is meant to deal with practice swings only. The decision of the rules of golf committee is sought on the following points:—(1) What penalty was incurred by A and B, giving reasons?



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(2) The opinion of the committee as regards the contention raised on behalf of A and B. (3) Where is the authority in the rules of golf for stating the penalty for playing out of turn in a foursome is disqualification, bearing in mind rule 3 and stroke rule 14?

Answer.—B's action was not a stroke and therefore her partner played out of turn. A and B are disqualified. If players in a foursome stroke competition play out of order, it is entirely problematical how many strokes they would have taken had they played in their proper turn. It is therefore impossible to fix any penalty, except disqualification, which would meet the case.

32. New Forest Golf Club.—On the teeing-ground a player took a practice swing, struck the ground near his teed ball, and caused the ball to fall off the tee. (1) Did he incur a penalty? (2) Would he have incurred a penalty if the club had touched the ball? (3) What penalty is incurred when either incident occurs through the green?

Answer.—No. The practice swing was not a stroke, and the teed ball was not in play. Through the green, in the first instance, the penalty is one stroke under rule 12 (3). In the second case any contact between the head of the club and the ball, resulting in movement of the ball, constitutes a stroke (see definition 13).

33. Prenton Golf Club.—Does a player incur a penalty of one stroke by moving his ball after grounding his club on the putting-green, the movement being made by pressing the top of the face of the putter against the ball by a forward movement of the shaft, the ball returning to its original position when released by the putter being brought back?

Answer.—If the ball left its original position in the least degree and did not merely oscillate, it has moved (see definition 19), and the movement constitutes a stroke, not a penalty stroke (see definition 13).

34. Preston Golf Club.—A and B are playing C and D a foursome. On the green it is C's turn to putt. He ad-

dresses his ball to putt, and takes his club backward in the action of putting the ball. Whilst taking his club back the ball starts to move, and moves about three inches. A calls out "That ball has moved," and before C hits the ball with the forward action. Are C and D penalized?

Answer.—It is not stated whether the ball which moved three inches had come to rest, or was in motion when struck by C. C had grounded his club, and therefore incurred a penalty of one stroke because the ball moved, rule 12 (4). A penalty stroke does not alter the rotation of play. It was therefore C's turn to play the ball if it had come to rest, and if it was moving when struck C incurred no further penalty—see rule 13. A had no right to speak to C while the latter was making his stroke.

35. Elie Golf House Club.—(1) In a competition by match play A and B were competitors. Playing one of the holes A played his second shot followed by B. The second shot of B was badly bunkered, and after several shots, he gave up the hole. A on coming up to his ball found he had played his second shot with a ball not in the match. The committee awarded the hole to A because B gave up the hole—although in terms of rule 20 (2) A seemed to have been first to lose it. Were they correct?

(2) In a cup competition, the conditions being that the competitors play a qualifying round by stroke play, under handicap—the eight best scores to qualify for match play—ties to be settled before the match play starts. Two competitors tied for 8th place—they played off the tie by match play, not by strokes. Were they in order in doing this; if not, what is the penalty?

Answer.—(1) By playing a ball not in the match, and failing to inform B of the fact before B played his second stroke, A lost the hole (see rule 20 (2)).

(2) The first part of the competition was by stroke play, and the competitors who tied were bound to decide their tie by stroke play. The match they played had no bearing on the competition, and if there was not time for them to decide their tie afterwards by stroke play they are disqualified.

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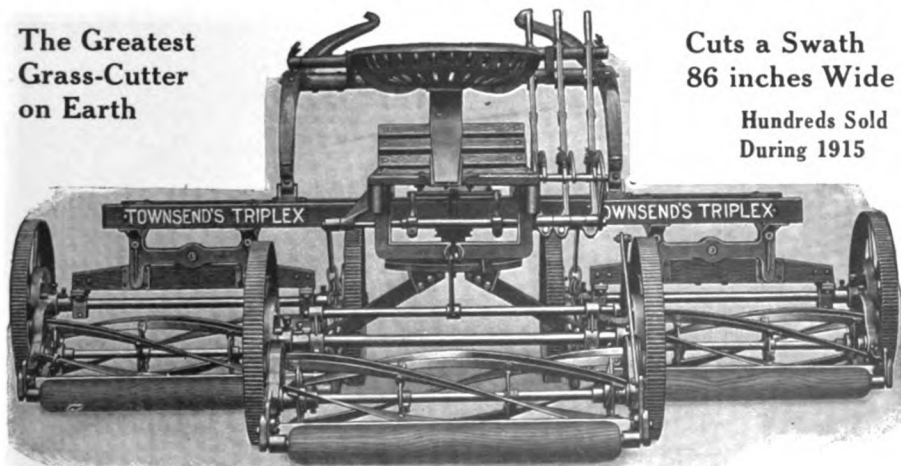
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The Art of Golf

The Mashie, the Most Useful Club in the Bag—Some Instructions for the Betterment of Your Game

By JOSHUA TAYLOR

THE club. What the sauce is to the cold meat so is the mashie to the bag of clubs. This club is of quite recent birth. It took the place of the old lofting-iron so beloved by our forefathers. The lofting-iron, with its long, unwieldy blade, and an enormous amount of loft, was not the personification of grace, but it certainly did its work well. There was no difficulty in getting the ball up with it, but as the art of approaching, as we know it, was as yet unborn, its duties were confined to extricating balls from the depths of sand bunkers. The present-day method of pitching the ball up to the hole has not long passed its infancy, and its discovery, or rather its perfection, lies to the credit of my brother, J. H. Taylor. It was at Prestwick during the championship of 1893 that the golfing public first had an opportunity of witnessing an altogether new phase of the game. They had heard that this shot was played with wondrous dexterity by this newcomer to the ranks of professional golf, but one and all scoffed at the idea that it could be used with effect. It was said that this method of pitching would never answer on a course that was hard and fiery. There was nothing to beat the old way of running the ball up along the ground with either an iron or a wooden putter. Thus spake the experts; and at the conclusion of the championship, which was won by W. Auchterlonie—although J. H. had his supporters—there was a general cry of "I told you so." The following championship my brother won. This was at Sandwich, but although pitching may pay on that course, the man who played that way at St. Andrews the next year was inviting a place well down the list. Thus again spake the prophets, and again they were wrong. The time for the St. Andrews championship came round, and

J. H. was inundated with entreaties to forego the approach, and take to running up. He was assured, both by his supporters and the press, that the difficulties of St. Andrews could **only** be overcome by playing what is now universally known as the "St. Andrews" shot. However, J. H., nothing daunted, decided to play his own game. He had such faith in his powers with the mashie that it would have taken little for him to have backed himself to have pitched and stopped upon a billiard table. He won that championship handsomely and created two records—that he was the first English-born professional to win the golf championship in Scotland, in fact, to win it at all, and that he did so by using a *mashie* over St. Andrews.

The mashie instantly sprung into favor, and J. H., with the business instinct of a William Whiteley, immediately put on the market exact copies of his own club, which as "Taylor mashies" are known the world over. How many have been disposed of even he cannot say, but they must easily run into thousands.

The functions of a mashie are many, but the fundamental principle is that the ball is pitched up into the air, falls like, as some players describe it, a poached egg, finishing up with the minimum of run. To play a mashie at all well will only come through a lot of practice. It is by far the hardest shot in the game. It calls for a delicacy of touch and sensitiveness of handling only equalled by that of the putter. Brute force is at a discount where the mashie is concerned, and anyone who imagines a Sandow-like arm is an acquisition for approaching, is as far off the mark as his ball will be after he has had a shot. Let me state one fact that should always be remembered—that is, never force a mashie shot. If there is the slightest fear that



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you cannot reach the objective without putting in a little extra power, take an easy shot with an iron, or jigger. No club in the bag will answer the helm as satisfactorily as the mashie, if well handled; but more disasters await the person who ill-uses it, or is ignorant of its little idiosyncrasies, than ever he dreamed of. Pit-falls dawn right and left for the unwary, so it behooves every golfer, who desires to improve his game, to make a careful study of the best methods of becoming master of this important weapon. A general rule is that

dividual. The position of the body is that it is a quarter facing the line of the intended flight. The arms are held into the body, and kept firm, while the elbows are kept close to the sides. In the swing back the club is lifted until the head and shaft are pointing straight towards the clouds. The left arm should be as little bent as possible, and close in to the chest, while the wrists, although turned to allow the club to point upwards, should be stiff. Considerable discussion has taken place as to whether the wrists should be loose or stiff at the



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TOP OF SWING.

the flatter the swing the lower the flight of the ball, and as the idea of a mashie shot is height, well, up the club has to come.

