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GOLF FOR GIRLS.

By GARDEN G. SMITH.

THE origin of golf is lost in the mists of antiquity, and many theories have been advanced in regard to it. Without attempting to settle the vexed question as to who was the first golfer, there are those who affirm that the game was known to the early Italians, and that it owes its development to the Dutch, sundry works of art being produced in support of these contentions. Quite lately the ingenious Mr. Hutchinson has unearthed a drawing by Raphael from the Gallery at Venice which he says represents an Italian swinging a golf-club, and on the principle that there is nothing new under the sun, he points out that the said golf-club has a distinct resemblance to the modern bulger. This, however, is only a vain imagining. The drawing is nothing more than a study of a young athlete exercising himself with the Indian club of the period. As for the Dutchmen, here are a couple of illustrations of golf as it was understood by them, taken from tiles of the period (*see* figs. 1 and 2).

I can see no reason to doubt that the game originated in Scotland, where it certainly has been practised much in its present form for some centuries, and if the Dutch played the game in any form it seems much more reasonable to suppose that they copied it in their clumsy way from their merchant friends whom they would see playing on the links of Leith.

Since golf took serious root in England some five years ago, its popularity has increased by leaps and bounds. No week passes without some new green being opened or new club formed, and in view of the boon which thousands



A FULL SHOT. (Drawn by Garden G. Smith.)

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FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

of the bored and bilious of both sexes and all ages are daily finding it, the wonder is that it has taken so long to become popular.

It seems incredible nowadays, so widespread is the golfing epidemic, that there should be anyone in this country ignorant of the character and history of golf. And yet only last Christmas at a fancy fair in Edinburgh a benighted cockney had a stall where for a penny one was allowed three shots with a mashie at what was naively advertised as "The new game of golf."

The other day too I met at dinner a young English lady who filled a pause in a very golfing *causerie* by asking the appalling question, "What is golf?"

Golf consists, as a prejudiced observer has remarked, in striking a small ball into a succession of small round holes with a number of instruments very ill-adapted for the purpose. Though this is a limited definition it is strictly true as far as it goes. The golf club is not a weapon of precision. And leaving out of account the length of the club and its exceedingly restricted hitting surface, the small size of the ball, the state of the weather, the inequalities of the ground and the physical and mental infirmities of human nature, are all matters that make a successful stroke most difficult of accomplishment. Whence arise, pray, these painful divergences of style and address that the incompetent exhibit? What is the meaning of those weird and monstrous contortions which many a golfer's body goes through in the act of striking? Are not these things the painful efforts of the earnest to adapt the awkward machinery to its work the result of their consciousness that the instrument is very ill-suited to its purpose, and that it is necessary in some way to compensate its unhandiness. And yet there is a right way and a wrong way to use a golf club. It is not, in fear and ignorance, out of attempts to counteract the length and spring of your golf club and defeat the operations of natural law by the convulsions and contractions of your body that success will emerge. And here I would say that in its proper nature a golf stroke is not a hit but a swing. This hitting with a tight undergrip and a strong fore-arm that one sees so much of in England is cricket and not golf, and is against all the best traditions and practice of the game. It is this fact that golf is not so much a game of strength and agility like cricket or football, but rather of skill and address that makes it of all out-of-door recreations the most eminently suited to women. I can see no physical reason, except perhaps on the very longest and most tiring courses, why women should not play golf as successfully as men, and indeed one knows already many lady players who can play better than their husbands and brothers.

In driving the club should be grasped firmly but not tightly with the fingers of both hands equally, the handle resting on the part of the palms just below the fingers and not gripped with the hollow of the palm. The hands should rest on each other, and the thumbs should lie over the handle of the club, and not point down it. These points are important,

as it is only by having a correct grip that the club will have the requisite play in the hands during the process of swinging. The feet should only be so far apart as to preserve the balance firmly when the club is swung, and the ball should be more opposite the left foot than the right, at a distance from the feet varying with the length of club used.

The wrists should always be kept free and supple, and the club should be swung firmly but easily over the shoulder, the body taking part in the movement, and swinging with the arms both backwards and forwards.

In a full shot the whole force and weight of the body gradually accumulated in the act of swinging should descend on the ball at the moment of impact, and should not be checked there, but allowed to follow on after the ball. There should not be an ounce of force or weight wasted. It is no use expending one's energy in savage feints at the ball before striking, as I have seen some players do, nor in pounding at the ball with the arms alone in the manner of a stonebreaker. A great deal of nonsense has been written and talked about the necessity of swinging "slowback;" and the curious thing is that the very players who are responsible for the dictum, are themselves notorious for the rapidity with which they swing both backwards and forwards. The truth is that so long as it returns faster on the ball than it went up, and the balance is preserved, the club cannot be swung too fast back; the upward stroke and the downward, are one act, and should be as harmonious and continuous in every respect as possible. This holds true with regard to most golfing strokes. Even on the putting green, the backward movement of the club should be of the same nature as the forward, and the ball should not be hit with any sudden or jerky motion.