For an ordinary mashie shot of about 40 yards, use the open stance, the left leg being drawn well back behind the right. Let all the weight rest on the right, and settle down as comfortably and as firmly as possible. The ball should be nearer the right foot than in any other shot, but *how* near should be determined entirely by the in-

top of the swing. After a deal of observation of some hundreds of players of every grade, I have come to the conclusion that the wrists should be stiff. I do not mean to say that the shot cannot be played otherwise, but it is easier, and the average player has more control over the club if he keep the wrists firm. The danger of the loose wrist at the top of the swing is that as the swing is so short there is no time to tighten up before the club meets the ball, therefore the ball is hit loosely.

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It needs no great discrimination to note that a firmly hit ball is going straighter than one hit in a flabby manner. At the top of the swing the head should be held as still as Ben Nevis. It must not be allowed to move a thousandth part of an inch. A steady head means a steady body, so remember. The left foot should not be moved off the ground as the club goes back, but the knee can turn in so as to allow the left shoulder to swing slightly to the front. Bring the club down with arms and wrists stiff, the left arm, as the club hits the ball, being like a bar of steel.

A close study of the methods of my brother, acknowledged one of, if not the greatest, masters of this club, shows that the body is kept motionless. There is a very slight twist of the hips and shoulders, and a little inward bend of the left knee as the club goes back, but that is all. At the finish of the swing the club is held pointing straight towards the hole, *face* uppermost. It is one straight line from shoulder to head of club and the club is stopped as soon after hitting the ball as possible. Some people in an endeavor to spoon the ball up into the air as the



FINISH OF THE STROKE.

The whole hit should consist of a hard pull down of the left arm from just below the point of the left shoulder. It is simply a blow with the back of the left hand, the right being employed in keeping the head of the club square to the ball. The hands for a mashie shot should not be carried higher than within six inches of the right shoulder. The utmost distance that should be attempted should not exceed 80 or 90 yards, and for this distance the swing need be but little more than half. It is entirely an arm and wrist shot—something very different from a full-swing shot.

ball is hit, swing the club sharply up until the club is perpendicular, with the hand on a level with the belt. They assume that as the ball is on the face of the club during this sharp upward twist it is bound to be tossed into the air. In a sense they are right, that is, as long as the ball is on the face of the club, but the great difficulty is to get it there. The club is swinging upwards, away from the ball so quickly that unless the timing is perfect the ball will be hit above its center, resulting either in a half-topped shot that runs as far as it carried, or in a ball that cuts off the heads of the

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daisies all the way. It would be best if you tried not to lift the ball yourself. You have a club made expressly for the purpose—a club with enough loft on it to lift a ball over a church. Make sure of hitting the ball low. Aim half an inch behind it, and be sure you take a piece of turf, and after you have taken it see that your caddie or yourself replaces it.

The club will toss the ball up if it is hit low. There is no need of an elaborate finish. Stop the club after it has hit the ball, keeping the arms and wrists firm. A forward bend of the right knee, and a slight swing to the front of the right shoulder, is all that is required in the way of body movement. No part of the right foot leaves the ground, both feet should be gripping hard during the whole of the shot. As soon as a stance is taken for the mashie there should be a stiffening of all the muscles of the body, especially those in the back and loins, and a tip that is followed by a lot of players may be of service to you, that is, draw the breath in as the club goes back, and hold it until the ball is hit. The person who is holding his breath is at a tension, and that is the ideal feeling when playing a mashie. The shot I have described is that of the ordinary mashie shot, a shot that pitches well up and has a run of about 10 yards, but sometimes the player is confronted with a shot that, after the ball has fallen, has to be dropped at once, with the least amount of run possible. This is difficult, but if the following hints are acted upon the shot can be executed, after due practice, with more or less regularity.

At the start let the stance be very open, the left foot being drawn back until the toe is level with the heel of the right foot. The ball should be in front—in fact, almost opposite the left toe. Lift the club straight up from the ball, without any sweep back, and bring it down, drawing it, at the time of impact, sharply across the ball with the left arm. The toe of the club should be turned out to facilitate the getting of the blade well under the ball. The shot is a sharp cut across the ball from right to left, the arms, at the finish, being drawn tightly into the

left side. Keep the body still; there should be neither sway back at the start, nor forward at the finish of the swing. Look steadily at a point immediately behind the ball, and make up your mind to hit it there. If the shot has been played at all correctly, the ball will be spinning at great speed, and after the pitch will be sure to break from left to right; therefore always aim some distance to the left of the hole. The amount of break is governed by the amount of spin, and the more the spin the quicker the ball will stop.

No amount of detail will tell you how to play this shot. There is only one thing to do, and that is, to take a dozen balls and go to some quiet corner and practise. You will probably see some weird shots during the first attempts, but stick to it, it is well worth learning. Use an ordinary weighted mashie with a fair amount of loft. The length should be from 35 to 37 inches, and the shaft rigid. Grip firmly in the fingers about the middle of the handle, not at the end, as from there you get no sense of balance, and think of what you are doing. Do not trouble to see where the ball is going, keep the head over the spot until the club has come to a finish. There is an eagerness to watch the flight of the ball that often results in looking up before the ball is hit. Guard against this, for it is obviously a fluke to hit an object at which one is not looking. You might succeed in hitting it once, but for every time you do you will miss twelve—of that I am positive, so look to it.

In closing, I wish to make an important suggestion which applies to the other clubs as well as the mashie. Try to hold each club in the same way, and avoid shifting the grip when once the club has commenced to swing. Should you have any difficulty in acquiring the overlapping grip, start with the putter first and then gradually work up through the shots until you reach the drive. I would much rather see the player take his courage in his hand and use the grip for all shots from the very first, although this is conducive to bad golf for a fortnight, but once this is past the grip comes natural and very easy.



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The Heath Value of Golf for Women

By H. L. DOBREE

THERE can be no possible doubt that golf has come to many as the most agreeable and efficacious of medicines, acting as an antidote to all sorts of physical and mental ills and bracing and toning up the systems generally.

There were days when men tried to monopolize the links. They pooh-poohed the idea of women being put up to a game of golf and tried to pretend that they lacked as much physical strength as it takes to drive a ball. But women have disproved once and for ever this erroneous little supposition, together with a good many other suppositions men loved dearly to cherish about them, and they now compete very evenly with him in the distance and force of their drives. What was so good for the gander, has proved equally good for the goose. Indeed the game has a gentle way with it that suits the physical constitution of women admirably. It is less vigorous than a good many other games, and suits even the delicately constituted.

There is no doubt at all that sport has made modern English women what they are; it is an impossibly far cry from their crinolined great grandmothers, eternally knitting or embroidering by the fireside, swooning at nothing, and holding all sorts of things "unwomanly," to the well-built healthy broad-minded girl golfer of today.

It is remarkable that all women seem to find a similar way to play. Almost every man has his own particular way of hitting the ball—his own pet method; but a woman endeavors at the outset to discover the style that suits her best and having found it, she is not to be persuaded out of it.

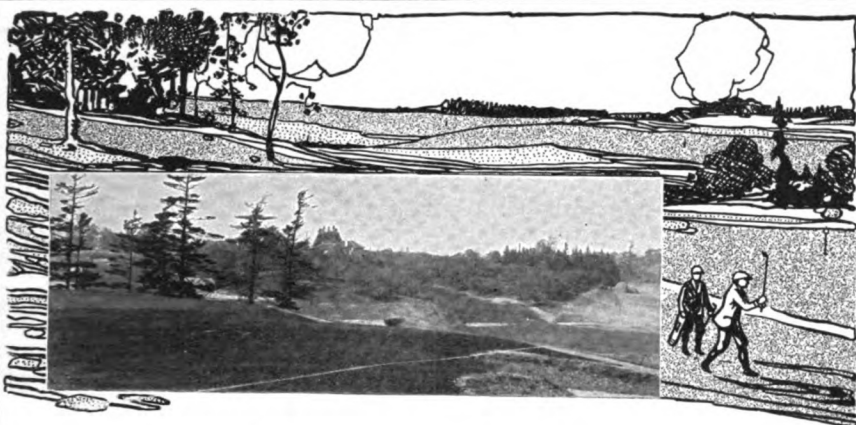
As a rule, women putt remarkably well, but their great opportunity for

graceful movement, and flowing lines is in the golfing swing. The attitude of a good woman player is invariably artistically pleasing. The full driving stroke brings every muscle of the body into play and the precise moment at the top of the swing, the head turned expectantly to follow the course of the ball, is a fine, free pose.

Then, the tonic value of golf on the temper is also beneficial. It is impossible to take a round on the links on a bright breezy morning and not to feel the soul uncramp itself, as it were, and the minor cares and troubles of life float off on the pure air of the open common, leaving a sense of lightness and freedom. Of course it would not do to suggest that the women have any need of a cure in this direction, and men have been heard to declare that golf would outdo Job himself, and have even been seen to break their clubs across their knees and fling them after the thrice cursed ball. But this is outside the immediate province of this article.

A great point in golf to a woman's way of thinking is that it can be played alone, and can fill many an hour pleasantly, requiring no previous arranging with other people, no invitation, and where she may give perfect vent to her mood.

Of course the old argument of the complexion is called up when one talks of sport and women in the same paragraph, but it is an over-rated question and decidedly *démodé*. It would seem to have been very satisfactorily solved, and whatever the disastrous ravages it is supposed to wreak on the complexion, the game grows more and more in favor with the fair sex. That the soft winds are an excellent massage and fresh air and exercise incompar-



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able as beauty tonics, are matters proved beyond incontestability by the exquisite and delicate girl, with the clear complexion, to whom you sit next at dinner tonight. She displays an irreproachable whiteness of neck in her décolleté gown and is as dainty as a healthful girl can be. Yet tomorrow morning you meet her on the links, business like and earnest, in a tweed skirt and a sports coat revelling in the freshness of the winds and laughing gaily at the elements. How she manages it—but that is her secret! She is impervious to rain and would scorn to give up a game on account of the weather. When she steps on to the first tee she has forgotten her own personality and become a golfer, and an opponent worth taking into account. And here we have half the secret of the healthfulness and beneficial effects of golf. This little rubber-cored ball and its actions, are absorbing to a most incomprehensible degree. They assume a stupendous importance, and the way the ball falls, the lie it gets, a cleek shot hole, or the driving of a difficult bunker, become matters of the vastest significance, before which the vexations, the small anxieties and cares of every-day life fade away into nothing. This is one of the strongest points to put forward on the health value of the game.

A really beautiful side of golf is that, however badly one plays, there is always someone who is inferior and the effects with regard to health are just as great for the good golfer and the ordinary duffer. The women know

this, and never give up the ghost in despair. As a rule they wear a happy air on the links, and seem to feel less keenly than the mere male their bad shots and missed putts, and far less often consumed with the desire to make bon-fires of their clubs and balls and golfing paraphernalia. They rarely arrive at such a stage of desperation; they are the most optimistic of people, and however badly the game goes for them today, they are confident of putting up a better fight tomorrow, and this hope buoys them up continually.

On the whole, it would be difficult to over-rate the valuable services Doctor Golf has rendered to women since they first put themselves under his care. It would be difficult to state exactly the different effects on the body. The pushing out of the arms in the swing, or the grip that one must make with ankles and knees in driving, bring different muscles into play. Improved appetite, sounder sleep, calmer nerves, and a finer physique are all guaranteed in the prescription and the medicine is increasingly pleasant to take.

It is a pity the game is still ignored in many girls' schools. It suits those who are delicately constituted better than such a game as hockey or tennis, and an hour on the links, with the fine fresh scent of the earth in the nostrils, and the rolling common carpeted with low-growing flowers and wild thyme stretching away in the distance in varying greens and yellows, will offer more lessons and benefits than a week in the schoolroom.

Golf and Agriculture

The city merchant was undergoing a stiff cross-examination at the hands of a sharp tongued insistant lawyer, the case in question relating to agricultural pursuits.

"Might I ask, sir, if you know anything at all about agricultural matters?" inquired the lawyer, with asperity.

"I know a little about them," was the response.

"Then, sir, might I inquire where you gained your experience of agriculture?"

"Certainly," was the courteous reply. "You see I play golf."

"Golf!" thundered the lawyer. "Golf! I was never aware before that golf was an agricultural pursuit, sir!"

"Then it is very evident that you never saw ME play golf," was the unexpected reply.

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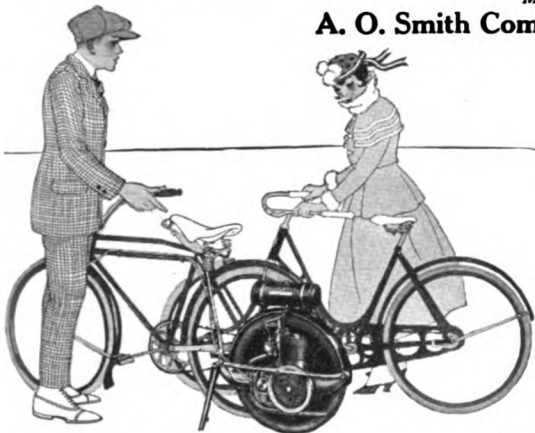
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Golf for Golf's Sake

An Interesting Article Concerning the Evils of Betting, from the Philadelphia Record

By A. W. TILLINGHAST

ONE day I was looking through a book which belonged to a golfer. It consisted of 365 loose pages—one for every day of the year—and on each page was a contribution from a friend—a quotation, a sketch or an original bit. Some of them were extremely clever, but there was one that impressed me more than any other. It was written by Walter Camp and it read:

“Not the quarry, but the chase;
Not the laurel, but the race.”

If we consider the golfers in the country today, those who are at the top as readily would play for a red apple as for anything else, but I know of many other players who could not enjoy a round unless they had a good-sized wager on it, and a great percentage of the latter class are “dubs.” I do not mean to say that some of the best players will not play for a large stake—many of them do—but primarily they play for the keen pleasure that the game affords.

It is not my purpose to preach. If any one desires to play for “big money” it is his own affair, certainly not mine; but I know that the practice seriously interferes with the sound development of one's game. Why a player should handicap his play seems absurd, yet that is precisely what he does when he attempts to play another who has a larger purse. Assuming that the players are of equal ability, the rich man enjoys a great advantage, because, naturally, he will not worry quite as much as the other, and this worry must show itself in strokes. The extent of this “worry handicap” is comparatively measured by the difference in the size of the players' purses.

On a number of occasions I have seen a mighty fine player grow painfully nervous at a crisis when the result hung on his putt, which was to “save his bacon”—

or cause him to lose much more than he could afford. Some contend that this sort of play is bound to help one's game. I don't believe it. Possibly, if a man gets enough of it, he may get calloused to the attending thrill of a tense situation, but such nerve-building certainly cannot compare with that of frequent tournament play. However, of this I am sure, the man who plays for stakes greater than he can afford to lose is forcing his shots from tee to cup, and this spells disaster. If he is an expert his game must suffer; if he is an average player his strokes, which normally are apt to be a bit uncertain, will get worse, and if he is little better than a “dub” the slap-bang of the money scramble will breed faults which will exist always.

* * *

Only the other day a friend of mine was telling me of a recent four-ball match, cut-throat system. I never knew the score of one of them—how well or how badly he played—but I did hear how much several were ahead of the game and how badly the others were “stung.” Such an incident is not uncommon. Some time try the experiment of asking any member of a gambling “ballsome” how he went, and he is rather certain to reply with his minus or plus score rather than that of his strokes.

Golf is far too fine a game to be used as a gambling medium. If a man has got it in his blood to hazard his money, let him keep it out of his golf play. The cards or dice will serve the purpose, or if he wishes to wager any amount on the outcome of any sporting event, it's his own affair, but if he would enjoy his golf and play it well, I would say to him: “Play golf for golf's sake.”

There probably never was a man who handled a golf stick who has not longed



The Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L. I., where Metropolitan Amateur Golf Championship is to be held this year. Note clean, even surface of this turf.

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For the Best Results, whether it be for the *Putting Greens* or *Fairways* on the golf course, the *Tennis Courts* or the *Lawn* around your *Club House*, the purchase of seed of the very highest quality, selecting of the right varieties in proper proportion to suit soil and climatic conditions, is most important.

Remember:—All our seed is of the highest quality, purchased direct from the source of supply, carefully examined as to purity and growth, and tested by the leading seed-testing stations of Europe and Washington, D. C.

We are always glad to suggest formulas suited to soil and climate, and tell you the exact percentage of each of the varieties in the formula, or we furnish seed by named varieties.