Another axiom dear to those who teach is, "Keep your eye on the ball." This is of course essential, but these professors usually omit to mention that the part of the ball to be looked at is not the top, but that part which it is desired to hit with the club, a point usually somewhere about the centre at the back of the ball.

In playing out of a sand bunker, one seldom tries to hit the ball directly if the lie be deep. A firm downward and slightly forward stroke, with a niblick, or mashie, immediately behind the ball, on which spot and not on the ball the eye must be fixed, will cause the ball to spout upward and forward. If a ball lies in blown sand in the position represented in the diagram it can be very

simply extricated. It is only necessary to hit it straight in the centre against the sand with any flat-faced club such as a putter or putting iron, and the resistance of the sand will cause it to jump upward and forward.

In putts of a yard or under, many nervous people, and most people are nervous at these putts, make the mistake of aiming for the near edge of the hole, with the result that very often the ball either "lingers shivering on the brink" and does not go in, or rolls off to one side or the other before reaching. This would be avoided in most cases if the point aimed at were the back of the hole, and the ball played firmly for that. In this connection it should also be remembered that in many cases of a yard, or thereby, owing to the nature of the ground, there are various ways of holing the ball. For instance, supposing the hole to be on such a slope as is shown in the diagram, it is obvious that the line chosen will be determined by the speed with which the ball is propelled. If hit with the proper force it can be holed in a perfectly straight line in spite of the slope; if with a lesser degree of force allowance will have to be made for the slope of the green. When a ball has been played on to the putting green, and is still some yards from the hole, it is well, before approaching the ball, to walk first to the hole and examine the geography in its immediate neighbourhood. The reasons for this are obvious. In the first place a putting green is not like a billiard table,

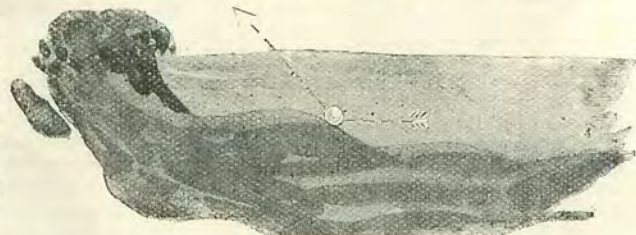
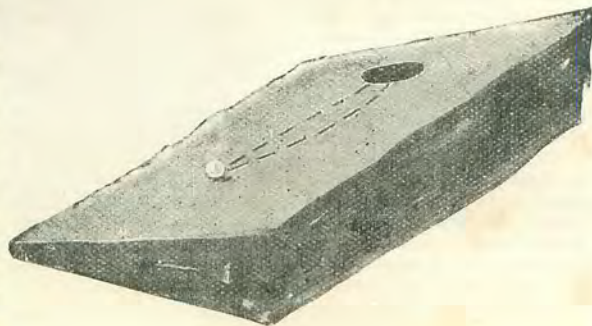


FIG. 3.

and even the best of them have their differences of surface, one part being stiff and rough and another part keen and smooth, according to the nature of the grass. Then there are little hollows and hills which will have their effect on the ball as it travels towards the hole. Secondly, and more particularly in a long putt, the ball will be travelling slowest, if it has strength to reach the hole, in the last yard, and it will consequently be then that it will be most affected by the irregularities of the green. What line then you will ultimately select to play the ball at the hole will be determined chiefly by the character of this last crucial yard or thereby, and those few feet of turf therefore ought to be the first object of consideration in studying a putt. When that examination is made, walk slowly to the ball, taking a mental note of any other facts likely to in-



fluence its course, but bearing in mind that the higher rate of speed at which the ball will be travelling at the start will minimise considerably the effect of any inequalities of the green. These considerations may seem obvious, and even trivial to the reader, but it is astonishing how few people who play golf regard them in practice. Most players putt in a more or less perfunctory and careless manner, trusting to luck to land the ball into the hole, or somewhere near it, and oblivious of the fact that it is after all on the putting green that matches are lost and won.

It is quite true that the greatest care and the most skilful play will very often be rewarded by the worst luck imaginable, and that careless and poor players often have an aggravating way of escaping the punishment which their strokes deserved, but the fact remains that the careful player will in the long run have the best luck, and when hazards have to be negotiated will generally emerge quicker and better than the careless.

The question of what ladies ought to wear in playing golf is one of such profound difficulty and to the male mind beset with so many

impenetrable considerations that a positive finding is impossible. One may, however, without undue presumption, venture to point out that there are certain varieties of dress which ought not to be worn. Close-fitting skirts, tailor-made jackets with tight arms, stiff shirt-fronts and stick up collars, straw hats and high-heeled boots, however beautiful in themselves, and necessary as adjuncts of female attire, are not precisely the kind of articles that conduce to the freedom of action so indispensable to the playing of golf.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"AS YE MAKE YOUR BED, SAE
LIE YE DOWN."

"VIA CRUCIS—VIA LUCIS."



WHILE these conversations were going on at Tyrmynydd, a chorus of lamentations was heard in Shanno's humble dwelling. She was taking away the foundling, and the little ones were using all their childish eloquence in entreating her to keep him. Bare-

footed, shock-headed, dirty urchins! how they surrounded their sobbing mother, and kissed the new baby! and what Christian love and charity were in their overflowing hearts! But the sentence was spoken by all the authorities, and Shanno left her home with the child tightly swaddled in the scarlet shawl.

She thought herself in duty bound to carry the baby first to Captain Herbert's, as he had requested, but when she reached his house he was not at home. She asked the servant to inquire of Mrs. Herbert if he had left any message, but no message had been left. Mrs. Herbert however begged to see her and the baby.

Shanno was ushered into a comfortable room, where she found Mrs. Herbert and her only daughter Angharad. The latter at once seized upon the baby and began nursing it energetically. Mrs. Herbert asked Shanno to sit down and tell her all about the foundling.

Mrs. Herbert was somewhat of a character. She had been an heiress, and had married Captain Herbert for love, when, as she sometimes expressed it, he was only a crwt of a sailor. This marriage had been such a happy one that both husband and wife had resolved never to cross their children's inclinations in matrimony, and their offspring had made some incongruous matches. She prided herself on being essentially Welsh, and lineally descended from a remote prince, whose line of ancestry she knew by heart. She affected everything Welsh—the language, costume, music,

and was in short, eminently patriotic.

When Shanno had finished her story, Angharad brought the baby to her mother, saying, "Mamma, it is a shame to send such a child to the workhouse. Let us adopt it."

As if to negative this proposal a pretty young woman came into the room, followed by four children, wife and offspring of Captain Herbert's eldest son, who was a physician, and the one medical practitioner of Arymor.

"Look at this lovely baby, Sophia," cried Angharad, rushing towards Mrs. Llewellyn Herbert with the foundling.

"Oh, what a darling!" said Mrs. Llewellyn, taking the child. "Is there a mother in the world who could forsake such a beauty? I would adopt it myself if Llewellyn would let me."

"Do mamma dear!" cried the children pressing round their mother.

Another negative arrived in the person of Mrs. Rhys Herbert, who led a small boy by the hand. She was the wife of Captain Rhys, second son of the family.

"Look at this poor little foundling, Nina," said Mrs. Llewellyn. "I wish we could save him from the workhouse."

"He is not half as pretty as my baby," said Mrs. Rhys, flitting round the foundling. "I have heard all about him. I wouldn't touch him for anything. He was found in a ditch."

"He is much handsomer than Lancelot," said Angharad, taking the baby from her sister-in-law and tossing him in the air. "You care for nothing but yourself, Nina."

This was true. Angharad knew her sisters-in-law well, and loved Sophia best. They had both been portionless, both pretty, and both married for love. The worthy Captain and his wife had received them into their hearts and homes as they would have done Mara, had her father consented. Their only fault was, in the eyes of Mrs. Herbert, their being English. The Captain had established Llewellyn and his wife in a good house that belonged to him, situated on the pier. He said that Sophia was a fortune in herself, and had made his son as steady as a compass. He had also furnished a pretty house for Rhys, not far from his own; and when the wind was boisterous he consoled his

little fine lady of a daughter-in-law by assuring her that it was as calm as cream where Rhys was. He commanded one of his father's merchant vessels.

While Angharad was dancing about with the baby, followed by five nephews and nieces, all appealing to her to let them have him, a stentorian voice was heard in the passage. It proceeded from Captain Herbert, who said,

"Come in, Mara, and see the women-folk first; then you shall speak to me as you like."

"Mara! Mara!" cried Angharad, rushing into the hall, the baby in her arms.

Mara's arms were instantly round the pair, pressing them closely and kissing them.

"I declare you kissed the baby more than me, Mara," said Angharad. "Take him, dear. Isn't he a beauty?"

Mara took the child and turned away.

"Come in, my dear," said Mrs. Herbert, getting up to meet Mara, and giving her a hearty kiss. "How ill you look, child! You have been fretting, and that's no good. Gerwyn is sure to come home all safe—isn't he, Captain? Why, I've lost the Captain for more than a year, haven't I, Captain? And here he is safe enough. If I had fretted I shouldn't be as jolly as I am now. But I always believed in the Captain, and so I do now. He says Gerwyn is sure to be all right, and he will be all right."

Mara's tears began to fall, and to change the subject Captain Herbert spoke of the foundling.

"He is expected at the union, Shanno. We will make something of him. All our children turn out well."

"Now, Mara, give Shanno that baby and come and tell me what you want."

Mara followed Captain Herbert out of the room.

When they got into another parlour she hurriedly told him of her wish to be mistress of the union school, and asked for his help.

"Dear me, girl, what shall we hear next?" said the astonished man. "Where's the wind now? Is this all along of poor Gerwyn? He'll be back in a few months. I wish from my heart your father had let you marry—the pig-headed old idiot."