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to win a cup. I have seen men who have played for years with this longing in their hearts. Let one of these "get on my game," as he calls it, and one day carry home a cup, and you will see a demonstration of unalloyed joy. That cup may be no bigger than an eye-cup, with two handles on it, but to the victor it is priceless, and the chances are that he will gloat over it night after night as he sits contentedly playing over and over again the strokes that brought him victory. Do I find fault with this? Certainly not. The fruits of victory are sweet, and these supremely happy moments come only too infrequently into many lives. The man who won that \$4 jimcrack fought a good fight and the memory is sweet. As he regards his trophy he gives no thought to the possibility of its being made of pewter, but he thinks of the contest. "But," you will say, "to the victor belongs the spoils." In answer I can only shake my head and say: "In golf it should be different. The game knows no spoils. To the victor belongs every memory of a good contest, honestly and bravely won."

* * *

Once there was a coterie of golf players in the South, and it was their practice to attend all tournaments in search of loot. A worse crew of pirates never lived. Captain Kidd and his gang of cutthroats were kittens compared with these men, presumed to be gentlemen. "Anything to win" was their slogan. They always had their campaign well planned. Two or three went after the chief trophy, while the others dropped into lower sixteens and cleaned up. The prizes were worth winning, too.

One evening, just before a tournament at a certain place, they came trooping into the hotel at dinner time, and their eyes sparkled at an unusually fine display of solid silver trophies. However, they were doomed to disappointment, for the committee had held a hasty meeting and took every prize away. When the mug hunters returned they saw a collection of pewter that was sickening to them, and they decided that it would not be worth while to compete. Occasionally, we run across some of this ilk. These paltry fellows, knowing well that they

cannot hope to cope successfully with the topnotchers, deliberately qualify in a lower class, which offers less resistance. I wonder if prizes secured in such scurvy fashion, bring much satisfaction with them?

Some years ago a golfer wagered that he could play a course in a given number of strokes, being blindfolded after he took each stance. He led up to the subject artfully and the discussion brought him a number of large wagers. He won. His score was well within the limit of that which he knew he could make, for he had quietly practiced the "stunt," but his victims knew nothing of this at the time.

In this, my plea for golf for golf's sake, I do not intend to discuss sharp practice, for that is beside my subject. It is my hope that clean sportsmen, who do permit their love for a good gamble to influence their matches, may realize that by doing so they hurt their games, the game, and frequently their fellow-golfers.

"Not the quarry, but the chase;
Not the laurel, but the race."

* * *

Have you ever observed the working of that which, in the jargon of baseball, is known as "inside stuff?" You will seldom see it unless the score is very close and the situation desperate. Let us suppose that a young pitcher, fresh from "the bushes," is working. If he is being hit at all freely they don't pay a great deal of attention to him, but if he is "burning them over" like greased lightning and men are not getting on the bases, you are very likely to see the inside stuff if you watch closely and keep your ears open.

Does the coacher jump around in the coaching box and howl and jeer as in the old days? Sometimes, but this sort of work is considered coarse now. Clownish and slap-stick coaching has given way to something which is more subtle and far more effective.

Along about the fifth and sixth innings, if there must be something done in the way of a rally, the coacher is very likely to remark to the batsman, just after the ball has gone over like a rifle bullet:



**The Most Resilient
Tennis Ball in the World!**

The fastest now made even faster by new manufacturing methods—

**Hand Made
CHAMPIONSHIP
TENNIS BALLS**

Truest flight, scientific weight balance, perfect bound, uniform quality, and supreme sturdiness—together with their remarkable resiliency—give them first honors in holding to true form in the greatest number of strenuous, swift sets.

The foremost choice of the foremost players.

1916 will mark an epoch in sales volume of Hand Made Championship Tennis Balls.

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Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

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A New Idea In Golf Bags, Str!

An Indestructible Bottom—Every Bag a Partition Bag

Here is an entirely new feature in caddy bags, viz.: slightly, substantial, light weight metal bottom tinted to match the leather trimming. The bottom is the popular cup shape. The upper portion of the cup is corrugated, giving it extraordinary strength, and on the inside of the bag these corrugations are covered with a heavy felt, forming a cushion (practically an air cushion) preventing any annoying metallic ring and all possible chance of damage to the clubs when being tossed into the bag. The bottom is made of a specially treated rust resisting metal, heavily coated with waterproof tinning, so there need be absolutely no fear of rust, and being a one-piece bottom there is no opportunity for water getting into the bag. Each bottom is absolutely guaranteed, and a bag will be replaced without a quibble, if for any reason the bottom does not prove as represented.

A detachable strap at the top of the bag and a felt covered metal strip at the bottom of the bag make a simple, but thoroughly effective, partition for iron and wooden clubs.

Send for our new, attractive catalogue. Lots of new golf features.

THE R. H. BUHRKE CO.
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If your dealer has none of these bags—send us his name and address and we will sell you your own bag at one-half retail price.

Particular Strip at Bottom of Bag

Particular Strip at Top of Bag

"Say, Joe, they told me this fellow had some speed. Why, he's got nothing at all. Let's clean up."

Although this is said quietly, it is intended that the pitcher shall hear it; indeed, it really is said to him, rather than to Joe, and if the ex-busher is not a remarkably heady young man, the chances are that he will "fall for it."

"Well, I'll show 'em some speed," he says to himself, and then he almost dislocates his arm in an endeavor to "show 'em," and with his loss of control goes the game. Even though he realizes that they are trying to "get his goat," and resolves to turn a deaf ear to the chatter, yet unconsciously he is apt to let out a link toward wildness.

* * *

Some time ago there was a prize fighter who was battling with a very worthy opponent. There were three or four rounds yet to go, when suddenly he came right in on a straight punch, delivered with the force of a pile-driver. It lifted him off his feet and laid him flat on his back for the count of "nine," but, although his legs tottered, he managed to get to his feet and fall into a clinch. There he hung on like a barnacle, and, as he gathered his wits, he whispered in the other's ear.

"Is that all the harder you can hit?"

The bell saved him, and he managed to get the decision of "a draw" because his opponent never landed another good

punch during the remaining rounds. He was so very anxious to show how hard he could hit that he wore himself out with wild swings. Inside stuff again.

* * *

There was a golf match which was thrown to the dogs in almost the same fashion. A certain player was getting along famously in his semi-final match, playing steadily and driving far and sure. A long about the turn his opponent, in apparently a very innocent fashion, remarked: "You know, K——, you have been driving a remarkably straight ball, but it seems to me that you are not as long as you used to be."

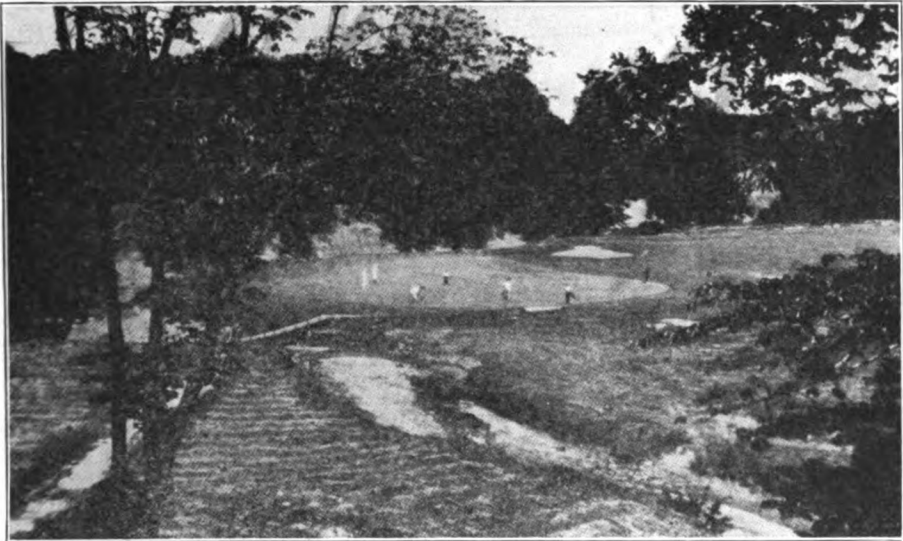
As a matter of fact, the player had never driven better, but from that moment he began pressing, and lost his timing completely. Mr. K—— lost the match which he had in the hollow of his hand, or, rather, he threw it away. I have seen men, who have been putting with monotonous consistency, suddenly lose the touch and sense of distance because of a very canny remark, which in reality was inside stuff disguised by a cloak of flattery.

It is to be regretted that in golf there are players whose greatest asset is this sort of blarney, but they do exist; and, knowing the danger of too much intimacy with the breed, the wise golfer keeps his wits about him and his mouth shut, at the same time waxing his ears that they may not hear the siren song of the inside stuffer.

Conflict in Tournament Dates

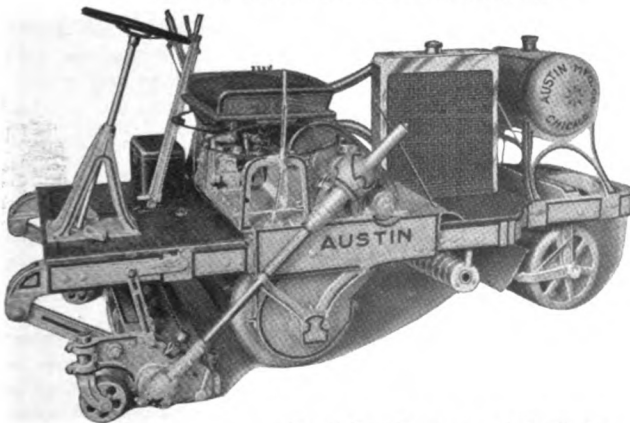
Last year there were an unusually large number of important tournaments whose dates conflicted. This happened in the Metropolitan, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago districts so the negligence of the rights of others in assigning tournament dates was not confined to just one locality. Most of this annoyance is caused by the ignorance of officials of dates already assigned and announced and could easily be avoided if those in charge of awarding tournament dates would only take the trouble to post themselves on what has been done by other associations, or by clubs that have not asked their respective as-

sociation, as they should, for an assignment of dates. The newspapers and golfing magazines publish the dates of all important championships and invitation tournaments, and the GOLFERS MAGAZINE makes a special and urgent request for all associations and clubs to send it this information just as soon as their dates have been determined upon. It is requested that all such information reach the editor not later than the 20th of the month preceding the month of publication so it may be included in the "Tournament Calendar," which is revised every month and is information published for the benefit of golf players.



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Short Putts

THE annual meeting of the Central Golf Association was held in Indianapolis, and retiring secretary Will H. Diddel reported a membership of 36 clubs, a fine showing for a new organization in a territory already well supplied with state associations. S. P. Jermain of Toledo and a former president of the Ohio Golf Association, was elected president, with the award of the association championship going to the home club of the new president, Iverness Club of Toledo. R. C. Crocker, also of Toledo, was elected secretary.

Thomas Taggart, one of the most enthusiastic golf players in Indiana, tendered the association a huge silver cup for the permanent championship trophy of the organization, the name of the winner of the championship each year to be inscribed on the cup and his home club to have the custody of the trophy as long as he retained the championship title. Mr. Taggart placed no restriction as to price, only stating he wished the directors to procure the most beautiful cup that could be made. Mr. Taggart's generous offer was unanimously accepted, and the thanks of the association were promptly sent to the donor.

The French Lick Springs Golf Club tendered its course for a women's tournament, to be held either in June or September, offering to also donate suitable prizes for the winners in several flights. The club's invitation was accepted, and the dates will be determined later.

Donald Edwards, present Chicago district champion and member of the Midlothian Country Club, broke the course record at Belleair, Fla., on February 11. In a match with Hamilton Kerr, Ira Holden and H. F. Topping, he lowered the record of the course by one stroke, having a card of 73 for the round, and this included three com-

plete dubs with a new iron he was trying out. The former record of 74 was held by J. B. Schlotman, of Detroit. Edwards' card:

Out—4 5 4 3 4 6 4 3 6—39
In —4 3 3 4 3 3 5 4 5—34—73

Dr. James Vance, southwestern champion, is one of the most promising golfers in the southwest. Altho he did not take up the game seriously until eight years ago, he has



DR. JAMES VANCE

since that time established a record worthy of mention. His first open success was at Douglas, Ariz., in 1911, when he annexed the southwestern title. He again won this honor at El Paso in 1913 and won the southwestern championship for the third time at Tucson, Ariz., on January 16. Dr. Vance is the present club champion of the El Paso Country Club and has held

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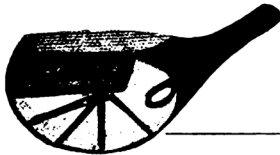
Within five minutes walk of the hotel is the Del Monte Golf and Country Club, over whose course is to be played the Western Amateur Championship of 1916, July 15th to 22nd, inclusive.

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Very truly yours,

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this honor for years. His handicap rating of 4 is the lowest recorded in the entire southwest. Dr. Vance has a future in golf and should he devote a little time to his game, he would probably soon be classed with the crack players.

In the Kirker's handicap at the Camden (S. C.) Country Club, for which there were 57 entries, E. W. Watson, of Langhorne, Pa., and Henry Stetson, of New York, tied for first place. R. E. Danforth, of East Orange, and Newton

The Women's Metropolitan Golf Association has gone on record as being desirous of having a voice in the determination of the course over which the women's national championship is to be played. They complain that neither the Greenwich, Conn., Country Club nor the Baltusrol Golf Club, the two courses most favored by the women, had a representative at the annual meeting of the U. S. G. A. in Chicago and consequently the eloquence of the Belmont Springs spokesman, Mr. Kedian, captured the event.



CASWELL CUP TOURNAMENT, CAMDEN (S. C.) COUNTRY CLUB

C. Boykin, of Camden, second place. In the play-off, Watson won first place, Stetson second, and Danforth third. The first match for the Caswell cup was played at the Camden Country Club, February 10. There were seventeen pairs and Camden Country Club team won 16 points, Sarsfield 1. Last year the Sarsfield Club won two matches out of three and have now one leg on the cup. The trophy is a large silver cup presented by Col. John Caswell for play between the Sarsfield and Camden Country Clubs, one match only to count each season, and must be won three times in succession to hold.

With the women clamoring for a vote, as well as many of the "Allied" clubs, the U. S. G. A. has problems confronting it outside of attempting to regulate the amateur status of golfers.

Instead of the annual open Philadelphia event being confined to fathers and sons, as heretofore, the "Parent and Child" tournament has been substituted for the Pater et Filius tournament. The new arrangements permit foursomes composed of fathers and sons, fathers and daughters, or mothers and sons and mothers and daughters.

The Pater-Filius open competition was originated at the Midlothian Coun-



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try Club a good many years ago. As many of the fathers are well along in years and the 36-holes contest is a little too strenuous for them, the proposition to change this annual open event into one of 18 holes is being seriously considered by the Midlothian Country Club officials.

Walter J. Travis, of Garden City, won the South Florida golf champion-

Grantland Rice, of New York, one of the well-known writers on golf and sports, won the Advertising Men's championship at Pinehurst at their annual outing. Mr. Rice, who had gone south on account of poor health, did not start out well, taking 95 for the first round, following this with an 88. On the last day, however, he shot a 78 and a 77, which gave him the championship of the association for the year.



Photo by International Film Service.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PALM BEACH, FLA., TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE

ship at Palm Beach on February 12 from young Reginald M. Lewis, Wykagil, 7 up 6, in a thirty-six-hole match. Travis took the lead on the first hole, added to it by holing the second from off the green, which was characteristic of his play, and he never relinquished the lead during the remainder of the match.

He led, 3 up, at the end of the morning's play with a medal score of 72 against his opponent's 70. In the afternoon he played even more machine-like golf, and though Lewis settled down in his putting, was still too spasmodic to make the match closer.

Miss Elaine Rosenthal, of Ravisløe Country Club, Chicago, holder of the women's western title, won the Florida women's championship February 18, at Palm Beach by defeating Miss Louise Witherbee, of Port Witherby, 9 up 8 in the final round. Besides winning the championship, Miss Rosenthal equaled the course record of 73, held by Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, former American, British and Canadian Champion.

As was to be expected, Dorothy Campbell Hurd won the President's trophy in the St. Valentine's golf tour-



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nament for women at Pinehurst on February 18. She met Miss Elinor Gates, of Locust Valley, in the finals, and finished on the fifteenth hole, four up, before a large gallery on the championship course.

Both players were at times in the rough. In the main, Mrs. Hurd was unbeatable on the short game, and this, and her steadiness and experience gave her the match. They both made the eleventh hole in three. The match was

golf for a man of Mr. Hough's years, and shows remarkable endurance.

Announcement is made of the engagement of two former champions, Miss Caroline Painter, women's western champion, and Holden Wilson, Ohio champion. The wedding will take place in the fall. The romance began on the links of the Cincinnati Golf Club, where Miss Painter was making a new woman's record for the

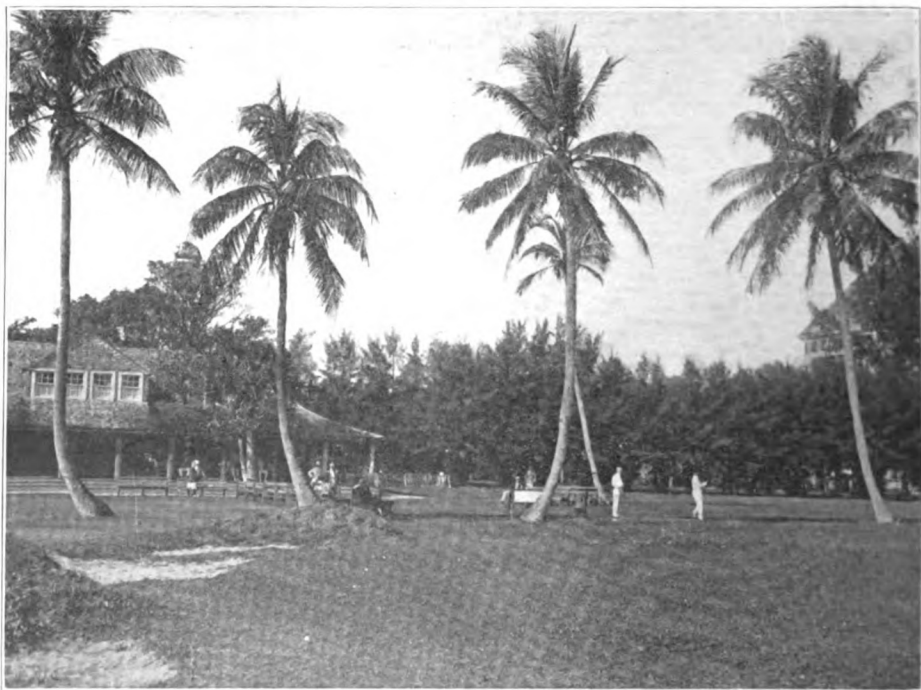


Photo by International Film Service.

CLUBHOUSE AND FIRST TEE AT PALM BEACH, FLA.

played out, the cards showing as follows:

Mrs. Hurd:

Out—5 5 6 5 4 4 5 5 5—45

In —5 3 6 5 6 5 4 5 5—44— 89

Miss Gates:

Out—7 8 9 3 7 5 5 5 6—56

In —4 3 6 4 7 7 5 6 4—46—102

J. T. Hough, of Washington, D. C., who is seventy years old, recently played 90 holes of golf in one day, making scores of 97, 92, 93, 92 and 93 for the five 18-hole rounds. This is good

course when on a visit to an uncle whose residence is near the club.

Amherst College has installed an indoor golf course in its gymnasium and is the first college, so far as known, to do so. The idea is two-fold in that it gives the students an opportunity to keep on their game at a time when outdoor conditions do not permit of golf playing, and also to give the golf team the benefit of winter practice before starting the series of matches in the spring.

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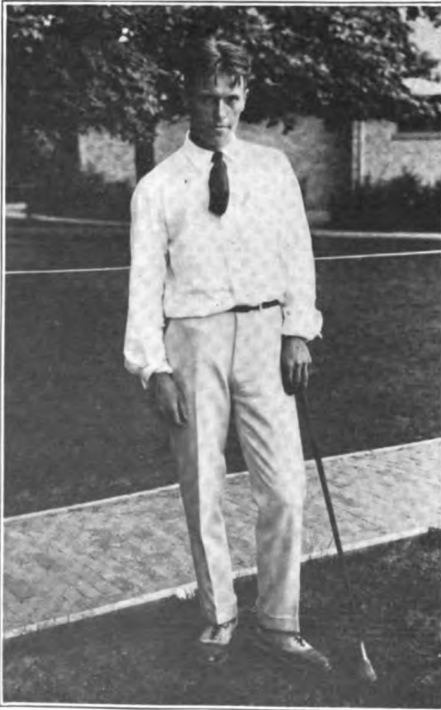
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Repairs of all kinds; Expert Tuition. Inquiries Solicited.

Philip V. G. Carter, the Nassau Country Club youth who bids fair to be a sensation in golf, won the St. Valentine's tournament at the Pinehurst Country Club, defeating Parker W. Whittemore, Brookline, in the final by 3 up 2. The 8th had fallen to the Brookline veteran with a fine 2, but Carter capped the climax by winning the next hole in one. After this Carter drew away, from his opponent winning the next three holes in par after which the result was never in doubt.

W. E. Truesdell, Fox Hills, captured the consolation prize by defeating E. C. Beall, Uniontown, Pa., in the final by 1 up.



PHILIP V. G. CARTER

Young Carter broke all records at the Pinehurst, N. C., Country Club when he went round in 66, clipping two strokes off his previous performance. His card:

Out—4 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 3—33
In —3 5 4 4 4 3 3 3 4—33—66

Wilfred Reid and Walter Fovarque, the professional golf stars, who have been playing on the Pacific Coast during the past month, are journeying to the southern resorts to play exhibition



WALTER FOVARQUE, WILFRED REID,
J. A. DONALDSON, GEORGE SMITH

games. Mr. Reid has been working with Jimmie Donaldson at Del Monte on the Pebble Beach links. Leaving there, the English star and Fovarque are giving exhibitions at San Antonio, Houston, Galveston, New Orleans, Pinehurst and Florida points. Both of the visitors are enthused with the prospects of a return to California. Climate, people and golf all have been boosted to the skies by the visitors, and wherever they play the friendships established there will not grow dim.

Harvey B. Lindsay, of the Sequoyah Country Club, Oakland, Cal., has got up a little booklet entitled "Penalties On the Links." The booklet is conveniently arranged, as it states the infraction of play in one column, with the penalty for match play in the next column and the medal play penalty in the adjoining one. The rule number is also given. The book is a handy one for all golfers to have and is supplied in quantity at a nominal price.

Peter Jans has established a new professional record of 75 for the El Paso Country Club. His card:

Out—4 3 4 4 5 3 6 4 4—37
In —6 4 4 5 3 5 4 3 4—38—75

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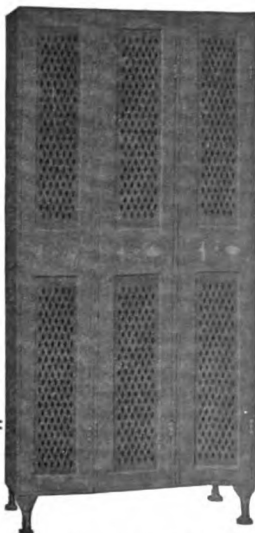
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The annual championship of the Southwestern Golf Association took place at the Tucson, Ariz., Country Club.

The first day was given up to a five-man team contest between the clubs affiliated with the association. El Paso was in the lead at noon, but Tucson finished three points ahead of its nearest competitor. In the individual championship, Dr. James Vance, El Paso, defeated H. S. Corbett, Tucson, in a hard fought final match. Nathan

Golf at Belleair is annual becoming more interesting and is attracting bigger and more finished players. The two eighteenhole courses which were laid out by Donald J. Ross three years ago are just getting into a state of perfection. Recently Mr. Ross visited Belleair and played over the course. Afterward he said: "It isn't because I laid out the golf links that I say this, but there is not a fault that I can see in the general frame work of the two courses, the foundation could not be



A FOURSOME AT BELLEAIR, FLA.

Alex. Smith, W. J. Travis, Mac Smith, G. H. Crocker

Kendall, Tucson, won the Trophy cup for the best 36 holes in the team contest.

In the past two years Tucson has developed what is about the best desert course in the United States. The Arizona championship of 1917 will be played at the Warren District Country Club, Bisbee, Ariz.

Playing in a four-ball match at Belleair, Fla., with Henry J. Topping and Dr. C. H. Gardner, Alex Smith and his brother, Macdonald, each got a 71, a new course record. The card of Alex Smith was:

Out—4 3 3 3 5 6 4 4 5—37
In —3 4 3 4 4 3 5 4 4—34—71

improved—it is only here and there on the course that a little retouching can be done."

Walter J. Travis spent a week at Belleair in January, playing a daily round of golf with George Crocker of the Brookline Country Club, and with Alex and MacDonald Smith of Wykagyl, and went away with a new impression of golf in Florida. Many people don't realize till they reach Belleair that the links are turf courses and the putting greens as fine as those of the best northern golf courses.

Three of the series of golf events scheduled for the season at Belleair have been played, the January Tournament, the Woman's Putting Tour-

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Every genuine "Pivot Sleeve" Golf Coat bears our registered Trade Mark — always look for the little gray label.

Call and try on a "Pivot Sleeve" Golf Coat in your size, or send for samples and self-measurement blank

PH. WEINBERG & SONS

Sporting Clothes Specialists
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 Boston (Mass.) Agents: WM. READ & SONS

nament and the Woman's Annual February Tournament.

New golf blood was infused into the January Tournament by the western players. W. A. Lawhead and D. N. Winton of Minneapolis, Stanley Morrill of Chicago and Joseph C. Head of Pittsburgh played their way to the

Last month, however, the temptation to turn night into day became irresistible at the Gedney Farm Golf and Country Club, in the woods of White Plains, N. Y. This club maintains a fine clubhouse and excellent links, an 18-holes course having been completed recently. The clubhouse is



MR. GEORGE R. BALCH, PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN GOLF ASSOCIATION, STARTING FROM BELLEAIRE ON THE FLYING BOAT "BETTY" WITH JOHN GRIM

finals and their defeat on the last day's play was a keen disappointment to the "rooters" for the new comers to Belle-air.

The Woman's Annual February Tournament, Played February 14-18, also developed two western women as winners. Mrs. A. Thorndike of Sioux City won second prize, Miss Gail Morrison of Pittsburgh won the third prize, while the first prize went to Mrs. J. S. Irving of New York. The gold medal for the qualifying round was won by Mrs. Frank G. Jones of Memphis, Tenn.

There may be "nothing new under the sun," but there are a few things new under the moon! Although golf enthusiasts begrudge any hours devoted to sleep, they have seldom indulged in night-play.

situated across the meadow from that "Old French Chateau," which is really a brand-new and ultra-modern hostelry—The Gedney Farm Hotel.

Recently Herbert Wallace, Jarvis McCrea and C. Davies Tainter, the latter of whom is Master of Stables at Gedney Farm, a well-known polo enthusiast, were taking a stroll in the evening. The golf fever attacked all three simultaneously, and, noting the beautiful silver sheen cast by the moon, the men conceived the brilliant idea of golfing by moonlight. They rushed for their clubs and played around the 18 holes, not finishing until nearly midnight. They found that it was not difficult to follow the white gutta-percha, and their feat established a record which may be followed not only in the Gedney Farm Club, but at Sleepy Hollow, and many other eastern courses.

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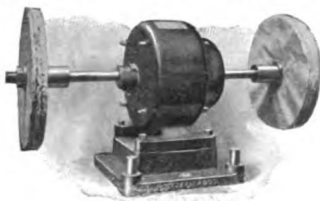
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Golf Course Critics and Crank Golf Architecture

By LEONARD MACOMBER

THE critics of golf courses are numerous. Every club of any pretense swarms with them, and those who know the least usually talk the loudest.

There is the "length" crank for whom no hole is fit to play which is not one full shot, or two, or three, as the case may be. Then there is the "perfect lie" crank, who thinks that every good shot—and most bad ones, for that matter—ought to be rewarded by a billiard-table like lie. Another crank has been to a seaside course, the National Golf Links, or St. Andrews in Scotland, or Sandwich, and has seen some good golf holes and has heard them discussed, and he comes back to his inland course on heavy clay soil—perhaps a beautiful natural one—and wants to transform its beauties into a tinsel imitation of the seaside article.

He has heard that trees are bad hazards, and he condones nothing which is not to be found on seaside links. He wants to cut them all down and put up some "proper" bunkers. This man knows the rules and what is not provided for in the rules is not golf. Of all cranks, this crank is the most pestilent. He has no imagination, and is therefore past convincing.

Then we have the crank who is dead against putting in more bunkers, traps, etc., because he will not be able to go around in the eighties any more, but if he knew that it would only improve his game in time, he would probably take an entirely different view.

The fact is, anybody can criticize but very few can create. There are thousands of people who can sit upon the great novelist, or the artist, or the poet, but how many can write such a book or paint such a picture, or inspire such a poem?

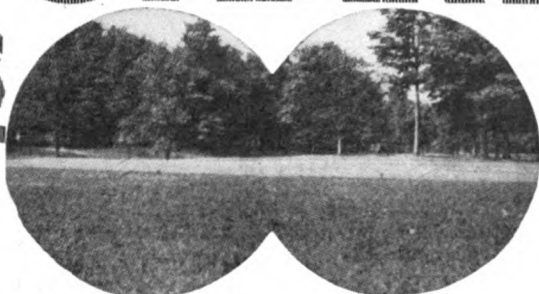
It is just the same in golf architecture. The architect must be born, not made. When you get him, you are surprised to find how few "rules" he has. how he sweeps away your hard and fast formularies and outrages your cherished principles. He looks to nature for his inspiration and tries to fit his golf to his surroundings, and not to destroy his surroundings for his golf. If there is natural beauty he tries to retain it and to make the whole picture harmonize. In this way, by cunning devices, he makes the "bad length" hole into a thing of beauty and the man who has "placed" his drive as it must be placed and has got in that dainty approach up to the hole is as pleased as if he had hit the two "screamers" of his life.

All holes cannot and ought not to be like this. Length, and plenty of it, is necessary to any good course, but allowing this, it is the beauty of the approach and the green that mostly impresses the mind. Let any golfer think of the principal courses over which he has played and his conclusion is: the holes which he instinctively remembers are those which have a difficult and artistic finish, and it is just this artistic individuality which tells you that the genius of the golf architect has been present. And after all, Mr. "Length" Crank, where are your mathematics when the wind blows, or the ground is dry and hard?

Naturally this is partly offset now in building new courses by constructing at least two, and better still, three or four tees at every hole, or one long tee perhaps fifty yards in length.

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Half of the most subtle strokes in golf are brought out in the overcoming of variations in the lie, stance and distance, and it is here that the real standard of a golfer asserts itself.

To the sincere critic, then, always make your suggestions to your committee. They will welcome them if they are good, and do not forget that there are two sides even to a question on which you may hold strong opin-

ions. To those in charge of golf courses it is well to encourage discussion by all who are competent to discuss. One happy idea may make a poor hole into a good one.

And finally, whether you have length or not, always aim to make your holes interesting and your finishes artistic, getting away from any artificial or pattern design.

To the man of uniformity and cast-iron principles—take up some other subject.

Tournament Calendar

March

- 1-4—Pinehurst N. C. Country Club, Spring Tournament.
- 1-4—Santa Barbara Cal., Country Club, open tournament.
- 1-4—Coronado, Cal., Country Club, veterans' tournament.
- 2—Belleair, Fla., Golf Club, amateur-professional four-ball contest.
- 3-4—Hot Springs, Ark., Golf & Country Club, Spring tournament.
- 3-4—Belleair, Fla., Golf Club, Florida West coast open championship.
- 6-10—Palm Beach, Fla., Golf Club, Florida amateur championship.
- 7-11—Belleair, Fla., Golf Club, women's championship.
- 13-16—Ormond, Fla., Golf Club, Ormond championship.
- 13-17—Belleair, Fla., Golf Club, amateur championship.
- 15-18—Midwick Country Club, Los Angeles, Cal., invitation tournament.
- 17—Hot Springs, Ark., Golf & Country Club, St. Patrick's Day tournament.
- 17—Pine Forest Inn, Summerville, S. C., St. Patrick's Day tournament.
- 21-25—Midwick Country Club, Los Angeles, Cal., women's Southern California championship.
- 22-24—Pine Forest Inn, Summerville, S. C., Pine Forest championship.
- 25—Pine Forest Inn, Summerville, S. C., women's championship.
- 25-30—Pinehurst, N. C., Country Club, women's North and South championship.

April

- 1—Pinehurst, N. C., Country Club, North and South open championship.
- 1-2—Victoria Club, Riverside, Cal., invitation tournament.
- 3-8—Pinehurst, N. C., Country Club, North and South amateur championship.
- 4—Pine Forest Inn, Summerville, S. C., Spring tournament.
- 12-15—Los Angeles, Cal., Country Club, Southern California championship.
- 14-15—Hot Springs, Ark., Golf & Country Club, club championship.
- 11-16—Pinehurst, N. C., Country Club, Mid-April tournament.
- 26-29—Annandale Country Club, Pasadena, Cal., invitation tournament.

May

- 6—Midwick Country Club, Los Angeles, Cal., invitation tournament.
- 11-13—Orange County Country Club, Santa Ana, Cal., invitation tournament.
- 22-26—Boston women's championship. Course not determined.
- 22-26—Whitemarsh Valley Country Club, Philadelphia women's championship.

June

- 1-3—Englewood, N. J., Country Club, New Jersey championship.
- 5-10—Waverly, Oregon, Country Club, Oregon State championship.
- 5-10—Women's eastern championship. Course not determined.
- 7-10—Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, N. Y., Metropolitan amateur championship.
- 12-16—Baltusrol Golf Club, Baltusrol, N. J., women's Metropolitan championship.
- 19—Sleepy Hollow Club, Irvington, N. Y., Father and Son tournament.
- 26-July 1—Cincinnati, O., Golf Club, Ohio championship.
- 27-28—Englewood, N. J., Country Club, New Jersey championship.
- 27-28—Plainfield, N. J., Country Club, Metropolitan junior championship.
- 28-July 1—Spokane, Wash., Country Club, Pacific Northwest championship.
- 27-30—Minikahda Club, Minneapolis, Minn., National open championship.

July

- 7-8—Garden City, N. Y., Golf Club, Metropolitan open championship.
- 10-15—Inverness Club, Toledo, O., Central Golf Assn. championship.
- 15—Del Monte, Cal., Golf & Country Club, Olympic cup competition.
- 17-22—Del Monte, Cal., Golf & Country Club, Western amateur championship.
- 20-22—Shawnee Country Club, Shawnee, Pa., invitation tournament.
- 27-29—Skokie Country Club, Glencoe, Ill., age-limit invitation tournament.

August

- 7-12—Jackso Park Golf Club, championship of Chicago.
- 7-12—Kenosh, Wis., Country Club, Wisconsin championship.
- 8-9—Shawnee Country Club, Shawnee, Pa., invitation open tournament.
- 16-19—Denver, Colo., Country Club., Colorado championship.
- 17-18—Blue Mound Country Club, Milwaukee, Wis., Western open championship.
- 21-25—Kent Country Club, Grand Rapids, Mich., women's western championship.
- 22-24—Hinsdale, Ill., Golf Club, Western junior amateur championship.
- 23-26—Lake Geneva, Wis., Country Club, invitation tournament.

September

- 2-9—Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, Pa., National amateur championship.
- 11-16—Belmont Springs Country Club, Waverly, Mass., National women's championship.
- 26-29—Huntingdon Valley Country Club, Noble, Pa., women's invitation tournament.

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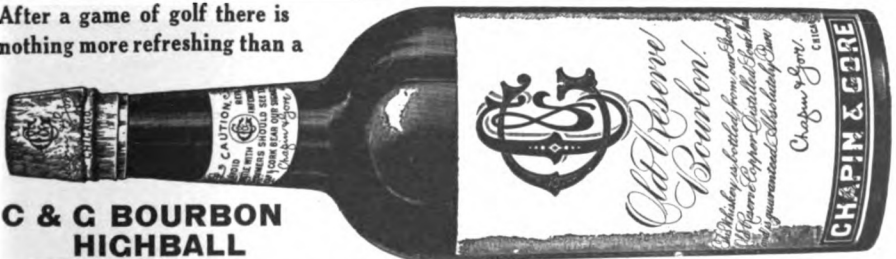
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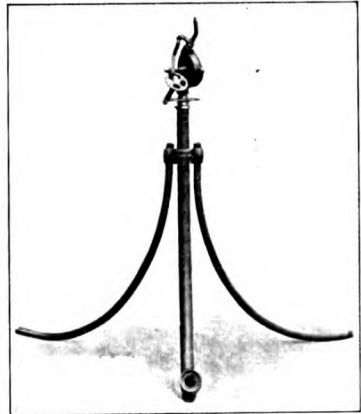
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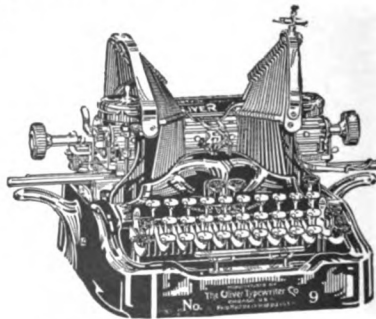
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Advertise your "wants" in the classified columns of THE GOLFERS' MAGAZINE. You will get results because every subscriber is a live and interested reader. *Write for rates.*

MANAGER AND STEWARD—If you need an exceptional man, thoroughly qualified to conduct your club along strictly superior lines, correspondence invited. Am now Manager and Steward in large club in the west but desire to return east. Highest national and local references. Address 344, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

FIRST-CLASS PROFESSIONAL desires engagement. Thoroughly competent in every department of the game. Seven years' experience. References furnished. Address B. B., THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

STEWARD, practical and reliable, wife capable housekeeper or cook, seek connection with small but first-class Country or Social Club. May be engaged for April or for immediate service. Address 350, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

GREENKEEPERS WANTED: Experienced greenkeepers will find it to their advantage to send their names, stating experience and references, to the GOLFERS MAGAZINE as we frequently have inquiries from Clubs for first-class greenkeepers.

HAVING SEVERED MY CONNECTION with the Midlothian Country Club. I am open for engagement as golf professional for next season. Can furnish best of references as to character and ability. Will call on a club that would give me earnest consideration for approval at my expense. 13 hole course preferred. Address J. C. Hackbarth, 15 S. Garfield St., Hinsdale, Illinois.

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DURING MANY YEARS of association with a prominent golf club the membership steadily increased and all of the members were unanimous in the opinion of the satisfactory service I rendered as Manager Steward. I am now looking for an engagement effective April 1st. Address 333, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

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COMPETENT Managing Steward with about twenty years' experience in catering, wishes engagement. Golf, Country Club or Hotel. References and bond. Address 367, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

STEWARD and wife seek position; long club and hotel experience; thorough—all departments; can cover the whole field. Expert in cooking and serving. (Two years as caterers.) Will operate club on salary or on account. A1 references. Address 354, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

FOR SALE—One Coldwell Power Lawn Mower. Price, \$400. Apply Milwaukee Country Club, North Milwaukee.

WANTED—Manager for golf and country club located in Central New York, 450 members. Must be experienced caterer and capable of directing the help and also caring for eighteen-hole golf course, tennis courts and grounds. State experience and clubs you have been with. Address 356, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

WANTED, POSITION—Manager-steward of golf or country club, large or small, all year-round employment by a highly competent couple. Wife graduate of Masseuse Peel Institute. Best of references. Address 357, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

WANTED: First class clubmaker and instructor as assistant, at high class club in Chicago. State terms and particulars. References required. Address 365, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

EXCELLENT GREENKEEPER: With experience of keeping the greens for the famous Magnolia Golf Club, seeks greenkeeper position. Will furnish references. Address 359, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

AN EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONAL who has made a speciality as a golf tutor for some well known people in Scotland, now desires to engage his services in a similar capacity in the United States. Excellent teacher—thoroughly experienced in all branches of golf. Address 360, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

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MANAGER STEWARD: Open for position with first-class Golf and Country Club. I am at present engaged, but desire a change. Four years A1 references. Wife a first-class housekeeper. Address 319, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

MANAGER—A trained executive and practical steward with highest references. First class club only considered. Will cater on own responsibility. Address 362, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

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POSITION WANTED: By a first class professional, good club maker and instructor. Have had 13 years' experience as Pro and greenskeeper. Would like to locate nearby—New York or Connecticut. Address A. B. C., THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

WANTED: 150 or less second-hand lockers, double tier preferable. Address 366, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL at present in West desires engagement for summer season. First class instructor, player and clubmaker. References. Address 368, THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.

STEWARD with references desires engagement to manage golf, country or town club. Wife first class cook and manager. Address A. N., THE GOLFERS MAGAZINE.



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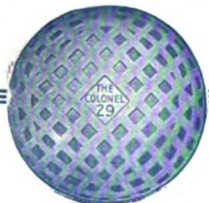
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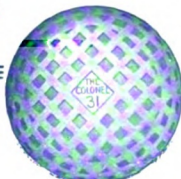
The snows are melting in the shady hollows of the bunkers.

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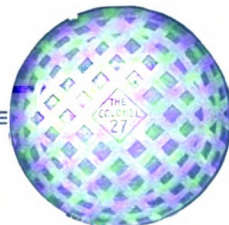
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